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"BO-PEEP."

It was October—and into our home one morn,
Came a quaint little rogue, "all shaven and shorn,"
As funny an elf as ever was born!

With a puckered face and dot of a nose,
And such wee little turned up tips of toes,
And blushing all over red as a rose.

For never a bit of raiment brought he;
But, as fate would have it, a drawer had we
Piled full of wee clothes as a drawer could be.

So we daintily dressed the sprite and fed—
Tenderly hushed him and laid him in bed,
And wond'ringly watched o'er the tiny head.

And, when he awoke from his blossom-like sleep,
He so won our hearts we concluded to keep
The dear little fellow and call him "Bo-peep!"

For he brought with him glimpses of Eden most fair;
And sweet blessings like perfumes pervaded the air,
Upwafting our thoughts from the labor and care.

And daily in stature and beauty he grew,
Renewing his freshness each morn with the dew,
Till earth, in his being, seemed created anew.

And, now that he's been with us three years or more,
We wonder how e're we existed before
He came, that October morning, and knocked at our door.

As, down through the dasies, he trips at my side,
And holds up the blossoms with dimples of pride,
I shudder lest ill should my darling betide.

My heart, in its fullness of passion and love,
Goes yearningly out to the Father above,
And prays Him, from evil, to shelter my dove.

NEVER DELIVERED.

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MESSENGER WHO BORE IT,

And who never delivered it. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect of him that he should do so; too much to expect that the little packet, carelessly taken and thrust a way amongst others, would ever enter his head again. At a ny rate it did not. He was a young man still, though he had been for some years a widower; and he had fallen in ove, and was on the way to learn his fate.

It cannot be flattering to a young lady, if she knows it, that her suitor should be capable of taking thought for any one besides herself; but certainly Sir Hugh Rainham tried to believe that he was not making his own happiness altogether the first consideration. There was the well-being of his little girl to be thought of—and what did he know about bringing up little girls? He had heard sensible people say, and he was ready enough now to accept the dictum, that the wisest thing a man in his position could do would be to marry again; wisest both for his own future and his child's. He said this to himself as he stood in Evelyn Neville's drawing-room, hat in hand, waiting, looking out upon the bare branches which were soon to be green again, and wondering, in a desultory fashion, if this February day would bring him another spring-time, or only the desolate branches, the dead leaves whirling about, or the cold sky beyond. He had not long to wait. When she came into the room, and that thrill went through his heart which the presence of one we love alone can bring, it must have left some mark upon his face; for she knew why he had come, and in a few rapid arguments had decided upon her answer. He was rich, but she did not care so much about that, not knowing what it was to be anything else; he was sir Hugh Rainham, but she didn't care for that either, her pride being of another sort; he was good, generous, and devoted—these things she did not care for. He loved her; and he came when that same pride of hers was smarting under a sense of neglect. In the few seconds allowed her before he spoke. Evelyn Neville made her decision. She had thought that he knew, and was jealous of, her friendship with that cousin Frank, whom she fancied might one day be nearer than a cousin. But that was over. The cousins had kept up a childish habit of exchanging valentines; and to-day there was nothing from him, while her own had gone as usual. That was the humiliating part of it. If *she* had broken through the custom it would have been well; but that *he* should be first! and when, too, he had given her cause to expect that his would be no ordinary valentine! Here, within her reach, was the means of punishing him—at any rate of letting him know that she did not care. Evelyn listened to Sir Hugh with a forced attention,, but he knew nothing of that. When he spoke of his little girl, falteringly, she roused up and saw the strong earnestness and anxiety in the man's face; and strange to say, this touched her more just then, than any passionate lover's pleading from his lips would have done. She turned towards him suddenly, and put her hand into his, and said, speaking of the small Cecilia—

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"She shall be very dear to me, and precious. I will care for her, as much as you could desire."

And when Sir Hugh had left her, she did not repent. It is true that there came upon her a certain sense of being bound—of having done what could not be undone—and that half rebellious desire to be free, which is almost always inseparable from an act that seals one's own fate. And then the drawing-room was rather lonely; the trees outside the window got a ghostly look, and seemed to wrap themselves up tighter as the fog gathered round them; and—altogether, she thought she would just go and tell her brother, by way of convincing herself that the thing was finally settled.

When she told him, he lifted his eyebrows and stared at her.

"Is it true?—You *look* as if it were. Rather scared, and that sort of thing. Not that there is anything to be scared about; only I suppose it's proper. Hem! I might have thought of Frank Neville; but this is wiser."

She bit her lip, but never answered him. She wished he had not said that about Frank, and she didn't like the word "wiser." What had wisdom to do with it?

She started from her sleep that night, with a mist before her eyes and a great throbbing at her heart, for Frank's voice was in her ears. Would he care?

But what use to ask, now that it was too late? And that it was too late no one knew better than herself; for to her, having once decided publicly as it were, change would have been impossible.

And on her wedding-day she was to Sir Hugh a radiant princess, far away above him, stooping to crown him with the blessing of her love. Any one who had seen him that day might have doubted about its being altogether, or even very much for his daughter's sake that he took this step.

"I have reason to be grateful," he said to his new brother-in-law, when the speechifying was over, and the bride was going away to change her dress.

George Neville looked at her and nodded.

"She's a good girl enough; a little self-willed, perhaps; but then she has always had her own way."

"And will have it still, I hope," said Sir Hugh. "If I don't make her happy, I shall deserve to be a miserable man all my life."

In years to come he recalled the speech, and wondered whether some strange misgiving had moved him to utter it.

Just then Frank Neville was saying to Evelyn, "So you did not think me worth an answer!"

She was passing through the throng toward the door, and she never faltered or raised her head. No one knew that the words fell upon her with a sudden chill, like a cold hand grasping her heart. She had seen her cousin amongst the guests, and knew that he was looking miserably ill, but she had been too much occupied to think about that.

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"Oh, not much. Valentines don't require answers in a general way; but I think you might have given me a few words last February. However, you'll keep my secret. No one knows it but you, unless it is your husband. What's the matter, Evelyn? You look as if you didn't understand."

"I don't."

"You must have had it. I missed the post over-night, and gave it to Rainham, there, as I knew he would see you the next day."

"To—my husband?"

"Yes; I'll ask him——"

"Frank," she said, with a heavy hand on his arm, "forget all this. Never speak of it—for my sake."

He looked at her with a perplexed expression of inquiry, but he saw that she was white and flurried, and gave up the point.

"Well, we have always been friends; have we not? I would ask you yet for your good wishes, as you have mine; but the doctors say there's something amiss here," touching his chest; "and I may not live to——never mind! God bless you, Evelyn!"

CHAPTER II.—ITS MARK ON THE YEAR TO COME.

Sir Hugh brought his wife home: and his hair was not gray, neither had any premature wrinkles marked his face. To his servants there appeared no change in him, either for better or for worse. He was just the same grave, silent, rather deliberate master they remembered. They did think, indeed, that he was dreadfully polite to his lady; but perhaps that was proper—before servants.

Sir Hugh, taking Evelyn to the drawing-rooms, which he had caused to be altered and brightened for her, turned and said to her, "Welcome home."

And as he said it, the memory of his own dreams of that home stung him so bitterly that he half put out his arms to take into them the Evelyn he had once known. But she never saw the movement; and would not have heeded it if she had seen. She passed on into the room, the brilliant light of which seemed to hurt Sir Hugh's eyes, for he put his hand over them suddenly; and for a moment he stood at the door, irresolute; then closed it gently, and went to see after his little girl.

That was natural enough, they said—those gossips down stairs who were always on the watch. But why didn't he take his new wife with him? And why did he stay with the child, hour after hour, till none of the evening remained? The first evening, too! Above all, why, when the household had retired, and all was quiet, did a tall, slight figure, which rustled a little as it passed, go into the nursery and kneel down beside the sleeping child and sob?

The nurse saw, for she was not asleep, and my lady fancied; and she was not likely to keep it to herself, either. These and such things were puzzling. At first they formed a constant source of whisperings and shakings of wise heads; but gradually the gloss of newness wore away from them; the dull days swept on, and something of the grimness of the stone heads that guarded the sweep of steps at the hall-door seemed to have crept into the house. It was so still and silent; so monotonous. But for the small Cecilia, it would have been unutterably dismal. But she was a child, and had childish ways, which remained unchecked. She was quite young enough to take very kindly to the new mamma, who was so beautiful and so good to her.

"Not like nurse said she would be—ugly and cross," she said to her favorite playfellow—"but good. I think she could have brought the little princess to life again, as well as the fairy did. You never saw such eyes in your life as she has got; just like the pool under the willows, where we are *not* to go, Charlie, you know; down, as if you couldn't ever see the bottom; ever so deep. And she kisses me, too."

To which the boy replied, with decision, that she couldn't be a fairy in that case, for fairies never kissed anybody; it wasn't lucky, that was unless they were wicked fairies. And it was all very well now, but when Cecil married him, he shouldn't allow her to kiss anybody.

By and by, however, as Cecil grew older, she used to wonder in her wise little head what made her father and mother, when they were alone, talk to each other, if they did talk, so like "company." That was her idea of it. She jumped up from the piano one day, and waltzed round to the foot-stool at Lady Rainham's feet, with a sudden thought that she would find out.

"Well," said Evelyn, looking at the pursed-up lips, which evidently had a question upon them, "what's the matter? Is your new music-lesson too hard?"

"My new music-lesson is—is a fidgetty crank," said Cecil, hesitating for an expression strong enough; "but it's not that. I was just wondering why you and papa——"

Sir Hugh let his book fall with a sudden noise, and went out of the room, passing the child, but taking no notice of her.

"Why you and papa," went on Cecil, reflectively, "are so odd, like grand visitors. When there's any one here I know I have to sit still, and not tumble my frock, nor cross my feet; but when there's no one, it's different."

"Your papa and I are not children," said Lady Rainham. "Grown-up people must be steady, Cis."

"Then I don't want to be grown up. And I'm sure, quite sure, that I'll never be married, if one is to do nothing but sit—sit all day long, and have no fun."

Lady Rainham bent down to kiss the resolute lips that uttered this bold decision, and then her face grew sad. There were times when even to her pride the life she led seemed almost too hard to bear—times when she was mad enough to think she would tell Sir Hugh that the act which stamped him in her eyes as base and dishonored was no secret from her, as he doubtless believed it to be. But she could not do it. It seemed to her as if the consciousness that she knew would only make him more contemptible in his own eyes as well as in hers. It would but widen the gulf, and make what she was able to bear now utterly intolerable. For she never doubted that the purport of the letter was known to him, and he had suppressed it for his own ends. And the poor boy who wrote it was dead. There was the great mischief of it all. If he had been living and well, so tender a halo might not have rested over the past, and all in the past connected with him; so bitter a resentment might not have been nursed in silence against the wrong which her husband had done them both. But Frank had lived but a few months after her wedding, and she never saw him again. He was dead, and she had killed him—no, not she, but Sir Hugh.

She was thinking such thoughts one day when something made her look up, and she met Sir Hugh's eyes fixed upon her. There was so peculiar an expression in them that she could not prevent a certain proud, antagonistic inquiry coming into her own. He went toward her with his book open in his hand. He bent down and put his finger on a line in the page, drawing her attention to it.

"'How much the wife is dearer than the bride.' This struck me rather, that's all," he said, and went away.

Evelyn sat on by the window, with the book dropped from her fingers, and she covered her face. What did he mean? If he had only not gone away then!

"How could he do that one thing?" she said to herself. "He meant the line as a reproach to me. And I would have loved him—is it possible that I do love him, in spite of it? Am I so weak and false? I want so much to comfort him sometimes that I half forget, and am tempted. But I never will—I never must. I used to be strong, I shall be strong still."

And so the same front of icy indifference met Sir Hugh day by day and year by year, and he knew none of her struggles. But he wrapped himself up more and more in his books and his problems and writings. New MSS. began to grow out of the old ones, for he had various subjects. In these days a little fairy used to come in from time to time with a pretence of arranging them for him. She would open and shut the study door with a great show of quietness, seat herself on a big chest which was full of old papers, and in which she meant to have a glorious rummage some day; and begin folding up neat little packages; stitching loose sheets together; reading a bit here and there, and looking up now and then with a suggestive sigh till he would lay aside his work and declare that she was the plague of his life. This was the signal always for the forced gravity to disappear from Cecil's face; for her to jump up, radiant and gleeful, and just have one turn round the room—to shake off the cobwebs, as she said.

"But you know you couldn't do without me, and I do help very much. What do you know about stitching papers together? And you are a most ungrateful man to say I am a plague, only you don't mean it. I wonder what you'll do when I am married."

"Married!" echoed Sir Hugh. "Go and play with your last new toys, and don't talk nonsense."

But the word worried him, and made him thoughtful. When he came to consider it, the fairy was no longer exactly a child, though she was as merry as a young kitten. He did a little sum on his fingers in sheer absence of mind, and found out that in a few weeks she would be eighteen. It was twelve years since he went, that February day, to plead her cause and his own with Evelyn Neville. He used to go now sometimes to the window and look out, and remember the day when he had stood at that other window watching bare branches and wondering about his future. He knew it now. If only he could find out *why* it was thus. What had changed her all at once, on her wedding day, from the very moment, as it seemed to him, that she became his wife?

Sir Hugh pushed his hair away from his forehead and sighed. He was getting gray by this time, but then he was past forty, and Evelyn, his wife, must be two-and-thirty at least. It occurred to him that he had noticed no alteration in her. She was as beautiful as ever, with the beauty of a statue that chills you when you touch it. He thought he would look at her that evening and see if he could trace no change, such as there was in himself. He did look, when the room was brilliant with soft light, and she sat languidly turning over a book of engravings with Cecil. They formed a strange contrast; the cold, proud, indifferent beauty of the one face and the eager animation of the other. The girl's one hand rested on Lady Rainham's shoulder, caressing, for the tie between these two was more like the passion of a first friendship than the affection of mother and daughter. Suddenly Cecil pointed down the page and said something in a whisper, and Lady Rainham turned and looked at her with a smile.

As he saw the look, just such a thrill went through Sir Hugh's heart as he had felt when she came to him twelve years ago to give him his answer. No, time had not done her so much wrong as it had to himself, and there was one hope in which she had never disappointed him—her care for his daughter.

"For her sake," he said that night when Cecilia was gone, "I am always grateful to you."

But he did not wait for any reply. He never did. Perhaps he might not have got one if he had; or perhaps he thought the time had gone by for any change to be possible.

Lady Rainham looked from the window the next morning and saw Cecil under a tall laurel reading something. And the sun had come out; there was a twittering of birds in the shrubbery, and the sky was all flecked with tiny white clouds. It was Valentine's Day, and Lady Rainham knew that the girl was reading over again the one which Sir Hugh had handed her with such a troubled face at the breakfast table. What did that unquiet expression mean; and why did Cecil, when she saw it, look from him to herself, Lady Rainham, fold up her packet hurriedly and put it away?

It meant, on Sir Hugh's part, that he knew what it was and didn't like it; that he could not help thinking of his life, doubly lonely, without the child. But this never occurred to his wife. Presently some one joined Cecil in the laurel walk, and though of course Lady Rainham could not

hear their words, she turned instinctively away from the window.

Cecil was saying just then, "No, it isn't likely. Who should send me valentines? They're old-fashioned, vulgar, out of date. Charlie, mind I won't have any more."

"Why not?"

"Because—I'm serious now—for some reason or other they don't like my having them," said Cecil, motioning toward the house. "And it's a shocking thing to say, but I'm sure there's something not straight between papa and Lady Rainham, some misunderstanding, you know. I'm sure that they are dreadfully fond of each other, really; but it's all so strange; I do so want to do something that would bring it right, and——I shall have nothing to say to you till it *is* right."

"Cecil!"

"I mean it. I am a sort of go-between; no, not that exexactly; but they both care for me so much. They don't freeze up when I'm there. I cant fancy them without me; it would be terrible."

"But Cecil, you promised——"

"No I didn't. And if I had, I shouldn't keep it, of course; that is, you wouldn't want me to. It would kill pa to lose me, and as to Lady Rainham, why I never cared for any one so much in all my life. I didn't know it was in me till she woke it up. You remember what I used to say about her eyes. They are just like that; like a beautiful deep pool; all dark, you know, till it draws you close and makes you want to know so much what is underneath."

Here Lady Rainham came to the window again, but the two figures had passed out of the laurel walk, and she saw them no more.

In the afternoon Cecil went as usual to her father's study, but he was stooping over a book and did not notice her. He was, in fact, thinking the thought that had troubled him in the morning, but Cecil fancied he was busy, and looked round to see what mischief she could do. It flashed through her mind that there was a fine opportunity for the old chest, and so she seated herself on the carpet and began to rummage. Presently Sir Hugh, hearing the rustle of papers, looked round.

"I should like to know who is to be my fairy Order," he said,, "amongst all that mess."

"I will, papa. I shall give a tap with my wand, and you will see it all come straight. But look here. Isn't this to mamma? It has never been opened, and it's like—a valentine."

Sir Hugh looked at the large "Miss Neville" on the envelope, and knitted his brows in a vain effort to remember anything about it. He couldn't,. It was very strange. He fancied he knew the writing, but yet could not tell whose it was—certainly not his own—nor recollect anything about the packet. He considered it a little and then said, "You had better take it to her."

He took a pen and wrote on the cover, "Cecil has just found this amongst my old papers. I have no idea how or when it came into my possession, neither can I make out the hand, though it doesn't seem altogether strange. Perhaps you can solve the mystery."

CHAPTER III.—ITS MESSAGE—AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was in verse, as Frank's valentines had always been; halting, and with queer rhymes and changes of measure. It was full of the half humorous tenderness of quiet friendship; and it ended with a hope that she would make "old Hugh" happier than his first wife did; that was if she accepted him; and with a demand for her congratulations upon his own approaching marriage; since he was the "happiest fellow alive" and couldn't keep the news from her, though it was a secret from all besides.

And the evening grew old; the white flecked sky turned colder, and the moon came out. But Lady Rainham sat with this voice from the dead in her hand, motionless; full of humiliation and remorse. And she was thinking of many years of bitterness and sorrow and pride; and of a heavy sacrifice to a myth, for she had never loved him. And her husband—whom she did love—whom she had so wronged—how was she to atone to him?

By and by the door opened and Cecil stole in. And she saw Lady Rainham's face turned towards the window with the moonbeams lighting it, and thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life.

"Mamma," she said softly, "why don't you come down? We are waiting, papa and I; and it's cold up here."

"I will come," said Lady Rainham; but her voice was strange. Cecil knelt down beside the chair and drew her mother's arm around her neck.

"How cold you are! Dear mamma, is anything the matter? Cannot I comfort you?"

Lady Rainham bent down and held her in close embrace.

"My darling, you do always. I cannot tell whether I want comfort now or not. I am going down to your father, and Cecil, I must go alone; I have something to say."

She went into the drawing room, straight up to where her husband sat listlessly in his chair at the window. He started when he saw her, and said something hurriedly about ringing for lights, but she stopped him.

"It will be better thus, for what I have to say. Hugh, I have come to ask your forgiveness."

Sir Hugh did not answer. The speech took him by surprise, and she had never called him Hugh before since their marriage. He had time enough to tell himself that it was only another mockery, and would end in the old way.

But standing there with Frank's letter in her hand, she told him all, not sparing herself, and then asked if he could ever forgive her. She was not prepared for the great love which answered her; which had lived unchanged through all her coldness and repulses; and which drew her to him closer now perhaps than it might have done if her pride had never suffered under those years of wretchedness.

Cecil never knew exactly what had happened; but when her father put his arm around her and called her his blessing, she looked up at him with an odd sort of consciousness that in some way or other the old valentine found in her rummage amongst his papers had to do with the change she saw. And it was her doing.

ADVENTURE ON MONT BLANC.

A TRAVELER'S NARRATIVE.

Five mountaineers, including the chief guide, decided to accompany me; and, securing ourselves to each other by long ropes, so that a slip or mis-step of one might not prove fatal to him, we set out, each carrying his knapsack of provisions strapped to his back, and in his hand a long balancing pole, with a hook at one end and a steel point at the other, to assist his footing along dizzy ledges and over yawning chasms, whose awful depths could not be penetrated by human eye.

We were already in a region of peril. Around and above us towered mountains of ice and snow, whose slippery and dazzling summits we must gain.

At length we came to a perpendicular wall of ice, some twenty-five or thirty feet in height, over which we must pass direct, or abandon our purpose. We examined it on all sides, but found nothing better than that which directly faced us.

How could we surmount the difficulty?

"If we go forward, we must climb this precipice of ice—there is no alternative!" at length said the chief guide, turning to me. "Can it be done?" I enquired.

"That is a question best answered by trying," he replied. "It is difficult and dangerous, but I think it possible."

He then held a short consultation with his companions, and proceeded to the work. He cut places for his hands and feet, and climbing up by these, cut others still higher, his comrades steadying him and supporting him as long as they could reach. He then came down, and had one of the poles fastened to his dress, so that they could keep him from loosing his balance. In this manner he slowly worked his way up, till the pole became too short, when he came down and rested while another was being made fast to it. Once more he returned to the work, and soon after he accomplished the bold feat, and stood upon the slippery summit.

The rest of us now disengaged ourselves from the rope, by which, as I have mentioned, we were all connected together, and two others ascended in the same manner as the first, one of them taking the rope up with him. They now told me it was best for me to go up while there were some below and some above to assist me; and prevent any accident happening through my inexperience, the rope was lowered and fastened around my body, and as fast as I ascended the slack was taken in by those above. When a little more than half-way from the base to the top one of my feet suddenly slipped, and my body partly swung round. I grasped firmly with my hands; and the tightening of the rope, with the assistance of the pole pressing it between my shoulders, kept me from swinging clear, and consequently from dashing my bones on the rough ice below—for the pole could not have supported my weight, and those above would have been compelled to let go the rope to save themselves from being dragged over the precipice. The event gave my nervous system a fearful shock, and in an instant I was in a perspiration, cold as it was.

We now set forward again, and for some time met with only minor obstacles, which were readily overcome. Towards sunset we came in sight of two sharp-pointed rocks, lifting their bare heads in solemn grandeur above the surrounding snow and ice. These were called the Grand and Petit Mulets, and occupied a position a little more than half-way up the mountain.

"There is the spot," said Gougjon, the principal guide, pointing to the larger of these two rocks, "where, if heaven favors us, we shall pass the coming night."

As we drew near this rock, I was led to think heaven would not favor us in reaching that dangerous point; for we were suddenly stopped by a wide, black chasm, that made me giddy to look into. This ran along the base of the rock, and completely cut off our approach—nor could we discover any means of getting over it. We could not descend into it and come out alive, and nowhere could we perceive the usual bridge of ice or snow by which we had crossed other similar gulfs.

"The last time I was here," said Gougjon, "there was a narrow wall of ice sloping upwards across this chasm, on which I cut steps and advanced, at a great risk of life; but now even that is gone—melted away, perhaps—and so, for all that I can see, our upward journey terminates here."

I was disappointed, I confess, for I had set my heart on standing upon the very pinnacle of Mount Blanc, and feeling that nothing in this world had ever gone up higher.

"As constant changes are going on," remarked the chief guide, "perhaps by this time next year this gulf will be bridged over." "Ay, perhaps!" I answered, moodily.

As it was now too late in the day to retrace our steps before dark, the next important thing was to find some sheltered spot where we could pass the cold night. We went back some distance, to a crevice which ran around under a huge rock that was in turn heavily overlaid with snow and ice.

Wrapping myself up as warmly as I could, I passed the first half of the night in walking up and down along a little narrow ledge, occasionally exchanging a word with some of the guides, but most of the time brooding, in sullen silence, over my disappointment. At last, feeling very much fatigued, I went away some distance from the others, and sat down; but finding, after a few minutes, that I was becoming very drowsy, and likely to fall suddenly asleep, which I did not think was prudent, I arose, with the intention of returning to the guides, and keeping myself awake with conversation.

But scarcely had I taken one step forward, when I stopped, and felt my hair rise with horror. I heard a strange sound, more like the distant purring of some animal than anything else I can liken it to, and at the same moment there was a slight vibration or quiver of the ground under me. I cannot tell why, for I had never experienced anything of the kind before, but at once, as if by instinct, I seemed to know it was a descending avalanche, and descending, too, from far above, probably to overwhelm and bury me for ever.

Quickly the sounds changed, and deepened in volume, and soon became a hissing roar, fairly shaking the ground beneath me; and then my mind was whirled away to the dearly-beloved ones at home.

Suddenly there was a strange rush and oppression of air—a cloud of darkness seemed to settle over me. The hissing roar ended with a terrible crash, and a silence succeeded, so deep and deadly, that it appeared more awful than a thousand thunders.

But the appalling crisis was over, and I was still alive. I thanked heaven for it, and shouted to my companions in peril. No answer! I shouted again. No response! I started to go to them, and three paces brought me against a wall of ice and snow. I recoiled in horror, and comprehended that they might be no longer among the living. I turned and ran the other way, trembling with fear. Six paces brought me against another wall of ice and snow! It was over me—around me—on every side of me! I was buried alive! I shrieked at the dreadful conviction—my brain reeled, and I fell.

It would be useless for me to attempt to paint the horrors of that night, after recovering my consciousness.

When morning once more dawned, to my great surprise, and, I scarcely need add, rapturous joy, I beheld the light stream into my little chamber through an apperture about the size of my body, and only a few feet above my head. I readily climbed to it, crawled through, and once more stood in the living world.

A tremendous avalanche had fallen; but I had only been caught by a light portion of the extreme left, had been saved by the overhanging rock, which fortunately had not been displaced in the downward rush of this mountain of ice and snow. Not so the poor guides. They were further to the right, and they were probably crushed to death. At least, they were gone, and no mortal ever beheld them more.

How I found my way down that awful mountain, alone and unaided, I hardly know. Even now, I can scarcely realize that I actually went through so many dangers and escaped with life. On three occasions, in sliding down the hills of ice, I was sent to the very verge of an awful gulf, and saved, as it were, by a miracle; and three times, in lowering myself down the slippery precipices, I lost my hold. And yet not a bone was broken. I was much bruised, however; and once I was so stunned that I knew nothing for an hour. But heaven, in its mercy, saw proper to give me back to the world, and save me from the awful fate of my companions in peril.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

ORIGINAL MATTER IN THIS NUMBER.

We desire to make the Magazine in every sense a representative of the talent of the community. With an eye to this object we open the present volume with a first-class home-made serial story, entitled The Hebrew Maiden, *or, Not all Dross.* A small portion of this story has been composed for some time, but it is now reconstructed and completed for The Utah Magazine.

We also take pleasure in drawing attention to the following, among other original articles in this number: "The History of the World Illustrated in its Great Characters," and "Our Woman's Platform," both prepared in this office expressly for the Magazine; "How the World has Grown," by Eli B. Kelsey; "A Humorous Discourse on Railroad Matters," by Saxey, together with a Batchelor's song, "by Jingo," of keep-a-pitchin'-in fame; an Ode to the Steam Horse, by Jabez Woodard, also to our dramatic and musical articles, prepared respectively by the editors of those departments.

We also present, in this number, an original piece of music by Prof. Tullidge, being the first sheet of music, in the old notation, ever published in the Rocky Mountains.

To fully carry out our purpose of making this magazine "the Home Journal of the People," we invite contributors on science or other interesting subjects, from all our thinking men who wish to aid in the intellectual and social growth of the people.

Literary and Debating Societies, throughout the Territory, are requested to forward their questions. Reports of Lectures are invited.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Music and the drama properly belong to magazine literature. We have, therefore, designed in this enlarged edition of the Utah Magazine, which a contemporary has honored with the name of the "Blackwood of the Rocky Mountains," regular editorial departments for these branches of art. For the one we have engaged friend E. W. Tullidge, whose reviews of the characters of Shakspeare and lives of famous historical personages obtained a distinction in the American Phrenological Journal; and for the musical department we have engaged, as editor Prof. John Tullidge. Prof. Tullidge, in his youth, was a favorite pupil of the great English master, Hamilton, and for years was a teacher and conductor of Catholic choirs. We therefore take the liberty to respectfully invite correspondence from the musical profession at home and abroad, with confidence that questions upon theory and music generally, both vocal and instrumental, will be competently answered by him.

OUR WOMAN'S PLATFORM.

NO. 1—THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

The editress of the Revolution has seen a live "Mormon" publisher—considers his head a cheering spectacle for a phrenologist, and being reflectively stirred up by the sight, exclaims, in effect, "What if, after all, the Mormons should lead in the assertion of the rights of women!" A very suggestive remark, anyway, and one which, we believe, despite present appearances to the outside world, will be found in due time to have contained the germ of a correct propheey.

It is with us on this "woman's rights" question as with other strong themes now agitating the public mind; we believe there is a germ of a great truth in it, and an inspiration working to a good end, but it seems as if no truth necessary for human happiness was ever yet established in this world, without being at first arrayed in garments vastly too magnificent for it. Before a truth can ever tell on the public mind, it does appear as though it must be preached up as being about six times its real size; and then in due course of God's Providence it will get accepted for what it really is. A twenty-five cent truth must come calling itself a dollar, and fight furiously for its rights as such, depreciating all such small values as fifty or seventy-five cents as vastly inferior amounts; when after sufficient struggling, it will settle down into its place in the world of coins really allowed and credited as twenty-five cents—having obtained its friends, inflamed their zeal, and received their indefatigable labors in its behalf, simply on the ground of its dollar-*ish* pretensions.

This is the history of the success of all truths, and the mainspring and strength of all great movements. Their advocates are impressed with the conviction that along-side of their special truth there is no truth worth talking about; and by no possibility an opposite side, or a draw-back to their picture. Believing, as we do, that Providence—manipulating men like pawns on the chequer-board of humanity—is in all this, we see, special wisdom in such impressions; for men will fight and die for a truth, if they believe it to be the grandest in existence, when they would not suffer the pricking of a pin's point for it, if they thought it was merely *a* truth and nothing more, It may sound as an irreverent expression, but this philosophy has created martyrs and reformers in all ages, by the score.

It appears to us to be precisely so with the question of womanly privileges. Women, we consider, have clearly been withheld from manifest rights. Their importance in society has been vastly underrated, and their capabilities unappreciated. They have been the victims of masculine lust, and false codes of society. Now has come the reaction—now the sufferers steer for the other extreme. Women should be eligible for everything; they should be bound by no consideration which the experience of past ages has confirmed; the more unlike women of the past, they can get to be in every respect, the better for them, the more glorious for society. This extreme view of the case would not, of course, be advocated by many individual ladies of the "Woman's Rights" order, but this is the soul of the movement—the inspiration of the hour. And, harmless enough, too, it allows plenty for clipping and paring; it contains hugeness enough to glorify it in the imaginations of its disciples, and make them enthusiastic, till they gain—as they should—a hearing. Experience, solid sense and the true instincts of womankind will trim and square the proposition to about its right shape in due time; and although, when gained, it will not make earth a paradise or take the "skeleton" out of everybody's cupboard, it will—like all God's movements in society—result in lifting humanity one little step nearer to their destined condition.

Music.

[Correspondence on musical subjects is invited.]

Musical development is very much the index of civillzation, and its variations of qualities the signs of national character. Nations highly advanced and refined have fine musical taste, such as the Germans, the Italians and the English. Their educated classes cannot endure crude compositions. Nothing less than exquisite strains of melody, and the grandest harmonies will satisfy the soul attuned to the beautiful and the sublime. On the other hand the Chinese, the American Indians, and the races generally who are crude in their natures, and unprogressive in their national characters have very poor perceptions of sweet melodic strains or harmonic grandeur. Kettle drums, and noisy discordant instruments would afford them more delight than the matchless oratorioes of Handel and Haydn, or the solemn majesty of the Masses of Mozart.

In the growth of the arts music springs up among their first outshoots, taking the precedence, in the unfolding of civilization, of every genius but that of poetry —as the second born of the Muses—she starts out with her divine mission. In her first stages she takes the form of simple song. Like as poetry, when far advanced, brings to its aid writing and printing, with their magician like powers and agencies, so music, in her advancement, arranges her alphabet, notation, and her art becomes elaborated into science. Like also as poetry from the crude body of verse receives a massive and infinitely capacitated transformation into universal literature, so music rises from her primitive form of simple song and clothes herself in grand gigantic harmonies. No longer a hymn or a ballad from untutored voices and inartistic votaries, but a volume of Creation from the creator Haydn, from the harmonic Handel a Messiah bearing the almighty majesty of his Hallelujah chorus to the Lord God Omnipotent, and from Mozart a consecrated mass to Deity. The genius of music develops capacities and forms for all the expositions of the harmonies of nature and the human soul, and for her interpretations she is no longer dependant on unlearned composers, nor upon uncouth utterances from untutored voices.

The history and schools of music agree with the stages of civilization. In cathedral times we have cathedral music. Their solemn, massive forms and ecclesiastical sublimity resemble the religious service of the age to which they belong. Masses, Anthems, and Luther's hymns show their quality. The Oratorio resembles the epic poem translated into another tongue of art, with the same principles, the same style, the same majestic elaboration. It is, however, Hebraic and not Grecian in its spirit, prophetic and not heroic in its themes. As yet the Oratorio is the best form and style that has been given in modern times of music suitable for Temple service. It is more Hebraic in its quality than the Masses of the Catholic, there is in its composition the declamatory moods, and bursts of bold inspirations that so wonderfully characterized the Jewish prophets, while the choruses describe the lofty exultation of the congregations of Israel when they were the people of Jehovah's special care. The mass music of the Catholics is, it is true, very imposing and seductive, but it is burdened with the superstitions of a church rather than with the bold inspirations of Prophets and Psalmists. Even its *Gloria in Excelsis* is more like choruses performed by priests and virgins of Heathen temples than the wondrous exultations in music of the vast congregations of the Zion of God. However near they may approximate to it in classical forms and treatment, there are no Mass compositions burdened with such pure Hebrew subject nor breathing so much divine theme as the Oratorio of the Mesiah, and no *Gloria in Excelsis* equals the triumphant majesty of Handel's Hallelujah for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, in which one can imagine when Zion from above comes down to unite in worship with the Zion of all the earth, unnumbered millions of mortals and immortals will take their parts to swell the mighty theme.

Hail, Beautiful Spring.—We present in this number an original composition under the above title. Our reason for publishing Trios and Duets in this simple style is, because there exists a want for compositions of this class for the use of such as are unlearned in the art of reading classical music at sight. The part-music generally published is what is termed by the profession "set duettos" and glees, that is they are mixed with different forms of construction, and cannot be said to belong to any simple form. These compositions are only fitted for musicians well practiced in the vocal art, and in fact they are not appreciated by the mass. Ballads, in general, are composed in the duplex form of two capital periods, the first modulating to the dominant, or some key of close connection which is easily caught by the hearer. Others are composed in the grand triplex form, which contains three capital periods, and would require a twelve line verse. We think the best construction of this form is the *da capo*, that is, the third movement is the return to the first, which constitutes the final one, and the composition by this can be remembered quickly. However, we cannot always select this form for the want of poetry that will fit. "Hail, Beautiful Spring," is of this class.

We shall endeavor to give a sheet of music with every other number of the Magazine, including the composition of our best home musicians. Productions from the pens of Professors Thomas, Careless, and others, will be given in due time. We shall be happy to publish any composition of real merit.

Class-Teaching in Utah.—Class-teaching in Salt Lake City is entirely suspended at present. Some years ago Mr. David O. Calder raised large classes of the youthful portion of this city and gratuitously taught them the art of singing and Mr. Curwen's system of musical science. For years Mr. Calder labored to educate the people of Utah in the "divine art," and sought to establish classes and Philharmonic Societies throughout the Territory. In this he succeeded beyond a fair expectation of what one man could accomplish, and he founded the "Deseret Musical Association, which several years ago was quite a representative institution. Mr. Calder, however, was forced to discontinue his untiring labors for the cause of music in Utah to save his health, which had been almost sacrificed to his mission, and the burden of his duties as chief clerk in the President's office.

Class-teaching, however, in the settlements South of this city has been flourishing during the past year, under the direction of Professors Charles Thomas and John Tullidge, and a number of concerts have been given by the latter.

We hope also to see soon a Philharmonic Society again in Salt Lake City.

Handel.—A review of some of this great composer's works, with a brief biographical sketch of his life, and anecdotes of his peculiarities, selected from personal reminiscences of the author, written expressly for this magazine by the editor of this department, will shortly appear.

The Drama.

A New Play.—One leading feature of the season has been the presentation of a new dramatization, by Mr. John Lindsay, for his own benefit. There was considerable merit in the literary execution, and considering that Mr. Lindsay lays no pretentions to professional authorship, his effort deserves to be considered a decided success.

Miss Annie Lockhart.—This very interesting actress has been running a successful engagement in the Salt Lake Theatre. She came to us not in the rank of one of the world's great stars, but her general usefulness and fitness would please the public during a long engagement, when actresses of more lofty pretensions would exhaust themselves in their specialties and grow stale to their audiences. The management has been happy in the engagement of Miss Annie Lockhart.

Mr. Herne and Lucille Western.—Our enterprising managers, in addition to Miss Annie Lockhart, have also engaged Mr. Herne and the celebrated Lucille Western. The first appearance of Mr. Herne was in his great specialty of "Rip Van Winkle." His touches of nature and his easy, unconstrained rendering make an audience forget that he is the actor and regard him as the veritable "Rip." Notwithstanding that it is almost impossible for a play to run more than two or three times in a city where an audience is weekly limited to about the same persons, Mr. Herne has again and again reproduced his unique Dutchman to the delight even of those who have seen the character three or four times.

East Lynne.—Lucille Western made her first appearance on the Salt Lake stage in East Lynne. We have no liking for this class of plays, nor do we consider them chaste, or even moral. The time was when even the classical part of Mrs. Haller was repudiated by the critics, and it only held its place upon the stage because of its pathos, fine texture of subject, and the scope that it gave great actresses. But now we can have a wretched woman, with her seducer, paraded before our very eyes and the play be called "highly moral." So might the deep damnation of a prostitute's life be "highly moral," as a frightful warning to virtuous women not to fall into the like perdition. But the innate dignity of Julia Dean sanctified to the mind of the Salt Lake public the play of East Lynne, and Lucille Western made her first appearance in it here with great success. She did not, however, blot from our mind our lamented friend, nor do we think there is a lady on the stage who can happily follow Julia Dean as Camille or in the double character of Isabelle and Madame Vine. In the plays of Green Bushes and Flowers of the Forest, Miss Western surpassed the lady who, in the hearts of the people of Salt Lake, will live much in the character of High Priestess of their Temple of Art. Miss Western, coming to us with a national name, has very generally provoked comparison between herself and Julia Dean, and it is saying much in favor of both ladies that they have neither of them lost by the comparison.

One of Miss Western's great hits during her engagement was in Leah, the Forsaken. Another of her triumphs was in the character of the "Child Stealer," a sensational play of considerable power and illustration. It is a picture of the lower phases of society, with its marked vices and mannerisms in the delineations of which both Miss Western and Mr. Herne were very effective.

On Thursday evening, April 15th, this popular and powerful actress took a "farewell benefit" in Victor Hugo's famous historical play of—

Lucretia Borgia. The character of the Satanna of Italy, we think, is of too high a class for Miss Lucille Western. There is an imperial casting in the type of the original as marked as the genius of Victor Hugo himself, who has been very aptly characterized as the Michael Angelo among authors. To illustrate the grand poetic quality of Victor Hugo's genius, and the dark splendor of Lucretia Borgia, whose awful character is like Night in her profoundest majesty, with but one lone flickering star to guide her, is beyond the sphere of Miss Lucille Western. It is a character for a Siddons, a Ristori or a Julia Dean. Nevertheless, though Lucretia Borgia was not rendered by the beneficiare with that imperial classicality which we should have seen in the personations of those great artistes, she played the part very successfully; for her style, if not of the rarest quality, is exceedingly forcible. Mr. Herne sustained the lady as Genarro, a young soldier of fortune. We would advise Miss Western never to choose this excellent actor to mate her in heroic parts again. No touch of "Rip Van Winkle" should have been seen in Genarro, nor should the audience even remember that the same gentleman represented these two very dissimilar parts. Mr. Herne does himself an injustice in thus sacrificing his reputation for the purpose of playing the leading character to the heroine.

After the performance of Lucretia Borgia, our artistic visitors came before the curtain, and Mr. Herne, after the lady had retired, returned thanks in a pertinent

little speech, in which he expressed the hopes of himself and professional companion soon to appear before a Salt Lake audience on a second visit.

Miss Fanny Morgan Phelps.—This lady is the last novelty offered to our theatre-going public. She has made a decided mistake in presenting herself before a Salt Lake audience as a Star. It is a task even for a good actress to run a successful engagement here.

Review of Books, &c.

The last birth of American magazines is "Appleton's Journal." It is a weekly paper devoted to literature, science and art. These well-known New York publishers have laid out for their journal a popular design, but the term "popular," as they use it, has a very select interpretation. Their Weekly is of the same class and tone as the Galaxy, a monthly with which our readers are familiar. The Galaxy, which gave a new phase to "popular" literature, has since become one of the first magazines of America, and the Appletons have now made a further advance in their issue of a weekly of the same class. Indeed we recognize among its corps of writers some of the Galaxy names. It is not so heavy in its literature and forms as the Atlantic Monthly, but it is more classical than any of the weekly magazines that we have yet seen till now, either of England or America. Its essays are from the pens of the best writers, and it opens with a splendid pictorial supplement—"The Grand Drive at Central Park." The first number contains the commencement of the new story of Victor Hugo, entitled "The Man Who Laughs," for which the French Publishers paid the author 300,000 francs. It is said to have been for twenty years in the author's workshop, and that its conception was in his mind contemporaneously with that of "Les Miserables." A fine, full length engraving of the author accompanies his work in a chaste biographical article and review of the genius of the illustrious French patriot. The writer says, "The power, the struggle, the sublime, and the colossal that we contemplate in Michael Angelo, and the grotesque sculptures of the middle ages, we contemplate in Victor Hugo's works. As Michael Angelo is alone among sculptors, Victor Hugo, by many of the same traits, is alone among writers. The grand, the bold, the complex elements of life and nature are in his writings; everything but the fused and fluent harmonies of thought and emotion which charms us in the expression of Lamartine, of De Musset, of George Sand."

Editor's Notice.—Owing to the great amount of original matter in this number, several of our regular departments, including Extracted Humor, Gems from the Poets, Scientific Notes and Household Receipts are crowded out.

Correspondence, Etc.

In this department we insert small original compositions, the authors of which make no pretensions to literary ability, but desire to aid in giving variety and a home-character to our columns.

In the following pithy effort of friend Senex, we think we discover the hand of an old fellow-traveler in the London Conference. Many of his efforts are worth a higher classification than the above:

SELF-RULE.

Are you old? Learn how to mould
Your will.
Are you young? Control your tongue
With skill.
He who can rule his will can speech control—
He who controls his tongue can rule his soul.

Are you rich? Gold gives the itch
For more.
Are you poor? Toil and endure
The sore.
The rich—disease is often hard to cure;
Thought, time and industry will heal the poor.

Are you great in mind's estate?
'Tis lent.
Are you small? See you they all
Well spent.
Right use of talents, not results, will guage
Your worth, and rightly estimate your wage.

Young, or old, nor wit, nor gold,
Will tell
Who are wise without disguise,
So well
As he who learns with skill himself to rule—
His wit, his wealth, to use in Wisdom's school.—Senex.

An Ode on the Death of Rolin—Puzzles us; we cannot tell what the author means. It appears to be a burlesque of some kind. There is some wit in the production, but very crude. It wants digesting.

A. Metcalf—Has thanks for his excellent selection.

R. C.—Has something to learn in respect to "feet." He expresses our ideas exactly in the following sentiment—tremendously so.

Give your employer all that's due,
In time and work that seemeth just;
He should be honest, too, with you,
If not in this world, in the next he must.

We should think so.

Received.—Angels Whisper to Mother. The Lady and the Warrior. Darkest Hour Before Dawn.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

CHAPTER I.—THE PROPOSITION.

I propose to examine biblical and profane history for facts that shall prove how deep and fervent are the instincts in man, in his rudest and most primitive condition:

1st. To worship that which he esteems stronger and more powerful than himself—with him might being right; and that he naturally endows his Deity with the passions which rule and govern himself.

2d. That in proportion as he advances in intelligence and overcomes, in a measure, the rude barbarism of his nature, he looses a portion of his sectionality, and creates divinities that rule, not only a tribe or clan, but a section of the universe; the attributes of which deities are yet, however, clothed by him with a greater or less degree of the imperfections of his own nature.

3d. That man, in a still more advanced condition, even after God has revealed Himself as the creator of all things, and the only true God by manifestations that he could best understand—namely: *manifestations of irresistible power*—could still only comprehend so much of the true character of God as he had developed within himself, and continued to clothe Deity with his own sectionality and vengeful and unforgiving nature.

4th. That with the multiplied experiences of a procession of ages, man has gradually advanced and become more liberal in his views; that God has continued to lead him along by giving him "line upon line and precept upon precept" towards the full development of all that is cosmopolitan in his nature, that he may be prepared for the revealment of a universal faith which will embrace within its ample provisions all mankind, in every age, in every nation and in every clime, from the burning sands of Arabia to the ice-bound shores of the Arctic Sea.

CHAPER II.—RESEMBLANCE OF MEN TO THEIR DEITIES.

At a very early period of the Noachian dispensation, mankind, with a few noble exceptions, began to create unto themselves gods, whose attributes should not be a standing rebuke to themselves in the license they gave to their passions and lusts. As their traditions—unguided by divine revelation—multiplied, the gods of their first creation became farther and farther removed from them; their attributes were so magnified and mystified by the lapse of time, until, in the imagination of their worshippers, they could no longer act as the immediate controlers of the destinies of mankind; hence, other and lesser deities, both male and female, sprang out of, or were begotten by the primary or higher gods. Imagining things always in harmony with their own characters, these gods again, mankind supposed, by a gratification of their lusts to have surrounded themselves with a progeny of demi, or half gods—a class of deities well adapted to the wants of the mass, who by their close relationship with mankind could the better act as mediators between man and the highest class of deities.

The god a man worshipped—then as now—was simply a projection of his own nature; and as men's conceptions of glory, greatness and power are as varied as their local circumstances and intellectual status, the worship of a *plurality* of gods is a marked feature in the exercise of the devotional instincts of all barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes and nations. War, rapine and plunder was the rule, and not the exception, in the barbarous polity of the ancients; therefore it was impossible for them to conceive of, or to worship deities

who acted always in accord or always dwelt together in peace —it was necessary with the gods of their worship—as with themselves MIGHT WAS THE RULE OF RIGHT, and the stronger ruled the rest by his superior strength and by the superiority of his weapons of offense and defense. And, as the electric force was the most wonderful and least understood of all the heavenly phenomena, and yet, with irresistible voice and effect, was so often heard and seen, they clothed the ruling deity with the power of the thunderbolt—in awe of which they supposed all the hosts of heaven stood.

Each tribe or nation had its own particular deity, who, though associating with the other gods, and consulting with them in matters of unusual concern, was nevertheless bound to protect the fortunes and forward the interests of the tribe or nation whose titular or peculiar deity he happened to be.

In those times no undertaking of importance was ever entered into by any tribe without first consulting their augurs, or priests, of their special deity. If war with a neighboring people was in contemplation, and their god, through his augurs, gave his approval of the expedition, he was expected to take charge of the interests of his people and make war, if necessary, upon the gods of the tribe or nation against which they were marching. If he was as powerful as he professed to be and his people believed, they were sure of success, for after he had subdued the opposing god himself, he, by his great power, could thwart and render abortive all the plans of defense made by the people attacked.

On the other hand, if he came in contact with a god stronger than himself, and was well thrashed, his people were overthrown and returned in shame and defeat to their own land, in which case woe to the augurs or priests of the poor beaten god—unless, indeed, the priests succeeded in convincing the exasperated chiefs and people that *themselves* were the transgressors, through their having neglected to offer some portion of spoil at the shrine of their deity, which they but seldom failed to do. In proof of much that is here written, read Rabshaketh's boast, warning the Jews not to resist his master, "*Sennacherib.*"

Xerxes, King of Persia, is looked upon as a madman because he tried to bind the Hellespont with fetters thrown into its bosom, and caused it to be beaten with rods for its turbulence. He is pronounced insane because, upon his return home, badly whipped and terribly scared, from his unfortunate expedition against Greece; he demolished all the temples of the gods of Asia Minor, and Lybia, and wound up by utterly destroying the temple of Belus at Babylon. I ask, why should he not have done so? To his view of the case, Belus, through his priests, had accepted rich and costly presents from him, and promised him success in his enterprise against Greece, and had promised him power over the seas that it should obey him. The oracles of the gods of Lybia and the cities of Asia Minor, had received his rich offerings and promised him the fulfilment of all that the great god Belus had said. Acting in good faith, he had gathered together his immense hosts, exhausted his treasures, and impoverished his people. Instead of gaining the victory and enriching himself with the spoils of all Greece, he experienced a sad overthrow and a large portion of his army had perished in a foreign land—the prestige of his name and of the greatness of his kingdom was lost forever.

What would have been the result had Moses, after leading the Israelites on an apparently wild goose chase around the borders of Egypt; instead of marching straight out into the wilderness and making his escape before Pharaoh could have gathered his hosts and pursued him—been forsaken by *his* god. Had the sea refused to obey him when he stretched his rod over it? Would not the Israelites have arisen in their wrath and destroyed him and all his house?

Would not the Jews have handed his name down to latest times as that of a vile imposter, and death have been esteemed too good for him? If this would have been the case with the Jews let us not blame the heathen for visiting with wrath and destruction the temples and the priests of the god who had been the means of bringing such dire calamities on a whole people.

Xerxes was undoubtedly a man in advance of his times. No wily subterfuge of the oracles of the gods of his country could blind him to the fact of their utter helplessness to save in time of trouble, or to the fatality of spending millions of treasure at the shrines of gods who were not able to cope with the gods of the "barbarous Greeks."

The bloody and vindictive characteristics of ancient barbarism was but a reflex of the characters of the gods of their worship. How low must have been the value set upon human life by a people whose deities required the sacrifice of the purest and most innocent of human beings. It was not the blood of the hoary headed sinner, nor of the malefactors that was required to appease their wrath when offended, but the blood of childish innocence. King David in his 100th Psalm —3d verse—charges Israel with sacrificing their children to the gods of the Philistines, and King Ahaz in his idolatry offered up seven of his children as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of a heathen deity. No wonder then, that in those dark and bloody days "it was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and that mutilation and death was the penalty attached to almost every degree of crime. How low must have been the moral status of a people whose gods and goddesses were supposed to indulge in illicit pleasures? The orgies enacted in the worship of certain deities by the ancients, are too horrible to be named. We can imagine something of what they must have been, when during the palmiest days of civilization in Greece, the temple of Venus, the titular divinity of the city of Corinth contained *one thousand Courtezans*, who were at the service of all male worshippers at the shrine of that goddess. When the staid matrons and maidens of Rome, in the highest of her civilization, esteemed it no shame to walk through the streets of the Imperial City, to and from the shrines of some of their deities, in a state of *nudity*. And when by sacerdotal law, no enquiry was permitted of husband, wife, daughter or sister as to their conduct on certain feast days, of some of the gods, and goddesses of the "mistress of the world."

THE STEAM HORSE IN SALT LAKE VALLEY.

Through cuts in the mountains,
And over the fountains
He rides on a rail
With smoke for his trail,
And that's how the monster comes into our vale.

By day he is steaming,
By night he is gleaming,
His music is rough,
With a snort and a puff,
There never was steed that was neighing so gruff.

And banners are waving,
Yet wild is his raving;
And over the snows
Away he goes,
While whistles sound shrill and his furnace heart glows.

With cannons to greet him,
And thousands to meet him,
How proud was his look!
When the earth he had shook
There seemed a new page in the world's mighty book.

JABEZ WOODARD.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY

Illustrated in Its Great Characters.

INTRODUCTION.

The world's history is God's epic. We find the harmonies of His providence in its every theme. The unfolding of the divine subject and plot are ever in keeping with the progressive phases of the human race. As we seek to trace God in the rise and fall of empires and the unfolding of civilizations, we feel that to this day history is as a sealed book. The inner meanings are not seen; the divine footsteps, in the course of nations, not yet found out. History will neither be written properly nor read aright until the powers above are recognized in the overruling of human affairs, and the providence of the world acknowledged in all its great issues. The conception of Shakspeare, "There is a soul of goodness in things evil," is more than a mere poetic truth; and the epics of the Homers of Greece and the Virgils of Rome, whose inspirations reveal the dramas of immortals and mortals as the inner and outer circles—two worlds in one manifested in the same great action—are something better than mere mythological fancies. Moreover, this conception of a divine epic, worked out in the rise and fall of empires and the destiny of the human race, is also Hebraic. It is the theme of Moses and the Prophets. Jove and Jehovah alike rule the spheres. The being who most represents in his own nature infinite love, and the ultimate of whose mission is to bring to pass peace on earth and good will among men is the type of a God, manifested in the flesh, and the perfected state of man. In these leading views the philosophy of all ages and all nations agree.

History, then, we shall treat as a divine epic, and the world's great characters as its chief actors. Illiads performed on the earth, now under the walls of Troy, now in Rome and Jerusalem, next among the empires of Christendom, finally in the East and the West and the North and the South in a universal dispensation. They cannot be rightly understood in a thousand disconnected fragments. There is a thread running through them from the earliest ages. The principal actors, though separated by a hundred generations, hold relative parts, and spite of the discords made, there is in the performance of the whole a theme of grandest harmony.

The design of the work before us is to trace this harmony in the progressive movements of the world as illustrated in the lives of its great characters, and to mark the lessons which God, through history, has revealed to man. The work will not be essayic but biographical, and its actors will be chiefly those after the opening of the fifteenth century. But we must first give historical epitomes to that period. They will not be all saints. Harry the Eighth must come with the rest to break down popes with the might of his passions, Cromwell to behead kings, and Napoleon with his splendid genius to startle imperial heads with new ideas and shake with his tremendous impulses the consolidations of ages. Catherine De Medicis, Anna Boleyn, Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scots will afford our readers enough of romance, tragedy and crime. Among the imperial and heroic will come Charles the V. of Germany, William the First of Orange, founder of the United States of the Netherlands, and his great-grandson William the Third Prince of Orange, and King of England, who matched the great Prince Conde on the battle field, checkmated the mighty Louis XIII. of France in his policies and combinations, pushed from the throne the last of the Stuart kings and confirmed England's greatest revolution. America will culminate the theme. We shall aim to dramatically arrange the parts and characters that the great epic of the Christian era may impress the reader with the development of its divine and human action.

CHAPTER I.

JESUS, THE CHRIST.

Jesus is the light and the love of the world. "God is Love," was the beginning and the end—aye, the very volume of his revelation to man. As far as Christendom in its churches, its empires, and in the hearts of its peoples have represented the quality of Love, it has represented Christ and his Father. All good and wise men, even to the Unitarian and Deist, have looked upon Jesus as the type of our ultimate humanity—as the standard of man perfected and purified in his nature in the immortality to come. At the very least, the enlightened soul readily confesses that in effect Christ *is* God-Man—the Father manifested in the flesh.

Though we design neither a biography nor a sermon upon Jesus, it is fit that we should bring him in to lead the epic of his own dispensation, that in tracing the lives of the world's great characters after him we may properly appreciate how much they severally in the history of churches and empires have illustrated the spirit and theme of Him who rules the play divine.

His own words will best illustrate his gospel and the nature of his kingdom in that day:

"Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.

"Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To THIS end was I born, and for THIS cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Take another illustration:

"Then came they and laid hands on Jesus and took him.

"And behold, one of them which were with Jesus, stretched out his hand and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the High Priest, and smote off his ear.

"Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

Now for a theme of his gospel:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;

"That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

"For if ye love only them which love you, what reward have you? Do not even the publicans the same?"

When humanity embodies this spirit then will it be truly Christian; but never till then shall we have the Christ-state—the love-state of the world.

HIS DISCIPLES.

It was during the pontificate period of St. Linus, the second bishop of Rome, that the Christians separated themselves from the Jewish Synagogues and scattered through Rome, Greece, Egypt and all Asia, having been excommunicated three times on the Sabbath by the Hebrew priesthood. From this time the Jews and the Christians became as separate races, notwithstanding that Jesus and his disciples were selected from the chosen of Abraham's seed. The dispensation of Christ had now fairly passed to the Gentiles and the day of desolation to Jerusalem was nigh at hand. But

a few years passed before Titus marched his victorious troops against the holy city, the history of the siege of which strikes horror to the heart even to this day. At length the walls of Jerusalem were leveled to the ground, the inhabitants put to the sword, the temple and city utterly destroyed and the plowshare of the Roman tore up and mangled the sacred soil. The prophecy of Jesus, whom they had rejected and crucified, was fulfilled, and of the glorious temple of Solomon not one stone was left upon another. Thenceforth the Jews were no longer a nation. But shall we say the Lord forsook Israel when He cast him out among the Gentiles to be, for well-nigh two thousand years, a hiss and a by-word in the earth? Nay, there was a Providence in this as there is in all great events. It has enlarged Jacob a hundred fold, and by his wealth to-day he holds the world in his balances and can dictate unto empires.

In the progress of the first century, while the dispensation of providence and of their nationality, were passing away from Judah, it was fast opening to the despised Christians, and empire over the dominant races of the earth, was near in the future for the outlawed and crucified son of Mary. Yet much over zeal, much of a fierce intolerant spirit—so incompatible with the loving universalian nature of Jesus, was manifested by his early disciples in working out a kingdom for him even to his own Apostles. To confess the truth these Former-day Saints were very much like the Latter-day Saints in their history and character. They were cast out of the Synagogues of their nation, persecuted and crucified everywhere, and it made them stern and uncompromising. The early Christians hid themselves in the catacombs of Rome and wandered about in villages and caverns, but they grew in numbers and waxed strong in spirit. Indeed they felt their destiny. The Christians were to become the dominators of the world. They were obscure sectarians then in the eyes of the Roman, but they dared to spit upon the images of his gods and cast down his statues, and then the Prefect of Rome gave them up to the axe. Then came the monster Nero, and the Romans, who were usually tolerant of religionists, massacred the Christians by thousands. The uncompromising zeal with which they enforced their mission upon the world reacted upon themselves, and the bloody Nero took advantage of the bad name which they had obtained in Rome and sent them to the slaughter. It is seldom remembered by the acceptable churches of the day that the early followers of Christ were more obnoxious to the world in the first century, *not for their virtues,* it was assumed, than are the Saints of the nineteenth century. These facts should be suggestive to us all.

Our Home Humorists.

A DISCOURSE ON RAILROAD MATTERS, &c.

BY SAXEY.

"Gentle Reader." Who was it that invented the term "Gentle reader?" we don't know, nor do we particularly care; we only know, and warn the community, that the term is not original with us, having been used in one or two instances heretofore, and is used here only as a quotation, hence we say "gentle reader." Before expatiating upon matters and things the above undersigned pulls off his cap to the public, "roaches" back his beautifully raven colored hair over his intellectual forehead, curves up his neck like a "give out" freight mule (the near one on the off side of the wheelers in the swing team on the lead), and with eyes soaring heavenwards—towards Ogden City, executes, in imagination, one of his highly finished, brass-mounted bows, feeling confident the public will all attend his "benefit," to be given when men get all they deserve if not more; the tickets complimentary, "additional ladies" nothing, children in arms not admitted.

Gentle reader, please examine the paper upon which this article is printed, you perceive it has the body to it equal to the "wear and tear." The last volume of the MAGAZINE was printed on very thin, shabby material; but it was not the editor's fault by any means. There was no one to blame as the paper was all right and thick enough when it left the States, but was *eaten down twice by the grasshoppers on the plains.* Such an event is warranted not to occur again as Ashley from Ohio, having "served out the measure of his creation" in Congress, is reported to have the contract for herding the "hoppers" next summer to prevent them from eating up the U. P. R. Road. The hoppers did a great amount of damage last year, and by some strange twist or other wherever the hoppers did any damage the people were not benefited. I heard of one man whose farm had gone to wreck for two or three years, the proprietor thinking an imaginary gold ledge in the immediate vicinity a better investment. The hoppers came and camped on the farm over night but left early next morning. A neighbor met the proprietor of the deserted farm afterwards and informed him that the insects had "played out" his crop. The shabby farm owner replied, they took possession of his place one night and if they had but stayed one night longer he thought *his* farm would have *played the hoppers out.* That man has sold his farm now and is running a saw mill; he gave "a party" a third to attend the mill and another party two thirds to stock it with logs. The last I heard of him he was almost insane—poor man—because he could n't find the office of the Internal Revenue to pay his ten dollars license on the mill.

Gentle reader thou hast doubtless heard the railroad is in Ogden and past Ogden. Yea, verily, such is the truth. Notwithstanding all the wireworking of the "Mormons" to prevent it, notwithstanding President Young has had Echo Cañon, Weber Valley, and Weber cañon, jammed, crammed full of DANITES for the last ten months—still, in the face of all this, the Iron horse has bunted everything out of his way, including the "bull off the bridge," and to day is screaming towards the Promontory, like an insane Camanche chief after an Indian Agent. Some persons are foolish enough to leave their farms, and notes, at twenty days to go up and see the cars. Now, there is no occasion for this, as I am credibly informed that the Company design leaving a portion of their railroad in the vicinity of Ogden, where it can be seen any time during the coming summer; but people, as well as women, have a curiosity to gratify, and cannot be blamed for wishing to see the sights. It may satisfy many, and save them a trip if I here give a little description of the railroad, which I never should have attempted had the editors done their duty, the fact is the people demand something on railroads, especially the payment of certain checks bearing the signatures of sub-contractors.

Many have an idea that the railroad travels very fast which is not the case; the *railroad* does not travel at all neither does the grade any more than any other road, it is the locomotive and the cars that do the going. The supposition also that the cars run on the bare ties is incorrect, that was the old style and is found to be too rough now; iron rails about as long as a medium sized stick, and as thick as a pine pole, are laid parallel on the ties and the wheels of the cars run on the rails. If a rail should be left out, or stolen from anywhere on the road, the engineers on the first train in the rear generally find it out, and so do all the passengers; those engine-drivers are very sagacious about little matters of that

kind, and, no matter what their hurry may be, will always stop at such places till the necessary repairs are made. Instances have been known where two locomotives have tried to pass each other under full head of steam on a single track, but of late years railroad men have concluded the experiment is useless, as it has never been successfully performed yet, though occasionally engineers will give it another trial.

The locomotive is called the "Iron Horse" because it snorts like a "bronco" with the distemper, and can't be held by the tail. The cars are tied on to the locomotive with buckskin strings, or something tough, the iron horse's bowels are then filled with cold water, and a big fire is built under his belly. When the water begins to boil, the thingimagig under the main driving wheel comes in contact with a couple of concave thingumbobs, which strike a parallel what-you-call-it, connecting with an intermediate turbine convex, which forces the piston-rod through the second gudgeon of the left hand water tank, bringing the center of gravity exactly in the rear of the side lever controlling the three quarter angle attached to the "push-and-pull-it." The engineer then jerks a perpendicularly horizontal crank, the horse gives an outrageous scream, and zip they go. I have been somewhat particular about describing the machinery of the locomotive, as I am aware there are many who have been raised in these valleys who are totally ignorant about engines, and I feel desirous of giving a plain description in order that incorrect impressions may not be adopted by the rising generation with regard to these matters.

THE GAY OLD BACHELOR.

DEDICATED TO THE (UNCOMMON FEW) BACHELORS OF UTAH.

BY JINGO.

[Note.—The following piece was never intended for publication. How it got to this office the author cannot explain. It never would have been written at all, but the writer (an amiable bachelor) was exasperated into composing it by receiving from a lady a satirical communication entitled "The Mournful Old Bachelor." We will publish the cruel epistle next number, being overcrowded at present. In the meantime, "you that have tears prepare to shed them"—then.]

What a cheery old soul, the gay bachelor is!
With his pleasant ways and his beaming phiz,
On bitter cold nights, when fierce winds blow,
When all the earth is covered with snow,
How he stirs up the fire and rolls into bed,
And laughs at the troubles of those who are wed.

How he revels in peace—
From Benedict fled—
As he muffles himself
In his cosy bed.

No children are squalling the livelong night;
No babies to dress and no fires to light;
No cows to be milking—no wood to chop,
No baskets to take to the butcher's shop;
But the warmest nook and the easy chair,
For the bachelor's welcome everywhere.

Then at morn, when the breakfast bell tolls out,
He can tumble and turn himself about
Without hearing his wife, in accents wild,
Sing fearfully out, "my child! my child!"
Can tumble up early, with life alert,
For no one lies on the tail of his s——rt.

The Benedict sits and sucks his thumbs,
Or, taking the child, wet-nurse becomes,
Then the constant strain on the purse's strings,
For the feminine folks' all sorts of things,
Ribbons and pins, and of tapes no end,
Including the frightful Grecian Bend.

The bach's life is free from care,
His cheerful face beams everywhere,
Always happy and always gay,
His pleasures wax from day to day,
His hours roll on like a pleasant dream,
Serenely he glides down time's fair stream.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

There is a soul of goodness in things evil.—Shakspeare.

CHAPTER I.

HOME TO DIE.

"To die—to sleep—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

Back into the past to the year seventeen hundred and ninety-seven. It was September—that month which might not inaptly be named the Poem of the Year.

The reign of autumn was fast spreading over the country, and many a "sear and yellow leaf" met the eye of the dying De Lacy as his family chariot wended its way on the road between Bath and Sherbourne. He was languidly reclining in the spacious, soft-cushioned chariot; yet the eye at once took in the fact that he had been an exceedingly elegant and well made man of about five feet eleven. His general appearance was that which characterizes the English gentleman of high birth: and, while he strongly showed the stamp of their proud cast, there could be seen in him, coupled with a high-toned and generous soul, that mild dignity and unostentatious manner, which have made the hereditary gentlemen of England so exalted in the minds of the peasantry above the middle classes and moneyocracy of the land. Our dying traveler was a fine specimen of that class, whose pride of character and family is not a barren representative of naked, unadorned rank. He was a man of that quality of life and character who would be honored and loved by his tenantry, as much as that of some good Baron of feudal times. In fact, in spite of the decline of his family and the transfer of the estates of his ancestors into other hands, the loyal tenantry of his father still looked upon Lord Frederick De Lacy as their hereditary head and proper lord of lands which had been for generations the domains of the De Lacy family.

A solitary foot-traveler had, for several miles, kept pace with the chariot of the dying gentleman, as the horses trod gravely—almost solemnly—along, like those accustomed to the funeral hearse. From time to time, he cast stealthily, sympathizing glances into the carriage upon the dying man, wondering what could have so suddenly broken down so fine a form, of one whose age he mentally calculated at not more than twenty-seven years.

Nor was the wonder of the foot-traveler strange; for Lord Frederick had possessed a constitution as solid, comparatively, as the castle of his ancestors, and a frame as finely built; but, like the fortunes of his house, it had declined, and he was now at life's last ebb. He had recently conquered a fever; yet he was dying—conquered a fever in spite of his will—dying, evidently, not against his will.

A thoughtful little boy, of about five years of age, sat at the bottom of the carriage, with his little hands clinging, as with love caresses, to his father's knee, and looking pleadingly into his parent's face to catch his glances from time to time. The artless motive of the intelligent boy was to engage his sire's attention; for he instinctively understood that he was the link which chained his father to life.

Ever and anon, the dying man would arouse from his languishment to death, and, with sudden energy, start from the irresistible languor that stole over him. Though too much exhausted, even by the very power that aroused him to caress his child, he would bestow upon him a glance of intense feeling and tenderness which the little fellow would diplomaticly answer by taking the opportunity of holding his father, for a time, by his innocent prattle, but would soon relapse into his languishing state, each time more exhausted by the efforts put forth in his battle with death.

"Mamma will come back soon! Don't leave Freddy to go for mamma! Talk to Freddy, papa. I am sure mamma will come back!"

That little orphan boy in black told a volume by the side of his dying father, with his infantine mystification upon Death, and the length of his dominion over those subject to his reign; that motherless child told the cause of that shadow of anguish, which flitted, from time to time, across Lord Frederick's pale countenance. The dying man knew but too well that his little darling, motherless son would soon be also fatherless, and knew, too, that neither father nor mother could come back to him in mortality from "that

undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." The De Lacy felt that, had she remained, his powerful constitution would have conquered the fever that had carried his wife to the grave before him; but his loss and yearning for his beloved dead took from him the power to conquer for life and child. Death and life consumed him, and his self-reproach was from the consciousness that his boy would soon be fatherless, because that father had lost the mother—his wife.

"Nurse said mamma would come back," persisted the little fellow. "I am sure she will if God up in heaven will let her. I know mamma can't stay away from Freddy and papa. God will let her come back, won't he?"

The dying gentleman could bear it no longer. With a mighty effort of his every mortal energy—with the intense yearning of his whole being, Lord Frederick caught his boy in his arms and convulsively pressed him to his breaking heart, and burst into passionate sobs, while the child, terrified by his father's tears, clung, crying, around his neck. A week before and this mighty struggle of De Lacy to remain with his motherless child would have conquered Death at his very gates; but now no mortal prowess could win the battle—no human affection or yearning could hold him long to earth.

The child hushed his own sobs to hush the strong ones of his dying sire.

"Don't cry, papa!" and he wiped, with his infant hands, his parent's eyes. "Freddy will let you go and fetch mamma."

"Father of the fatherless more abundantly be to him in my stead," prayed the dying nobleman.

"Talk to me about the good Sir Richard and baby Alice," the child coaxed, to draw his sire into a sunnier prospect.

Thus with childhood's deepest impressions. Its heavy calamities are like writing upon the sand, from which a child, tripping along, will efface a volume of sorrows, and its tiny foot dance away a record of direst events.

Slowly, solemnly rolled the family chariot of the De Lacy towards the ancestral house of Sir Richard Courtney, lord of a noble estate in the county of Somersetshire, England.

Night had hung her black mantle over the ancestral mansion of Sir Richard Courtney. The day which had been so serene and mellow, saw at its close the signs of the gathering thunderstorm. A solemn silence reigned in that stately mansion, for while night has spread her dark drapery without Death has hung his sable pall within.

Lord Frederick De Lacy was in the last sweet sleep of his mortal life, which stole over him after his arrival at the mansion of his friend, where he had come to die. By his side sat Sir Richard Courtney, whose love for the dying nobleman was as the love of David for Jonathan.

When Lord Frederick arrived at Sir Richard Courtney's, he was so exhausted that life scarcely remained, and although he recognized his friend, he was powerless to speak. A strengthening cordial was administered and he soon fell into a refreshing sleep upon the baronet's own bed, where he directed his servants to lay his beloved friend. He had slept nearly six hours, for the journey, though it much fatigued him, made his sleep deeper and refreshing.

It was now about nine o'clock at night. By the bed of death Sir Richard had mournfully sat watching his friend, and listening to the storm without, which did not awe but served to deepen his meditation upon the memory of the past—the events which had consummated the ruin of the De Lacy family and the will of that mysterious Power of Good which had summoned the two dear ones of himself and friend, who had stood together at the same marriage altar, and who now also sent the dread message of Death to that friend himself.

At length the silent revery of Courtney was broken, and he mournfully murmured—

"Life would have been even now in the fresh-opened bud of our youth, yet of those beloved ones who, in that quiet village church, on that blessed day when all seemed sunshine for many a cloudless year, entered into holy marriage-bonds—of them all, I, I alone, shall, ere to-morrow comes, be left the last. Were it not for the many holy trusts committed to me, to which will soon be added this dear, motherless, fatherless boy, I could almost wish that thou and I, my brother, were about to stand again at the same altar—this time at the alter above, to be united with our dear ones forever."

The half wish of Sir Richard might be unorthodox, but in our fresh, fond youth, we all more or less hope for a re-union eternal in a better world with those we love on earth.

Perhaps the fond, pathetic murmurings of Courtney found an echo in the sympathies of a departing soul, for Lord Frederick moved gently—he was waking for the last time in mortal life. Sir Richard was ready to catch the first glance of consciousness of his dying friend, for he knew that although he would awake, renewed awhile, his very moments were numbered.

"Thank Heaven I have lived to see you once more!" exclaimed the dying man, as he became conscious of the presence of his friend.

Courtney knelt by the bed of death, and taking the hand of Lord Frederick, with sobs, which he could no longer suppress, burst into the utterance of friendship's agony—"Oh! brother of my soul, that we should thus meet again."

"'Tis not, Richard, the kind of visit I promised—is it?" De Lacy replied. "I and my Agnes and our darling boy—all should have been your joyous guests. But my wife—well, I am going to her soon, and I come to leave our son with you. Heaven willed it otherwise, my brother."

"That you should come to my ancestral home to die!" observed the baronet in a broken voice, as the warm tears of friendship, which swelled up from his true manly heart, fell upon the hand, which he held, of his dying companion, as he knelt tenderly over him.

"Why, where could I better come to die, old friend?" half cheerfully, and with fond confidence, replied Lord Frederick; "I fear not death; it has a prospect brighter now to me than life. Since my Agnes passed away I have longed to join her in a brighter sphere, and I have come to spend the last moments of my mortal life with you, who shared so many of its years with me."

"Would to God many more remained for us to share together."

"An eternity above, Richard!—friends—brothers forever where brotherhood is first, highest, most enduring," fervently came from De Lacy, his countenance lit with the divine enthusiasm of a departing soul that fears not death.

After a moment's pause, the dying nobleman said—

"My son, Richard, I leave to your guardianship—my darling little one who has held me to life since his mother died. I could not—I dared not pass away until I had placed him myself into your hands. To none but you, my more than brother, could I trust without a pang of agony, my motherless, fatherless boy."

"Not fatherless! not fatherless! Oh, not fatherless while I live!" Sir Richard interrupted with emphasis of his strong, noble nature.

And the friends fondly clasped each other's hand in expressive silence. In that silent communion of souls they understood the feelings and sublime mutual confidence in each other that moved them. Their language of sympathy was more expressive than vocal speech.

"There is a scene of our youth, Frederick, that I would recall," observed the baronet. He wished to arouse his friend to the future of their families and their dearly cherished compacts, and he continued to him suggestively—

"That night in Rome!—You remember, Frederick?"

"Remember? I have it always before me. I am here to die because of that night. I saw nothing on my journey which did not conjure up that night—that sacred compact."

"You remember the nature of that compact, my friend?" said Courtney, aiming to hold De Lacy's wandering mind to the object.

"Yes, 'twas in Rome; I remember."

"The present?—the past?—ourselves?—the children?" interrogated the baronet with anxious prompting.

"Aye, word by word—item by item. I have come to you that all may be fulfilled," Lord Frederick replied, and then relapsing into his wandering revery of the past; again he murmured—

"Yes, it was in Rome—grand, old historic Rome! How fresh and bold that scene comes back from the memory of the past like reality repeated."

"Yes, yes, dear Frederick," interrupted Sir Richard, for he knew the very moments of his friend were numbered, but still the dying nobleman continued to dream—

"The night was full of poetry, high thoughts and generous sentiments. The soft sky of sunny Italy was eloquent with Nature's tenderness and the gentle Zephyrs which fanned the uncovered heads of two youths, were heard in the ruins of that old monastery, like a vocal chorus, sanctioning the vows of friendship."

"Yes, yes, those youths, my brother," still prompted Sir Richard.

"Together they enter those stately ruins, as reverently as though they had been sons of the church of Rome. Solemnly they approach the broken altar and vow a life friendship which nothing should sever."

"And they promised, Frederick, that should the fortunes of

either become as that noble edifice—a ruin—they would foreswear all false pride and share as brothers.

"I am here to fulfill the compact of our budding manhood, Richard. For myself I claim my part of the inheritance of my brother—your family vault. Let me rest awhile in the hallowed resting-place of your ancestors."

"But why this strange request? My ancestors would welcome a De Lacy to their last home, but what would yours say, Frederick?"

"Listen, Richard, for I feel my time is shortly measured. My ancestral home and estates have fallen into the hands of our house's enemy."

"I will avenge you!"

"Not so, my brother. Fate willed to humble my race for their pride, for pride was their greatest sin. My enemy and his father were but instruments to the end."

"Your son and his children shall yet inherit that which his race so long possessed."

"I believe it, Richard."

"I will see the debt wiped out if Providence spares me," said Sir Richard, and then he quickly continued, for he knew the time was short and the strength of the dying gentleman waning.

"In the union of our children, Frederick, much of the future lies which shall restore your house united with mine. A part of that night's sacred compact was to unite our races should Heaven bless us with children, providing it did not outrage their own free choice."

"What is more likely now, their young days will be entwined! Heaven grant it!" earnestly invoked the dying De Lacy.

"Amen, my brother!" responded Sir Richard.

"I shall die at least with the blessed prospect that you will indeed be the father of my orphan son and our friendship perpetuated in the love of our children. Yes, should they love, the compact in that old monastery will be fulfilled."

"In this awful hour be that compact renewed, my brother, between us," said Courtney, with uplifted hands.

"Even so Richard—even so!" joined in his friend, and then with the light of an almost unveiled soul looking its last out of Nature's windows and a spiritual transparency illuminating his pale clasical countenance he said:—

"As I near the other side towards eternity the future brightens. 'Twill be fulfilled! The compact of our youth will rebuild the house of my ancestors and our common offspring be its future lord. God be praised!"

"But there is one matter more Richard, and then one last earthly embrace of my darling son, and blessing for your family."

"Name it and it shall be fulfilled my brother."

"Should the De Lacy estates be redeemed then remove me from the last resting place of your race and lay me beside my ancestors."

Sir Richard promised; and then summoned his family. He returned to the chamber of death, leading the orphan "Freddy" and "baby Alice" as the boy called her. Following was young Walter Templar, a dark intellectual youth of about seven years of age, with his cousin of a similar type—Eleanor Courtney. Lady Templar brought up the rear of the family. But one unbidden entered. It was old George—the faithful last remaining servant of the De Lacys. No one questioned the right of the old man's presence in that chamber of death as he stood just inside the room like a faithful watch dog, longing, yet fearing to approach to lick its master's hand: His dying master hearing his sobs called him by the familiar name of "Old Fidelity" and beckened him to his bed-side.

The last affecting chapter of man's relationship with this world was passed and Sir Richard was again alone with his dying friend. No High Priest was in that chamber of death to support the DeLacy in mortality's last moments; but one was there who had received the consecration of a holier unction than that which Canterbury's priestly head could give—Friendship had consecrated him for the service. No Divine of England's Church, to which they both belonged, knelt by that bed of death to read its prayers for departing souls, but one knelt there who, as the soul of Lord Frederick departed, sent up to the Receiver of the spirits of the just a petition, eloquent and powerful from friendship's inspiration.

CHAPTER II.

THE DE LACYS AND THE SUPPLANTERS.

The De Lacys were one of the oldest and noblest families in England of high Norman descent; and as usual with the various branches of that stock of warrior chiefs who came over with William the Conqueror, they had been distinguished for pride of family. They had not been without their bad representatives, but the majority had been of the quality of Lord Frederick. Of course the difference of the times reflected in the more modern representatives of their house a softer texture of their race. They were exceedingly jealous of their personal and family honor, and particular about sustaining the irreproachable character the De Lacys bore.

The grandfather of Lord Frederick considered it a sacred duty, which he owed both to his ancestors and descendants, to sustain the magnificence of their house; to do this the nobleman considered his income not too large; and, had it been ten times as much, he would have felt bound in honor to have exhausted it, to the glorification of his family. But, in justice to the old lord, it must be said that he considered a De Lacy in honor bound to appropriate no inconsiderable portion of his income to the well being of his tenantry and preserving and improving his family domain.

Had the grandfather of Lord Frederick gone no farther than the exhaustion of his family income, the ruin which afterwards befel his house had not been invoked; but it was the too princely magnificence with which the old lord sustained the glory of his family and name which left their estates involved at his death under mortgage to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds.

Lord Reginald, his son, as little understood retrenchment as his father; for the very necessity of retrenchment was new to the De Lacys, and though Lord Reginald yearly paid the interest of the mortgage, which to him was curtailment enough, he discharged not a farthing of the principal debt.

Matters, however, went along without further embarrassment until young Frederick reached the age of fifteen, when a train of circumstances came along which first pointed to the black, looming clouds gathering over the De Lacy house. The firm which held the mortgage of of the estates became bankrupt and the mortgage was required to be taken up. This put Lord Reginald to his wits' end; but at the very crisis came one to his help whom it were better had he never seen.

At the date of Lord Reginald's difficulties General Blakely had just returned from India. The history of this personage is briefly as follows:

The General was by birth a plebeian. His father, a clerk of a large banking company, was sent by the firm to India, at a time when it was beginning to be the El Dorado of the world. He was a sharp, industrious, money scraping little man; and, in a few years, he became principal of a firm himself. He might not have been too strict in his principles, nor too scrupulous in his honesty, but this stood not in the way of his becoming immensely rich. His wife and son soon followed him to India, and the former dying in a year, left her husband free to marry the daughter of a poor General in the service of the East India Company. When the son of the banker and money-lender reached maturity, his father obtained for him a commission in the service, and the young man became a military protege of General Maitland, the poor father-in-law of the rich Simon Blakely.

Blakely jr., was not without courage, though of plebeian origin: nor is this very remarkable, for the lower classes can fight as well as the "upper-ten." In fact, pluck is quite a quality of the Anglo-Saxon race. There was no reason, therefore, why young Blakely, as an officer of the East India service, should not distinguish himself, and in time, with the advantages of favor and wealth, become what he now was—himself a General.

After an absence of twenty-five years, General Blakely returned to his native land, which he left as a boy from the people; but now he was no longer one of the vulgar populace—he returned to enter the circles of the elite of the land, having the passport of high military rank and the reputation of an Indian naboh.

Now the General rode a high hobby-horse. His ambition was to found a family, and he was in search of some broken-down noble house. The declining family of the De Lacys threw into his hands the winning card of the stakes for which he played. His banker introduced him to Lord Reginald at the crisis of that nobleman's difficulties; and, though with much reluctance on the part of De Lacy, a transfer of the mortgage was made to the wealthy General. Thus was further paved the ruin of an ancient stock.

Soon after this event, General Blakely paid a visit to Lord Reginald; and so subtly did he play the part which he had taken for the utter ruin of the declining fortunes of the De Lacys, that he effectually wormed himself into the good graces of Lord Reginald, and obtained his entire confidence. Thus was a great part of the game won, for the noble lord had previously felt toward the wealthy mortgagee of his family estates, something akin to distrust. Of this the General was aware, and played his cards accordingly. He put himself under many obligations to the proud

but generous De Lacy. It was Lord Reginald's tenantry that sent the General to the English Parliament, and it was Lord Reginald's hand that opened the stately doors of England's select aristocracy to one who, though he held high military rank in the East India Company's service, had no ancient family to claim, nor a single relative to be found in any branch of the hereditary gentlemen of the land. But the friendship and countenance of his patron was to the wealthy plebeian in aristocratic circles what among the moneyocracy of the present day it would be to a commercial man to be seen on 'Change, arm-in-arm, in close fellowship with King Rothschild. The General was, therefore, under very great obligation to the De Lacy—indeed more deeply indebted to him than was the nobleman himself to his scheming creditor; for Lord Reginald's friendship and support obtained for him what all his wealth could not have purchased. Now the General was very frank and constant in his acknowledgment of the great favors conferred upon him by his noble friend, and would not hear from Lord Reginald anything touching the mortgage upon his estates. He insisted that he was vastly indebted to the De Lacys, and not they to him—that through their representative he had been advanced in social and political position, more than all his wealth alone could have secured; and the General was irresistible in the sophistry that he had personally plucked the fruits of the princely state of the De Lacy family. When Lord Reginald was in the humor to contemplate retrenchment, Blakely was at hand to combat the design, which he declared was unkind to himself. The nobleman, however, was not too proud to receive an acknowledgment in words; it was the *substantial* one which his wealthy creditor offered that he was so nice upon. But the General urged that he also had his pride and was as tender as the De Lacy upon a point of honor. If Lord Reginald would not condescend to a reciprocity of friendship and favors with him, then he would owe to the De Lacys as little as possible, and pay off a portion of his own debt to them by destroying the mortgage which he held against their estate. He even went so far in consummation of his deep-laid plot as to send the mortgage deeds to Lord Reginald, which that nobleman returned, as the General well knew he would.

Thus it was, the General's course being so plausible, and what he urged so true in point of fact and honor, that the nobleman committed the grave error of allowing his political protege to treat the mortgage as a simple reciprocity of favors, and to carry his point in his determined refusal to receive the yearly interest, thus humoring what his own sensitive mind acknowledged to be a just aversion to the base character of a money-lender. It was a deep-laid plot of one who was at once the moral debtor though legal creditor of the De Lacy, who fell into the arch-schemer's trap.

General Blakely was too great a tactician to hurry his issues. It had taken him several years of cunning management and high-toned special pleading to place the mortgage so far as the interest went upon the ground of mutual favors and friendship; and it was not until years afterwards that it suited his purpose to disclose the denouement. Nor was the last act in the consummation of the deep-laid plot less masterly than any which preceded.

The General brought with him a candidate into the field at an election, whom he knew to be not only personally obnoxious to his patron, but who was politically on the other side. The General also himself left Lord Reginald's party knowing that this would bring matters to a close, and to the unscrupulous Blakely one party was as good as another so long as they served his ambitious ends. Moreover, with his usual subtilty, he put a great deal of principle into his political metamorphosis. Villainy is never so securely encased in impenetrable armour, nor endowed with such Herculean prowess as when it wears the armour of the noble and good and fights with their weapons. Satan is never Arch-Fiend pre-eminently only when he appears as "Angel of Light."

For the first time Lord Reginald began to realize that he was betrayed, but he dreamt not to how fearful an extent. General Blakely contrived to work up strong and bitter antagonism between himself and his noble patron's party, whom he had deserted, thus preparing for the great blow against the betrayed nobleman, and entrenching himself and treachery behind politics and the party whom he had joined.

On the other hand Lord Reginald set about clearing off the mortgage, and then, to his horror and dismay, he discovered that legally the debt had assumed the huge proportions of nearly half a million. At a glance he saw that the moral aspect of the case would not bear a moment's practical consideration, and he felt that he had been, from the beginning, the victim of a deep-laid plot. This was substantiated by his son Frederick's relation of the threat of Herbert Blakely, whom he had defeated in a fight at Eton. Lord Reginald was too proud to complain or advertise how he had been duped and how unwise, in a business point of view, he had been in allowing the arch-schemer to so easily accomplish his ruin. The De Lacy, therefore, accepted the issue without complaint, but with a broken heart, and died a few months before the death of his son, Lord Frederick, at the mansion of Sir Richard Courtney, as related in our first chapter.

But one of the last acts of the mortal life of Lord Reginald and his son was a striking example of the high character and proud sense of family honor, which gave the distinguishing feature of their race. They cut off the entail of their estates so that they could be sold if it came to the worst, to wipe out their obligations to the Blakelys. They refused, however, to sell to the General, who offered terms which would have partly redeemed his treachery, but Lord Reginald made a compromise and placed into his hands the estates until the original mortgage, with the accumulated interest, was paid, and thus was transmitted to the heir of the De Lacys, their family inheritance. The General would have foreclosed and forced the sale had it not been that Sir Richard Courtney and his brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Templar, declared that they would redeem the estates themselves at any sacrifice if the General persisted in his design.

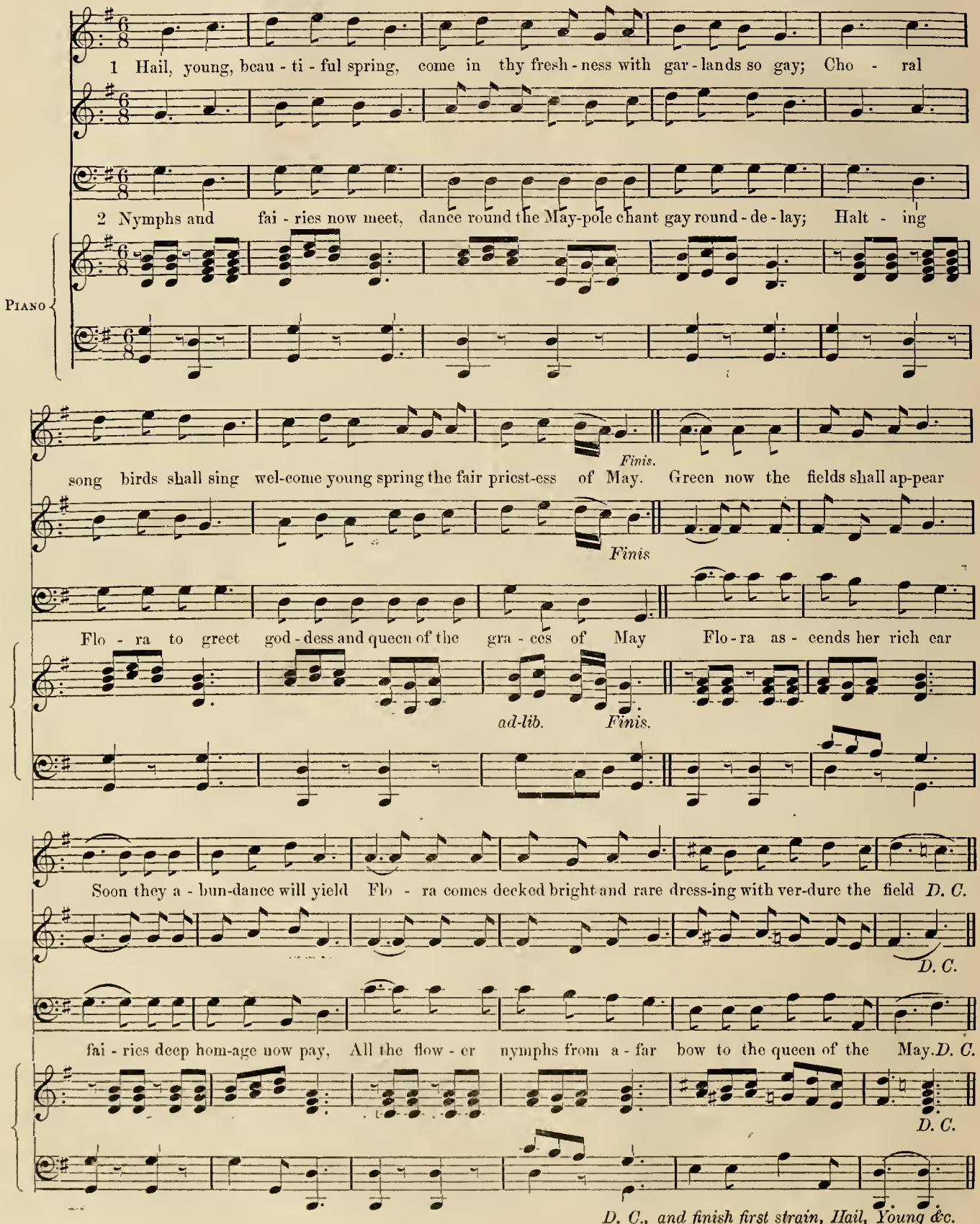
The friends of the De Lacys considered that Blakely had betrayed his patron, but so much of a political character was given to the affair by the master-schemer that those of the opposition who had received the votes once in the gift of Lord Reginald, not only feigned blindness to unfair play, but for their own sakes defended him. The General had calculated the efficacy of self-interest and found that he had not over-estimated its virtue. Virtue? Aye, virtue! Charity covers a multitude of sins, and *it* is a virtue. Go and encase in the self-interest of others, and it shall cover for you ten *multitudes* of loud-clamoring sins.

After he became the possessor of the De Lacy estates, until the time of their redemption, the General commanded half a dozen seats in the House of Commons, which he held in his gift through his immense wealth and large landed influence, which he had now obtained in Wiltshire and Kent. No Parliamentary candidate could run against his nominees where his landed power dominated, and as the General was insanely ambitious to found a family, he spared nothing to compass that end. He spent his vast income, derived from landholds in two counties, monies invested in stocks and large property in India, yet he made every farthing tell to gain political power and to raise his family among the aristocracy. He was ever ready to come to the help of men in pecuniary difficulties, providing, always, that they had votes at their command. At first, after the advantage taken of Lord Reginald, men in embarrassment were shy of him, but this soon wore off, for after all, on the outside of the matter, in a business point of view, there was not much to complain of; moreover, farmers, tradesmen and all who could command votes and place them at his disposal in the two counties wherein lay his large estates, found the General the easiest of money-lenders and the most generous of mortgagees. Petty usurer he was not, neither a tyro in policy, but rather of the genus Macchiavelli. He wove the meshes of his net with the strongest principles and the finest feelings and sentiments; and held as the doctrine of his life that in liberal policy and schemes of benevolence the very best investments were to be made. He coined capital out of gratitude and devotion, and prided himself that he had purchased more services, votes and political power by well-timed acts of help, loans and gifts, than he could by the most lavish direct bribery.

You subtle apostles of the black art of human motives, everywhere, hold the Talleyrandian doctrine that every man has his price, and the political party whom the General helped into the ministry, knew *his price*—a baronetcy—and gave it to him. But no sooner had he obtained the object which he had in view from boyhood, and which his father—the wealthy usurer and banker—had first pointed out to him, than he became melancholy and lost all interest in things generally. In gaining the object of his life he had lost the aiming for it, and from that point had no object for the future. Perhaps, also, his treachery to the De Lacy helped to make up his discontent, for it was one of the few acts of his life which his sophistry could not justify. Even the General was *not all dross* and, as we have seen, usually accomplished his deep-laid plots by the best of means. Indeed he had often observed to the vindictive Herbert, who was ever drinking gall from his defeat at Eton, that Lord Reginald was such a true gentleman, and he indebted to him so much, that was he not bent upon the possession of the estates, he would not supplant the De Lacy family to establish his own. There was no disagreement, however, between the father and son in their determination to hold what they had obtained, and one of the last charges of the General to Herbert, was to leave no stone unturned to make the Blakelys the actual owners of the De Lacy estates.

"Hail, Young, Beautiful Spring."

Allegro Con Spiritoso. PROF. J. TULLIDGE.



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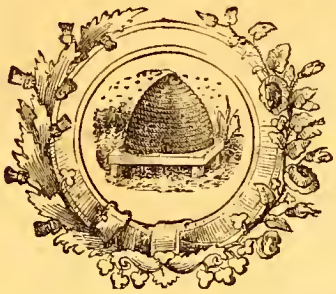

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OUT AT THE CASEMENT.

BY MISS ANNIE LOCKHART.

A face at the casement peering out:
Two bright brown eyes gazing wistfully down:
Two beautiful brows just arched with delight,
As *he* rides with his soldiers through the town.

* * * * * *

A face eager and older looking forth—
A wee sweet darling head, nestling mild:
"The war is ended; his work is done;
He lives, he lives, for his wife and child!

"Ride quickly, O steed! that bears my love,
Speed, speed him along his happy flight—
He has fought for his country's common weal—
Ah! give him rest in my arms to-night."

O praying soul! thy desire is heard;
The rest is given, the haven is reached;
Not in thy arms is that haven found,
On the shore eternal his bark is beached.

O sad, sad face! from no casement gaze—
"Shut it close; let me see no more
Where once my warrior proudly rode,
Let me forget what has gone before.

"Why was he taken? my hero—mine;
Could not my love have power to save
The life that was all the world to me
From out the jaws of the cruel grave?"

All sudden a shaft of radiant light,
A glory of brightness lit the gloom,
A sense of his presence her being filled;
"He is not shut in that dreary tomb!"

E'en as of old from the casement out
Her fair young face beamed down on him,
So now from the portals of heaven high
He gazed upon her with no vision dim.

"I wait for you on these shores supernal,
This is no fancied vision wild,
I see you—I love you—I'll welcome you—
I live for my darling wife and child."

HOW TO LOSE A LOVER.

It was a chill tempestuous evening in autumn. The wind rose in fitful gusts, now uttering a long, low wail, like the voice of human suffering, and again swelling into the loud, fierce tone of threatened wrath, while the dead leaves, whirled from the dry branches by the force of the tempest, swept by with the rushing sound of some winged creature, and the sudden bursts of rain dashed with the force of hail-stones against the unsheltered casement. It was a night when the poor man's cold hearthstone and scantily-spread board look doubly desolate—a night when the child of fortune gathers around him all the comforts and luxuries of life, feeling their value increased ten-fold by the force of contrast.

In a handsome apartment, whose rich carpet, silken hangings, and costly furniture, bore witness to the presence of wealth—while the gilt harp, the open piano, the well-bound books, and the objects of *vertu* scattered around spoke no less of taste and elegance—sat two persons who seemed peculiarly well-fitted to dwell amid such scenes.

The lady was young and very beautiful. Her simple but carefully arranged dress displayed the contour of a superb figure, while her attitude, as she bent over the harp, was one of exquisite grace. In seeming idleness of mood, she lightly touched the strings, and murmured rather than sang the touching words of an old ballad. Her eyes, downcast and shrouded from view by her heavy black lashes, were never once raised to the face of her companion, although the rich color which gradually deepened in her cheek might have betrayed her consciousness of his ardent gaze.

It was a subject for a painter—that stately room, with its picturesque adornments, visible by the soft moonlight of a shaded lamp, while the beautiful creature who occupied the foreground of the picture was not more worthy of the artist's pencil than was the thoughtful, noble-looking man, who, half-reclining on a sofa, watched her every movement with a loving eye.

Indeed, charming as was the lady, there was far more for both painter and poet to study in the face and mind of her companion. Charles Lilbourne had been all his life a dreamer rather than a student. A large fortune, which he inherited at an early age had enabled him to shun the sordid paths of worldly business, and the gratification of his intellectual tastes had occupied his early manhood. Gifted with fine talents, he also possessed those strong passions which are ever the attendants on mental vigor; but his noble elevation of soul guarded him from the errors that often await an excitable and impulsive youth. His intellect seemed to purify the atmosphere of his moral nature. He had been a traveler in all lands, and had dwelt amid all nations. He had ripened his fancies and feelings beneath the sunshine of all climes; and now, unsatisfied and lonely, he had returned to breathe once more his native air, in the vain hope of renewing the simple tastes and habits of his boyhood.

When Charles Lilbourne went abroad, his cousin Julia was a child, a pretty, pettish little creature, who sat on his knee and teased him for bonbons. After ten years of absence, he returned, to find his plaything transformed into the elegant and admired woman. True to his susceptible nature, whilst he fancied that he was only watching the phases of a new character, he became a lover and a worshipper; yet his idolatry, unlike the homage of a common mind, rendered him doubly sensitive to any defect in the object of his devotion. Julia Grey possessed no extraordinary mental or moral gifts. With some talent, but much more tact, she adapted herself to the tastes of others, with a degree of skill scarcely compatible with perfect truthfulness. She was a cheerful, intelligent, agreeable girl, without any fixed purpose in life, except to marry when she should become satiated with the pleasures of society; without any fixed principles of action, except of pleasing and the fear of offending conventional rules. Such was Julia Grey; such are most women when their scholastic education is completed, and they are sent into society to be molded or remodeled by circumstances.

On the evening already alluded to, Charles Lilbourne was in one of his most dreamy moods. Fearful of disturbing the current of vague, sweet fancies, he spoke not, stirred not; and even the entrance of a servant with some message, which caused Julia to break the chain of a gentle melody, scarcely aroused him.

"How beautiful she is!" sighed he, as the door closed behind the fair girl; "how beautiful and how good! Can it be that the happiness of winning such a heart is reserved for me?"

Just at this moment, his ear caught the low, pleading tone of some one speaking in the hall.

"Indeed, Miss Grey," said the person, "it was impossible to finish the dress this evening; I have been obliged to make up mourning for a lady who has just lost her only child, and I knew you would not mind the disappointment of a few hours."

"But I do mind it," was the sharp reply of Julia Grey. "It seems to me that somebody is sure to die when I want any work done. I am sure there is no necessity for any great haste in making up mourning; people don't want to go out at such times, and they need not be so particular about the color of their dresses."

"I can have your dress completed by Wednesday," said the first speaker.

"That will not answer; I must have it to-morrow evening; I want it in time for a party at Mrs. Lawton's."

"I shall scarcely be able to get it done without working all night, but I will do my best."

"Well, let me have it at any rate, by eight o'clock to-morrow evening, and be sure not to disappoint me. I will send you the lace trimming in the morning; the weather is so dark and stormy, I am afraid to trust you with it to-night, for you might lose or be robbed of it on your way home. Why didn't you come before dark?"

"Mother was not well, and I could not leave her sooner."

"Oh, I remember she is blind and gives you a great deal of trouble. I will send the lace in the morning, and you know how I want it laid on the skirt and sleeves."

Lilbourne heard the hall-door close; and the next moment, with a smile of gentle benignity, Julia re-entered the room.

"I am completely chilled!" she exclaimed, as she drew her chair to the fire.

Charles had risen from his indolent position, and now, with knit brow and folded arms, stood leaning against the chimney-piece.

"With whom were you talking?" he coldly asked, while the glance of his dark eyes betrayed his interest in the answer.

Piqued at his unwonted indifference, Julia sought to arouse his jealousy, and, accordingly, she assumed all her brilliancy, and never forgot that her chief object was to increase the power of her spells over her cousin. She had studied his peculiarities; she had adopted his tone of thought; and already her work was half done, when one little trait, so habitual as entirely to escape her own attention—one evidence of selfishness and unwomanly disregard to the comfort of another, spoiled her plans, and marred her happiness.

"It was a poor dressmaker whom I employ out of charity," said Julia, with a meek air of conscious rectitude. "She is poor, and supports her blind mother, and I therefore patronize her instead of employing a more fashionable *modiste*."

"I dare say you are quite satisfied with her skill, or else your taste would overcome your charity?"

"I believe you are right, cousin Charles, was the apparently frank reply; "but Clara certainly has an innate idea of the 'fitness of things.' "

"Is the poor girl pretty?"

"Quite so; with soft, dove-like eyes and beautiful brown hair; but she is pale and thin, and lacks the roundness of healthful symmetry."

"Where does she live?"

"Somewhere in Blank street, just behind your hotel, I believe."

"Have you ever visited her in the course of your patronage?"

"Certainly not; I always send for her to come to me; I would not for the world enter one of those close and crowded places where poor people huddle together; I am sure I should catch some frightful fever."

Charles Lilbourne was silent; and as Julia drew her harp again toward her, he fell into another fit of musing. But now his thoughts were apparently less agreeable, for the expression of languid enjoyment in his countenance had given place to a stern coldness, which Julia could neither comprehend nor dissipate.

That night he returned, sad and dissatisfied, to his hotel. Captivated by Julia's beauty, he had, as usual, believed her gifted with all womanly feelings and sympathies; and now, like all seekers after perfection, the discovery of a single flaw in the diamond made him regard it as utterly false and worthless; Indeed, Julia could scarcely have done anything which would so suddenly have disenchanted him. He had witnessed her selfish gratification of her own whims even at the expense of another's comfort—he had listened to a falsehood from her lips, for he well knew that the party for which she required the dress would not take place till the day after which she had named, and that therefore the requisition which would deprive the poor seamstress of her nightly rest was as unnecessary as it was cruel—he had seen her shrinking from a moment's exposure to that inclemency from which she had not sought to screen a woman as delicate as herself—he had heard her express fears for the safety of a paltry lace trimming, while she scrupled not to suffer the unprotected and timid girl to return alone through the darkness and tempest to her distant home: in fine, he had discovered a want of womanly tenderness in the character of his lovely cousin; and when a man has learned the falsehood of a single attribute with which his fancy has invested the lady of his love, it is wonderful how acute he becomes in his scrutiny of all her gifts.

As he entered his well-furnished bed-chamber, at the hotel, he approached the window, intending to close the curtains previous to retiring for the night, when his eye fell upon a solitary taper twinkling in an apartment of a neighboring abode. The houses in the street behind the hotel

faced his window, as his bed-room was in the back. It was in one of these domiciles, the attic casement of which was scarcely thirty feet from him, that he now saw the light. So common and trivial a circumstance, at any other time, would scarcely have claimed a thought; but, in his present state of mind, it was calculated to interest him deeply.

He remembered his cousin's allusion to the dressmaker's abode; and he felt an innate conviction that the lonely taper was lighting her to her weary task. His curiosity was fully awakened. He saw a shadow upon the muslin curtain which shrouded the window; and as a change in her position brought the occupant of the room directly before the casement, the figure of a woman bending low over a piece of needlework was clearly defined. As he gazed, a feeling of benevolent indignation took possession of his mind. A degree of interest, so strong that he might have attributed it to the secret influence of some mysterious magnetism, if he had not been fully aware of the wonderfully attractive power of sympathy, chained him to the spot.

With his eyes fixed on that solitary taper, and the shadow of that weary watcher, he dreamt away the hours, weaving a mingled web of sorrow and romance, until the gray dawn of morning flecked the dark vault of heaven. Then, and not till then, was the taper extinguished, and a pale, wan face approached the casement. Lilbourne gazed unseen upon the fragile-looking creature; who, throwing aside the curtain, raised the window, and leaned forth, as if to catch one breath of fresh, unpolluted air. He saw much beauty in the pallid countenance; but he also read the lines of habitual suffering; he observed the traces of exhaustion, and he felt disposed to curse the selfish vanity of those who win the flattery of fools at the price of a sister's health and life.

It was late in the afternoon when Lilbourne entered the drawing-room where his beautiful cousin awaited him. His manner was abstracted and cold; and Julia, vexed by his pertinacious resistance to her wiles, became exacting and petulant. It was evident to both that something had weakened the spell—that some ingredient had been mixed in the Circean cup which had been so carefully mingled by beauty's hand. Lilbourne was disappointed, and, of course, unreasonable. A man of more frankness would have disclosed his feelings, and sought to awaken a better spirit in the woman he loved; but Charles only felt that he had been deceived, and he scorned the idea of teaching her that which ought to be the habitual rule of her conduct.

His mood was but little changed when, on the following night, he accompanied Julia to the party for which the new dress had been prepared. Never had she looked more beautiful—never had her superb figure been more finely displayed, never had her attire been more tasteful and elegant. But Lilbourne looked on the rich garb only to remember the solitary watcher; and the single taper which had burnt through that long night, in order to complete these trappings of vanity; he gazed on the fair face only to recall the attenuated features of the less fortunate woman who was at once the priestess and the victim at the shrine of Fashion.

That evening and that dress completed his disenchantment.

* * * * *

Some two years afterward, the cousins were again seated in the apartment where we first found them. The same rich decorations were around them; the piano was open, as if the lady had just turned from it; but the harp stood silent in its nook, and something seemed to tell of change in the hearts and minds of both. There was a mournfulness in Julia's eye, as she glanced round the room, and the changeful color on her cheek told of some suppressed emotion; but her brow was calm, and her beautiful lip displayed a placid smile, as if she had worn the mask of fashion so long that her features had become molded into its false expression. Charles Lilbourne was grave and thoughtful as usual, but there was a fire in his eye, and and a nervous movement of his heavy brows, as if some hidden feeling was at work within him.

"To-morrow, Julia, to-morrow," said Lilbourne, "you will be another creature—to-morrow you will assume the duties and responsibilities of a wife—you will take upon yourself the keeping of another's happiness. Are you not startled when you reflect upon the magnitude of your life-long task?"

"It is too late to reflect now," replied Julia, while a laugh of forced gayety echoed strangely from her lips. "I dare say I shall be very happy; I have outlived the age of romance, and, as I expect little sympathy, I shall meet with few disappointments. Mr. Dale is rich, complaisant, and kind; he loves to spend his vast fortune, and he will be as proud of his wife as of his blood-horses."

"For heaven's sake, Julia, how can you talk in so frivolous a strain?"

"I tell you, Charles, I have survived my own affection. The time has been when I could have given up wealth and fashion, and all the homage of society, for the love of one true heart—but the hour is gone by. I respect Mr. Dale's virtues, I am willing to tolerate his eccentricities and defects, and I have a most decided preference for his large estate. I expect nothing beyond what his fortune and good temper insure to me, and I have very philosophically adopted my ideas of happiness to my capacity for obtaining it. Now, say no more on the subject, Charles; you know not, you cannot know, how painful are the feelings you awaken. I have chosen my path, and mean to pursue it fearlessly."

"You are a strange creature; I wish I could understand you."

"You might once have fathomed the depths of my nature, Charles, but you scorned to do so. The weeds thrown up to the surface deterred you from seeking the pearls that might have been found beneath; and now they will never be brought to light. Leave me to be happy in my own way, and heaven grant that you may find greater happiness in yours."

"Julia, do you know that I also am engaged to be married?"

"To whom?" was the earnest, almost passionate question; for no woman ever listens coldly to such tidings respecting one whom she has loved.

"Do you remember the dress you wore at Mrs. Lawton's party?"

"Perfectly well; more especially, too, that it enabled me to attract the admiration of the somewhat fastidious Mr. Dale."

"Indeed! Well, that confirms my belief in the doctrine of compensations, for as that dress won you a husband, it certainly lost you a lover. When I heard you coldly condemn your sister-woman to unbroken labor and privation, in order that you might obtain the trappings of vanity, I felt that you were not all my fancy had painted—not all that I desired in woman. I watched from my window the progress of that solitary task; I saw the gray dawn of morning break upon the sleepless eyes of that pale girl, who toiled for a blind and helpless mother; and when I saw you robed as the idol of fashion, my thoughts went back to her who was the victim as well as the priestess of your vanity, and the spell of your beauty became powerless. I sought out the aid of a friend, an aged and benevolent lady, who might be my agent in rescuing your dependent from the thraldom of necessity. For the girl's sake, no less than for my own, I avoided all personal interference; and when I found that her father's bankruptcy and sudden death had thus reduced the family to poverty, I feigned to have discovered that I had been long

indebted to the deceased parent; I immediately transferred to them the sum of one thousand pounds, and fancied that I had managed most adroitly to secure them, at least, from want. But what was my surprise, when I learnt that the noble girl, immediately upon receiving the money, had handed it over to her father's creditors, believing it to be their just due. This awakened a new and more elevated interest in my heart; and, in company with my old lady-friend, I visited her humble abode. I shall never forget the picture of that small room, so poor and yet so cleanly; the bed where lay the sightless mother, and the little table covered with the rich silks, which were to minister to the wants of the poor by pampering the pride of the rich. I saw the pale workwoman—I watched the hectic flush on her thin cheek! Will you forgive me, Julia, if I add that, as I compared the patient sufferer with the brilliant belle, I accused you of the selfishness and cruelty which had reduced her to the brink of the grave? You were only one of the many who had thus tasked her strength, but you should have known better."

"I see it all, Charles; but you should have remembered that we sometimes sin through ignorance rather than willfulness. Go on."

"I found refinement, good sense, delicacy of perception, and high-mindedness beneath the garb of poverty. By the aid of the old lady, Clara Wilmot was placed in a situation which secured her from such hard tasks; and, as the governess of my friend's grandchildren, she assumed a position better suited to her talents and virtues. I assure you, cousin, she understands the 'fitness of things' no less in intellectual than in personal graces."

"And so you are going to marry her. Who could have supposed that, after all your fastidious notions about women, you would find perfection in the character of a poor workgirl?"

"I have not found perfection, Julia; but I have learned to be satisfied with less. Clara has none of the brilliant beauty which once captivated my fancy; but her soft, sweet eyes are full of womanly tenderness, and her brow wears the serenity of high thoughts. She understands the waywardness of my susceptible nature; she knows how to modulate the harmony, as well as to soften down the discords which such a peculiar temperament as mine awakens. She does not in the least resemble my beau-ideal of a wife; but she is something better, for she is a tender, truthful, devoted woman."

"You have my best wishes for your happiness," said Julia, while a gush of irrepressible tears burst from her eyes. "Since to you good has come out of evil; and my faults have led to your happiness, think of me, Charles, with kindness—as one who carries beneath the trappings of wealth a lonely but not an unsympathizing heart."

"What can she mean?" thought Charles, as he left the room; "can it be that she once loved me?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Julia, as in bitterness of spirit she entered her own chamber, where the morrow's array of bridal splendor met her view; "how little do we know of the undercurrent of life, which, while we seem gayly floating in one direction, slowly bears onward to an opposite course! Who could have believed that a careless word, an act of mere thoughtlessness, could have deprived me of life-long happiness?"

LOST IN THE WOODS.

About ninety years ago the events of this story commenced. It was in Vermont, within the limits of the township of Rockingham or Springfield, it is impossible to say which, that the log cabin, which was the home of the heroine, stood surrounded by a forest.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and I shall carry the yarn home. I think I shall spend the day with Mrs. Green, and I wish you would come and meet me and bring the baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen in her apron and the baby in her arms.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving his crowing child a kiss, as he started off, with his hoe on his shoulder, to the wheat field. His land had been burned over and sown with wheat; but the huge stumps of the old trees and the thick underground roots prevented the use of the plow.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, eating his lunch at noon from the little basket, until the lengthened shadows of the forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made his clearing. He went on without meeting his wife and baby, until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "did'nt you meet her? She hasn't been gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, aghast.

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris's name aloud at intervals, but there came no answer. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home;" but they were heavy at heart.

The log house was reached; but the mother and babe were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs who ran in the woods all day and came home at night, clamored for their usual feeding; but the men took no notice of them. Back again through the woods, with a lantern, calling and hallooing. Then they went to the next clearing and the next.

"A woman lost!"

What telegram in the exciting days of battle ever fell more thrillingly on human ears than those words, going from mouth to mouth among the homesteads of the new country? With iron muscles and determined wills the warm-hearted settlers set out.

"We will scour the woods; we will find her, never fear!" According to a custom they had at such times, they blew horns, made fires, and shouted till they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones on that night. All the next day they searched, and day after day as long as possible. Fires were left smouldering among the trees; men who knew the woods kept resolutely to the search; but the budding April had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started, with her babe in her arms, from Mrs. Green's, expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, when suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scar of an ax on any tree in sight. But she thought she had only stepped out of the track and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy. She went on, but nothing familiar met her eyes.

The night came on. The song birds went to rest, and the owls commenced their doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in a great sea of forest, where never woodman's ax had echoed. She was lost. She sat down faint and tired, and, womanlike, began to cry. Hark! That was a human shout! She arose and turned her course breathlessly towards it. And now, she thought, she heard it again, farther off. Many hours of the night were spent in running with hysterical sobs and palpitating heart towards the voices of her friends, so near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of her frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence.

Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her bosom. She started nervously in her dreams, and at first bird-song awoke to full consciousness. She would not willingly give up and die. Her friends would find them. She saw near her some of last year's berries, and tough leaves of wintergreen, and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she ate whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own.

This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes and briars, growing from the decay of centuries over the gullies and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught and rent her dress till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her. Hark again! the search has commenced this morning. Echoing through the woods comes the prolonged shriek of the horn. She called with all the desperation of one drowning—she rushes forward—but the ground is rough, and, alas! how heavy the baby grows. She is giddy from the loss of sleep and want of food.

The baby moans and will not be comforted. In this way she spends the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning, and she is almost hopeless. Oh, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot now hold up his head.

Another terrible night! baby moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the lifeless body in her arms, and all night beneath the unpitying stars she holds it to her bosom.

She carried the little burden day after day, till the purple hue of decay was settling rapidly over it; and she felt, with a pang at her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave so deep that the wild cat and wolf would not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task; but in her wandering she came upon a giant tree torn up by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain, she scooped out the baby's resting place; and, making it soft with moss, she covered the cold little form for ever from her sight. Then she sat down by the grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed. How to commence the dreadful pilgrimage? Then she noted everything about the spot. There was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert.

Then began again the struggles through the wilderness. Day after day, week after week, she passed on. Her shoes were torn to fragments, and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made the soft showers that fell upon her welcome. First she ate the buds of trees and the bark of the birch. Presently she began to find the young checkerberry leaves; and now and then she found a partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimbleberries in the woods; and then she knew it was July.

The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. she saw nothing but trees in intermediate succession. It seemed years—yes, ages ago that she swept the hearth with a birch broom, and sung the baby to sleep in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered; still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream, she went up towards its source until she could wade across it. So she said; and she affirmed that she never crossed a stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun or moon as a guide, or indication of the points of the compass; but she must have taken a northwesterly direction, there was Black River, Mill River, Waterqueechy, and White Wait's Well flowing into the Connecticut River from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them.

Through July and August there were berries of various kinds; and by these, she sustained what little life was left. And now the maple began to take on its gorgeous crimson, and the silver birches to wear their pale gold of September; the birds were leaving the forest. Occasionally she had glimpses of a black bear, human voices had ceased to call her name.

Was she alone on the earth, and was the earth one vast wilderness without outlet, without a clearing or a settlement? Tramping, tramping, with her feet bleeding and cracked at first; and afterwards completely hardened; nearly naked; knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic. When she was hungry, she sought for food, but the great idea lingered in her mind was that of pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer had filled the forest with ferns and new growth of briar and underbrush, there was more trouble in passing through. But she had become quite accustomed to the rough work; and the frenzy at last became a steady, constant habit, almost the labor of life to her.

One day in October, the inhabitants of the village of Charleston, in New Hampshire, were startled into the wildest excitement by seeing a nearly naked emaciated woman, with her hair streaming upon her shoulders, walked with bewildered gaze along their streets. She told them she was lost.

"Robert Harris's wife, who disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April!" exclaimed the villagers. "How had she crossed the Connecticut? Where had she been all the time?"

But she told them she had never crossed the Connecticut, and that she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality: the wanderer was immediately clad, fed, and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband; for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charleston side of the river.

We can only imagine the meeting, and the tears that were shed at the thought of the little forsaken grave by the up-rooted tree. The joy-bells were rung in the village; and the poor woman, a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—every woman vieing with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her—until her weakened mind recovered its tone again.

As she constantly asserted that she had never crossed the river, it is supposed she wandered into Canada, and going round the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down on the New Hampshire side until she reached a district just opposite that from which she started.

When she began to grow strong again, her mind recurred constantly to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings; and he went and searched for it, but without success. As soon as she was able, she went out with her husband and other friends, to search; but the baby's grave was never found.

It was thought very strange that she, in all her wanderings, never met a roving Indian; but so it was. The Indian tribes had perhaps nearly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war; but however that may be, the first human being she saw, after the burial of her infant, was in Charleston.

This singular legend has descended to the writer from a descendant of hers who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vermont, and the story is an undoubted fact.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

OUR WOMEN'S PLATFORM.

CHAPTER II.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

As far as our individual opinion respecting the actual participation of women in scenes of political strife is concerned, we believe that practically they can never be brought to delight in it. In the essential quality of their mental and physical organization, women are non-combatants and non-assertive; while man is combative and glories in the excitement of political contest. Women prefer to attain their ends another way. They have tools of a sharper edge but not of so massive a form. The greatest opponents to the exercise of political duties by women will always be women themselves. Individual women would, doubtless, glory in it, but you could not force it upon the mass of the sex. They would sooner be wronged and keep so than fight in the political arena for their rights; and on this very account they have been politically wronged for ages and have kept so; while they have convulsed courts—and by connection kingdoms—over a silk dress or a love-token. The only reason why women have not been politicians in the past is because they have not wanted to be such; for there is no instinct of their true nature but they have made men feel and succumb to long ago. Had women possessed half as much of an instinct for politics as they have for love, and been deprived of it for six thousand years, they would have shattered the constitution of society and introduced chaos a thousand times over.

So far as equality of the sexes is concerned, we hold that surroundings being equal, the womanly brain is in no way inferior to man's in the extent and variety of its capabilities; but its activities and powers run altogether in another direction. There can, therefore, be no fear entertained of the mass of women, enfranchised or not, stooping to mingle in political affray. They have too keen a sense of their greater influence in another direction to throw themselves away on so unprofitable a business; but this in no way touches the question of their right to be recognized as of equal political value before the law. As far as our own community is concerned, in ecclesiastical matters—and with us they include politics and everything else—the perfect equality of women to vote for officers is practically allowed. Should God in his providence, for great and special ends, extend to women similar rights all over the Union, we are satisfied that the true instincts of the sex will be sufficient guarantee that women will never unduly leave their own sphere for that of man's. Water cannot run up hill, and women can no more resist their native propensity for more congenial pursuits than the Earth can resist the gravitating influence of old Father Sol and take a run off to Jupiter. The question stands pretty much like this: men, and women too, want a recognition of their right to do a thing whether they intend ever to do that thing or not. Men do not want to be, and never will make, good nurses; but they would indignantly oppose any law forbidding them to practice in that or any other delicate calling if they wanted to do so. Forbid to any human being any particular course and it immediately wants to peruse it. This is natural to the human spirit, and an outgrowth of the unsubduable deity embosomed in every soul. As to the true sphere of women, speaking in the abstract, we are all agreed that it is spirituality, beauty, refinement, tenderness, love and hope. Once elevated to their true position—that of priestesses of heaven-born influences and graces, and they will never—speaking of the mass—stoop to the labored efforts of lumbering legislation. They will see a diviner and a speedier road to their object. They will discover that they need not our clumsy weapons. They can do more with a fencing foil than a broadsword any day. But this question is not one of seemliness or adaptation, it is one of the right of human beings of either sex to choose their own guides, spiritual and temporal, and determine their own conditions.

Music.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Abstractly speaking we are in favor of congregational singing. How delightful it would be to hear at the General Conferences of the Saints ten thousand voices of the congregation join in the praises of God in some soul-stirring hymn of Zion. Of course for such a jubilee of congregational praise it would presuppose some musical education among the entire people, but especially a general familiarity with our own hymns and anthems selected for Tabernacle service. But it is not at all too much to hope that the time will come when musical culture will form a branch of school education among our children, and then congregational singing will be quite practicable. There is, moreover, another phase of this subject of congregational singing led by a trained choir, rather than exclusive choir singing amid the silence and general apathy of the assembly. Let Zion have her own musical service, her own set hymns, anthems and psalms, and all the people would soon become familiar with the same and a thousand voices every Sabbath could join in the praises and glory of God, led by the regular choir. It would then require but little or no scientific musical training to reach this simple form of congregational singing, and it would only be on the occasion of the choir performing some grander chorus or anthem that the general assembly would be required to be silent, and then their silence would be simply from the reason that they could not join in the performance; and hence the choir would always have the honor of leading and the mission of educating the congregation in their musical services. It would, moreover, be found that even in these extra performances the assembly, after a few repetitions, would take a part, and their hearts would sing when their voices were silent. This congregational singing is no new-fangled problem. Formerly the Saints were more given to the use of their own hymns, adapted to their own familiar tunes. Though they were neither expressly set to music by our own composers, nor sometimes very happily allied to the old clothing of popular songs, yet sung by the Saints with full hearts and vigorous voices, they were very inspiring. For our part, to this day we would sooner hear "The spirit of God like a fire is burning" sung well by the congregation than an anthem badly sung by a choir. More upon this subject hereafter.

Orchestral Music.—In this branch of the art Utah has reached a higher excellence than in the vocal department. The orchestra of our theatre, for instance, has at times compared with the very best metropolitan orchestras, though at present its members are not so numerous as they once were. They are, however, very efficient, and often "discourse most eloquent music." Indeed, the band performance is sometimes the best of the evening's entertainment. Professor George Careless is the leader. He has held that position for four years, with credit to himself and satisfaction to the public.

CAPTAIN CROXALL'S MARTIAL BAND.—The celebration of that triumph of the age—the completion of the Pacific Railroad—in Salt Lake City, May 10th, gave an opportunity for Captain Croxall's famous martial band to display the instrumental ability of its members. The band delivered some of the very best of the speeches at the mass meeting, and its performances spoke a genuine exultation that found an echo in the hearts of the thousands present. Captain Mark Croxall himself is a gem of the first water, and his martial band is a crown in which he has a lustrous setting.

The Drama.

PROSPECTIVE.—We understand that Miss Annie Lockhart will run a long engagement here. This, we think, will be very pleasing to the public. It is a happy circumstance to have a lady so satisfactory in all her parts as Miss Lockhart. She wins upon the public mind. This is rare. Artistes generally live out in their engagements the interest which they at first create. But this is not the case with the lady in question; we shall have the opportunity, therefore, of devoting a special page of review to her hereafter.

NELL GWYNNE.—These old English comedies and plays require the very best of rendering. In the hands of indifferent performers the cast is lost. Nell Gwynne is one of those plays in question. On Wednesday evening last this beautiful piece was presented by the management, and the leading members of the company played admirably. Some of the minor characters, however, were out of time. Fanny Morgan Phelps well sustained the generous-hearted Nell, but the gem of the evening was Francis Stewart, personated by Miss Lockhart. It was a very chaste exposition of a maiden of honor, in the licentious court of Charles II. of England. There is pathos and tenderness in this lady's performance.

ALWAYS EFFICIENT.—Mr. John S. Lindsay has treated us to some very fine playing of late. His Michael Feeney, in Arrah-Na-Pogue, was a master-piece of its kind. But brother John ever plays well. There is vim in his action and force in his characters. He is constant in his efficiency, always ready in his scenes, never lacking in his parts. This is admirable. We would advise our minor actors to pattern after him in this, and ever aim to keep up the credit of the house by efficiency.

A RISING MAN.—James M. Hardie is decidedly a rising actor. We expect to see him make a name in the world. There is in him metaphysical force and physical weight, combining a fine appearance. In heroic parts he can reach the "top of the tree." He must aim for professional perfection. That is a work of art. Nature has given him all the force. A chaste study of the sentimental and the intellectual will give the exquisite finish necessary to the *artiste*.

JOHN C. GRAHAM.—This gentleman is still a public favorite. His line is varied. He is at home in the higher walks of comedy, is unique in low comedy, and plays with grace and dignity such characters as Charles II., in Nell Gwynne.

THE LIFE OF THE STAGE.—Such is Mr. Margetts. He has held the public mind for a series of years, and no man to-day of our company can command so large a benefit as he. This is the people's critique, and a very satisfactory estimate, indeed. The stage is never dead when Mr. Margetts is in the scene.

REMEMBERED.—Messrs. Thorne, Crowther and McIntosh deserve notice, for they are useful. Mr. Thorne, in particular, is in remembrance. Mr. Crowther sometimes plays well. The old Jew in the Child Stealer, for instance, was very good.

THE LAST WEEK.—Fanny Morgan Phelps closed her engagement last week. On the whole it has been a success, and during her term a great variety of plays have been produced. We look forward with interest to Manager Caine's next card.

A WELCOME TO THE PACIFC RAILROAD.—Manager Caine did honor to the great event of the age by a grand entertainment Monday evening. At the close of the play of the Octoroon, the audience was treated to a miniature representation of the laying of the last rail, after which the train dashed across the stage and the tableaux was illuminated with fireworks and hailed with joyous shouts.

Review of Books, Etc.

VICTOR HUGO'S LAST NOVEL.—The writings of this great master are not novelettes: they are works of art. His chapters are creations of the poet's soul—his novel, Victor Hugo's book of illustrations of humanity. We read his work as we contemplate cathedral architecture. It is a fabric of grand conceptions harmonized; combinations of immensities are brought within the focus of a limited view. In that view we have manifested the mood materialistic of Hugo's genius, which has induced a comparison between him and Michael Angelo. He hews out his conceptions in colossal forms, and sculptures his thoughts in antique compositions. They bring us into the presence of solemn sublimities, as do the ruins of ages, or the caverns of the shores, which we imagine the sea gods built ten thousand years ago. Indeed, Hugo in this materialistic mood is thoroughly ancient, thoroughly Grecian. His plastic or Grecian genius is ever working with its might to interpret itself in *forms*, and they are antique and colossal. But he has also his spiritualistic mood. His book has a dispensation of subject, it is pregnant with a grand superstition of faith and mistrust. Hugo is as religious and reverent as the old cathedral builders, as cynical and daring as modern infidelity. He is an iconoclast to beat down kingcraft and priestcraft; yet he works with the grim sublimity of an ancient throwing down one temple to erect another. As for his sermons upon man, they are as sombre as those of any cathedral divine. Take the opening of the last novel of the great French patriot. Mark his sculptor style, and that superstition of faith and mistrust which doubts, yet finds a deity in the very nature of the wolf. The man and the wolf are the first to come upon the scene, and they come in loving companionship. With what cynical affection, yet with what supreme trust in Nature's good intents he introduces them together, transposing even their names. The man disdainfully honors himself with the name of bear, pathetically degrades the wolf with the name of man.

CHAPTER I.—URSUS.

Ursus and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man; Homo was a wolf. Their dispositions were congenial. It was the man who had christened the wolf. Probably he had also chosen the name; having found *Ursus* good for himself, he had found *Homo* good for the beast. The association of this man and this wolf was profitable at fairs, at parish festivals, at the corners of streets where passers-by gather together, and wherever the people give way to their need of listening to nonsense and buying orvietan. This wolf, docile, and submissive with a good grace, was acceptable to the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to note the effect of taming. We take supreme delight in seeing all varieties of domestication. It is for this reason that so many persons watch the progress of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went from square to square, from the public places of Canterbury to the public places of Glasgow, from county to county, from town to town. One market exhausted, they passed on to another. Ursus lived in a crib upon wheels, which Homo, sufficiently civilized, drew by day and guarded by night. When the road was difficult, in going up-hill, when there were too many ruts and too much mud, the man buckled the strap to his neck, and tugged away fraternally, side by side with the wolf. In this fashion they had grown old together. They camped out, according to chance, on a bit of waste ground, at the intersection of crossing roads, at the approach to a hamlet, at the gates of market-towns, in the market-places, in the public malls, on the skirts of a park, on the space before a church. When the tilted cart stopped in some field where a fair was held, when the gossiping old women hurried up open-mouthed, when the cockneys drew round them in a circle, Ursus speechified and Homo approved. Homo, with a wooden bowl in his jaws, politely made a collection. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, and the man too. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself alone, to various pretty woltine ways that augmented their receipts. "Above all things," said his friend to him, "don't degenerate into man!"

Ursus preferred Homo, as a beast of burden, to an ass. To make an ass draw his crib would have been repulsive to him; he set too high a value upon the ass for that. Besides, he had remarked that the ass, a four-footed thinker, little understood of men, has sometimes an unquiet pricking up of the ears, when philosophers say foolish things. In life, between our thoughts and ourselves, an ass is a third party; this is annoying. As a friend, Ursus preferred Homo to a dog, believing that the wolf's approach to friendliness is from a greater distance.

This is why Homo sufficed to Ursus. Homo was for Ursus more than a companion; he was an analogue. Ursus tapped him on his lean flanks with the remark: "I have found my second volume."

He said furthermore: "When I am dead, whoever desires to know me, will only have to study Homo. I shall leave him after me as my exact copy."

A supreme cynicism is in the advice of Ursus to the wolf: "*Above all things don't degenerate into man!*" But how much there is also of supreme trust of the man in nature, when he thus elevates wolf-nature!

The second form of his novel is on the English Peerage, dramatically climaxed by the republican's aspiration for a higher nobility and a diviner object for man's idolatry

"A plebeian, who strikes a lord, has his wrist cut off.
"The lord is almost king.
"The king is almost God.
"The world is a lordship.
"The English address God as *my lord*."

We will, during its publication, give to our readers an occasional illustration from Victor Hugo's great last novel, entitled, "The Man Who Laughs."

THE HONEST WORKING MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE WORKING MEN OF UTAH.

They've sung of heroes brave and strong,
On flood and battle-field;
Of poets, too, a numerous throng,
Which history's pages yield,
Of kings and emperors, mighty lords,
Who o'er the world held sway,
And ruled the millions with their swords
In their great, little day.

But I will sing of him who stands
The first on God's own plan—
In every age, in many lands,
The honest working man.
Then let us treat him as we should,
And help him all we can;
The brightest gem in nature's crown
Is the honest working man.

We hail all workers, great and small,
As well as those who plan;
Be ready at the Master's call,
And be a working man;
For, though his hands be rough and brown,
His features worn and wan,
He's proof against a smile or frown,
The honest working man.

Salt Lake City, March 28, 1869. WM. WILLIS.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

"ZION'S POETESS."

As a fit illustration of the subject of woman and her sphere, we could not find one more acceptable than our beloved sister, Eliza R. Snow—Zion's Poetess. Her influence in the Church of the Saints, through the medium of her holy sentiments and elevated thoughts, has been like a pure stream from a heavenly fountain. Her life has been of the divine cast in all its phases, and her sublime devotion to her God, coupled with that saintly meekness which has ever characterized her, is, like her poetic genius, Hebraic in tone and quality. Mark this Hebraic constitution of mind in the poem of her opening life as a Saint:

My heart is fixed—I know in whom I trust.
'Twas not for wealth—'twas not to gather heaps
Of perishable things—'twas not to twine
Around my brow a transitory wreath,
A garland deck'd with gems of mortal praise,
That I forsook the home of childhood: that
I left the lap of ease—the halo rife
With friendship's richest, soft and mellow tones;
Affection's fond caress, and the cup
O'erflowing with the sweets of social life
With high refinement's golden pearls enrich'd.

* * * * * *

The proclamation sounded in my ear—
It reached my heart—I listened to the sound—
Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all
Upon the altar, and with purpose fixed
Unalterably, while the spirit of
Elijah's God within my bosom reigned,
Embraced the Everlasting Covenant;
And am determined now *to be a Saint*
And numbered with the tried and faithful ones,
Whose race is measur'd with their life; whose prize
Is everlasting, and whose happiness
Is God's approval; and to whom 'tis more
Than meat and drink to do His righteous will.

The entire poem from which these lines are copied is very illustrative of the life and character of Sister Eliza. In thus affectionately speaking of her by her Christian name, a suggestive note comes upon the page. Our heroine is the "Sister Eliza" of every Latter-day Saint in the world. This extensive kinship is wonderfully expressive, for it is very uncommon. There is a volume to be read in the mere note of it.

Eliza R. Snow has obtained this universal kinship with the Saints by being in her life, her inspirations and her subjects their own poetess. But she is in fact something more than a mere poetess. She is also of the prophetess and priestess type, and hence, as we have said, she is Hebraic in her genius. She is this in her essential nature. The Jewish genius blends that of poetry, prophecy and priestly calling. It is a unique type, differing somewhat from the genius of every other nation. There are only two of the Latter-day Church who pre-eminently possess this triple quality, and they are—Parley P. Pratt, who may be termed the Mormon Isaiah, and Eliza R. Snow. The type is very rare, for although among the great Gentile authors we have poetic natures of the most transcendent excellence, we have seldom met the pure Hebrew cast. We have Shakspeare, Byron, Shelley, Burns; but they are both Gentile and modern in their variety and tone. There is only one of the great English poets who stands boldly as an example of that peculiar poetic genius manifested in the inspired writings of the prophets and psalmists of ancient Israel, and that one is the "divine Milton." This Hebrew genius is pregnant with prophetic subjects, for from it comes its inspirations, and not from the exuberant richness of passionate natures. Its written manifestations abound with elevated spiritual thoughts, its style is that of vigorous simplicity, and its tone of supernatural sublimity. It is therefore eminently spiritualistic in its essence and religious in its very constitution. When found in man it will manifest itself in divine epics, as in "Paradise Lost," or in such writings as those of the apostle, Parley P. Pratt, whose very prose works are poems with the prophetic cast and quality. When found in woman, which is very rarely the case, we have an interblending of the poetess, prophetess and priestess.

The difference between this Hebrew genius and that of the Grecian or Roman is strikingly illustrated in Eliza R. Snow, a daughter of Zion through her faith and spiritual instincts, and the gifted Sarah E. Carmichael. The latter is much more luxuriant in imagination and elaborate in her treatment and harmonies of verse; the former more divine in subject and loftier in her inspiration. Miss Carmichael is by far the most passionate writer of the two. Indeed, she is nearly the equal of any "Gentile" poetess living, and her nature and gifts are of the Gentile quality. But Eliza Snow soars to a higher sphere than that of earth, and God, not Nature, is the source of her inspirations. She is well illustrated in her celebrated "INVOCATION to the Eternal Father and Mother"—God, commencing:

"O my Father, Thou that dwellest."

The most stirring poem of her life is that written upon the martyrdom of the prophet and patriarch Joseph, and Hyrum Smith. This terrible event disturbed for a moment the current of her gentle spirit, which burst forth into passionate verse.

Sister Eliza R. Snow in her life has been a constant influence for womanly civilization. No woman in the Church of Latter-day Saints is more universally beloved. Even her own sex envy her not.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY
Illustrated in its Great Characters.

CHAPTER II.

THE POPES TO CONSTANTINE.

Before referring to some of the world's great characters in detail, we shall give a brief epitome of the first centuries of the Christian era, both descriptive of their spiritual and their temporal phases. The former will give a view of the transition of the Church from its spiritual state to that of temporal dominion, which opened to it in the reign of Constantine the Great; and the latter a view of that other half of the world's dominion—the Roman Empire under its emperors, thus completing the links of history in the reader's mind.

From the low degree of meek followers of the Lamb, the successors of the Saints became the very lions of the earth: from fishermen-apostles they sprang into sovereign pontiffs. Religious aspirations were transformed into worldly ambitions, and the successors of sainted martyrs vied with each other to win their crowns in heaven as the exterminators of heretics. Though Jesus opened his dispensation with the suggestive annunciation: "My kingdom is not of this world!" a clause of his testimony which he immediately after sealed with his blood, yet those who followed as his vicegerents set themselves up above kings and emperors. Arrogance, not meekness, was their cardinal virtue; absolutism, not love, was the sceptre by which they ruled the earth. There is, in these facts, a severe commentary embodied which need not be written here. The temporal dominion of the Popes commenced with the reign of Constantine, was firmly established in that of the imperial Charlemagne, and was consummated by the fierce crusaders of Christendom. The Gospel of the sword prevailed over the Gospel of Peace, and the "dominion was given to the Saints" of the Catholic church. But before this was achieved there was a long warfare between the Popes and Emperors of Rome, in which the early Christians showed themselves

worthy the title of Saints, and even their pontiffs that of holy martyrs in the mission of Jesus.

The second century opened with the pontificates of Anaclet, St. Evaristus, and Alexander, the fifth, sixth and seventh Popes of Rome. They sustained the Church during fierce persecutions from the Emperors and the birth of schisms among the early Fathers. Sixtus, Telesphorus, Hyginus and Pius succeeded, and Anicet, the twelfth pope, commenced his pontificate A. D. 167. At this period came to Rome the venerable St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, the disciple of John the Divine. Between the Pope and his reverend visitor there was a general agreement upon the doctrines and discipline of the Church, but they disagreed as to the apostolic time for the observance of the festival of Easter. The opinion of the venerable disciple of St. John was not allowed by the Church to be set aside by the Pope of Rome, but St. Polycarp, on his part in a true Christian spirit, affirmed that the discipline of the Church ought not to be arbitrary, and that the nations who received the Gospel ought to be permitted to serve God in accordance with such rites as they thought most pleasing to the Supreme Being. Doubtless in this view St. Polycarp enunciated the wise policy of the Apostles themselves, who, having to open a dispensation to all the Gentile nations as well as to those of the house of Israel who would receive it, sought to harmonize the whole with as much tolerance for diversity of national customs as the fundamental laws of their mission would permit.

Mosheim, in his history, says: "The churches in those early times were entirely independent; none of them subject to any foreign jurisdiction, but each one governed by its own rulers and its own laws. For though the churches founded by the apostles had this particular deference shown them, that they were consulted in difficult and doubtful cases, yet they had no juridical authority, no sort of supremacy over the others, nor the least right to enact laws for them. Nothing, on the contrary, is more evident than the perfect equality that reigned among the primitive churches; nor does there even appear in the first century the smallest trace of that association of provincial churches from which *councils* and *metropolitans* derive their origin. It was only in the second century that the custom of holding councils commenced in Greece, from whence it soon spread through the provinces."

But it was not until the close of the second century and the beginning of the third that the Popedom may properly be said to have had any existence. It dates from the pontificate of Saint Victor (A. D. 194) and Zephyrinus, (A. D. 203) the fifteenth and sixteenth Popes. Up to the period of the discussion concerning the festival of Easter between Anicet and St. Polycarp, (A. D. 167) nothing had disturbed the peace and equality of the Christian churches; but from that time there was a struggle on the part of the popes for the universal supremacy of the Bishopric of Rome. St. Victor, who was an African by birth, after his elevation boldly claimed this supremacy, and he sent to the churches of Asia his manifestoes, in which he threatened them with excommunication if they did not conform to his judgment. But this usurpation of supremacy (for it was then considered usurpation,) met with resolute opposition from the bishops generally, and even those who differed from the views of their brethren in Asia refused to sanction the judgment and action of the Pope, who was by them regarded simply as the chief Bishop of Rome. They also, in sharp terms and forceful spirit, reprimanded him for his presumption. St. Ireneus, also, in the name of the Christians of Gaul, censured him for his usurpation; and thus overruled by the remonstrances and censures of the bishops of the West, St. Victor was forced to submit.

But the wedge of the supremacy of Rome once entered, each succeeding pontiff drove it farther in until Popedom became a mighty power beyond all parallel in the history of empires. Nor can we wisely say that this was contrary to the dispensations of Providence. In the general balancing of the world's affairs we must reverently acknowledge with the poet, "Whatever is, is right." God in his wisdom and intentions is best interpreted in history in the harmonized issues of ages. It was necessary and for the good of all humanity that a popedom should grow up to bring forth a Christendom to succeed the Roman empire in the dominion of the earth. A grander dispensation shall yet consummate the whole—one truly Catholic—embracing and blending all the civilizations from the beginning of time. Then shall Jesus reign in the hearts of the people of every nation, and his spiritual empire be over all the earth; but to bring this to pass a Popedom and a reformed Christendom was first ordained to rise to make Jesus (in name at least,) the Prince of the Earth, even as he is the Prince of the Heavens.

Zephyrinus, the sixteenth pope, succeeded in establishing the supremacy of Rome. During the persecutions against the Christians, by order of the emperor Severus, he fled from the charge of the Church to avoid martyrdom, but returning when the storm had subsided to regain favor among the orthodox, he persecuted the "heretics." In the assertion of the supremacy of the pontiffs of Rome he excommunicated the Montanists, among whom was the celebrated Tertullian, one of the most eminent fathers of the Church. The fall of this great man, it is said, deeply affected the faithful, who attributed his apostacy to the bad treatment he suffered and the envy of the ecclesiastics. This excommunication excited general indignation against the Pope, and the evil reputation which his clergy had acquired brought upon him universal blame.

The famous Origen was another great chief of these heretics. He was a pupil of the erudite Clement, the fourth pope, whose writings on Christianity are the most ancient, and ranked next to the canonical books. Origen, his pupil, was equally eminent as a commentator on the scriptures. He kept seven notaries, who wrote at his dictation, and twenty librarians made fair copies of his works, while female calligraphers transcribed them for the other churches. Thus we see how learned and worthy were these great chiefs of heresies—Tertullian, the most distinguished of the Latin Fathers and a powerful writer, and Origen, next to Clement the most distinguished of the Greek Fathers! Says De Cormenin, in his "History of the Popes:" "On this subject we will remark, *that the fathers of the Church have almost all of them been heretics.*"

As for ourselves we would rank these men called heretics, both of ancient and modern times, among the world's greatest characters, to whom humanity owes more than to any other class of men. What, pray, were Jesus and his apostles but heretics in the judgment of the Chief Priests of Judah —those orthodox interpreters of an economy of ages past?

Callistus, the seventh pope, was permitted by the emperor Alexander Severus to build a temple. This was the first Christian church erected in Rome. The cemetery which still bears the name of Callistus, and in which this pope was buried, is said to have received the relics of sixty-four thousand martyrs and forty-six popes. In the days of Callistus, also of Urban, the eighteenth pope, the Christians numbered among them many persons of rank among whom was Mammea, the mother of the emperor Alexander Severus.

In the year 250 of our era there was a vacancy in the Holy See for several years, and in the interval, to the elevation of St. Cornelius, the twenty-second pope, the clergy took charge of the Church. So violent were the persecutions of

this period that some of the most noted and worthy of the bishops had to fly and abandon their dioceses; and there is a story of St. Gregory Thaumatures and his Deacon being preserved by a miracle in his flight very similar to the one related by Moslem writers of Mohammed and Abu Becker, when they hid from their pursuers in a cave, at the period of their flight from Mecca to Medina.

During the pontificate of St. Cornelius, an anti-Pope arose and drew away many, increasing the troubles of the faithful. Persecution still raged and Cornelius was banished by the emperor Gallus, and a large number of Christians fled from the empire, many of whom perished, and those who escaped, peopled the solitude of the Thebais and became Eremites."

A few years later, at the martyrdom of Sextus the twenty-fifth pope there was another vacancy in the Holy See (A. D. 258). At this period, took place the famous martyrdom of St. Laurence, who was roasted on a gridiron. "Agent of the devil," said the martyr to the prefect of Rome, "cause them to turn my body on the other side." It was done; and then he added, "As I am now cooked, you can eat me!"

Nearly all the popes, up to the opening of the fourth century, are classed by the Catholic church as martyrs. Then came the elevation of Constantine the Great in the Apostolic reign of Melchiades, the thirty-third pope, when the church entered into its career of temporal power.

A SKETCH OF EDINBURGH.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

"The Englishwoman in America," Miss F. L. Bird, has graphically depicted the horrors that exist in the ancient city of "Auld Reekie." Her vividly drawn pictures of the filth, drunkeness, and degradation of a large proportion of the population are also too true. As the greater portion of the life of the writer of this sketch was passed in that city he had ample opportunity of judging of this fact.

It seems to be the case everywhere that where one extreme exists the other lives and flourishes by its side; no where is this more plainly visible than in Edinburgh; there can be seen the most princely splendor and magnificence almost within a stone's throw of the most squallid poverty; men and women in the full bloom of manly and womanly beauty, and unshapely, unsightly masses of humanity repulsive to look upon. One probable cause of these extremes existing to such an extent in that city may be on account of Edinburgh being non-producing; it has become a hackneyed saying that the only prodnets of the Scottish capital are Law, Physic, and Gospel, there Lawyers, Doctors and Clergymen are trained and turned out by the hundred.—That makes it rather bad for Edinburgh.

The slums of Edinburgh are situated in the central part of what is called the Old Town, the inhabitants of these places are liberally sprinkled with the Irish element. The principal streets in these parts are grand and imposing enough in their external appearance, many of the buildings being from nine to twelve stories high; but these streets have numerous tributaries consisting of narrow, dark, slimy "closes" and alleys, so narrow indeed that in places the occupants of houses on each side can reach out of the windows and shake each other by the hand. These closes are the theatres of many scenes of wild debauchery; brutality and crime; yet many honest, brave and upright souls are compelled, by force of circumstances, to take refuge in these dens. Only a few years ago one of the huge tenements on High street, under the roof of which one hundred people lived was the scene of a dreadful tragedy. It happened in winter, it was a lovely night, the moon shone full and clear. It was nearly midnight, and the city slumbered save when the silence was broken by the heavy thud, thud of the watchman's tread on the pavement or the shouting of some staggering inebriate. The semi-silence was suddenly dispelled by a rumbling noise, a roar, a crash, which were followed by the shrieks, yells and groans of the wounded, mangled and crushed men, women and children who were buried in the *debris* of a fallen building. Then followed an indescribable scene—the sounding of police alarms—the rushing thither of a large and motley crowd; then commenced the digging out of the poor unfortunates. Some of the bodies were so bruised, crushed and cut as to be unrecognizable by their friends. Some who had fallen with the building from the top story were taken out unhurt. After two nights and two days of digging and removing the rubbish, when it was not expected that any more would be got out alive, while the laborers were endeavoring to remove a ponderous beam, their attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a feeble voice. They desisted a moment and listened with bated breath, when the following brave though feebly uttered sentence fell upon their eager ears: "Heave away, men; I'm no deid yet!" On removing the intervening rubbish it was discovered that the speaker was a little boy of twelve years of age, who was unhurt, but nearly dead for want of food and air. The huge beam had saved him from being crushed to pieces. On the front entrance of the new building, which was erected on the spot where the old one stood, can now be seen inscribed the sentence uttered by that brave boy, "Heave away, men; I'm no deid yet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

CHAPTER II.

WANDERING LIFE OF THE ANCIENTS—ITS EFFECTS ON WOMEN.

In examining into the causes of early barbarism—we find that it followed as an inevitable result of the disintegration of society—induced by a sparse population and an almost boundless and illimitable surface of unoccupied land—squatter sovreignty was the law and *possession* the right to all the land before them—then any man, family, or tribe could take their choice and go their way rejoicing. The lower orders of the animal creation multiplying infinitely faster than the *Genus Homo*. Game was most abundant, and life by the chase offered great inducements to the lazy and restless as a means of support, at the same time gratifying their love of ease and adventure.

The careful student will at once observe that the same great difference of character that exists to-day between the wandering and the settled; the savage Indian and the cultivated American; the wild Tartar of Asia and the intelligent European—between the tent or the wigwam of the savage and the palatial structures of America and Europe, has been equally marked in all the ages of antiquity between the followers of the chase and the cultivators of the soil.

In the investigation of our enquiry, we will; in its place, endeavor to correctly define the extent and character of the *civilization* of antiquity; but at present it is chiefly with the wandering or Nomade tribes we have to deal. The Nomade is never a civilizer. It is true we have frequent examples in history of the transition of the wandering tribes to the condition of the cultivators of the soil, transmitting to their posterity all the advantages favorable to civilization

arising from a fixed and permanent mode of life—yet let it not be forgotten that man leading a wandering life is *never a civilizer*—The chase necessitates a migratory life, frequent migrations render any considerable accumulation of property impossible, therefore no laws are needed for its protection—that, like every thing else, is left to the strong hand. Such a life, by its uncertainties cultivates all that is reckless, daring and improvident in the nature of man. It necessitates the almost exclusive use of animal food, which induces animality in man's nature and checks progress. The migratory life of a Nomade renders a partial isolation from his kind necessary—hence opportunities for social intercourse are few, the polish that follows the action of man upon man is in a measure lost, the stronger sex being engaged in the chase or in predatory warfare, become utterly averse to labor; the burden of all the menial offices of life are heaped upon the weaker sex. Woman ceases to be valued except as a convenience; her social caste is lowered, and she finally becomes an article of barter and exchange. It takes but little reflection to realize that woman in a rude life of savagery is without any protection from the wild brutality of her husband. She is bought with his money or goods; or is the reward of his valor in his predatory excursions in search of plunder. In either case she is *property*, to do with as seemeth him good.

It was no doubt a great improvement on the former social polity of the Israelites when Moses *fixed* the value of a maid at fifty shekels of silver, and checked or limited the abuse of power by the husband, and obliged him if he got weary of her to give her a writing of divorcement and *turn her adrift*. Fifty shekels of silver was not a great sum, and placed a wife within reach of the poorest—Other lawgivers of antiquity sought to place a check upon the cupidity of parents by the enactment of similar laws; for instance, the Assyrians at their matrimonial fairs, put up the handsomest of their maidens to the highest bidder. When all were sold who would bring a price at all, the squint-eyed and bow-legged damsels were put upon the block and disposed of to any poor greedy wretch that would take one or more upon his hands with the least dowery, this was continued until all were sold or until the funds realized from the sale of the Assyrian beauties was exhausted.

It is strongly indicative of the estimate of woman even in liberal England, when its ancient legislators thought they did a great deal for woman, when they passed a law inflicting a severe penalty upon the man who thereafter should use a rod "thicker than his thumb," when he whipped his wife.

The social status enjoyed by woman in any age is a sure and infallible indication of the extent and character of the civilization attained to. Of this, more hereafter; but at present, permit me to observe that any condition or state of society that debases woman, degrades the race—for woman is the mother of the coming generation She moulds the plastic nature of her child to the image of herself; she leaves the impress of her nature upon her offspring; therefore to debase woman is to lower her progeny in the moral and social scale. Elevate and refine woman, and elevation and refinement will characterise her posterity.

THE EARTH AS A HISTORIAN.

The earliest account we have of the tribes that inhabited northern and central Europe do not extend back two thousand years; but late discoveries made in the lakes of Switzerland, and the bogs and sandhills of Denmark have taught us about as much in relation to the people who inhabited those regions in far more remote times, as we know of any of the nations encountered by Julius Cæsar in his career of conquest.

For example, there can be no doubt that the aborigines of Switzerland, in order to protect themselves against wild beasts, constructed their rude dwellings on piles driven into the shallow parts of the lake. It is evident from the implements found among the *debris* of these amphibious settlements that they were originally tenanted by a race who had no knowledge of metals. The results of antiquarian investigation go to show that this feeble people was conquered by a superior race, possessing weapons of bronze, and that the conquerors in their turn succumbed to a still more intelligent tribe, armed with weapons of iron, who afterwards fiercely opposed the progress of Cæsar, and are known in history as the Helvetii. Thus geology tells the history of our globe.

Our Home Humorists.

THE MOURNFUL OLD BACHELOR.

DEDICATED TO JINGO.

[NOTE.—In his communication to us enclosing the following attack upon him, Jingo says: "A certain, or *uncertain* young lady sent me the following, and it was some time ere I recovered the shock of its perusal sufficiently to respond. Imagine yourself (which we can't—Ed.) an antiquated bachelor, given over to the buffetings of all the disappointed victims of matrimonial infelicity for a thousand years. Imagine yourself, if possible, receiving, after many month's hopeful waiting, a daintily addressed, delicate looking epistle, redolent of roses and honeysuckles, and superscribed in characters unmistakably feminine. Imagine my pleasurable anticipation when breaking the seal, and then imagine—but it is impossible, even I myself cannot describe my feelings on reading the enclosed."

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz!
On a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow,
And when all the earth is covered with snow;
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread,
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed.
How he draws up his toes,
All encased in yarn hose,
'Neath the chilly bed-clothes,
That his nose and his toes,
Still encased in yarn hose,
May not chance to get froze.

Then he puffs, and he blows, and says that he knows
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes:
And with ah's! and with oh's!
With his limbs to dispose,
So that neither his nose nor his toes may get froze.
To his slumber in silence he goes.
In the morn when the cock crows,
From beneath the bed-clothes
Pops the bachelor's nose!
And as you may suppose, when he hears the winds blow,
Sees the windows all froze,
Why, back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose:
For full well he knows,
If from that bed he rose
To put on his clothes
That he'd surely be froze.

MORAL.

To future honors do not aspire,
But get a wife to light the fire.
Your most devoted until death,
EMWONKUOYOD.

A TRIP TO THE TERMINUS—THE TRACK, ETC.

BY JINGO.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEB. 26, 1869.

Learning from the papers (which never lie, and seldom err) that the Iron Horse was rapidly approaching us by way of the Weber canyon, penetrating the solid earth, rending the rocks, and causing the mountains to crumble before him.

I (being a descendant of Eve) naturally felt a little curiosity on the subject; and, after resolving myself into a committee of the whole, and maturely deliberating, decided to visit the scene of action. Now, when I decide upon anything, I am uneasy until it is accomplished; consequently I sought earnestly and immediately for the most rapid mode of conveyance—saw the advertisement of the "Tri-Weekly," and felt at once, to use a vulgar expression, that I had "struck ile." The "Tri-Weekly" was to start that morning. I grasped a tooth-brush and a paper collar—thrust them hastily into my valise and reached the station, out of breath, just in time to learn from the proprietor that, owing to a melancholy series of unforeseen events, such as had never before transpired and such as, in all human probability, might never occur again, the "Tri-Weekly" would defer its customary trip until the following day. This gave rise among the by-standers to trifling remarks and would-be witticisms about "*Trying weakly*" etc., upon which the conductor looked with deserved contempt. I restrained my impatience until the morrow, when I was upon the ground betimes, and beheld the stage approaching at such a rate that I felt to exclaim with one of old—"His manner is after the manner of the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; he cometh furiously." The smoking steeds were eventually reined up and we (seven of us) saw the stage. If Shakespeare had ever seen a similar outfit called a stage, I could pardon him for that rather wild remark that "all the world's a stage." It was barely large enough to contain our seven bundles, while each man sat upon his plunder, with legs (encased in cowhide 14s.) dangling over the wheels. The two horses must have been blooded animals, as the conductor deemed it advisable to keep them low in flesh in order that they might be manageable.

"All aboard?" came in stentorian tones from the driver. One of us ventured feebly the customary affirmative, "You bet;" and the extraordinary march was commenced.

The weather had been unpropitious, (it always is when I travel), and the roads were somewhat moist, sloppy and sticky, but we pressed rapidly on. The fence posts and trees were passed in rapid succession. Van Natta's cooper institute —Pascoe's Pioneer Perpetual Plaster Place—the board requesting parties from Bear Lake to go to what-dye-call-'ems—the Half Way House (though why it is called the half-way house, or where it is half-way to, I never could ascertain), and sundry other establishments too numerous to mention.

The day was gloomy, and the roads what is termed—"heavy." Our progress became gradually slower. The spirits of the party seemed to flag, and we were rapidly relapsing into that state of mind which must have influenced the Cockney poet, when he wrote those affecting lines—

> "'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
> This chilling fate has on me fell:
> There always comes a soaking shower
> When I haint got no umberell."

But when I observed the manly form of our driver, and saw the determination written upon his lofty brow, somehow, I could not despair. I felt that we should yet emerge from our slough of despond, and listen with throbbing pulse and enraptured sense to the sound of the dinner bell at Farmington. I reflected that we were not the only ones called to suffer in this world: individuals and nations have endured and triumphed: why should not we.

Our whole country has recently been convulsed by a terrible civil war, but its banner is again unfurled which was never trailed in the dust, and which this day floats triumphantly over every foot of our common country from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let the "Tri-Weekly" emulate the example of the nation beneath whose fostering care it first had birth. Let it continue to breast the storm, and surmount the dark billows of mud which threaten to engulf it until they shall fade and vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream! Let the banner nailed to the mast, be ever *Nil Desperandum!* Let—— Just at this point I was suddenly called to a realization of my position by a violent concussion accompanied instantaneously by a sense of total darkness. One of the passengers said dam— (the word dam— was used as an adjective, however, and not with any intention of being profane). On investigation, I discovered that one of our steeds had fallen, and that we had been precipitated headlong into the mud. I immediately rushed to the stage to extricate any of the ladies of the party who might be entangled in the trappings, but immediately recollected that, although this was not exclusively a mail stage, yet there were no females on board. I then turned my attention to our team. The horse is truly a noble animal! How many instances are recorded of their almost human sagacity! This animal which had fallen seemed endowed with an unusual degree of intelligence, for although almost submerged by mire, he refused to struggle or make any attempt to free himself until perfectly certain that all the passengers were entirely out of danger. Feeling to reciprocate his consideration for our safety, as evinced by this forbearance, we surrounded him and unitedly assisted him to his feet, putting our shoulders to the wheel, emerged once more on *terra firma*, and shortly reached Sharpsburg, where we paid our fare after experiencing some little difficulty in getting our change right. I had to ask several before I could get two 10s for a 5. Small change seems scarce at this point.

One of the party wishing to light a cigar, drew forth one of what's-his-name's celebrated matches and attempted to strike a light, but owing to some unaccountable circumstance it didn't ignite. A gentleman present, having one of Calder's patent fusees, started a little flame and we applied the match to this for a short time when it blazed up famously. Every one who uses these matches should have a patent fusee. This is a want which has long been felt in this Territory.

We then footed it—not from motives of economy, but in order to more minutely observe the road—to Mountain Green—the then terminus of the U. P. R. R., where we put up at the Weber House. I have stopped at first-class hotels in London, New York, St. Louis and Ogden Hole, where they were fitted up sumptuously, and where they dined every day in purple and fine linen; but for lavish expenditure of means, utter regardlessness of expense, the Weber bears off the palm. It is true while we were there, it was somewhat thronged by gentlemen from the Emerald Isle; but their cheerful conversation enlivened us enough to compensate amply for the inconvenience of sleeping four in a bed. For instance—"Are you the conductor, Pat?" "Sure, and I am." "Thin, conduct me to supper." "Oh! go along wid ye, you've got a cowld. I'd advise ye to take a couple of hot punches and go to bed." "Wouldn't a cowld punch in the nose do for the likes of him?" "Call me servint!" "How do you pay yer bill, Pat, in the advance?" "Sure, an I don't pay it in the retrate, don't bodther me." "As there seems a good many of yez about, I'll see if yer all prisent! Call the roll, Gineral." "Faith, an I'll do that same; —Nosey Jim?" "Im absint on duty." "Pete Neversweat?" "In Mixico." "Dhirty Mike?" "Sure, an isn't he mixin biskits at the Delmonico!" "Where's my gould repater?" "Let's take a spin round the block." "Sure, an I'll spin yer head off iv ye don't lave me; put that in yer pipe an smoke it," etc., etc.

Gentle reader, I returned on the "Tri-Weekly," but if my foresight had been as good as my hind-sight, I never should have traveled on it at all. The fact is it needs encourage-

ment, but our government is like some individuals: it is not perfect yet, and there is considerable partiality manifested. Now, the U. P. R. R. and the "Tri-Weekly" are both great enterprises, both laboring for the same great purpose, and having to encounter the same disadvantages, yet the U. P. R. R. is fostered and encouraged by government, while the "Tri-Weekly" has, as it were, to "go it alone." "There is something rotten in Denmark." If the U. P. R. R. has means advanced and alternate sections of land granted along its route, why not make similar grants of means and land to the "Tri-Weekly?" Why not? Echo answers—it's nothing but right and should have been done long ago. *Labor omnia vincit*, which signifies encourage home manufacture.

N.B.—Speaking of Grants of land, I understand there is a General Grant for all lands at Washington. We shall probably all stand a chance.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that I saw the end of the track. It consists of two iron bars laid parallel on sticks.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER PHASE.

General Blakely was now in his grave and gone to give an account for his deeds, but Lord Reginald and his son were sleeping in peace as the righteous sleep. Years have passed away since our opening chapter, and the death of Lord Frederick at the mansion of Sir Richard Courtney. His honored remains are still reposing in the sepulchre of the Courtney race, where they are resting until the redemption of the De Lacy estates. Ever does the noble baronet remember his beloved, departed friend, and never does his purpose slacken touching the sacred compact of union between their families and the fulfilment of his vow to the dead companion of his boyhood and early manhood—his brother, as he always, with deep feeling, called him. The children have also shown in their characters and persons the development of time. The orphan Freddy is now a fine, spirited youth, and Courtney's nephew has marked himself in the minds of those who know him as one of those wonderful types of individuals in whom Nature, in the boy, blends the soul of the man. From such come those bright constellations of society who, in the first buddings of youth, and years before the age of ordinary manhood opens, are often known to the world as poets, composers of music and geniuses of various kinds, and from these also come our empire-founders who, like the great Napoleon, grasp the destinies of nations, and in whose very birth is concealed the germ of empire or the soul of an age.

Let the fathers and their surroundings take their place in the history of the past and become transmigrated in the children and their acts and events to come. With these our story has chiefly now to do.

But here must be noted that at the date of the present chapter, Sir Richard Courtney and his two daughters, Lady Templar, his sister, and her son Walter, with the orphan De Lacy, form now but one strong-knit, loving family circle, with Sir Richard and Lady Templar at their head. Without going again to the past for detail of story, suffice it to say that Sir Edmund Templar is also dead, and Courtney has the sole guardianship of his nephew, Sir Walter, and the vast estates of the Templar family.

Soon after the death of his father, Sir Herbert Blakely attempted to force the sale of the estates. The General had once before pressed the mortgage upon the executor. He had offered Sir Richard Courtney, in favor of young Lord Frederick one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, if his guardian would relinquish the estates. Herbert considered this Quixotic in his father, but the General would have made considerable sacrifice to cover what he knew was treachery to his generous patron, providing he obtained the entire ownership, for which he had so long plotted. Sir Richard Courtney would not compromise, and he and his wealthy brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Templar, still declared that they would redeem the mortgage, by involving their own estates, rather than allow the Blakelys to press the matter to such a consummation. The General, much enraged, gave up the point to bide the time when the De Lacy should not be so powerfully backed. The time, he hoped, would sooner or later come, and he calculated much upon its probability. He instructed his son, in his very last charge on his death-bed, not to precipitate the issue, but to seize the most favorable opportunity and, at all cost and without scruple, secure the ownership of the estates to the Blakelys.

Such an opportunity soon offered through the death of Sir Edmund Templar.

Sir Herbert Blakely was in Russia when the news reached him, and as he had been on a tour through India, where his father, the General, had spent so much of his life, and Sir Herbert owned much estate and invested funds, he did not receive intelligence of Sir Edmund's death until a year after its date. He had gone to the land of the Czars before his return to England for the same reason that he went to India—to draw in the resources of capital which his father's policy had spread out. He had inherited a partnership in a large banking company in Russia, and also in the firm in India, which his grandfather had founded. From these he had now retired. He had not the managing mind of his father and better understood capital in bulk than in its multiplying agencies of interest. But no sooner did he hear of the death of Sir Edmund than he hastened home more confident in this new bulk of wealth, which he despised to invest in his own land, because it seemed an easier commercial problem to him, and he was more determined than ever that the first investment should be in the De Lacy estates.

This time Sir Herbert considered the game sure. The opportunity for which his father and himself had waited had come. Sir Richard Courtney stood unsupported now by his wealthy brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Templar. But there had arisen one greater than the dead. It was his impetuous son, Sir Walter. But Blakely knew it not, nor did Courtney fully realize it. He had all reliance upon him in the future, but the issue of the present was coming and it had to be met. Oh, these boys are sometimes more potent than men, for they do in their impulse swhat men ought to do in their better judgment. David is a greater champion than the huge Goliath for he has more of trust and earnestness in his young heart.

When lawyer Wortley again made the proposal to Sir Richard, which had been once before made by General Blakely in person, the boy, Sir Walter Templar, and young Lord Frederick De Lacy were at school. Courtney wrote to the youths, informing them of the crisis, and also wrote to the Reverend Doctor Horn for a leave of absence for his wards.

Had Sir Walter Templar been moulded a military type of character, and been appointed by destiny to command armies, he would have won his battles with the rapidity of Napoleon. His volcanic nature would have forced victory by surprise, and the overwhelming velocity of his movements. No sooner was his design conceived than executed with all the intensity and forcefulness of his character. It was not in his nature to strike a light blow. He planted it with all his might, and his irresistible rapidity was bewildering to those who stood in his way. Cæsar's sublime egotism would have been appropriate in the mouth of Sir Walter Templar: "I came!—I saw!—I conquered!"

"Fred, we shall be at Courtney House in the morning," said young Sir Walter, as his friend ended reading the letter to him. He had decided that point before the first half-dozen sentences were read, in which he gathered at a grasp the whole matter.

"That is impossible," replied young Lord Frederick. "We cannot start until the morning."

"We start to-night, Fred. My dear fellow, you can ride seventy miles for such a stake. I start to-night, Fred."

"Yes, I can ride the distance well enough, but we must stay till the morning, Walter."

"Not another hour, Fred. So let us don our riding clothes. We can obtain a pair of splendid hunters at the 'Coach and Horses.'"

"But it is now six in the evening. We cannot reach Courtney House without a change of horses."

"Which we shall obtain at Bath at the Golden Lion. Matthew Strong was coachman of my father, and for Walter Templar he will not grudgingly leave his bed. Beside we shall reach Bath before twelve."

"Doctor Horn will surely not consent to let us start to-night."

"We shall not ask his consent."

"Will it be proper to leave our kind master so churlishly, Walter?"

"We would not, did I not know he would oppose our starting to-night, and as he will oppose us, I shall not ask his leave."

"Still I would sooner not offend the good man, Walter."

"So would I, Fred."

"Then let us stay till the morning."

"You make me angry, Fred, to talk so, when your family estates are under the hammer of the auctioneer."

"But your uncle, Sir Richard, will do all that can be done in the matter. What can we do, Walter, that he cannot accomplish."

"What can we do, Frederick De Lacy? Do you ask what can Sir Walter Templar do in wrestling for his brother?" impetuously and proudly demanded the youth. "You have seen me in a wrestle, Fred, dash my antagonist to the earth? Thus will I dash the supplanter of your family to the ground—aye, and stamp the life out of the villain, if he provokes me much more," said the boy fiercely.

"There was something almost ferocious in Walter Templar's love and instincts of protection towards Fred, who was to him as a younger orphan brother left to an elder brother possessing power and a large inheritance. Walter had grown to arrogate a sort of a superior right even to Fred to battle for the De Lacys, just as though he really had been the elder brother. Indeed, the boy had come to the conclusion that, if anything, he possessed a higher right than even his uncle to act where his friend was concerned. He had held an argument with his uncle upon this point, to prove that between him and Fred's father, Sir Richard stood first, but between Walter Templar, the nephew of the father's friend, and Fred, the son of the uncle's friend, Walter Templar stood first. 'Twas the claim and argument of friendship. To Sir Richard of course it was all powerful, and he approvingly gave up the point to his nephew.

"But what do you propose to do, Walter?" asked the young De Lacy, as the groom of the "Coach and Horses" saddled a pair of beautiful steeds, which, as usual with him in everything, he had "forced" from the landlord at a handsome price that could not be resisted.

"What do you propose, Walter? For the life of me I cannot imagine. What is it you can do?"

"I shall not tell you!"

"Now, that is unkind."

"No, Fred."

"Why wont you tell me?"

"Because you will oppose it."

"Will Sir Richard oppose it, Walter?"

"Most likely."

"Then you ought not to do it."

"There, you see, I was not unkind, but only right in not telling you; for you are opposing without knowing. In this I will have my own way. So, to horse, Fred, and for Courtney House."

Fred mounted, laughingly observing: "As if Walter Templar did not always have his own way."

CHAPTER IV.

CHECKMATED.

On the morning after the impetuous boy, Walter Templar, with young Lord Frederick, so abruptly left the Academy of the Reverend Dr. Horn, and started for Courtney house, Sir Richard was closeted with lawyer Wortly, the agent of Sir Herbert.

"My dear Sir Richard, you must acknowledge the terms are most generous. Well, well, I see you don't like the phrase: say in a business point of view, most liberal. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds as the bonus! Positively a gift. Now, my dear Sir Richard, I did not say it was more than an act of moral justice to the De Lacys."

"Lawyer Wortley, I beg you to remember that I understand the matter thoroughly," somewhat haughtily replied Sir Richard. "It is the necessity," he continued, "that we have to consider."

"Yes, yes; just so, Sir Richard. I thought you would see it in that light. Nothing could be clearer. You acknowledge the necessity, Sir Richard?"

"I observed, lawyer Wortley, that we had to consider the necessity of the transfer of the De Lacy estate, with full ownership, to Sir Herbert Blakely. I will not condescend to treat the matter in view of the means by which the Blakelys obtained their present advantage, and will grant that if the estates must be sold, I would not, from my antipathy to the purchaser, deprive young Lord Frederick of so handsome a sum as you offer.

"Quite a fortune, Sir Richard, is it not? Of course no other purchaser would give it. The estates are mortgaged to their full value," put in the lawyer, urging the issue, for upon his success was placed a handsome fee.

The servant brought in the morning letters which for a moment interrupted business between Sir Richard and the lawyer. Courtney had been trying to negotiate the transfer of the estates into the hands of his own bankers. One of the letters brought was the answer from the firm stating that the company would be most happy to oblige Sir Richard; they had no doubt of its being a good investment, etc.; but could not, just at that moment, invest in the matter so large a sum. Such was the pith of the answer. The Baronet had tried, he considered, his last resource to save the estates of his dead friend.

"Well, Wortley," he said sadly, "you have us at an advantage; and I cannot clearly see an alternative."

"You accept the handsome offer, Sir Richard?" the lawyer asked eagerly. "I am very glad we have come to so amicable an understanding."

"Sir Richard Courtney will reject the offer of Sir Herbert Blakely!" And the boy Walter Templar, who had heard the last remark of his uncle and the lawyer, strode proudly into the room.

"Good heavens! How very improper! Oh, yes, I see! Young Lord Frederick, of course! Yes, yes, quite excusable, my dear Sir Richard!" interjected the lawyer, bewildered by astonishment at the strong and haughty manner and speech of the boy.

For a moment Sir Richard frowned upon his nephew, but it gave place to a smile of approbation and welcome. He understood the character of Walter, and knew that his presuming to answer for him had not the most distant meaning of presumption or disrespect for himself, whom the impetuous boy venerated as a father. It was only a strong illustration of the strong forceful nature of Walter, who, like a volcano, threw out his lava-tide without even anger against that which it consumed. Its internal force gave the fury of the external expression. According to its nature, the majestic lion is gentle when it roars: and the voice of thunder is a soft voice of the mighty universe when it shakes the vaults of heaven.

Sir Richard had himself implanted in the mind of his nephew the strong love which the boy entertained for the orphan son of his dead friend; and the most pleasing view which the noble baronet took was in contemplating in the person of his nephew and young Lord Frederick, what might be termed a metempsychosis of the friendship which had a pre-embodiment in himself and the beloved friend of his youth. In the great souled friendship which had grown up between his nephew and the orphan Fred, Sir Richard Courtney lived in the past again; and, in the link of their substantiality, he could grasp the hand of his dead friend—his more than brother. This gave Courtney more satisfaction than anything in life, and though he doubtless would have been offended had his nephew presumed to answer for him in any other matter, in the De Lacy case no expression which friendship gave could be too strong, and as he looked upon Walter where Fred was concerned, as the representative of what he had been to Fred's father, Walter answering for him, in his mind, was not unbecoming. It was simply abrupt and unexpected.

"My dear Walter, how could you arrive so soon? You could not have received my letter until last evening. But welcome, my dear boy, most heartily welcomed" and Sir Richard shook the hand of his nephew with much satisfaction, evidently relieved by his presence. He had not the slightest idea, however, that the coming of Walter would make any material change; but, at such a time, the presence of his nephew was in harmony with the circumstances.

"You are surprised, uncle, to see us so soon. Fred accompanied me."

"Well, not exactly surprised, Walter, at anything from you. But when did you start?"

"The same hour we received your letter, We came horseback."

"Did not Dr. Horn object to your journey?"

"We did not ask him to object, replied the boy, naively, at which Sir Richard smiled, but observed:

"That was very wrong, Walter."

"We should have been too late, uncle."

"That is true, my boy, and although it does seem improper, I cannot scold you for the offence."

"At least it has saved you, uncle, from breaking off a partial engagement."

"I fear not, Walter; but where is Fred?"

"With my mother and cousins. I prevented him from coming with me to you, until we had concluded business with Sir Herbert's agent.

"Why did you this? Lord Frederick should be here."

"He would have opposed me, uncle; and I will have my own way in this matter," the boy said, strongly, and then continued smiling:

"It will be quite enough to have you on the opposition side of the house."

In the meantime, lawyer Wortley had been indulging in moral lessons of spoiled and wilful boys, and concluded that Courtney's nephew was the most objectionable of that type of any he had ever met.

"This is my nephew and ward, Sir Walter Templar; Mr. Wortley, Walter."

"Indeed," dryly observed the legal gentleman; "I thought it had been young Lord Frederick."

"You are surprised, I perceive, that my nephew should have answered for me; but Sir Walter is a privileged individual in the cause of his young friend. Excuse his impetuosity. He has an intolerable objection to the estates passing from Lord Frederick. I own I have the same."

"They shall not pass from him, uncle," said the boy, as one immovable, who held the power to prevent.

"My dear youth I think—yes, I really must say that I think—" Wortley tried to express his astonishment and reproof, but feared to offend Sir Richard.

"I do not see, Walter, how we can prevent the transfer of the estates."

"But I do, uncle. You wrote to me a month ago that you had received offers from the Cornwal Mining Company for the purchase of the Templar mines in Cornwall."

"Yes, Walter. You know your father refused their offer before, and of course I did the same."

"I have resolved to sell those mines, uncle, and invest the capital in clearing the DeLacy estate of this detested mortgage."

Lawyer Wortley looked extremely serious, and began to think that Sir Walter was something more than a spoiled, self-willed boy. He was discovering that he was a character to be feared in the case.

"No, no, Walter; I cannot allow your sacrifice, even to save the estate of my dear friend," observed the uncle. "Those mines are the most valuable part of your inheritance. They are a princely fortune in themselves. Your father exhausted the bulk of the income of his life to work them, and it is only now that they are beginning to yield the returns. I have no doubt that they will give you a revenue of a hundred thousand per year."

Lawyer Wortley breathed again. He hoped Sir Richard would not permit the sacrifice.

"So much the better, uncle. They will yield the more, now," urged the boy.

"It must not be, Walter."

"The sale will enable you to clear the estates, and have a large amount of capital on hand for some other investment. Then you know it will cut off but little of the Templar lands," persisted his nephew.

"But that will be the most valuable part, Walter. I know your father would not have allowed it, and I dare not, my dear boy."

"But my father left those mines to his son, and that son has determined to sell them," answered Walter, strongly.

"Were you of age, Walter, of course I could not object," said Sir Richard, half disposed to give up the point, yet daring not to make the sacrifice.

"Imagine, then, that I am of age, uncle."

"But you are not, my dear boy."

"Do you think I should act differently, Sir Richard?"

"No, Walter."

"I fear, uncle, I should reproach you when I am of age, if you allow the estates of Lord Frederick to pass into the hands of the spoiler."

"I should not deserve it, Walter," said Sir Richard, much pained, but not offended with his nephew for his strong effort to save his dead friend's estates.

"Forgive me, uncle. I know you would not deserve it; but you will let me have my own way in this," he continued pleading. "Just imagine the case thus, uncle: Sir Walter Templar, being twenty-one years of age, authorizes Sir Richard Courtney to sell his mines in Cornwall."

"Well, my dear Walter, you have prevailed, and I fear much because I am on the same side. If the affair cannot be compromised, I will accept the offer of the Cornwall Mining Company."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, dear uncle," and Walter Templar felt a nobler triumph than that of a conqueror of an empire—it was a triumph of friendship, richer from the sacrifice proposed.

Oh that the world could but remain young, with all youth's generous impulses and self-sacrifice for love, friendship, or a noble cause! Age is a disappointed alchemist, who transmutes much of the gold of human nature into baser metal. Well, it cannot be otherwise. The fall of man must be individualized and perpetuated in every age, to those who travel far towards the measured three score years and ten of man's life, for therein is the greater exaltation of the whole. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil." The metaphysical Shakspeare thus declared the subtle truth of the universe, which tells to us why evil is.

"You perceive, lawyer Wortley, how the case has shaped itself," observed the baronet to the agent of Sir Herbert.

"Yes, Sir Richard, very much surprised. I may say very much surprised. Very singular, indeed."

In the confusion of his ideas, the lawyer scarcely knew what he said, and had not clearly understood what Courtney had observed. He distinctly appreciated, however, that the issue which the boy Walter had shaped would cost him the loss of his best client, for Blakely would throw all the blame on his shoulders, as a lawyer, and he was trying to arrange his ideas for the next move, when Sir Richard addressed him:

"My nephew, my dear sir, wishes me to sell the Templar Mines in Cornwall, and invest his capital in clearing the DeLacy estate."

"But, my dear Sir Richard, you know my client has not instructed me to negotiate the matter."

"Let us deal plainly with each other, sir," continued the baronet. "I think your client has no desire to have the mortgage cleared off, for the revenue of the estates gives him too handsome a fortune."

"I believe I may admit your point, Sir Richard," conceded the lawyer.

"On the other hand, I will admit that it is not my wish to consent to the sacrifice proposed by my nephew."

"Very right, Sir Richard. Decidedly too great a sacrifice to be seriously entertained," put in the agent, eagerly.

"Yet I have determined to entertain the sacrifice seriously, rather than allow the estates of Sir Frederick to pass out of his hands. We must compromise the matter, by Sir Herbert returning to his old ground, as the mortgagee, or I will sell the Templar Mines, and act as my nephew has proposed. You have, sir, our decision; and it now remains for Sir Herbert to make his."

The lawyer was most anxious to close the matter upon these terms, for it left him the advantage of having lost nothing, and his client still retained his hold as the mortgagee.

Sir Herbert and his lawyer had not, hitherto, deemed even the existence of young Sir Walter Templar worthy a moment's consideration. They had only known that his father died a year before, thus giving them the opportunity of pressing upon Sir Richard, unsupported by his rich brother-in-law; but they dreamt not that in the nephew of Courtney, and heir and only son of Sir Edmund, there had arisen the greatest guard of the DeLacy house. Thus had the offered sacrifice of the boy saved his friend's estates. Isaac is not the only sacrifice accepted unconsumed. Often, by laying ourselves upon the altar, do we call down the word of promise! We save by offered sacrifice that which we should lose by withholding!

Lawyer Wortley was taking leave of Sir Richard, and expressing admiration—a lawyer's admiration of the boy who checkmated him—when the impulsive youth again surprised him with—

"Tell your master, lawyer Wortley—"

"My client, my good youth—dear me, what a very singular young man, Sir Richard."

"Tell your client," continued the boy, "that if he ever attempts to take advantage of my friend again, it shall be for the last time. Tell him to look upon Walter Templar as the elder brother of Lord Frederick. Tell him that a day of reckoning will come! When Sir Walter Templar is a man he will meet Sir Herbert Blakely, and exact recompense for the DeLacys!"

The boy delivered himself fiercely, in anticipation of that day of reckoning. Walter Templar's character was strength and an embodiment of volcanic force, and in battling against the supplanter of the DeLacys, his friendship will be ferocious to the enemy. We justify him not, but take him as he is.

CHAPTER V.

SIR HERBERT IN HIS DEN.

Sir Herbert Blakely was sitting in his "den," in the old castle of the DeLacys, awaiting the arrival of his lawyer, whom he expected that evening. Not that his "den" was by any means an uncomfortable one; for the apartment was commodious and luxuriously inviting, just suited for a gentleman's retreat. It was reached by a private avenue, which ingeniously concealed a secret entrance to the castle, the avenue being in fact a well contrived labyrinth of fir trees. A small oaken door, which opened with a strong secret spring, concealed a flight of stone stairs, leading to a lofty corridor, which communicated with a suite of luxurious apartments. This part of the castle had no public

connection with the main building, but could be entered by spring panels in the family portrait gallery, known only to the master and as many as he chose to entrust the secret entrance to. This wing of the castle was built by a recluse of the DeLacy family, but since it came into the hands of Sir Herbert Blakely, it had been appropriated for purposes suited to the character of its owner. Villainy, dissipation, and the ruin of many a fair one, that secret suite of luxurious apartments was familiar with, during the reign of Sir Herbert Blakely over the DeLacy domains. The room in which Sir Herbert awaited the arrival of lawyer Wortley had been named by Snap, the valet, as Sir Herbert's "den."

"So, so!" exclaimed Blakely, after again reading his lawyer's letter, which he could not exactly make out, yet which on the whole appeared exceedingly satisfactory. "So, so," he repeated, as he drank the last glass of his second bottle, for he drank deeply, "Courtney acknowledges the necessity of closing with my offer. He owns the necessity at last, does he? By heaven! Wortley your letter brings to my revenge a cup of nectar. How the haughty Courtney must have been tortured by this necessity, my cunning little limb of the law, before he acknowledged it to you. By all that's wicked, I never could make out the friendship of those two men, whom I most hated. Either one of them would have beggared himself for the other. Ha! ha! but Courtney without Sir Edmund Templar could not save the DeLacy inheritance, even by beggaring himself. By my favorite Bacchus, my jolly deity of this sparkling nectar, my revenge on Courtney is almost as sweet as my triumph over him who disgraced me at Eaton. Curse them both!"

Sir Herbert broke his third bottle of wine, as he soliloquised. His curse upon the dead Lord Frederick strongly showed his low, vindictive spirit, and how deeply still rankled in his memory his defeat at school.

"By the fiend, Wortley is a laggard. He should have been here by this. I almost wish I had forced the sale of the estates, without the offer of the hundred and fifty thousand. My father —my politic sire, who was a match for most men, was a fool in the DeLacy affair—a Quixotic fool ever to offer the bonus. My cup is too sweetly mixed for the DeLacy lips, and not sweet enough for mine. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Why, the Norman beggar will possess a handsome fortune, and of my giving. I shall have transformed the beggar into a rich man. Am I not forgiving? Am I not kind to half rebuild the DeLacy ruins? By Satan! I half repent my offer. Where can that tardy villain of a lawyer be?"

He rang the bell furiously, which communicated with another of the secret apartments of the castle. In a moment his valet appeared.

"Snap, you villainous, ugly-visaged rascal, hasn't that infernal lawyer arrived? Your father gave you a phiz, Snap, which would have brought any honest man's son to the gallows before now. I never saw such a hang-gallows face as yours in my life, Snap. Has not that infernal Wortley arrived, I say. I swear, Snap, I think you have only escaped hanging by being more villainous looking than either the hangman or his gallows."

"You flatter me, Sir Herbert," meekly replied his valet, who seemed to receive his master's words rather as a compliment than as an offence.

"I compliment you. Well, that's rich. You are such a genuine rascal, Snap, that I believe I almost admire you. You would say your prayers before committing a murder, and return thanks after you had got through the job."

"You flatter me, Sir Herbert," again meekly came from the admirable Snap.

"Upon my soul, I believe I do. You have so much of Beelzebub in your composition that you take it as a compliment to be told so. I believe you would never forgive a master who did not appreciate your excellent qualities for villainy."

"I never should, Sir Herbert," the valet replied, much more emphatically than he was in the habit of speaking.

In fact, Snap was a study. His master's portraiture of his character, provoked by his impatience for the arrival of lawyer Wortley, was correct. Sir Herbert did not paint him from a metaphysical intuition of character, but from matter-of-fact and his practical knowledge of the man. Snap was a most genuine villain, and as villainous looking as his master had described him. He never could have been genuine in anything but villainy, and in that, to beg a strong touch, he was most conscientious.

His master often required his services. He will need him in the future and we shall meet him again.

Snap was retiring from the presence of his master with his peculiar, slow, soft step, which would suggest to one the fancy that he was just the very man to "put salt on the bird's tail" to catch it. Sir Herbert had often admired the insinuating mannerism and soft movements of his valet, who seemed so very tender lest he frightened the air through which he moved. He never startled his prey as he approached it, and in spite of his villainous face, the rogue had much fascinating power. But his soft, slow retreat was now out of time with his master's irritation.

"Snap, you unmannerly scoundrel!"

"Yes, Sir Herbert."

"Who dismissed you, sir?"

"I imagined your silence, after you addressed me, expressed your wish."

"Who gave you the right to imagine my wish, you presumptuous rogue?"

"You, Sir Herbert, both to anticipate your wish and execute it."

"Well, well, Snap; but you provoked me with that slow, soft way of yours, when I am on wires of impatience for the arrival of that villain of a lawyer."

"You have often commended that slow, soft manner, Sir Herbert."

"There you are again. Curse you and Wortley both, you weazen-faced rascals. You would have made capital twins. Ever as slow and slimy as snails, and always meeting obstacles."

"I generally surmount mine, Sir Herbert," said the rascal, with a quiet chuckle of self-satisfaction.

"That's true, Snap. But, like the lawyer, you go such an infernally round-about way."

"I have ever found it the only way when the path is crooked. Are you not too impatient with lawyer Wortley? He was to arrive at eight. By the clock there, Sir Herbert, you may perceive it lacks just a quarter to eight."

"Well, well; I acknowledge you are right, as usual, you cunning, observant rogue."

"Hark! there is the signal of the lawyer's arrival."

"I did not hear it."

"I am certain the bell rung in my room, Sir Herbert. There again, and this time impatiently. 'Tis a cold, wet night, and even Wortley is impatient."

"Let him in directly, Snap. Don't allow him to enter your room. I know Wortley; he would dry himself, wheedle you for a glass of brandy, and come to me in a quarter of an hour sleek and prepared, like a true lawyer, with his notes arranged. Bring him at once Snap, though he should be drenched to the skin like a rat."

THE GRECIAN BEND.

BY LYDIA A VERY.

Let's have the old bend, and not have the new;
Let's have the bend that our grandmother's knew;
Over the washboard and over the churn—
That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew;
Over the cradle, like good mothers, true;
Over the table, (the family 'round,)
Reading the Good Book, 'mid silence profound.

Let's have the bend that at church they did wear—
Bowing them lowly in meek, humble prayer;
Not sitting erect with the modern-miss air—
With the "love of a bonnet" just perched on one hair.

Leave the camel his hump—he wears it for use;
Leave the donkey his pannier—and cut yourselves loose
From fashions that lower, deform and degrade,
To hide some deformity most of them made.

Let your heads of false hair and hot yarn skeins be shown;
Let your garments be easy and light to be worn;
Don't shake in December and swelter in June,
And appear like unfortunates struck by the moon.

Let's spend the time in things higher than dress—
Time that was given us to aid and to bless;
Time that is fleeting and passes away;
Oh! let us work while we call it to-day.

Let's have the old bend instead of the new;
Let's have the old hearts, so faithful and true!
Away with all fashions that lower and degrade—
To hide some deformity most of them made!

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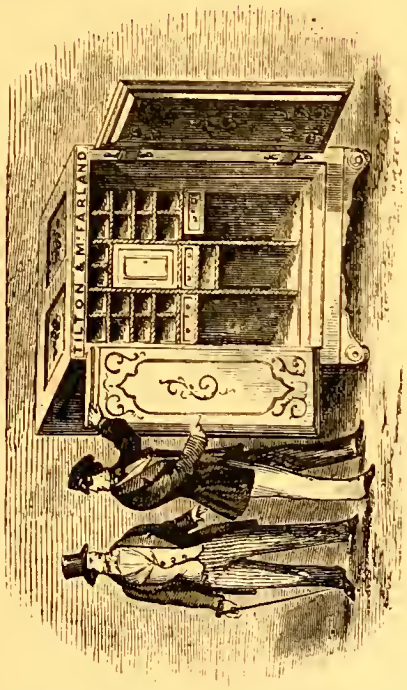

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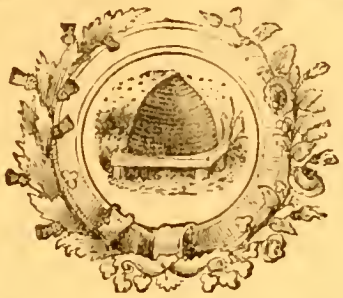

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"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR."

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'—
When at dawn I meet her,
As by the garden wall she stands,
And gives me flowers across the wall,
My heart goes out to kiss her hands—
—Are hands or flowers the sweeter?—
I'm ready at her feet to fall,
Or like a clown to labor!
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor."

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'—
When at dawn I meet him,
As by the garden wall he stands,
And takes my flowers across the wall,
My soul's already in his hands—
It flew so fast to greet him!
And oh, I grow so proud and tall,
And my heart beats like a tabor!—
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor."

VILLAGE ROSES AND THORNS.

The village of Auray-le-Clocher was situated on the side of a hill, basking in sunshine. At the back, up to the summit, and rolling down the other slope, and up and down again for miles and miles of hill and valley, spread vast woods, which kept from Auray all bitter winds; while below it, the ground ran down gently to a broad and fertile vale, watered by a little river; here showing itself in glittering silver, there marking its course by rows of poplars and willows, and by mills, with a few cottages clustered about them. At the entrance of the single, rough-paved village street, guiltless of trottoirs, and with a gutter in the middle, stood the church, and enclosed with it, the presbytère and its ample garden.

Up and down, in the shade, beside the gurgling brook, the cure paced, reading in his breviary one of the portions allotted for daily perusal. He was an old man, but tall, upright, hale, and hearty, and his firm equal step betokened none of the infirmities of age. A tranquil, temperate, simple life had maintained in prolonged vigor a naturally strong frame and constitution; and a frank, kindly, though not very intellectual countenance, fresh-colored, and but little lined, seemed indicative of that most enviable temperament that "takes the goods the gods provide" with cheerful thankfulness, and that troubles itself but little without serious and real cause for so doing.

His reading finished, the curé looked at his watch, and found dinner-time drew near; so he turned his steps, nowise reluctantly, towards the house, pausing here and there in his progress up the sanded alley to pick the blight off some pet rose-trees, (he was a great amateur of roses,) to disencumber it of fading blossoms, or to gather some particularly beautiful specimen, to stand in a wine-glass on the top of the organ, that he might enjoy its loveliness and perfume while he played.

Clattering about in sabots, on the pavement in front of the house, was little Claude, the nephew of Jeanne, the cure's servant.

"I say, little one," said the good man, "tell thy aunt to make haste with dinner. I'm as hungry as a wolf; run, or I shall eat thee!"

The child laughed, and clumped into the kitchen with his message, while M. Leroy proceeded up-stairs to his sitting-room, and, to expedite matters, drew the table into its place, and out of the corner cupboard extracted his bottle of vin ordinaire, wretched thin stuff, a tumbler, a coarse, plain linen tablecloth, and a napkin to match, rolled within its ivory ring, on which an inscription hospitably wished the user "Good appetite."

While occupied in these arrangements, a back door, leading to the other rooms, above and below, opened, and Jeanne made her appearance to lay the cloth.

"Par example, M. le Cure!" was her exclamation, when she saw how her master was employed; and taking the things from his hands, she began to perform her service. She was a good-looking woman of about four or five and twenty, but, like nearly all French peasants, appeared some years older. Her features were regular, with the exception of a somewhat coarse mouth; her dark eyes were fine, and surmounted by well-marked brows, and her complexion was of a rich warm brown, with a good deal of color. Altogether, a handsome specimen of her class, but with a taciturn gravity of countenance and demeanor somewhat unusual to it.

The cure sat down in his arm-chair, with a book, while Jeanne brushed round the table and about the room. It was evident his reading occupied little of his attention; for, whenever he could direct it unobserved to the servant he did so, and finally, when she left the room, he flung down the volume, murmuring, with an expression of profound concern,

"The poor girl! the unhappy!" and remaining absorbed

in evidently painful reflections till the sound of her by no no means light step on the stairs aroused him.

But it must have been no common grief that could materially affect the curé's appetite, and when Jeanne had produced, in one course, the whole of the dinner, consisting of the usual soup and bouilli, a salad, a dish of potatoes cooked in butter, and a dish of the light-red pine-apple strawberries, of which whole fields are grown wherever the vicinity of a town of any size affords a market for them, M. Leroy fell-to with a hearty good will and made very short work of the repast. Then he sat down in the arm-chair, and quietly composed himself to his post-prandial nap, while the roses nodded outside the window at him, and a blackbird, from the grove below, sang thanks to him for the ruddy cherries to which he and his young family were made welcome.

Jeanne's and Claude's dinner followed that of the master, the meal concluded, the former filled a little basket with eggs, and gave it to the boy.

"Go, my child," she said, "with this to Madame Morel; say Monsieur le Curé sends them with many compliments. Then go on to the Croix-Blanche, and ask, from Monsieur le Curé, how Madame Leroux and her daughter are, and, coming back, you may call at Uncle Jacques', and say to Pierette I wish she would come down the first day this week she can get out. Go, and don't break the eggs, and bring back the basket. Mind."

On the ground floor (you entered the premises by the garden, there being no door on the street, which there was bounded by the side-wall of the house and the wall of the garden) a large kitchen and wash-house, a sort of storeroom, and a particularly gloomy stone-floored sitting-room, almost entirely bare of furniture, opened, with window-doors on the paved space that lay in front of the house, and divided it from the garden. Above was the salon, habitually occupied by the curé.

In front of the house a few orange and pomegranate trees stood in cases, once painted green, but now with the color peeling off, and in but sorry condition. Beyond, came the garden—squares of vegetables, bordered with flowers; then a tonnelle, or trellised arbour, clothed with vine, the delicious chasselas, or sweet-water grape, commonly grown in French gardens; and still further down the slope of the hill, a little nook, closely sheltered with some fine chesnut, poplar, and locust trees, and watered by a tiny stream, that found its way into the enclosure by one little opening at the bottom of the pailings, and out by a similar gap at the opposite side. To the left lay a poultry-yard, with pigeon-house above and rabbit hutches below the hen's dormitory; at the same side, a screen of poplars only divided the curé's territory from the back of the church, where stood the little postern that admitted him at all times within the sacred walls.

Jeanne watched at the door till the boy had passed through and latched the garden-gate. Then she returned to the kitchen, took a large key down from a nail where it hung beside the projecting chimney, and once more looking out and all around, she re-entered and proceeded through the long dark tortuous passages to the room that formed the last of the straggling series, unlocked the door, and entered.

It was a small gloomy lumber room. In one corner the long-collected dust had been swept from the floor, where was spread some fresh straw, and on it, rolled up, a mattress and some bedding. After listening intently for a minute, Jeanne, satisfied by the silence, pulled down a broken-legged chair and a ragged rug that were placed on the top of a box in the obscurest part of the room, and, from within it, drew a bundle tied up in an old colored handkerchief. Opening this carefully, several articles of baby's clothing, some complete, some in progress, all of the commonest description, but carefully made and clean, were disclosed, and Jeanne, taking working materials from her pocket, began stitching away at an unfinished frock with feverish rapidity, still pausing now and then, with that look of intense anxiety, to listen.

For more than an hour she worked undisturbed; then, as if fearing to remain longer away from her usual employments, she, putting into her pocket a half-finished cap, which might be worked at in any stray moments, tied up the bundle, restored it to the box, and again covered the latter with the rug and chair, as before. Then carefully locking the door behind her, she returned to the kitchen.

She did so just in time; for, while she was putting together the brands that, during her absence, had burnt through in the middle, and, falling outwards, become scattered and nearly extinguished, an old crone, half-beggar, half-peasant, and commonly reported witch, tottered into the kitchen. Standing just within the threshold, her knotted, claw-like hands crossed on the top of her staff, she gave Jenne a bon jour, and there remained, contemplating the girl, with a grin intolerable to be borne.

"Sit down, Mère Gausset," Jeanne said, crossing herself in secret, as she turned to place a chair for the unwelcome guest. "Sit down; the warm weather's come at last; that ought to agree with your rheumatism."

"Eh, eh, well enough. How is Monsieur le Curé?—and yourself?" suddenly, and with a scrutinizing look.

"Monsieur's well; and I, I'm always well."

"So much the better, so much the better, my girl; ready to dance at the wedding on Thursday? Ah, it'll be a fine wedding."

So deadly a whiteness overspread the girl's face, that she turned from the hag to conceal it, as she replied,

"So I hear."

"Well, you'll see it, no doubt, that'll be better. Eugène Landry and you were great friends last year, I remember; everybody said you were going to be married. But, alas! when a girl's got nothing, lovers are shy, and they say Mélie Prunier has not only a good dowry, but will have old Louis Prunier's savings. Oh, it's a fine marriage for Eugène."

"A fine marriage," Jeanne repeated mechanically. Happily, at that moment, the curés voice calling her, released her for the instant from her torture, and when she had performed the service for which she had been summoned, she lingered about up-stairs till the old woman, tired of waiting, took her departure.

At night, Jeanne went, solitary and sad, to her bed: in the morning, when she went about her work, she left an infant sleeping in it. What she had gone through that night, none but God and her own poor heart could tell.

"Jeanne! how dreadfully ill you look, my girl!" the curé said, when he entered the kitchen. "What is the matter?"

"I am not very well," she replied. "I was ill in the night, and had bad dreams; but I am much better now, monsieur; it's nothing—it will soon pass away."

M. Leroy paused, hesitated, sighed; he would fain have sought her confidence, fain have reassured him as to the suspicions that, never occuring to himself, had lately been suggested by village gossip. But Jeanne went to and fro, bestirring herself in a way to make any such opportunity difficult, and with a slow step and anxious mind, the curé went out to tend his roses.

Through the next three and four days the subject still haunted him, but by degrees less painfully and at longer

intervals. Jeanne seemed getting well again, and was, he fancied, less preöccupied, less oppressed with some hidden care than, despite all her efforts to conceal the fact, she had lately been. He had had some knowledge of Eugène Landry's former attachment to her, and he now began to think that it was Eugène's faithlessness alone that had so weighed upon her mind.

On the sixth day from the wedding Jeanne came to him with a troubled face. Her mother was alarmingly ill; she had had a letter from a neighbor, entreating that, if the curé could spare her, she would lose no time in coming to her. M. Leroy scanned the face before him—a face whose color went and came, and whose set mouth and desperately beseeching eyes told all that hung on his reply. He could not keep her in that agony of suspense; he could not, by the hint, even of a perhaps unmerited suspicion, further torture her; so he consented.

It was a distance of nearly five leagues to Montrouge, the village where Jeanne's mother resided, and there being only chance communications between it and Auray-le-Clocher, she had no means of getting there except on foot. She was yet far from strong, and the weather was hot; but, on the mission on which she was going, solitude was wholly indispensable, and this she could only secure by walking.

She had arranged with her cousin Pierrette to take her place in the curé's household during her absence; and now all things were prepared for her departure, which was to take place before even the early June dawn, that she might get beyond the risk of recognition while Auray and its neighborhood was yet buried in sleep.

Strange, terrible, and yet crossed with gleams of stormy sunshine, had been the experience of those last few days to Jeanne. Happily her child was a quiet and a healthy one, and passed most of the hours of its first days in sleep. Still what agonies of vigilance lest its occasional cries should be heard, lest the frequency of her visits to its hiding-place should be noticed, lest Claude should, at any time, track her there unawares! Yet, with all this, the passionate love she had for the infant; the ecstasies of maternal pride and tenderness that not all the shame, and terror, and suffering of her situation could smother, gave her moments she would have purchased at almost any price; and though the child's removal would put an end to this perpetual state of anxious terror, she yet dreaded the separation almost as much as she desired the relief.

She had not confided her secret to any one; though she had been forced tacitly to admit the truth to her cousin Pierrette, who suspected it, but who, after a few leading questions, had, in pity, forborne to inquire further, and who did not come to take her place till some hours after her departure.

Before daylight, Jeanne, with her precious burden sleeping in her arms, and a basket containing the child's clothes and some little provision for the journey, stole out of the presbytère, and through the garden wicket, into the sleeping village, whose length she had to traverse before gaining the road to Montrouge.

The moon had set, and though some stars still twinkled, the night was densely dark. Trembling, listening, seeking to penetrate the obscurity, she paused an instant before the church to assure herself she was unobserved, ere she fairly started on her way. At first all was dead silence; then she fancied she heard—fancied she saw—something, that had been crouching by the white wall of the garden, near the gate, stir and rise slowly. Like a deer that suddenly scents its pursuers, she turned and fled, finding her way through the dark street and over the round sharp stones rather by instinct than sight, stopping not till the rapidity of her course had so exhausted her breath that she was forced to pause to regain it.

By this time she was well out in the open country, and the dim line of the white road just sufficiently visible to her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, to secure her against the danger of losing her way. Then she began to feel a little reassured, and to try to reason away her late panic: it might have been fancy altogether, the effect of an over-tired brain; or, as the impression had been so strong that she could not quite overcome it by any attempts to refuse the evidence of her senses, she persuaded herself that what she could not deny she had seen and heard was a dog, goat, or other animal, that her footsteps had disturbed. So probable, indeed, did this solution appear, that, her reason having nothing to suggest to contradict it, she was fain to reassure herself with such explanation, and, turning her thoughts as well as steps forward, she began once more to rehearse the dreaded scene of confession to her mother, who was utterly ignorant of the events that were so suddenly to be brought before her, and whose alleged illness had been, of course, merely a pretext to make this escape.

By the time that the June morning was in its waking flush, Jeanne had got so far on her way, without immediately encountering any one, that she now began to feel there was comparatively little risk of detection. Still, she said to herself, she must yet push on, and not think of wasting a moment of the so precious morning hours. But, ere she had got much further on her way, she began to feel that she was not in a condition to travel either very fast or very far, and she reflected that it would be better to husband her strength before fatigue overcame it, than to put it all forth at once, and perhaps unfit herself for the completion of her journey.

There was, she knew, not much further on, a little wood, and she now resolved that there should end her first stage. She could find shelter, rest, and concealment among the trees, without going far from the road, and this repose, with some food, would, she hoped, quite recruit her to continue her journey by two or three easy stages, if she found she could not make the rest of it in one. So she walked on bravely, keeping a look-out for the little wood.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought her on a party of men, women and children, half gipsies, half strollers, seated in a green spot by the highway, around their fire. One or two of them looked at her as she passed, but took no further notice, and she continued her way till some hundred yards further on, she perceived, sitting at the foot of a tree, a woman whose general appearance seemed to mark her as one of the party she had just left behind, but whose attitude of grief, her body crouched together, her head bowed down on her hands, might sufficiently account for her thus isolating herself from the rest.

Hearing a footstep, she looked up, and showed a dark face, still young, but marked with an expression of despair so intense, so hopeless, and at the same time, so sullen, that Jeanne's quiet sense of compassion for her was tinged with a touch of fear, and she instinctively shrank from the long, fixed gaze with which the woman followed her. After she had passed, she looked back, and perceiving that she was still the object of the same uncomfortable scrutiny, a thousand vague anxieties assailed her.

She tried to recall the face, to remember where and how she could ever have seen it before; but her memory entirely failed to bring before her any previous association with it, and fancying that the woman must have been deceived by some mistaken identity, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind. Shortly after, coming within sight of the wood where she proposed to rest, the sense of approaching relief turned her thoughts into another channel.

Turning from the road, she soon found a spot that seemed perfectly suited to her purpose: a couch of thick moss, hidden from the highway, not alone by the intervening trees, but by a bank, overshadowed by a great gnarled and hollow oak, and further cooled and freshened by the flow of a little brook. Here she sat down, bathed her hot and dusty face and hands, and having eaten some of the food she had brought with her, and nursed her child, she settled herself for repose. With the murmur of the brook and the faint regular respiration of her infant in her ears, the soft green light, with here and there a little spot of blue heaven, or a white sailing cloud passing before her upturned face, in her eyes, the sense of all outward things became confounded, and she fell into the first really profound and dreamless sleep she had known for many weeks.

Then there came, stealing along with cat-like footfall and suspended breath, parting, with strong but cautious hand, the flexile branches, stopping by moments to look and listen, then creeping on again, the woman with the terrible face; far more terrible now from the feline intensity of greedy purpose stamped in every line of it. A few more long, lithe, crawling steps brought her beside the mother and child.

Noiselessly she stooped over them, pausing and gazing, never for an instant relenting in her purpose, but studying the best means to execute it. The child lay clasped in the fold of the mother's arm, and now to withdraw it without disturbing her was at once the woman's desire and difficulty. Plucking a stem of feather-grass, she, with its fringed tip, touched the back of Jeanne's hand, ready to drop and crouch behind her, so that should the sleeper be so far disturbed as to open her eyes, her tormentor might not be visible. But, as the latter guessed, her sleep was too profound for this, and she merely twitched her hand, and then, on a repetition of the application, threw out the arm on the ground beside her, leaving the infant exposed.

In a second it was in the dark woman's grasp, and she was up and away, one arm clasping it close to her breast, the other hand ready to lay on its mother and still its cries, if it should attempt to utter any; but it only started and murmured in its sleep, and was quiet again.

The woman sped on without pausing an instant till she came to a spot in the wood, removed a considerable distance from where Jeanne lay, but still only on the border, her course having been nearly parallel to the high road, though not visible from it. Here she paused, and kneeling by a little spot where the ground had been newly disturbed, though a careful covering of moss and dead leaves almost concealed the part, she bent, and, kissing the sod, murmured:

"Adieu, little angel; le bon Dieu has given me one to replace thee!" Then, rising, she once more sped onward, and was soon out of sight.

It was past mid-day when Jeanne awoke, with a terrible dream of the dark woman.

She knew, the instant she found her child gone, what had become of it; but that was small guide, nor greater comfort. Wild and desperate, all thought but that of recovering the baby left her; she cared not who might recognise her, who might know her disgrace; could proclaiming it in the streets of Auray have brought back what she had lost, willingly would she have paid such a price for its restoration. But what to do now? how to trace the woman? In the horrible shock and confusion of her senses, no definite plan at first presented itself; but when, by a violent and determined effort, she collected them, she saw the only chance was for her to retrace her steps to where the strollers had been assembled, and endeavor from them to obtain some clue.

Turning backward, then, she rapidly traversed the ground she had so wearily trodden some hours before. A wayfarer, plodding through the dust, paused to look after the distracted woman, and a little boy herding goats by the wayside crossed himself with mingled fear and pity.

She came at last to the spot she sought; but it was vacant. The brands yet smouldered on the burnt turf, scraps of rags, and dirty paper, and straw littered the ground, the grass still lay crushed and trampled by the dusty feet. But the wanderers were gone, and Jeanne recollected with a feeling of agony that a little further on, three roads branched off in different directions, and that unless she could fall on some accidental trace of their course the chances were two to one against her taking the right one. She traced the way back to where the roads separated. The probabilities seemed altogether in favor of their keeping the main road, which led to Auray. In her despair she had just decided on retracing her steps even thither, when the figure of a man in the distance, coming from that direction, raised a gleam of hope. Hastily joining him, she asked him if he had met the party described. The man stared at her, took off his hat, deliberately wiped his face with the dirty colored handkerchief it contained, restored the handkerchief to the hat and the hat to the head, and then replied in the negative.

"Where had he come from? From far? From beyond Auray-le-Clocher?"

He nodded.

"Then he must have seen them if they had passed?"

"Probably."

"But there were so many of them, and they looked so different to ordinary travelers; and they had a van, with a white horse! He *could* not be mistaken if he had seen them at all!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Savoir! he had rested by the way, he might have slept, they might have passed him while he was asleep."

Jeanne could get nothing more out of him, but still, maddening as was his stolidity, she was disposed to gather from his replies that the chances were against the travelers having taken that route. She resolved to let chance guide her steps, and therefore, with an instinctive shrinking from the glare of the sun, chose the more shady.

On, and on, and on, till her feet were blistered, and her knees trembled, and her head throbbed. On and on till sunset. On and on till nightfall. No trace no sign, no hope. Then she lay down under a bank by the wayside, and felt so utterly broken that she longed for death. But she was too young and too strong for death to make so easy a prey, and sheer exhaustion plunged her into a sleep that lasted till the chill of the coming dawn roused her, stiff and sore, covered with dust, damp with dew, but having no thought beyond that of continuing her search.

Thus for two days and two nights more she wandered, and wandered in vain. Then, with what little power of mind was still left her, she decided to return to Auray, and rather with the instinct that directs a dog on his homeward way than by any more reasoned process, she traced her route back to the presbytère by the evening of the fourth day.

In vain Pierette questioned her; in vain Claude crept to her side and timidly looked up in her haggard face. She had no answer to give, but shook her head and rocked herself in her chair, or stared blankly into the fire. The curé had gone for a game of billiards to the Mairie, and Pierette could only get her to go passively to bed—all attempts to induce her to touch food were vain—and sit by her till, to get rid of the well-intentioned cares of her cousin, Jeanne turned her face to the wall, and pretended to sleep.

Some weeks went by, and Jeanne had fallen into her usual course of duties; but quite mechanically, and as one to whom nothing in life could give a moment of interest or excitement. Her state of mind was a sort of dull, lifeless fatalism, that accepted all things as parts of a crushing, relentless destiny, which she could neither comprehend nor resist, and which she could only bow under so long as her strength lasted. But it was fated that she should be roused from this condition, and in a startling manner.

She was arrested on a charge of infanticide.

At the trial the chain of evidence was painfully conclusive. Her attachment to Eugène Landry had been known, and her condition had, for many weeks back, been more than suspected in the village.

The widow Gausset was the principal witness against her. This woman happened to be about the house more than once at night during the ensuing week; she had heard distinctly, in the darkness and in the silence, the cries of a new-born infant proceeding from the house; she happened again, by another of the same strange chances, to be in the street, near the presbytère, not long after midnight on the sixth night after the wedding; she had been surprised and startled by hearing some one come out of the curé's garden; she had watched to see who it might be, and, although the night was dark, she had been able to distinguish a woman, carrying something in her arms, who fled on seeing her. The widow Gausset, much surprised at this circumstance, had gone the next day to the presbytère, to relate what she had witnessed, deeming it a duty to do so. She had found Jeanne gone to see her dying mother, as she was told. She had not much believed the story, but she had thought the affair was no business of hers; she did not wish to compromise the girl, so she had said no more about the matter at the time.

But since then she had reflected a good deal on the matter, and several circumstances (the last and most important of which had caused her to feel the necessity of revealing all she herself knew on the subject) had, strangely enough, been brought before her. In her wanderings—for she gained a living by going about to the neighboring farms and villages, subsisting on the charity of all good souls, or by effecting cures on cattle that were sick, or affected by the evil eye, or other charms—she had visited Jeanne's mother, and, on speaking to her of her illness and of her daughter's visit, had been amazed to learn that the old woman had never been ill, and had never seen her daughter. Finding this, her suspicions had been so much excited that she—always as a matter of duty—had made every inquiry in the neighborhood and on the road between Montrouge and Auray, and had learned that several persons had seen a young woman whose description precisely answered Jeanne's appearance. For instance a wayfaring man, who had found a job of work at Montrouge, which had kept him there for some time, and a little goatherd, especially had seen her come out of a wood by the roadside; in such an agitated condition that they had fancied her mad. These persons being called, their evidence wholly corroborated the Mere Gausset's testimony. Lastly, came the circumstance which, as the old widow declared, had made her feel it was imperative on her to bring to light all she had learned respecting the affair.

Returning from Montrouge, she was accompanied by a dog that she had cured of the distemper, and that she was taking back to his owner at Auray. Arrived at the wood described by the last witnesses, the dog had run in among the trees, and being unable to bring him back by calling, and fearing to lose him, she had followed to a certain spot, where she found him tearing up the ground with his paws. Finding all efforts to get him away impossible, she had, in some curiosity, further excited by the fact that the ground had evidently been lately disturbed, waited to ascertain what might be the object of his search, and shortly, to her horror and amazement, she saw revealed the body of an infant.

Here the mayor of Auray deposed to the old woman's having made known to him her discovery; of his having, accompanied by her and the other witnesses, gone to the spot and found the body (she had covered it up loosely again, and, by tying a handkerchief round the dog's neck, had dragged him away from it by force); and of his having confided it for examination to Dr. Lenormand, whose testimony followed.

The doctor declared that, in consequence of the state of decomposition in which the body was found, it was impossible to say exactly how old the infant might have been—but probably a week or ten days; possibly a fortnight. There were no marks of external violence on it, but, as far as he could judge, from its existing condition, there was reason to suspect that it might have been smothered. He had seen one or two cases of infants that had been overlain, where the respiratory organs had presented appearances to which those in the case in question seemed to bear a strong analogy.

Pierrette, the curé, last of all Jeanne's mother, were called in to bear evidence, and what they had to say could in no degree invalidate the testimony of the previous witnesses.

So Jeanne Decaisne was declared guilty of child-murder, with the plea, usual in France, where the life of a culprit is at stake (except in the cases of the most exaggerated atrocity), of extenuating circumstances. She was sentenced to the travaux forcés for life.

Jeanne was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Next morning, when, at dawn the gaoler entered her cell, he found her crouched in a heap in the remotest corner. He spoke to her, but when, obtaining no answer; he laid his hand on her shoulder, she sprang at him, demanding her child; and such was her violence that it required three men to hold her down and bind her. From this stage, which lasted, with little intermission, for some weeks, she gradually fell into one of dull, apathetic imbecility, and in that condition, as she was generally harmless, though occasionally, and at long intervals, subject to fits of passion, her mother was permitted to take her to her own house, where she remained till the period of the old woman's death, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years later. Then Claude, who, thanks to his own steadiness and intelligence, and to the curé's protection, had got an excellent place as gardener at the neighboring Château de Planey, took on himself the charge of the afflicted woman.

Sixteen years had slipped away, bringing their changes to Auray-le-Clocher.

The curé, though an aged was still a hale and hearty man and went about his duties with little diminished activity. His eye and his hand at billiards were not what they used to be, but, on the other hand, the skill in the cultivation of his roses had so much increased that one of them had gained the prize at the horticultural show of the chief town of the department and became known all over France as the Beauty of Auray. The Mere Gausset, whose reputation of witchcraft—with the dread and dislike that belonged to it, had become yet more general since Jeanne's conviction had grown paralytic and half-crazed, and not even the strongest-minded of the inhabitants of the village could pass by where the hag would lie crouching in some sunny corner, a hideous spectacle, mumbling and mowing, or at intervals bursting into impotent shrieking rages at some fancied affront, without shuddering and crossing themselves.

Great preparations were made, as usual, for the fête of Auray. The altar of Sainte Suzanne, the patroness of the

village, was newly decorated and adorned with fresh flowers, among which shone conspicuously some of the curé's best roses, and various specimens of young Claude's skill in horticulture. Next came the procession, with all its attendant pomps of music (so called), banners, and priestly vestments, rich with silk, gold and embroidery; and then the fair, where, in booths, were collected enough bad gingerbread to sicken the youth of both sexes of Auray for the next ten days, at least.

But the great attraction was reserved for the evening, when, in an interval of the dancing, some wonderful performances, chiefly of a dramatic character, though the acrobatic, pyrotechnic, and prestidigitatory elements of entertainment were not wanting, were to take place, executed by a strolling company.

The public, on the payment of one sou for those who were content to stand, or three for such as desired the luxury of seats, were admitted into a temporary enclosure formed of mats, canvas and old tarpaulins stretched on posts planted in the sward, and the entertainment commenced by a short, wiry individual, with a swarthy face, keen black eyes, and fabulous head of frizzly black hair, performing a frenzied dance, blindfold, in a space of about two square yards, where were laid six eggs, without breaking one of them. This feat completed, amid the applause of the spectators, the gentleman, tearing the bandage from his eyes, made a sweeping bow to the company, and retreated with a short backward run behind the canvas screen, which formed the green-room.

In a few seconds issued from the same retreat a dark hard-featured woman, looking considerably past forty, though she had probably hardly reached that age, accompanied by a slight girl of from fifteen to seventeen, who, though thin and worn-looking, had some beauty in a pair of large, soft, blue eyes, and a profusion of rich waved brown hair.

Having sung one or two songs to the woman's accompaniment on a cracked guitar, the girl, taking from her hand a tamborine, began to dance to the same music, and the spectators were in the height of their enjoyment, when there came a movement from behind, attended with a cry that sent a shudder through the assembly, and Jeanne, clearing the way before her, as the course of some furious animal divides the densest crowd, plunging forward, and seizing the left hand of the dancer, turned upwards the underside of the wrist. There, traversed by blue veins, and agitated by the throbbing of the pulse, was a rose-colored mark, in size and shape not unlike a rose-leaf.

"My child!" the poor soul shrieked, and clasped the dancer in an embrace in which seemed to be concentrated all the love so long cheated of its object; but the girl shrank from her in terror, and it was to the dark woman that she appealed with cries of "Mother!" for protection. Then came a struggle, a whirl, a heavy fall, the crash and smell and smoke of extinguished lights, a confusion from which the girl with difficulty extricated herself, and when the terrified bystanders at last succeeded in separating the women, the gipsy's lifeless head dropped forward—she was dead.

Jeanne lingered two days between life and death, between reason and insanity. At the last, she recovered sufficiently to establish beyond doubt the identity of the little dancer with her stolen child. Assisted in her last moments by the curé and attended by Claude and Rose, her daughter, she passed out of her troubled life quietly and in peace.

Claude took Rose to his own home, and married her as soon as it was possible to get through the brief preliminaries necessary. They lived, and died, and were buried peacefully at Auray, where, as has been said, many of their descendants are settled, and where this chain of circumstances is still preserved.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR, - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

OUR RIGHT TO EXPECT A REVEALED RELIGION.

Often times have we been asked the question, whether we can shew that *mankind have good and sufficient reasons for expecting a revealed religion of any kind from their Creator?* To this important question, our argument has always been that God having created no craving, no taste, no yearning of our lower nature without a preparation for its supply, surely cannot have intended to leave intenser and more important wants ungratified and unsupplied .

To see the force of this idea, mark how carefully the Creator has supplied every necessity of the body with its appropriate food. Not only is the ear prepared for sound, but an atmosphere surrounds us capable of transmitting it in every variety; while a small establishment of lungs, teeth, and throat exists in every human being to manufacture it in any quantity, pour it out in all its harmony, and modulate it to suit the taste. See the palate, or the power of taste, and luscious fruits prepared innumerably to meet that want. Observe the sight, so wondrously arranged, and mark how rising landscapes in their various robes stretch out to meet man's gaze, —the deep blue atmosphere above, the green beneath, the dancing light, the exquisitely-colored flower, and the tints upon the cheek of smiling youth. Then mark the power to grasp the delicate perfume, and see how earth yields stores of sweetly-scented flowers to satisfy that want, while a thousand meaner and inferior calls have also their appropriate supply.

But what a waste of mighty energies and care and love and labor do we see in all this, if God has left man without a religion! The five senses are not *all* our wants. Gratify the whole of them, and the best part of us remains unsatisfied. There are sympathies and affections of the heart, powers of the intellect, and yearnings of the spirit, requiring guidance and food; immortal powers demanding a boundless field for their employment, and needing a prospect of eternal continuance, ere they can work with full unblemished joy; immortal ambitions, and other endless activities, demanding the same prospects and the same boundless scope. These powers, never fully met or satisfied with any hope or employment that is bounded by death, lie locked up in the man, curdling and souring the whole being, and calling for their appropriate food.—food, be it remarked, that man's own efforts cannot reach; for, apart from revelation, between the little span of life and death, lies the whole range of man's hopes and expectations.—food that is as much wanted as that required by the body. The spirit of man cries for a religion—a revelation of principles that shall supply these wants. Such a religion is evidently to be had, unless we can believe that the Creator, who has so sedulously and minutely attended to our meaner wants, has left the best half of his work undone.

Music.—In this number, we publish an original piece of music, entitled "Happy Days." The words were published some time ago in the Utah Magazine, and the music has been expressly composed for our Magazine, by Prof. George Careless. We shall continue to publish compositions of our home musicians.

Music.

NEEDED---ZION'S PSALMODY.

Their own music for the Saints! The very suggestion is sufficiently telling. Why should they not have their own music? Sects insignificant in numbers, possessing no social organizations and having no national ambitions, as religious bodies, are still ambitious for their own Church psalmodies; while the more powerful and established Churches have their splendid musical services, sung by their congregations in every land and handed down from generation to generation. But the Latter-day Saints, who have been looked upon by all the world as a little nation of the peculiar people, at present have no Psalmody of their own in general use among their congregations.

We will not here dwell upon the influence of music in a religious body, and the character which splendid musical service breathing the very genius of that particular religious body gives to an established Church. That must be left for other articles. The history of the Catholic Church touching this matter, and the influence which *its* musical service has had, not only in extending but in perpetuating its religion, and the mission of its priesthood from age to age, will start into the memory of our readers in a moment. Let that for the present suffice as a grand suggestion of the vast necessity of a Church possessing its own special music, and come to the particular subject of a psalmody for the Saints.

Next to the necessity of a congregation of religionists having their own Hymn Book, is that of having their own Psalmody. Their hymns are burdened with the subject of their Church, breathes the genius of the people, and inspires them with the sentiments of their faith. It is very evident then that those hymns require a kindred interpretation in music. If like those of the Latter-day Saints, they are simple in theme, vigorous in style and exultant in prophetic spirit, those hymns demand a corresponding musical setting; if like those of the sombre Calvinist, their theme being —

> "Who can resolve the doubt
> That tears this anxious breast,—
> Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
> Or numbered with the blest?"

then pondrous, mournful strains will be required; if like those of the Primitive Methodists, they burst with the shout —

> "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
> Before you farther go;"—

then bold revival music must be supplied. Thus it is strongly apparent that every Church requires its own Psalmody. The musical editor of the UTAH MAGAZINE, years ago, commenced agitating this subject among our people; and in England, he published a preparatory Psalmody consisting of simple but appropriate melodies for the service of untrained congregations, whose choirs were constantly being broken up by emigrations. Simplicity was the object aimed for, not classical music; so that the simple strains adapted to our familiar hymns might be readily caught. But for Zion a more extensive and classical work is of course necessary, and the mission and genius of the UTAH MAGAZINE point to the same direction. That design will certainly be carried out; the Saints must have their own Psalmody.

There is in Utah more than one musical composer. A Latter-day Saint Psalmody should be the work of the many, so that it might truly be the music book of the Church. There are Professors Thomas, Careless, Calder, Tullidge of the regular profession—besides the talented youth Master Daynes, and a number of choral masters and amateur musicians, who can compose hymn-tunes and anthems certainly equal to those now in use in the Territory. A Psalmody then from our own composers, is a practicable book and one which the proprietors of the UTAH MAGAZINE hope yet to see in existence. This would cover much of he desirable results referred to in a correspondent's letter now before us, and do away with the necessity of choral masters wasting so much labor and means in purchasing music paper and copying parts. But better still than this, our own hymns will be set to our own tunes, and uniformity prevail throughout the Territory in the musical service of the Church. Congregational singing will then be very easy; and trained choirs leading the service more efficient than now. The subject of giving prizes for the best musical compositions dovetails very fitly into the design of Zion's Psalmody.

The Drama.

THE COMING MAN.—It is presumable that we may look out to see soon the "coming man." It has been suggested that the public would be entertained just now by the novelty of a "man actress." The age is ripe with female men, and every star lady of magnificent physique must play some man's part. Doubtless the "variation" is admirable, but we think it could be varied again to advantage. A Don Cæsar de Bazan, who wasn't a woman, would be a decided novelty, and so would a real masculine who could play successfully "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady Yet," after a first class Shakspercan night. But our "Poet of All Time" is not the only classical dramatist who has written plays which will live. There are Massinger, Bulwer, Knowles and others who are dramatists and not mere play writers. Their parts need filling by good actors—their principal characters by great actors. It is, therefore, necessary that the management should depend much upon its own tact, but ever and anon theatre-goers, as well as the world in its general affairs, cry out for the Coming Man.

ARRIVED.—Mr. Charles Wheatleigh has just arrived: he brings with him a name.

ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

BY JABEZ WOODARD.

And must I now thus give thee up,
Thou mighty matchless sacrifice,
And drink the bitterest poisoned cup
That e'er to mortal lips did rise?
Oh, weep once more my aged eyes
Before my son, my Isaac dies!

But how once meet man's scorn, or, worse
Than thousand daggers in the heart,
The blight of woman's wildest curse?
A mothers wail might rend the rocks apart.
'Tis Satan's last terrific dart.
And only fiends should feel the smart.

And yet one with'ring word I hear,
Such question never came to man before,
The hope's broad leaf he plucked and sear.
This thrust alone tells all is o'er—
A whisper through my spirit's core
From voice that soon shall speak no more.

"Where is the lamb, my father? Where
The firstling of thy flocks, to lay
Upon God's holy altar there:
Where yonder thou wilt kneel to pray?"
Unconscious lamb! 'tis he must pay
The firstling's price this fearful day.

Yet one hath sworn, that dwells above,
That my posterity shall reign
As far as wings can bear the dove,
Or distant ocean isle remain.
Yea, first along the Syrian plain,
Then o'er each land of man's domain.

So now descend, my glittering blade
Upon the heart that beats for mine.
And close in death's eternal shade
Those eyes more bright than summer's shine:
All earthly love will I resign,
And say, "My Father I am thine."

HANDEL.

His Life Peculiarities and Compositions.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE.

No. 1.

George Frederick Handel, of immortal memory, was born at Halle, in Saxony, in the year 1684. The predominant feature of his infantile recreations was his fond attachment to the musical art, and his wonderful genius was the surprise of all who listened to his childlike prattle on the subject of music. His father, who designed him for the law, perceiving his inclination for the musical profession, strongly opposed his following it, and especially forbade him to touch an instrument. But the impulses of the boy's genius were irresistible, and he was as determined in his attachment to the divine art, as his father was in his opposition to his son following it as a profession.

In one of Handel's rambles through the family mansion, he, by accident, found in a lumber room an old Harpsichord used in bygone days by the family. This discovery was glory to him, and from that time the boy was rarely seen except at school, or at the family table during the hours of refreshment. His leisure at the school vacations was employed at his favorite study. When the hour arrived for his family to retire for the night he watched his opportunity to steal to the garret where he had concealed the old Harpsichord and here he would delight himself when the family were asleep. In this garret, his sanctuary of art, he began his studies with a variety of harmonic combinations which he had gathered from the works of the great masters. He also practised many difficult melodial passages emanating from his own brain.

On one occasion Handel accompanied his father to a party where music held the sway of the evening. In all probability the desire to exhibit his skill on the Harpsichord, and the instrument being a much better one than he had used, prompted the youthful musician to risk his father's displeasure rather than forego the opportunity of proving to him, and those present, that music was the only profession he could follow with honor to himself and family. Genius triumphed that night as it ever does when fairly before the public. By this stratagem of young Handel his father was conquered and the advice of many professional musicians present induced him to consent to place his boy under the best masters of the age for the study of the organ and counterpoint—a composition in the strict style. The accident of finding the old Harpsichord and the circumstance above noted was doubtless the indirect means of giving to the musical world some of the most classical and powerful productions of all ages.

At the age of nine, Handel composed the church service, for voices and instruments; and at fourteen, our youthful composer far excelled his master. He was now sent to Berlin, and his sovereign having been attracted by his genius, made him liberal presents as a tribute. At the age of twenty he brought out his first opera of "Almira," and soon after visiting Italy, he produced at Florence the opera of "Rodrigo." Venice, Naples and Rome were honored by his presence in turn. Having remained six years in Italy, he accepted the pressing invitations of the British nobility to visit London, at which place he arrived in the latter part of the year 1710. His reception in England was most cordial, which induced him to stay, and the giant composer, by the immortal works which he produced in Great Britain, became for ever identified with that nation, even more than with Germany, his native land.

In 1741, he brought out in London, his oratorio of the "Messiah," which has been decided by the musical world as not only the *chef d'œuvre* of Handel, but the very best of its class.

Handel, in producing his oratorios, met with great losses occasionally, but at other times, with great success.

Speaking of his losses and profits, the former were more frequent than the latter; but that did not unnerve him or make him lose his temper, although he was very passionate sometimes. If the music went all right, Handel was satisfied. In producing one of his oratorios—which name has slipped my memory—Handel had expended much time, much patience and much money so that his work might be rendered by the band and voices in the most effective possible manner. He generally conducted his oratorios on the organ. It so happened that on this night—as well as many others—that the house was very thinly attended; and when a friend of his directed his attention to the subject of loss and gain, Handel replied, "Never mind, de music will sound all de better."

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of Handel's life, that he obtained while living as much or more popularity and eminence by his compositions and skill on the organ than any other musician. He was ambitious as a composer, and most eccentric in the manner he adopted to display his skill on the organ. He had obtained at the date of the anecdote I am about to relate, much popularity by his compositions and organ executions. One of his peculiarities was his delight in rambling and going *incog.* to public places of worship, where he would take his seat beside the organist, sometimes to the astonishment of both the choir and performer on the organ. On one occasion, he seemed so attentive to the executions of the player on his favorite instrument, that the musician who presided was much gratified in having so good a listener to his performances and at Handel's suggestion, thinking he had only an amateur to compete with, he allowed him the privilege to play the voluntary. This is a composition for the organ which generally consists of two or three movements calculated to display the capabilities of the instrument and skill of the performer. Handel, to all appearance, modestly took his seat, and began conversing *impromptu* on that noble instrument with such unequalled skill, that both the organist and his audience became a fixture in their seats. Subject, counter-subject and their answers flew with amazing rapidity through the prolific brain of Handel, which were immediately transferred to the organ and beautifully developed and elaborated. Episodal constructions were judiciously brought to the relief of his subjects as the anecdote is to literary compositions. The people were charmed, the organist astounded, and the time flew with such rapidity that an accidental appeal to the watch of the local organ player, warned him that it was time to bring things to a finale. "Get up," exclaimed the organist abruptly, "let me sit down; you'll never play them out; you must be the devil or Handel!"

As might be imagined, Handel was highly delighted with the compliment, and walked slowly away; and the audience hearing the difference in the execution, retired *presto, prestissimo.*

AN INVITATION.—The main object of the UTAH MAGAZINE is for the development of home talent. We therefore invite short articles on any scientific or literary subject. Any communication of real talent, whether in prose or poetry will receive our attention. Correspondence on Musical or other subjects is also invited. Let all who are interested in our mutual self-elevation as a people take hold with us, and we will, aided by our brethren, publish a Magazine worthy of our growing people, and a fair representative of Utah talent and energy abroad.

A SKETCH OF EDINBURGH.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

Concluded.

"Auld Reekie" has, on account of its architectural beauty, been called "Modern Athens." It well deserves the name. It is also occasionally called the City of the Seven Hills, because that is the number of hills upon which it is built. It might as aptly be called the City of Valleys as the low places are occupied as well as the eminences. In order to obtain a central view of this city, in imagination, let the reader go with us and take station on what is called North Bridge which spans the dividing valley between the old town and the new. This bridge, if we recollect aright, is 150 feet high. We look over into the valley; in it all is life and bustle. Underneath us are streets, railroad lines, stations, market places, etc., and streets stretching away on each side of us. To the west tower the grey walls of the ancient castle which arises frowning upon the city beneath it. It is built on a rocky hill, the sides of which, on the north, south and west, are almost perpendicular. Between the Castle and Waverley Bridge we see the public gardens, which contain the world-renowned Sir Walter Scott's monument. These gardens are beautifully and elegantly laid out with trees, flower beds and smooth bowling greens, and in which delightful fountains bubble forth perpetual music. There are other gardens further west which are still more elaborately arranged with tree-shaded avenues, flower patches, shrubberies and fantastically shaped green plots with sheltered nooks where the seeker of calm retirement can rest under the grateful shadow of spreading tree or projecting rock. These two sections of the gardens are divided by a broad and elevated walk, on which we see two fine, colossal, square buildings, which are surrounded, on the exterior, with large pillars and pilasters. Those buildings are the Art Galleries of the Scottish Association of the Fine Arts. In the oldest of the two buildings are contained the productions in painting and sculpture of the dead masters, and in the new building those of the living artists. Many of the emanations of chisel and brush there show that the soil of Scotland is by no means uncongenial to the production of the sons of genius.

Looking to the northeast we see the Calton hill; on its side there is a large castelated building with towers, and what look like ramparts. This structure brings to mind the ancient strongholds of the feudal barons. It is the city jail, and, to the disgrace of the large number of hypocritical, puritanical Presbyterians in that great city, be it said, the building is scarcely large enough to contain the hundreds of miserable criminals who have to seek an involuntary, temporary lodgement in it. On the summit of the hill is Nelson's Monument, the only striking feature about which is its immense height, and the fine view that can be obtained from the observatory on its top. The south and east sides of the hill are built around in magnificent terraces in crescent form, the residences there are on the grandest scale. This part of Edinburgh is among the first seen by the traveler from the south by the North British line of railroad, and impresses him with the huge appearance of the city. This impression is not obliterated on getting more into the heart of the metropolis, as the buildings are high and are mostly built of fine, light-colored sandstone and those in the new town smoothly polished.

The finest view of Edinburgh and its surroundings is to be obtained from the summit of Arthur Seat, a high hill at the eastern part of the city; but as scenic descriptions appear but dry affairs to many readers we will close this sketch for the present.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY
Illustrated in its Great Characters.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE CÆSARS.

A new imperial age, another great spiritual dispensation! This was the subject of the times when the Roman empire arose.

Before the Alexanders, the Nebuchadnezzars or the Pharaohs lived, the rise and fall of empires was an antique theme. The world to them was as old as now to us. Indeed when was it young? It has ever been coming to an end, but never has that end been quite reached: never will! But empires have arisen and succeeded each other and then in their turns declined; their cycles have formed new ages and new dispensations. Thus was it when the Cæsars came and the Christ was born.

The old empires of Egypt, Babylon and Greece had passed away, following the series of empires which had died ere they had flourished: that of the Cæsars commenced. It was the iron dominion which the Hebrew Prophets foretold should rule the world, after that of the gorgeous Alexander of Greece. But it was destined to be absorbed in the mission of Jesus—to form the body of a more universal and powerful empire than that of any of the preceding ages. Rome expanded into Christendom, and its Popes and Reformers came down with the world towards the consummation of times. In the grand epic was to be fulfilled the promise—"Unto Him shall every knee bow and every tongue confess." Surely there has been a Providence and an Infinite wisdom in the course of events.

The Republic had brought the Roman nation to the very zenith of glory, and given to it the dominion of the world. It was the republic which produced the great characters of the age, whose colossal names live even to this day. It is of republics or of revolutions that the greatest men are ever born. Temporal and spiritual absolutisms are not prolific. Human progress and magnificent souls have not conception in the barren womb of despotic States, nor in the mummied sepulchres of ancient priesthoods. But while new dispensations of religions bring forth the Christs—the saviours of humanity—and republics and revolutions are pregnant with civilizations, they give birth to a Julius Cæsar, a Cromwell or a Napoleon. It is, however, a glorious fact that the Christ-spirit ever comes as a kindred birth, and humanity receives a new spiritual incarnation or else there is opened a grander dispensation of liberty to nations. It is revolutionary all—old things passing away!

But the world was not ripe for the economy of republics when Julius Cæsar lived; Rome was only a fragment of civilization; the bulk of nationalities were barbarian, and the Roman dominion which extended over them was imperial and not republican: it was part of iron and part of clay. Its legions were the type of might, its eagles of conquerors and magnificent souls: Cæsar the "foremost man in all the earth" came, and he was empire embodied. The man was more a *culmination* of his nation and his times than a personal fragment, the same as was the first Napoleon. The republican genius had been conceived, but the Imperial States of the world were old, and the body of humanity barbaric. The genius was, therefore, but a prophecy of the future state of man, and not a universal issue for *that* age. The republic passed away,—the empire succeeded. Though thousands of years of progress had gone before, mankind was still only fit for the dominion of might, and not the economy of republics, in which the genius of *right* not might prevails. Julius Cæsar became the embodiment of a new empire for the

world, but he sealed his imperial dispensation with his blood. The patriots slew him, in the great cause of humanity, but they were less wise than he—less a culmination of the times. Thus died he—the victor of five hundred battles, the conqueror of a thousand cities, in the fifty-sixth year of his age and the forty-fourth before the commencement of our era.

After the assassination of this magnificent man, the patriots failing to reëstablish the republic, Mark Antony attempted to raise himself to Cæsar's place, but not succeeding the Triumvirate was formed. Octavius, becoming conqueror, next restored the empire, which his great uncle had founded.

Octavius, the adopted son and grandnephew of Julius Cæsar, reaching his proud eminence, took the name of Augustus Cæsar. He aimed to consolidate the empire, instead of extending its conquests, and humored the republican pride of the Roman people. An absolute monarch, yet he ruled with such magnanimity and consummate statesmanship that historians have delighted to dwell upon his glorious and beneficent reign. Hence has come the style of the "Augustian age." He died in the fourteenth year of our era, and was succeeded by Tiberius, in whose days Christ was crucified.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that Christ was born at the beginning of the Roman empire, for Augustus Cæsar was the first regular emperor of Rome. How suggestive a fact have we here! The kingdom of Heaven and the empire of this world in juxtaposition—the two halves of dominion—the temporal and the spiritual born together, to form a new imperial age and a new dispensation of light and love revealed in the incarnation of the Son of God.

Another very suggestive fact connected with the twin birth of the Roman and Christian empires in the persons of Augustus Cæsar and Jesus Christ, is that the temporal came before the spiritual. It was as the advent of Esau and Jacob, and the elder was destined to give way to the younger, for the spiritual held the superior mission.

After the reign of Augustus Cæsar the Roman empire degenerated, its grand character, exemplified in the days of the Republic, was marred, and vice corroded the state. The nation declined at the very birth of the empire! Only fifty years had passed away after the death of Augustus Cæsar when the monster, Nero, completed his tragedies, which shock the heart of humanity to this day.

A few worthy princes reigned after the establishment of the empire of the Cæsars, among whom was Titus, the son of Vespasian, who distinguished himself at the siege of Jernsalem; he is called the delight of the human race; he was the father of his people, and during his reign was merciful and virtuous. On one occasion, having performed no act of kindness during the day, he mournfully exclaimed, "My friends, I have lost a day." When he died the Romans said of him, "That he never ought to have lived at all or to have lived forever."

So short was the reign of the Roman emperors that Trajan, the fourteenth of the line, ascended the throne A. D. 107. He brought back to Rome the days of the glorious Augustus Cæsar; during his reign the empire extended its dominions and even surpassed its former splendor. Adrian, who was distinguished for his literary acquirements, succeeded him; yet during the reign of both these excellent princes the Christians suffered persecution from their administration. This, however, is but another example of the inevitable warfare between the "powers that be" and the powers which are destined to supplant them in the dominion of the world.

Towards the end of the second century Lucius Commodus Antoninus occupied the throne, and, during his reign, his Roman generals conquered the Moors, the Dacians, the Pannonians, the Germans; the Britons also, who had so stubbornly resisted the invasion of the great Julius Cæsar, were reduced. Yet the empire was on the decline rotting at its very core through the corruption of its princes. Commodus was a demigod in form, but a monster in soul. His bestiality may be imagined from the fact that his palaces contained three hundred young girls to gratify his passions; and there is the exact counterpart of this, which we dare not even name. (Who that is acquainted with history will question the judgment that the world does advance?) Yet in his reign the Christians enjoyed repose. Is not that a sermon upon the subject of persecutions? Saints put Saints to death in their mutual sincerity—good men martyred each other in turn for the cause of God! Commodus, a monster, occupied with his beastly pursuits, gave to the Christians repose, the "persecutors" oftentimes are better than the "persecuted!"

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY CONDITION OF THE PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL TRIBES.

In the foregoing chapters I have briefly reviewed the religion, laws, and marital relations of the wandering tribes, and have referred but incidentally to events directly connected with the history of nations possessing a degree of civilization; believing it proper to do so in consequence of the small advance made by those nations upon the rude customs and usages of tribes wholly barbarous.

In a few words, I have endeavored to show how broad the way and how numerous the temptations spread before that portion of the descendants of Noah, who, by accident or design, were led into countries possessing genial climates, umbrageous forests, and plenty of game, to follow a life by the chase—a life, which by its uncertainties and precariousness, inevitably led them into barbarism. Agriculture, on the other hand, of course necessitates a localized and permanent habitation, which brings all who follow it into close social intercourse, and necessitates the enactment of laws that establish individual rights in property. Distinctive rights of possession in wife, children, houses and lands cultivate and develope the individuality of man's nature, and is the well-spring of all that the world has ever known, or ever will know, of civilization and refinement. I consider a pastoral life as simply the half-way point from civilization to barbarism.

The cause of the wandering life of Abraham is clear; having been led out from his father's house, and from his father's gods by divine direction, and made a wanderer in strange lands, he had, of necessity, to take to a pastoral mode of life, no matter whether his own tastes would have led him to the settled and more secure pursuit of agriculture or not. His descendants, like him, being sojourners in other lands, were also of necessity, keepers of flocks and cattle until they reached a permanent abode in the promised land.

In the coming chapters it will be our purpose to trace out the growth and development of ancient civilization in Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman history; not forgetting those types of primitive civilization still existing in the characteristics of India, China and Japan.

I am aware that historians almost universally accord to the Egyptians the earliest civilization of the Noachian period. I dissent from this dogma of history; in my view the plains of Shinar were the cradle of the human race. There the

first settlements were formed after leaving Armenia and the less hospitable regions around Ararat. The settlements in Palestine "Ure, of Chaldees," and Egypt, were but offshoots from the parent hive. There all who were strongly imbued with a love of home and its charms of peace and quiet remained; while the lovers of the chase explored for countries suitable for that mode of life. Another class, less roaming in disposition, but equally averse to following the plow, and the hum-drum of agricultural life, took to pastoral occupations, as naturally as ducks take to water. How far mankind had advanced in civilization, and the arts and sciences that are indispensible adjuncts thereto before the date ascribed to the flood, we have no means of knowing, but our theology affirms that Enoch and the inhabitants of his city had attained to a high standard of mechanical and social development. "Three hundred and sixty-five years" residence in a city, with all the opportunities of social intercourse and enjoyment of social amenities, governed by a man who "walked with God," and who taught them the principles of a pure faith, *must* have purified and ennobled the people of Zion in a wonderful degree. Buthere let us not forget that there was but one city of Zion, in the anti-diluvian age. The fact that Enoch found it necessary to gather his people and separate them from the rest of mankind, is a grand solution of the whole problem of anti-diluvian life, one that necessarily leads us to suppose that the vast majority of the then occupants of the earth had "gone after strange gods."

We have but slight data upon which to base our conceptions of the degree of social elevation enjoyed by the immediate deseendants of Noah, but we can infer, from the condition in which the earliest tradition found them, and from the condition of society at the period of the earliest records of divine writ, that they, like their progenitors, had gone astray, proving that as soon as a people cut themselves loose from the spirit of revelation, that reveals unto them the *existence* of the true and only God, and that "taketh the things of the Father and Son and sheweth them unto them", —the worship of a plurality of gods follows as a matter of course—for then a man's god becomes simply the projection of his own nature, and he creates a deity suited to his own ideas of the powerful, the great and the glorious. To quote the idea of a celebrated writer, just as "the bull feeding in a neighboring pasture would do, were it possible for him to form any ideas of a future existence; his conceptions of a god would simply be of a greater bull than himself with an infinitely better pasture to feed upon."

PHYSICAL FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE AND THEIR UTILIZATION.

BY JINGO.

NOTE.—This is a serious article.—ED.

This is a subject which has been agitated time after time with more or less benefit to the community. It has been thought about, talked about, and written about; but notwithstanding all this discussion and agitation, some singularly important considerations have, in our estimation, been overlooked. One very essential element in the successful prosecution of home manufacture is the introduction and employment of suitable machinery. When we say suitable machinery, we mean machinery in every respect adapted to the varied requisitions of the manufacturing interests at large. Now, in order to employ machinery to advantage, it would be superfluous for us to state that motive power, of some sort, is absolutely indispensible. In fact, machinery without it is simply inert matter. Now, whence shall we obtain the giant impulse which shall permeate with its active and energizing influence the multifarious ramifications of these stupendous details? It is not in the vast domain of manual labor that we shall search. We shall not wrest this important impulse from the heat and sweat of honest toil. No! rather let us seek the gorgeous palaces of the thoughtless votaries of pleasure, where careless mirth and gayety resound; here our magnificent scheme of utilization begins. The graceful harmonies wafted on the wings of night come freighted with this important secret!

Gentle reader, picture to yourself a commodious and sumptuously furnished Hall, brilliantly illuminated and filled with a gay company of revellers numbering, at a moderate computation, say 80 or 90 ardent spirits in the full flush of youth and beauty. The combined weight of this assemblage would, at a very moderate computation, probably exceed 10085 lbs. Here is an immense power which requires merely the arms of three fiddlers to set in motion! Now to simplify the calculation and not to fatigue the intelligent reader, we will suppose the dance commenced, and that each of the 90 is capable of executing the pigeon-wing in its utmost perfection. This requires a fall of from one to one and a half feet, say three times per second. Supposing the dance to continue 6 hours; and the total weight above mentioned to be merely doubled by the fall, we shall have the force of 20170 lbs. applied 64800 times during the dance; and all through the efforts of three fiddlers whose services can be procured for $18 in store-pay and three quarts of ordinary whisky!

The magnitude of this result almost overwhelms the imagination! We do not hesitate to state that a power equivalent to that of 200 horses is absolutely wasted almost every night in the week, and every week in the month, during 6 months of every year, in this city alone. The total loss of the Territory in this respect is probably that of 230,000 horse-power for one day! Now the commonest horse is always worth at least $1 per diem; consequently the loss to the Territory is equal in round numbers to $230,000; hence, if we utilize this power, we save $230,000 yearly! Franklin, the philosopher, informs us that a certain amount saved is twice that amount earned. If this is so (and we have never heard it disputed), we realize for the Territory every year, $460,000; or say for the last twenty-two years, irrespective of interest, $9,626,750.75¢; with interest at 5 per cent per month, this would amount to the snug little sum of $263,756,544,796.7632.

It is, we are aware, useless to repine over what has been lost, or to speculate upon what might have been done with this vast sum; and how many comforts it might have procured the community.

> The saddest words of tongue or pen
> Are—it is—but it hadn't ought to've been .

The past is gone; we shall never see the lost $9,626,750.75¢, but the future is before us, and it remains to be seen whether the business men of this community will suffer a repetition of this loss on a more extended scale in the future.

We intend to enter more fully into the detail of the application of this power in the next article we write upon this subject. We think we see the time approaching, in the dim vista of futurity, when money will not be exacted for admission to balls and parties, but when it will be cheerfully paid to the honest dancer, and the more partners he has, the less the expense, and the greater will be his reward.

N.B.—Certain parties have seen fit to dispute the accuracy of our calculations. It is only necessary to state that these calculations were carefully made with instruments worked by machinery on the above prineiple; independent of which every schoolboy knows that "figures don't lie."

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

"Ha! Wortley: so you are come at last?" Blakely exclaimed as the lawyer entered his "den."

"I must correct you, Sir Herbert, I am first. The time is last, not I. It lacks just fourteen minutes to eight, which makes me just fourteen minutes first. Your clock, Sir Herbert, is exactly three minutes and a half too fast. Yes, I assure you that is the time. I regulated my repeater to-day by Greenwich authority."

The lawyer spoke with a soft suavity, as though he was in the best of humor, and comfortable in spite of being almost frozen, and quite wet through; but the baronet knew that Wortley was paying him back in his true lawyer method.

"Out upon the time! I need no sermon upon the matter."

"Right, Sir Herbert. Look for yourself. Exactly now thirteen minutes to eight," and the lawyer provokingly laid his gold repeater before the impatient baronet.

"Come, come, Wortley; no retaliation. I know that you are annoyed at my instructions to Snap, but I thought you would find this apartment quite as cosy as my valet's. You need a change of clothing, which you will find in my wardrobe. Be expeditious, I am bursting with impatience to learn the full particulars of your negotiations with Courtney."

"I think I had better thaw a little before changing. Upon my honor I have no fingers to dress or undress: I am almost inclined to think they are frozen off. At any rate I do not feel them, yet if I may trust my eyes, there does seem to be something of them left."

"Next to your fees, Wortley, I think you love retaliation. Tut, tut, man, I only designed your comfort. Drink a glass of brandy, that will thaw you, and I will air the linen by the time you are ready for it," said Blakely, going to his wardrobe.

Wortley was conciliated, and then he knew that the checkmate which young Sir Walter Templar had given would furnish Blakely with ample opportunity for rage without his provoking him further. In a quarter of an hour the lawyer was quite thawed and cosily seated in a luxurious chair by the fire opposite Sir Herbert.

"Now, Wortley, for your budget. Let me have it without the round-about method of you lawyers."

"I will not be more prolix than necessary. But you will admit, when I am through, that detail is required to give you the bearings of the case, which I fear is rather complicated."

"Complicated? What the devil do you mean? You wrote me that Courtney acknowledged the *necessity* of closing with my offer?"

"I thus wrote, Sir Herbert."

"Have you deceived me, Wortley? By the Fiend, I like not to be played with, sir!"

"I have not juggled you. Courtney did admit the necessity."

"Well, sir!"

"And upon his very lip was his acceptance of the terms."

"Ha! say you so?"

"Yes; upon his very lip, I say, was his consent, Sir Herbert."

"Then there can be no obstacle that cannot be swept at once from the path. You say, Wortley, that Courtney acknowledged the necessity, and that upon his very tongue were the words which would make the DeLacy estates mine?"

"In less than an hour all the papers would have been signed, and the estates yours, Sir Herbert."

"Why, by all that's wonderful, what miracle prevented it?"

"No miracle, but simply a boy."

"By the Fiend, sir, you do but jest with me!"

"I never jest, Sir Herbert, in business."

"Quick, man," said Sir Herbert, "quick, no more round-about. Let me have the wonderful obstacle which you discovered in a boy—the beggar DeLacy. 'Tis plain, sir, you have been a fool. There's bungling in the business, and you are approaching it with cunning preparation. Well, sir, tell me more of this miracle which you found in a boy."

"After reading a letter, brought in by the servant, which I presumed was an answer to Courtney's last effort to save the DeLacy's estates, Sir Richard mournfully acknowledged there was no alternative to the acceptance of our terms. I expressed satisfaction at the amicable understanding which we had reached, and said, 'so you accept our offer, Sir Richard?' The acceptance, as I have told you, was on his lips, when the voice of a youth behind me exclaimed haughtily and imperatively, 'Sir Richard Courtney rejects the offer of Sir Herbert Blakely.'

"Now this is heroic, indeed, lawyer Wortley. Of course it was DeLacy's beggar brat. Just like his father."

"So I took the youth at first. But it turned out to be Courtney's nephew, Sir Walter Templar."

"Better and better! Well, sir, go on."

"In short, this boy, Sir Walter Templar, imperatively commanded—aye, commanded—for it was very like a command—he commanded Sir Richard Courtney to sell the princely mines of the Templars in Cornwall and pay off the mortgage on the DeLacy estates. At first Sir Richard resisted the impetuous boy, but—"

"Let me finish the narrative for you, sir lawyer. Courtney finding this unexpected *denouement*, which a self-willed, inexperienced boy had given, upon second thought hit upon a cunning ruse. He feigned to give way to his nephew, pretended to entertain the mad proposition of the boy, and so befooled a witless blockhead. Why, sir lawyer, he dared not strain his perogative of guardian to sacrifice his ward and nephew, even to save the DeLacy estate. Sell the Templar mines. Pshaw! They are as mines of gold to Courtney's own family. Young Sir Walter Templar himself, in his maturity, would be the first to call his uncle to account, were he to allow the sacrifice. I tell thee, thou art befooled. 'Tis time, sir, that I transfer my business into other hands."

"Were it not, Sir Herbert, that I know you will make acknowledgment for your insult, you should find, as you ere now said, that retaliation is with me more than my fee. I never forgive a man who treats me as a fool. I could forgive much in a client who paid well, but not that insult, Blakely. I sympathize with your disappointment, and as I know that you will pay my judgment the compliment of following my advice, I will forgive you calling me a fool."

"Well, I own that I have ever found you most astute. But you cannot, in your calm judgment, think it other than a masterly ruse of the stragetic Courtney?"

"In one week, Sir Herbert, the hold on the DeLacy estates, for which your father so long plotted, would have passed out of your hands, and Young Sir Walter Templar would have superseded you as mortgagee."

"Think you so in cool judgment, Wortley?'

"I would stake my legal judgment upon it, and that is not indifferently low."

"Right, Wortley: few in your profession stand higher than yourself."

"You have, not knowing him, much mistaken the foe you will meet in this youth, Sir Walter."

"Foe, say you, and a boy? Pshaw! I have in me too much of my father, who was a match for most men, to fear a boy."

"That boy will, if he lives, become a rich, powerful man."

"I fear him not, Wortley. Does not your worldly experience tell you that he most likely will be less dangerous as a man of the world than as a foolish boy who sees not, as we see, the sacrifice he offers for his young friend and playmate? Men of the world do not make such sacrifices, Wortley. 'Tis left to the foolish days of boyhood and youth to be so generous and self-sacrificing."

"I admit your worldly philosophy, Sir Herbert, and also that as a man Sir Walter Templar may become less dangerous, and by some masterly plotting of ours be made to pay for the checkmate which he has this time given us."

"Ha! Wortley, I perceive you have your case arranged."

"I always have, Sir Herbert, when I come to business. In the first place, you much underrate the boy, Sir Walter. Take my judgment for it, that, unless we by some masterly management take from young Lord Frederick the powerful support of Sir Walter—aye, place him in antagonism to the DeLacy—"

"Ha! I see your drift. Go on."

"Unless we do this, Sir Herbert, you will find in Sir Walter Templar an enemy thrice the weight of his uncle Courtney."

"Say you so? Why Courtney has been a very lion in battling for the DeLacys."

"You will find his nephew a lion and a tiger in one person. Would you believe it, Courtney himself tacitly acknowledged the master mind and force of his nephew, and has resigned the championship of his dead friend's family into the hands of this nephew, Sir Walter. Sir Richard is simply now the second and supporter."

"Yes, I see. The subtle Courtney over the romantic mind of his nephew, has thrown the spell of friendship which existed between himself and the man whom I hated, living, whom I hate dead. Curse them both!"

"That spell of friendship from Sir Walter Templar's mind, *we must break.*"

"Ha! By Satan I like the shaping of your plot, Wortley. Break the friendship! By the Fiend that's brave! It has been the stumbling-block in my path through life. You shall not lose your fee, my prince of lawyers. I see revenge in your plot. I am almost glad you failed; that is, if in the future we can secure the estate and revenge as well, by some master strategy. Come, unfold your scheme in full, you model of diplomacy."

"First, let me repeat to you the boy's parting words to me: 'Tell your client that, if he ever attempts to take advantage of my friend again, it shall be for the last time. Tell him to look upon Walter Templar as the elder brother of Lord Frederick. Tell him that a day of reckoning will come! When Sir Walter Templar is a man, he will meet Sir Herbert Blakely and exact vengeance for the DeLacys.'"

"You astonish me, Wortley. This is above a boy of fifteen."

"There are uncommon characters who blend the boy and man in one. Such is Courtney's impetuous nephew. I would sooner meet a whole bench of lawyers than that boy. Such characters, whether as boys or men, fight with weapons peculiar to themselves. What could the legal astuteness of a bench of councillors match against a youth who could say, in something like command, to a guardian uncle of Courtney's weight of character, 'Sell my mines in Cornwall and clear the DeLacy lands of this accursed mortgage,' and carry the point too from his own irresistible force of character?

"I repeat, Wortley, you astonish me greatly. But you surely over-estimate this youth."

"Depend upon it that young Sir Walter, when a man, will be a very Satan to you in his antagonism, and will fulfil his oath of vengeance, unless by subtle management we break this power of friendship which has so remarkably existed first between Sir Richard and the man you hated, and now perpetuated in Courtney's nephew and young Lord Frederick."

Lawyer Wortley, at the request of Sir Herbert, elaborated his plot into which Blakely heartily entered. We shall see hereafter the web of that plot and find some of its leadings, but here can simply inform our readers that in after years when Sir Walter and Lord Frederick left England on their continental tour, Sir Herbert and his admirable rascal *valet*, Snap, followed their track and for four years were looking all over Europe, and even in Russia, for the man who, when a boy, threw down the gauntlet and proclaimed himself the avenger of the DeLacys.

CHAPTER VII

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

On through the changes of time to Italy and a period seven years later.

While Sir Walter Templar and Lord Frederick De Lacy have grown from boyhood to young men, time has been ripening a pure and lovely flower in another land of a sunny clime. They have left their native shores to travel on the continent of Europe, designing especially to roam over the classic land of the Italians. So with us away before them to one of the most ravishing pastoral spots of Italy, where was born Terese Ben Ammon, fairest of Judah's daughters.

The father of Terese was the son of a Russian Jew, who had been despoiled of his wealth and transported to Siberia for taking part in a conspiracy against the Czar. His relation to the conspiring nobles was, as might be expected, simply that which his wealth formed; but his knowledge of the conspiracy and his loans to its chiefs, were grounds enough for his ruin and banishment.

The parents of Terese fled to Italy; and had her father lived, not unlikely he would have been followed by the destiny of his race, which, thought has made them a hiss and a by-word in every land, has recompensed them by pouring into their laps the wealth of the nations; but he was cut off from life before the birth of his child.

The death of her father fell upon Terese's mother as a crowning calamity of the series of cruel and sudden disasters which had attended her and her husband thus early in life. They were cousins, children of a brother and sister; and thus the thunderbolts of the Czar's vengeance smote her whole family at once.

The following brief history of the family of our heroine will not be found out of place in the progress of our story, for we may meet characters and circumstances related thereto.

Rachel, the mother of Terese, had been reared by her uncle Isaac; and was the child of his sister Judith, who had married a young man of her tribe, and followed his adventurous footsteps to England. Her brother Isaac had found a pet in litt[l] Rachel, whom he desired to be his son's wife when they should be grown to man and womanhood. A large family were being born unto Judith; and as her brother Isaac was rich, while her husband was but an adventurer, seeking his fortunes in England, whither he was bound, she willingly left her little Rachel to be brought up by her brother as his own daughter and destined wife of his son. After his sister and her husband Levi left their native land, Isaac Ben Ammon lost nearly all traces of them; and he knew but little more than what his mind conjectured from probable circumstances. Levi had an uncle in England from whom he expected advancement, but perchance, as Isaac Ben Ammon fancied, disappointment met him there, and his uncle, who was an immensely rich money-lender, had not been found very liberal in helping him along in the world. The brother of Judith was somewhat acquainted with Levi's uncle, and knew his nature to be hard and groveling, and his disposition dry and miserly. Levi too might have been overtaken with death and Judith have found a grave with him, leaving their children to the hard heart of this uncle and the cold charity of the world. Some years after their arrival in London, an epidemic broke out and carried off thousands, and in some of the districts where the poor Jews dwelt, herding together in misery and contagious filthiness, the epidemic had swept heaps of them away: his sister and her husband might have been among them. Thus would Isaac Ben Ammon speculate upon the buried history of Levi and Judith since they left Russia, while the tide of fortune bore his barque prosperously onward.

Rachel, Terese's mother, grew up to womanhood, and Isaac Ben Ammon's son loved her and, to the great delight of the father's heart, the lovers were married, and, on the day of his marriage, Benjamin was presented by his father with a deed of full partnership with him. A bright prospect was before them, and the first months of their married life sped away, alas too soon—alas too hopeful and happy for the dark sequel which ere long followed quick and terrible upon them.

Isaac Ben Ammon had been induced to advance large loans of money to the Russian nobles who formed a conspiracy against the Emperor Alexander, and into this he had been mainly drawn by the fact that secretly Prince Nicholas was himself the soul thereof.

His son Benjamin had no sympathy with the conspiracy, and tried to dissuade his sire from it, for the youth was more captivated with the bliss of his fresh days of matrimony and the promise of joy which his gentle bride gave to the proud heart of the prospective young father. But Isaac Ben Ammon was surrounded with difficulties and dangers on either side of the conspiracy. If he engaged in it, he foresaw that Alexander's vengeance might reach him, but "Prince Nicholas" had already shown enough of his imperious character to suggest that, should he ever become Emperor of Russia, more terrible still might be his wrath. Isaac also hoped that should harm befall him in aiding the cause of Nicholas, the Prince would shield as much as possible his friends and deliver them on his ascension to the imperial throne.

Like conspiracies generally, was the one in which Isaac Ben Ammon embarked the principal portion of his wealth; and the feared vengeance of the Czar fell upon him. From policy, Alexander aimed not to implicate his brother Nicholas, but there had to be victims to appease imperial wrath, and Terese's grandfather was one of them: Benjamin, his son, being partner in business, with him was cast into prison and subjected to the dreadful torture of the "knout;" but as it was afterwards proven that he had sought to dissuade his father from loaning means to the conspiring nobles, the youth was released and allowed to flee to Italy with his young wife, while Isaac Ben Ammon was banished to Siberia.

The mother of Terese was an ideal "daughter of Zion," whose pious aspirations were more for the return of the captivity than the material prosperity of the royal house of Judah among the nations. Much of this had been impressed upon her sensitive mind by her uncle Isaac, whose fervent dream was the restoration of his nation. Indeed, this had greatly induced him to loan his wealth to Nicholas and his partisans in prospect that, should the prince become Emperor, he would follow out the daring programme of Peter the Great, break up the empire of Turkey and make himself champion of the Holy Places. These sanguine hopes of Isaac, of his nation's redemption, his son and his young wife shared, but not in those political aspects which made him a conspirator. When, therefore, the calamity came, and Benjamin was hurried from her side one terrible night as she lay pillowed on his breast, lulled with the blissful visions of a young wife, and all oblivious of the dark looming future, and she awoke in a phrenzy of despair to find stern officers tearing from her arms her youthful husband, to bear him to a prison, it seemed that the curse of her race had fallen again. The re-action upon her delicate organism threatened her life; and the lashes of the murderous "knout"

which lacerated her beloved Benjamin fell in her imagination and heart as cruelly upon herself. Her writhing of agony and shrieks during the execution upon her husband were fully as palpable torture as though every lash of the "knout" that cut into his body tore the blood-dripping flesh from hers; and when he was restored to her arms to nurse with her woman's love and tenderness, and they were flying from the dreadful land which they could no longer endure, still the torturing fancies would pursue her—still often in hideous dreams would they suffer the horrors of the "knout" again. In their flight from the cruel realities and the pursuing phantoms of memory, they found a beautiful village in Sicily which seemed to them reposing peacefully in the lap of surrounding mountains; and here our heroine first saw the light of day. The dying exiles—for they were dying—could have found no spot in Italy more tempting to hide from the fancies of a pursuing vengeance, and no spot more pregnant with promise of a peaceful sleep in the grave to which they felt they were going together—not separated even in death with the hope of their young hearts that eternity would only unite them closer in everlasting companionship in that better world to come. The barbarous mode of Russian vengeance upon his scarcely matured system had been murderous, and Benjamin soon passed away from earth, and Rachel followed him ere scarce his spirit had fled, and they were laid together to sleep peacefully in one grave. But the Jewess mother lived long enough to give birth to Terese, and to place her with a mother's kiss and blessing into the arms of a kind Sicilian peasant, with pleadings from her quivering lips that she would be a mother to the little one; and then taking the new-born infant from the good foster-mother's arms, she laid it upon her own breast and died.

Terese—for such the orphan Jewess was Christened by the foster-mother—grew up, under the kind woman's care, a beautiful, interesting child. Her physical system was strong and healthy, and the promise of life that the young girl gave in a few years was more than ordinary, for she bid fair to develop into a woman of rare physical perfection with fine endowments of intellect and genius. Indeed, while the sufferings of her parents had not marred the physical constitution of our heroine, the sensitive nature of her mother and the transitions of her sympathetic being in all the scenes and tortures of her beloved Benjamin, with their connecting fancies, and at last their sad but peaceful decline to the grave, very deeply marked the mind and character of the Hebrew Maiden. She possessed that tender dreamy nature so often seen in orphan children. "Left alone" is their first realization, and in females that consciousness often engenders the orphan interestingness that surrounds them; whereas, in the strong types of man, it gives a rugged, robust, self-reliant character. Yet, even in the most self-supportive natures, there is a voice of yearning heard. How many a strong-natured man is melted by his longing for the mother he never knew. What wonder then that, in the gentle sex, an orphaned life creates in the heart a great cry of nature, asking for father, mother, brother, sister, kin,—and then as the rose-bud opens into bloom of maturity, love's pleadings for her mate.

Terese Ben Ammon grew up the pet and darling of her foster-brothers and sisters; and, by the sweetness of her disposition, together with the sad history of her parents and the circumstances of her life, she became a favorite with the villagers who were ever ready with kindness and sympathy for the beautiful Hebrew Maiden. Even the girls were fain to forego their usual jealousy towards their own sex so far as Terese was concerned; and by common consent, the orphan Jewess was the queen of the village maidens,—of course the boys were always but too eager to do battle for her, especially foster-brother Beppo.

Beppo was a true Italian, with all their passionate nature and jealousy, and he was fonder of his foster-sister than of all the world beside. Between him and nearly every one of the village boys, there were constant and fiery quarrels over Terese Ben Ammon. In his exclusive devotion to her, no one but foster-brother possessed any claims to be her champion, a point which he frequently maintained by physical force; and there was only one view which reconciled him to anybody but himself doing aught for Terese, and that was the loss it would be to her, for the boy would quarrel with the moon if she had wanted it and the moon had refused to come at her bidding.

The Hebrew Maiden had often to extinguish the fire of her foster-brother and reconcile him to his companions with whom he would always quarrel upon the least appearance of trespass upon his rights where Terese was concerned; but he trembled at the lightest rebuke from her. When he had given any serious cause of offence or pain by his jealous fondness for her, he would indulge in passionate grief and moody self-reproaches, and sometimes even hide himself for days in the neighboring mountains.

Terese Ben Ammon has reached the age of sixteen; and her faithful foster-mother is now also dead. Most of the children are grown up men and women, and have gone into the world as wives and husbands to begin life upon their own account; but foster-brother Beppo and Tereso remain in the old homestead with two of the younger ones of the Sicilian peasant's family. Beppo was twenty-two, but he never thought of marrying and setting up in the world for himself like the rest of the young people. What would become of his pet Terese, whom the boy had nursed almost from babyhood, and for whose dear sake he had so often kicked and pounded the rest of the urchins of the family when they sought to take her from his arms, accompanied by a chorus of howls and squalling from the bigger ones and the fainter cries from the little angel who was the innocent cause of these periodical family broils? Ah! what would become of Terese, if Beppo left her, was the question the young fellow was constantly asking himself and as constantly deciding according to his foregone conclusion that she could not possibly get along without him. It was wonderful, too, how often he deemed it necessary for her to give her endorsement of his view of the case. Oh! no; she could not possibly do without brother Beppo, and yet half jealously the young man daily tormented her with the subject as though he felt that every coming to-morrow might change her mind. The fact was that the foster-brother was more conscious of the development of the beautiful Jewess to womanhood than she was herself, and every fresh marriage of the young folks of the village crowded him with the perplexities growing up around himself and his foster sister. He was divided between his proud delight at seeing her blooming into lovely womanhood and the remembrance of his more simple joy when he kissed and romped with her as a child. She would still throw her arms around his neck and kiss him as of old, and with her soothing caresses drive the dark spirit from his passionate jealous heart; but there was now a bashful restraint around Beppo, and he would kiss her forehead with scarcely the touch of his lips as though she had become to him a sacred idol whom it were almost sacrilege to embrace. Ha! that fiery heart within him spoke volumes. *He loved the Hebrew Maiden*, but it was with a morbid passion, making himself more the despotic slave claiming his mistress as all his own, than the fervent lover adoring an expectant bride. Terese as Beppo's wife had never as yet entered the young Italian's heart; but no one else must be suffered to bear his sanctified foster-sister away from him.

And Tereso Ben Ammon—how with her?—Had she passed through no corresponding changes in nature's transitions from the child to the girl, and thence to that mystic dawning of young-womanhood. There is no period of a woman's life when she more resembles an opening rose than at that age at which our heroine had now arrived. Yes, there had been changes in mind and heart as well as in her blooming physical development. But Terese Ben Ammon was the child still. It was at the green graves of her parents which her pious hands adorned with reverent tributes of flowers, and in the communion she there held with her mother's spirit that seemed to speak audibly to her ear and throb its whispers in the beatings of her own heart, where the Hebrew Maiden revealed the opening era of her life. Here let us leave her awhile kneeling at her parents' grave in her daily devotions and return to other characters of our story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YOUNG TRAVELERS.

Once more mellow Summer was languishing to death and ripe September reigned. Nature was infused with a spirit of languid peacefulness, and over the turbulent passions of men, the mesmeric sympathies of the dying year threw a spell of sentiment kindred with itself. The external universe is in communion with mankind; the seasons photograph themselves on our whole being. In an unrestrained fellowship with Nature in pastoral places, man feels her great heart throbbing loud against his; and her changeful dispositions strongly affect his own.

On such a September day, fourteen years before, the dying De Lacy sought the ancestral home of Sir Richard Courtney, to end the peaceful chapter of his mortal life, and be laid in his family sepulchre. Now two young English travelers, fresh from their native land, with light valises, climbed over the brow of the chain of mountains that bounded the romantic vale in Sicily where Terese Ben Ammon was born, and which sixteen years ago her parents found to lay their ashes in.

The youths had not taken the footpath to the village; for full of physical vigor, they had chosen the more rugged romance of the

mountain brow, which they reached, well nigh weary, and cast themselves on the cool summit to rest awhile.

"What a panorama of beauty lies stretching out at our feet, in yon valley, Walter," observed the youngest of the Englishmen.

"It is indeed lovely, Fred. I never saw a more Eden-like vale in my life," answered the elder.

"Your uncle's description of Italy which so ravished our fancy was not too richly colored."

"No; language fails to paint the loveliness of the land over which we are traveling."

"How highly wrought and perfect in fine details of beauty Italy seems; does she not, Walter?"

"Even as you say, Fred. In Italy, Nature has lavished herself in luxuriant description. Here never crude in her works, never painting with harsh daubs, which strike the eye at a distance, but give no pleasure when near, for lack of delicacy and detail."

"I'll wager, Walter, that yon pretty village in the vale will be as enchanting when we are near, as now viewed from this mountain brow. What say you to tarry in it for awhile?"

"As you like, Fred. A few weeks spent in rusticating among these Sicilian villagers will be very agreeable."

"So that's settled; a month or two in Sicily, in primitive pastoral simplicity, and in yon Eden! I like the prospect, Walter, amazingly. We can take our tours through the country around, and make this our center and stopping place for awhile."

"It will suit my taste exactly. You know my passion is for the study of character; and, as we are newly arrived in Sicily, we must give to the Sicilian peasantry a few months of our associations."

"And I love to study the picturesque and romance of the country, Walter."

"The country, the character and genius of the people bear strong resemblance to each other," observed the elder with enthusiasm. "There is an infinite elaboration of beauty, a boundless essence of passion, and a gorgeous expression in the nature of the Italians and their land. I know not why, excepting from instinctive sympathy, but Italy fearfully stirs my whole being, and makes me literally palpitate."

"So it does me," returned his light-hearted companion, "but it is with pleasure. There is an effervescence of delightful sensations flowing over me, at every breath I inhale."

"Italy fills me with the same pleasing emotions, Fred; but there is a dark, deep undercurrent, into which I seem to be gazing within myself to see my own face. I feel how much I am Italy embodied."

"That character in you, Walter, has impressed me from my childhood. You are so unlike my unmixed Saxon self, for you know that my mother was a fair daughter of that race. I have more of the ancient English than the Norman nature in me."

"And I seem more a child of Italy than an Englishman. There is a fascination in the very thought of its terrible volcanoes, a well of passion sounded by the plummet of every passionate soul I meet, and an intense sympathy with the character and genius of the people."

"Perhaps some of your race were Italian."

"Very possible. In my own land my nature slumbered; poetry and sentiment were my dream, intellectual studies and the fine arts the luxuries of education and my social position; but in Italy they storm in me as a passion."

"Why, Walter, you were always impetuous and overwhelming. Good gracious! I have seen you like the raging sea, or a young volcano. Nay, nay, you were never the plastic wax old fellow: I trow more the seal to stamp it. Why, didn't even your uncle place you in his stead, as though you were his second self, to carry out all his family designs?"

"Yes, but only was I like the raging sea when he has told me of the supplanting of your house,—only the volcano when I have sworn vengeance upon the supplanters,—only felt the intensity of my being in the friendship which existed between my uncle and your father, and how much I was a child of passion when he has wept in yearning remembrance of his departed friend and the early death of his own wife; then I have sobbed myself into repose on his bosom."

"And I, like a silly child, have wept as I looked on, touched by the effect, but not like you stirred so strongly with the cause."

"Excepting in this, Fred, though I felt my nature like the deep sea, beyond my fathom, yet it was calm and unruffled. Proud in the confidence of my uncle Courtney, living within ourselves at school, happy and peaceful in our romantic home circle, which blended our three families, and looking forward to my great joy in redeeming, at our marriage with my cousins, your inheritance, my brother, all was deep within me, but not agitated to the bottom and upheaving as now."

"Why, Walter, what cause have we found to stir you thus?"

"No perceptible cause. But here in Italy, I feel such a travail of nature in my being that the past in my life seems but the prologue—a sleep with the dreams and foreshadowings of the drama to come. Now is the awaking, and throughout my whole nature the destiny of my life, startled from its slumbers, seems to be pulsating its first moments."

"Almost with terror, I have witnessed the awful intensity of your character when a boy," said the younger, gravely; "but what have we met to stir you in Italy?"

"Italy herself, Fred. Have I not said, I feel myself her child, and less the son of my cold native land. England is my father, but Italy my mother; and now that I am here in her embrace, her life and nature palpitate in me. In fancy, I throw myself into the fiery bowels of her volcanoes, and proudly defy them with my immortality. Were I to find cause great enough to make me weep, now, as when a boy, not as other boys with a petty cry, but here on this mountain's brow, I could cast myself as of old into my uncle's arms till nature was exhausted."

"Come, come, old fellow, no giving way to a bilious fit of mind. You are growing morbid, Walter."

"Perhaps; and superstitious as well, for I feel as though we were meeting some fate in my life."

"Of course we are, my dear fellow. Ha! look at yonder village maiden who has just emerged from the avenue of shade trees, by that nook in the valley on the side near us."

"I see her, and by a cross-cut towards the same place, her peasant swain is making."

"Plague take the fellow! I had just galloped down the skeleton of a romance growing out of that young maiden when that common-place fellow appeared and broke the enchantment."

"Your effervescence will not lighten me to-day, Fred. I do not forget, my brother, that this is the 15th of September."

"God forgive me, Walter; and I had! Yes, I his son had forgotten that on this day fourteen years ago my dear father sought your good uncle's home to die. God forgive me. 'Twould have been a reproach, had another's lips than yours reminded me of it. I understand now your mood. You *had* found the cause. 'Twas the remembrance of the death-day of your uncle's friend. God forgive me that I forgot it."

"I did not design my remembrance as a reproach, Fred, for no one could deserve it less. You need not be ashamed of your started tear, my brother, as a tribute to the memory of your father, but no gall should be mixed in it, that you sought to relieve my shades. At other times your lightness is a pleasing relief to my thoughts; but I cannot bear it to-day."

"My father's spirit forgive me!"

"Come, Fred, my brother, let us descend to the vale and find some peasant's home for the night."

And the young travelers arose, took up their valises, and descended the mountain towards the village birth-place of Terese Ben Ammon.

The village maiden, seen emerging from the avenue of shade trees, was Terese, and that nook in the vale was the sacred spot where slept the remains of the parents of the orphan maiden. It was the spot that Rachel and her young husband had chosen. Being Hebrews, they preferred to be laid by themselves, and not in a Christian burying ground, nor was the good pastor, Father Baldiconi, less sectarian than they, and though the benevolent priest extended to them a Christian's sympathy, because of their youth and sufferings, it was a great relief to him to obtain for them this pretty retired spot of unconsecrated ground. Young Benjamin purchased it from the relics of his broken fortunes; and there the Hebrew father and mother were sleeping together in peace after their short sad life.

Towards this family burying place bent Terese Ben Ammon, and the village swain noticed by Walter Templar, was her foster brother, Beppo.

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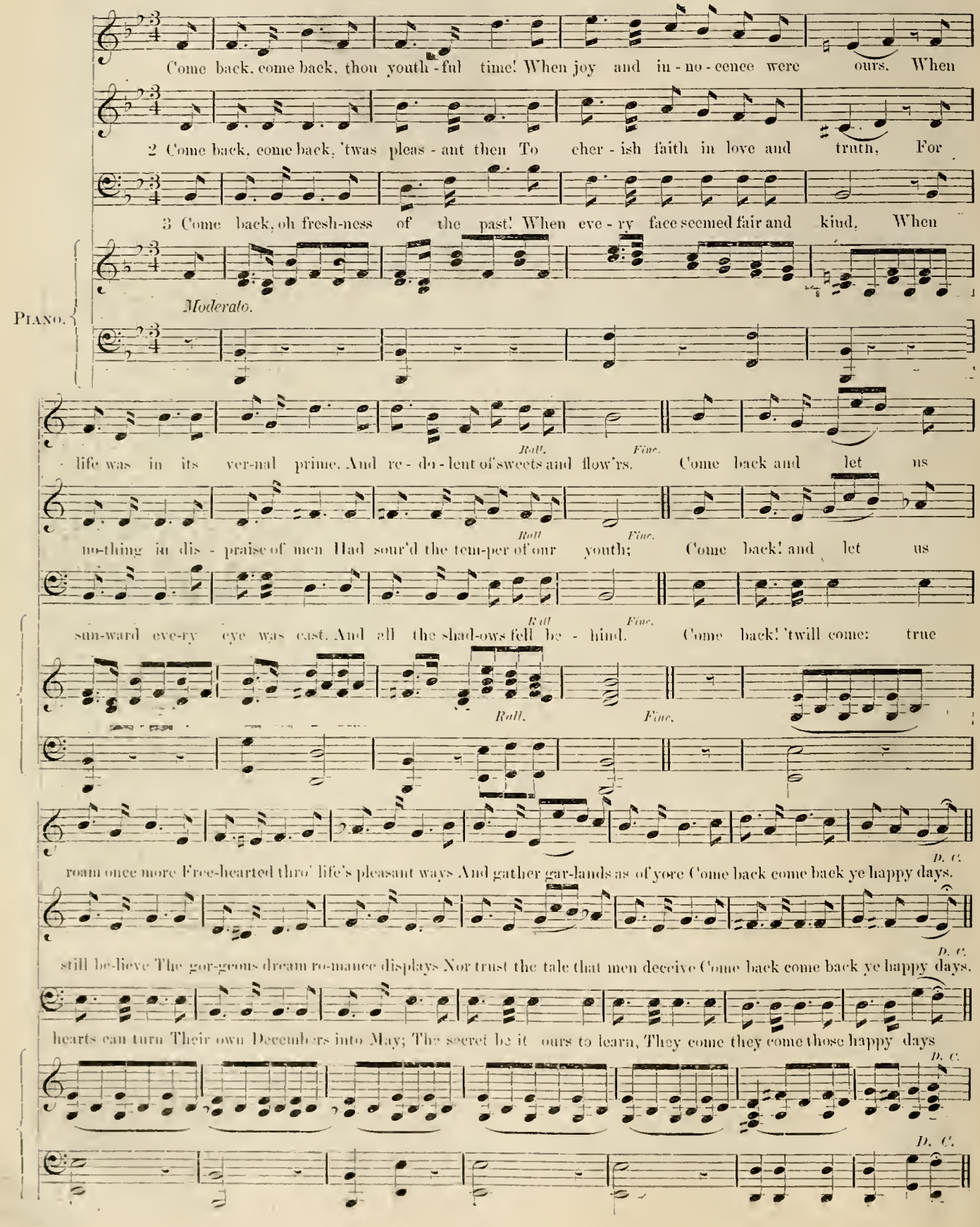

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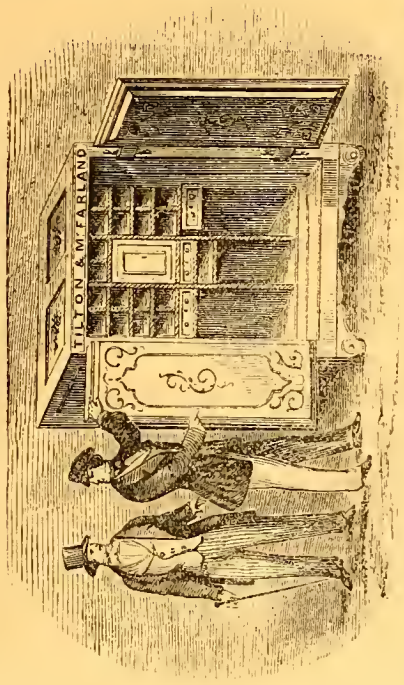

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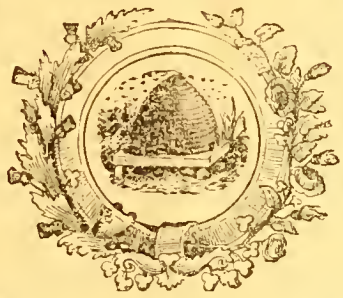
NO. 4, MAY 29, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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THE UTAH MAGAZINE

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Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 4] SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 29, 1869. [Vol. 3

THERE'S A DEEP AND SURGING RIVER.

BY BELLE EVELYN.

There's a deep and surging river
Running o'er the sands of time,
The music of whose flowing
Has a soft and mellow chime:
But beneath the rippling wavelets
Is an undercurrent strong,
That throbs with restless struggles
As it swiftly rolls along.

You may float upon its surface,
And watch the shining spray
That flashes in the sunlight,
As it softly glides away;
Or gather tangled mosses,
And flowerets fresh and fair,
That bloom along its margin,
And shed their fragrance there.

But I'd rather hear the whispers
Of the waves that are below,
And catch the murmured music
Of its stronger, deeper flow,
As it rolls in quiet grandeur,
And a "harmony" sublime,
Beyond the narrow circles
That bound the sands of time.

LINKED TO A STAR.

In making public the great sorrow of my life, I will speak briefly and plainly. No amplification, no graces of writing that I possess, can move the reader's compassion, if this unadorned narrative fails to. If any one asks why I come before the world with my sad story, I answer that I desire the world's sympathy. It relieves me to unbosom myself to the widest audience that will give me a hearing.

Once and for all, I do not believe in the supernatural explanation which some excellent people—most of them ladies—who personally knew of the occurrences here set down, attach to them. I hold them to be coincidences only. But upon me they have had an effect as controlling as if the Deity had made to me a special revelation! This is my candid statement, as I look back to the mysterious events, across the dreary interval of two and a half years.

I am, and have been, for a long time, head book-keeper in a great dry-goods house in the city—a plain, matter-of-fact man, of whom I will say no more here than that the gray which thickly studs my hair is not a mark of age, but of disappointment and grief.

I live where I was born, in a hallowed old house, about twenty miles up the river. Trains run to and from the city many times a day, so that my home is quite as convenient to business as a residence in town. My mother and two sisters occupy this house with me. It has fair grounds about it and some noble old trees, and commands a distant view of the river. The outlook from the roof is very fine. You can see for miles in every direction. At night, owing to the high altitude and the purity of the air, such an expanse of dark-blue sky, fretted with myriads of golden fires, overhangs us, as I have never seen save out upon the Sound.

Among my father's effects was a six-foot achromatic telescope of Fraunhofer's make—an old instrument which had strayed across the Atlantic after a life of unknown vicissitudes, and got into an auction shop in the city, where my father chanced to see it, and bought it to look at remote objects with, principally at sails far up and down the river. Its performance, for a land telescope, was unequalled by any instrument I have ever seen. Names of schooners, sloops, and barges, could easily be made out, eight to ten miles off. But it was in astronomical observations that I, as a boy and man, tested its remarkable powers most thoroughly, and derived the greatest pleasure from its use. The possession of this glass made of me an amateur astronomer. Other people find a hobby in chess, or billiards, or Shakespeare, or philosophy, or a hot-house. My amusement, on returning from the dull mechanics of book-keeping every night to my country home, was to bring out the battered brass-and-leather tube as soon as dark set in, and con the heavens. I rebuilt the cupola of our house into a sort of an astronomical observatory, by heightening and widening it so as to allow the free swing of my long telescope, and putting on a light movable roof, which could be slid off and back again by the pull of a cord. The sides were a mass of windows, so contrived that I could lower them at pleasure into the roof beneath me, out of the way. In this airy loft, long after the other members of my family had gone to bed, have I spent hours that spun by like minutes, so lost was I in the ecstatic contemplation of celestial wonders. Many a night have I watched in the morning-star, and made up for loss of sleep by naps in the cars. Occasionally I have been found nodding on my high stool in the office, and then there were sly jokes about where I had been the night before. I never let out the secret of my observatory but to a few of my most intimate city acquaintances; for there was a general disposition, I soon discovered, to make fun of my innocent nocturnal pursuits. Several of my dearest friends called me "highly eccentric;" and one, whose good opinion I greatly valued, did not hesitate to pronounce me "moonstruck."

For two years previous to May, 1866—memorable year and month in my history—I had been engaged to Milly Estwick, the only daughter of a neighbor of ours. From childhood we had known and loved each other. Ours was the first love, which sometimes is the true love, the love that outlasts all. She was a handsome girl, sweetly disposed, and, in quiet, simple, home-loving tastes, much resembled me. We should have married soon after I put the golden pledge upon her dear hand, but for the delicate state of her health. She was a slender creature, having in excess that spiritual organization so often found in American girls. Manlike, I was anxious to wed at once, and be off on a journey for her health and pleasure. Womanlike, she preferred to wait.

Much of our courtship was carried on in the open air, beneath the pavillion of stars. It was the poetry of heaven that moved me first to the point of proposing; and the eternal, countless eyes above us witnessed the sweet registry of our mutual vows. Many a pleasant summer evening, after our betrothal, would she sit with me for hours in my observatory, and watch for transient meteors, or look through the telescope at objects which I would select, the moons of Jupiter, Saturn's ring and satellites, binary stars, nebulæ, and the like. The glass was mounted on an ingenious frame, of my own contrivance, and while we sat side by side, very close, in our easy-chairs, I could turn the instrument, with the merest finger-touch, to any quarter of the skies. For both of us it was heaven above and heaven below.

Milly took but little interest in astronomy as a science. She said it made her head ache to think of the stupendous size and vast distances of the heavenly orbs. She feared too, to detach her mind from thoughts of the pleasant earth, where she had so many devoted friends, whose love and tenderness were but the reflex of her own soft and loving nature. The stars appealed somewhat to her religious sensibilities. But she admired them most—let me say it at once—for the same reason that swayed the minds of the wisest and the best in the olden times, and even now has not been banished, and perhaps never will be, by the decrees of knowledge. She believed the stars had some influence on mortal affairs. She thought they might be the homes of our future lives. This notion, so poetical and beautiful, although I thought it absurd, I did not try to laugh out of her. Nor to disprove it—as how could I have done? No! I loved her all the more for her childish superstitions.

On the night of May 11th, 1866, Milly and I were up in the cupola. My mother and sisters had been with us the greater part of the evening, but had withdrawn to the parlor, on some plausible pretext or other, but really, I dare say, to leave Milly and me together. Since we were engaged, they had often benevolently done this.

The night was mild and beautiful. A south wind brought to us the odor of blossoms. The first wood-crickets of the season chirped on every side. There was no moon; but the light of a multitude of stars, on the steel-blue ground of sky, made outlines of objects near me quite visible. I could see, or thought I could, the violet of Milly's sweet eyes, the deep chestnut of her hair; the little dimples in her cheeks. She was paler than usual that night. I knew, by her little nervous thrills, that she suffered from some internal pain. But in vain I asked her to join my mother and sisters below. She said she was very comfortable there, and would stay a while longer. We had been roving idly among the stars, and chatting a good deal about ourselves; though there was one topic very near to both of us, which, by common consent, we never alluded to. That was my darling's heart-affection. Neither of us dared to talk of it. We both silently hoped that the dangerous symptoms which it had shown would disappear in good time. That malady was the spectre, as from the grave, that rose between us often in our gayest moments

I folded her shawl more closely about her, for I somehow fancied she was chilled with the night air. Then said I, with a little laugh, and a Claude Melnott-ish air, "Come now, Milly, tell me 'what star shall be our home, when love itself becomes immortal.'"

"Are you in earnest, Albert?" said Milly, more seriously than I had expected.

"Of course, darling. Only let it be one of the first magnitude. No second-class for you and me in cars, hotels, or stars. There are Albebaran, Regulus, Arcturus, Capella, Denebola, Lyra, and plenty more of them. Which, now?"

Milly glanced about the heavens a few moments. Her gaze suddenly became fixed on the beautiful constellation Corona, then looming in the northwestern sky. Her face seemed to light up with a look of decision, as she exclaimed: "There, that's our star!"

Her small white hand indicated the glittering Crown.

We were so used to pointing out stars to each other, that I knew instantly which she meant.

"I see it, dear. The one with the soft white light, changing a little as I look at it to a faint yellow, and perhaps a blue. 'Tis only of a second magnitude. I am disappointed."

"Nevertheless, Albert, 'tis our star. What is its name?"

I looked at the star attentively, taking its bearings from other known stars in the vicinity. "This is very strange, Milly," said I, "but I don't remember ever seeing that star before. 'Tis a fixed star, you see, by its sharp, flickering light; not a planet or a tailless comet. How does it happen, then, after all my studying of the heavens and Herschel's catalogue, till I thought I had both by heart, that I can't name that star?"

"Perhaps it 's a new star," said Milly, still gazing at it intently.

"Impossible." I laughingly replied. "We can't have new stars made for us expressly, you know. Yet it may be new in one sense," I added, more seriously, "that is, a variable star, reäppearing after years of obscuration. I will look at the catalogue when we go down stairs. Meanwhile, we 'll call it new, and we 'll christen it '*Milly*.' *your* star."

"*Our* star, Albert."

I was about to respond with some pleasant jest, when I marked a deepening pallor, like a faint auroral cloud, pass over her face.

Star and telescope were forgotten in an instant. The phantom rose between us! "Darling," said I, "you are ill. I knew this night air would hurt you. Let us descend."

Her eyes were still fixed, rapt upon the soft, white star. I was obliged to take her gently by the arms, and move her to the trap-door, whence a safe flight of steps led to the attic. She obeyed me silently, like one in a trance; but, to the last, before we had passed through the roof, her backward gaze rested upon that star.

By the time we joined my mother and sisters in the parlor, she was better. "Only a passing faintness," she said. In a little while she recovered her usual spirits; and I accompanied her home to her father's house, which was but a stone's throw from us. As we went into the open air, I rejoiced to see that a fleecy cloud covered the Northern Crown, for I felt there were mysterious reasons why we should not look at that constellation. She glanced up at the sky, but said nothing.

I gave her the parting kiss at her father's door—how sweet it comes back to my memory!—and hastened home, and up to the roof, with a lantern and Herschel's catalogue in hand, to solve the riddle of the star. But clouds had gath-

ered for the night, and after waiting fully three hours for some rift to open, through which I might have glimpses of the Crown and of "Milly" (as I fondly called the unknown), I took in my telescope and went to bed. But long I lay awake, pondering perplexedly, sadly, over the strange incident of the evening.

Next day my thoughts so ran on the star and my betrothed —for the two came into my head together, as if they were inseparable—that I made several mistakes in the ledger. May 12, 1866, is scored with more penknife scratches in my accounts than any other whole month of that year.

At last—how slow time dragged, and how snail-like the cars crept up the Hudson shore!—at last I was at home again. On my way to the house I always called on Milly. That evening (the sun had not yet gone down) she was sitting by an open window, where she often sat, looking right between two great lilac-trees, heavy with pink-white masses, watching for me. I ran to the window to greet her. Ah! how pale, but how beautiful! Her eyes had the introverted look of meditation. They did not seem to see me, but some point in space just short of me.

"You are not well, dear," said she, plaintively.

The very words I would have spoken to her! but I dared not utter them.

"Something has troubled you to-day, Albert. Our star, perhaps," she said, smiling, at the same time looking over the lilac-tops to the sky, where Corona would be in an hour.

I made a poor attempt to laugh. "Not much time to think about stars in town," said I. "The ledger is my only atlas there. One star more or less, where there are millions, is nothing to me, you know; but the mistake of a cent in balancing—that's every thing. I've been very busily engaged to-day."

Then, to change the subject, I handed her a new volume of poetry, that I had bought for her. This effectually diverted her thoughts—or seemed to do so—from the unpleasant subject. I leaned over the window-sill, so that my cheek almost touched hers, and we turned the pages of the book together, glancing at the principal poems. One was headed "Lines to a Star." She paused, as if she were going to read them.

"Let me show you a lovely ode further on," said I, and I thumbed a dozen pages impatiently. Milly looked up and smiled. But I pretended not to understand her. Presently I found what I wanted, and read the poem to her in a low monotone. What it was all about, I know not, at this time. My thoughts, all the while, were only of her and her namesake up in the sky.

The sun was then setting, and Milly, always thoughtful of others, said I must go home to supper, for mother and sisters were waiting for me.

I was less reluctant to leave her than usual, for I burned with a desire to solve that star-problem.

"Let me shut the window for you," said I.

"Oh, no, Albert! Leave it open." Again the skyward glance, as she spoke!

"Then, good-night, good-night, Milly. God bless you!" I kissed her hand, and hurried away, just as the twilight began to gloom softly.

Supper was dispatched mechanically. I chatted at random with mother and sisters. They knew that I was sad about Milly's declining health, and I knew that that made them unhappy. We shunned that subject of all others.

Almost rudely pushing my plate aside, I excused myself and ran up to the observatory. I carefully wiped the glasses of my telescope and placed it in position. In the chair which she was wont to occupy I spread out Herschel's catalogue, its pages open at the Corona constellation. The lantern, newly filled and freshly trimmed, stood by its side, shedding a clear light upon the text. I seated myself, my hand resting on the drawn tube of the instrument and caressing it. I trembled with impatience as I strained my gaze to the northern sky. One by one the brightest stars in that region began to appear. Presently, under my fascinated eyes, the Crown came out, gemming the blue with its brilliant points, and, set in the midst of them, the soft, white star. The moment I could identify it beyond a doubt I turned to Herschel, as to a book of fate.

Good heavens! There was no such star upon the list!

The import of the mystery flashed upon me like the gleam of a meteor. *Milly had discovered a new star.*

Truly it was ours—ours by right of finding. We were entitled to name it. The star was *Milly*, as regularly christened as ever child brought to font.

Let me be frank. For the first time in my life a feeling of superstitious awe crept over me. Was there more in the old astrology than credulity and imposture? But I did not allow this unscientific thought to keep ascendant long. I recalled all I knew of stars suddenly appearing, of variable stars, in Ophiucus, in Scorpio, in Cassiopeia, Hercules, and other constellations. I remembered the theories that explained the prodigy, and gradually became calmer. We had made a great discovery; but dozens of other observers might have made it the same night, for aught we knew. Accident only had determined Milly's selection of that particular star. Its light, rather softer and purer than that of other stars in the neighborhood, had guided her choice. I felt proud for Milly and myself, but I laughed outright as I thought of the poor child's simplicity. The idea of a star, billions of miles away, being any earth-born creature's future home! The delicious absurdity of it made me love Milly all the more. "What is the darling doing now, I wonder?"

My blood suddenly chilled in my veins as I thought, "*She is at this moment looking at our star.*"

Mastering with an effort this mysterious and unpleasant fancy, I addressed myself to the scientific examination of the star, so far as I, a mere amateur, was capable of such a task. By this time the night was quite dark, and I now discovered that the star was not so brilliant as it had been the night before. From a full second magnitude, it had dropped at least half-way to a third. My experience in studying stars enabled me to detect this to a certainty. It was strange, but, after all, in accordance with the phenomena of recorded variables. Their brilliancy culminates and wanes in many cases with surprising rapidity. We had first seen it at its maximum; it was now on the decline. The flicker into a yellowish and bluish tint was noticeable, as on the night of the 11th. Some stupendous chemical action going on. Possibly, the burning out of the star! Who knows?

I levelled my telescope at this wonderful object. Like all other fixed stars seen through clear glasses, it became apparently smaller than when viewed by the naked eye—a diamond-point only. But the color coming and going on the white was distinctly visible.

How long I sat at this scrutiny I cannot tell. The voice of sister Hetty from the stairs called me back to earth.

"A note from Mrs. Estwick, Albert."

I seized it as she thrust it through the opening in the roof, tore away the envelope, and read:

"DEAR ALBERT.—Milly wants to see you very much. Come over at once.

Affectionately yours,

S. E.

I presented myself at Mr. Estwick's house as quickly as I could. Milly sat by the window, shut now, where I had left her. Her face was turned toward the northeastern sky. She did not see me as I approached through the darkness. A thick-set figure came out of the house as I was about to enter. I recognized Dr. Plimpton, the family physician.

"How is she, doctor?" I asked, hurriedly.

"Ah! Mr. Chamfield, I'm glad you've come. You'll do her more good than all my medicines. She fainted to-night—though that is nothing new for her, you know—but she came out of it rather weaker than usual. Strange diseases, sir, those affections of the heart. The patients' nervous sensibility and spiritual perception are wonderfully increased. I sometimes think they have the power of looking into the world we call unseen, upon whose threshold they always stand——"

I cut short the doctor's disquisition—"Tell me, can she be saved?" I clasped his honest right hand, as if I would wring a favorable answer from him.

"I hope so; but God only knows. You can save her, if any one can."

Without another word, I rushed into the house, and the good doctor walked off to visit another patient.

"Ah! Albert, I am so glad to see you," Milly said, extending both her hands to me. I clasped and kissed them.

Mr. and Mrs. Estwick, who loved me like their own son, gave me a warm greeting, and, after a few commonplace remarks, left Milly and me together.

The moment we were alone, the dear girl said: "Our star has faded a little from its lustre, last night, and I have faded too." She smiled, and looked up at it. "We are going out together."

I recalled what Dr. Plimpton had just said, and a sense of terror thrilled me. But I conjured up a feeble laugh, and replied: "Oh, no, darling! that's mere fancy. If you had seen the star from my observatory, you would have said it was brighter than on yesterday night."

Heaven pardon me the deception, but what would I not have done for her!

She had watched my eyes closely as I spoke. "Now I know you are just fibbing a little bit," she, smiling, said. "Don't fear to tell me the truth, Albert. Our star *is* becoming fainter."

I could not lie as I looked into her pure, loving eyes. "Well, Milly, it has dwindled a little, perhaps. But what of it? The star is a variable, which we happen to have seen at its brightest. The light has been waxing up to the degree of last night—its maximum, perhaps—and is now waning. You know, dear, I told you all about this strange kind of stars long ago. We cannot explain the phenomenon, but one thing we may be sure of, it has no influence, good or bad, on the inhabitants of this speck of a planet."

Milly answered not, but only looked out of the window. My eyes followed hers, and I gladly saw that Corona had at last passed from our field of vision.

"Is it really a new star, as you thought, Albert?"

"My catalogue does not give it," said I. "For us it is new, at any rate, though other observers may have seen it the same night that we did, or before it. These astronomical novelties are generally discovered by a number of people in different parts of the world about the same time. I will watch the scientific items in the papers, and see what they say. Till further notice, however, we will call the star 'Milly.'"

I was sorry afterward that I said this, for her eyes shone with strange intensity as I coupled her name with the celestial stranger.

"As you watch this star fading from night to night, you will think of me, Albert, will you not?"

"Surely I will, dearest, and hope and pray that you will become stronger and better. But leave the watching to me, Milly. Promise me that you will not worry any more about this star, will you?"

"I do not worry," she said, with her pleasant smile. "I take a calm, sweet pleasure in looking at it, for I know that you and I are linked to it forever. As long as I can sit at this window, I shall feel more contented and happy to see our star, and feel in my heart and soul that it is ours."

Morbid, incomprehensible fancy! Too deeply rooted in her mind to be disturbed by any arguments that I could ply upon her. Dr. Plimpton's words resounded in my ears. I felt sick at heart.

Thankful was I that, before this subject could be renewed, Mrs. Estwick entered the room. I accepted her appearance as a hint that our interview had lasted long enough, and a few minutes after I withdrew, promising to call morning and night, to see with my own eyes how fast Milly got better—a promise quite unnecessary, for I had called that often for about two years.

Blessed hope, that can cheat us against the conviction of our own senses! For I knew my Milly was dying.

I have no heart to protract this story.

Information which I gathered from many sources in various ways proved that Milly and I were probably the first persons anywhere who took notice of this star.

On the 12th of May, the night following our discovery (if I may so call it), the new star was seen and examined at the Washington Observatory; on the night of the 14th, at Cambridge, Mass. Astronomers in England and Ireland saw it on the 12th, and the next night some French astronomers made record of it. Reports were afloat that it had been seen in Canada and elsewhere during the early part of May, when its brightness was between the third and fourth magnitude; but these reports I am unable to verify. It further appeared that several maps and catalogues of old dates testified to the existence of a small star, below the ninth magnitude, at or near the position occupied by the mysterious object; but there was no evidence to show that the two were identical. While it may have been a star "burning up," as the popular phrase is, the opinion of the majority of astronomers inclines to the belief that it was a variable, seen at its highest effulgence at intervals perhaps of hundreds of years, like the well-known one in Scorpio.

Night after night its lustre steadily and rapidly decreased. On the 14th, it was of the third magnitude, or below it. On the 19th, it was of the fifth.

These changes startled me only as they coincided, in the most remarkable manner, with Milly's declining health. As the star diminished, so the roundness of her fair cheeks fell away, her sweet voice became fainter; only the brightness of her violet eyes seemed undimmed, or even to be heightened, as she faded.

I attended to my dull work in the city as best I could—reaching the end of my labors every night through Heaven knows what tangles of mistakes—and hurried home by the first evening train.

The star being visible up to the night of May 19th to the naked eye, I did not use my telescope upon it. I had no taste for astronomy during those dreadful days. I came at last to curse the star, because of its malign influence upon my fate—though my sober reflection always rejected that supposition as weak and unworthy of me. But, reason as I would, the mournful fact remained that Milly and the star were receding from me together.

Morning and evening I was by her side. She was still

able to sit up; and occupied her chair in the old place by the window. The good doctor had reluctantly told me there was no hope for her recovery; that the least excitement, even that attending her removal from room to room, might end her frail life. Her father and mother had not dared to ask of the doctor his final opinion, and they still trusted, with blind confidence, that she would mend in a few days. Milly herself would not talk of her approaching death to them or to me; but I knew by a hundred little signs and tokens, voiceless many of them, that she wished me to be prepared for the event that must come. Knowing that every allusion to the star pained me, because of its intimate association in my mind with her, she had not spoken of it to me for some days. She had seen, with her own eyes, that its radiance was fast being quenched.

On the morning of the 20th, a thought occurred to me from which I derived momentary relief. I had observed, on the night of the 19th, that the star verged so closely on to invisibility that another twenty-four hours would remove it from human sight. The idea possessed me that if she could be kept in ignorance of the disappearance of the star for a day or two after it had taken place, she would then have a clear proof that her life did not depend upon it. I determined to practise a harmless *ruse* upon her. I would deceive her for her good; perhaps save her life by dispelling what I believed to be a hallucination.

I had taken later trains than usual to town since her serious illness. That morning, when I presented myself at her house about half-past eight o'clock, I found her sitting in her accustomed chair, and looking better. Her parents and even Dr. Plimpton also remarked the improvement; and we all took heart from it.

"Milly," said I, as soon as we were alone, putting on a brazen face for the deceit, "I've good news for you. Your star is brightening. There was a perceptible increase in its lustre between ten and two o'clock last night. And you are brighter too, thank Heaven!"

The effect on the dear girl was not what I had expected. She simply said, "You must not be deceived by appearances."

But I would not listen to anything that would dash the joyous hope which rose within me. "This star has begun to shine out again, and so will you dearest. I know it."

Though decidedly improved to the eye, I noticed that conversation and the exertion of thinking fatigued her that morning to a marked degree. So, after dispensing what I could of my assumed cheerfulness to the patient, and telling her how much better yet I was sure of finding her when I came home that night, I bade her farewell.

We were alone at that sacred moment; and I stooped down and imprinted the kiss of immortal love upon her lips.

"Good-by, Albert," said she pressing my hand, as if desirous to detain me longer. But this she always did.

"Good-by, sweetest!" and so I retired from the room, her violet eyes bending upon me to the last their angelic look.

"Now," thought I, as I walked fast to the station, "if Heaven will but send a storm of three or four days, so that she cannot see the star! At all events, on one pretext or another—and love will find many for me—she must be kept from seeing it. All the time, if the nights are clear, I will make her believe that I have watched it, and that it is flaming out more and more. Then, after her health has improved a little, I will frankly acknowledge the deceit, and so explode forever the deadly illusion that haunts her."

Such was my poor plan; and the elaboration of it, in all its parts, cheered my drooping spirits at the desk, where I went through my appointed work like an automatic adding-machine.

The sky was clear when I reached the little village that night. I almost ran from the station to Mr. Estwick's, turning over and over, as I dashed along, the various plans by which she might be kept from gazing at the star, and made to believe my pious frauds about it.

She was not at the window. That was ominous. And, through the panes, I could see a group of persons standing still together. She was worse—perhaps actually dying!

The dread doubt was solved in a moment as I knelt upon the floor by the sofa where she lay, cold and beautiful. *Dead, dead!*

I remember how all my manhood snapped like a thread under the awful tension; and how I wept as if my heart would literally break. I recall the well-meant condolences of relatives and friends, who stood about, addressed to me, and that each effort to soothe me touched a new fountain of tears. The last words of the poor child were "*Albert*," and "*our star*." She had died about five o'clock, suddenly and tranquilly—thank God for that! Her death had been, the doctor said, "A fading out, natural and painless."

The torrent of my grief finally spent itself, and I could look upon the face once so full of the fresh beauty of life—so lovely even in death—with something like composure. Years of my future would drag heavily; but they would end at last, and then we would be reünited in that world where there is no more death, nor any sickness, nor any sorrow!

In our star! I arose upon an impulse and walked to the window. Darkness spread from point to point of the Northern Crown, like a pall hung upon golden nails. *Our star was no longer visible!*

"*I know that you and I are linked to it forever!*"

Such were her very words. Were they prophetic? Or were these strange events only coincidences? To me it matters not. Explain them how I may, I feel that I am, from the very necessity of the case, linked to a star—a star now utterly withdrawn beyond the reaches of my telescope as of my mortal eyes. I cannot turn my glass to the sky at hours when that constellation is visible, without seeking the Crown and peering through it into the vast recesses beyond, in the faint hope that I may see the returning wanderer, my MILLY. Never again may that star shine on me in this fleshy tabernacle of mine; but the time will come—and this it is that cheers and sustains me—when, by my reünion with her, this burden of life shall be lifted; this mystery solved.

Gems from the Poets.

KINSHIP IN NATURE.

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance feels as great a pang
As when the giant dies. [SHAKSPEARE.

In the vast, as in the minute, we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
That gives its lustre to an insect's wing
And plants His throne upon the rolling worlds.
[COWPER.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate how wonderful is man!
* * * * * * * *
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
* * * * * * * *
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sull'd and absorpt!
Though sull'd and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! A frail child of dust!
[YOUNG.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - F. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

WHICH IS THE SUPERIOR SEX?

[BEING NO. 3 OF "OUR WOMAN'S PLATFORM."]

The question as to which of the sexes is superior to the other, is, to our mind, a most absurd one. As well ask which is the divinest, Rain or Sunshine. God is enshrined and manifested in His numerous qualities in both sexes. It takes both of the sexes to display Him fully. Man possesses one portion of His qualities, Woman another. Each sex possesses characteristics that are a relief to the other, and which, by their opposite natures, serve to produce the life, the variety and the charms of existence. The delicacy and the grace of woman are "God manifested in the flesh;" the rugged sternness and strength of the man is God—as much and no more—disclosing another phase of His wondrous forms of life and action. The two sexes may be said to represent the two halves of Deity. Together they represent the whole—apart, neither represent Him fully.

The doctrine which we hold on the question of superiority may be very briefly summed up. We believe that both sexes are superior in their own sphere, and both are inferior out of it. In relation to the marriage life, we consider that there are certain duties and responsibilities specially suited to each sex, not because of any superiority of nature on either side, but because of special capabilities existing with each. We hold that, in married life, both sexes should waive their claim to absolute independence, and come together to act in accordance with the truest instincts of their natures, without any reference to the question as to who becomes the most exalted thereby. They come together to respond to the calls of love and attraction, not ambition; and, if great nature works harmoniously in both, leads woman to entrust, and man to accept, certain responsibilities—as she has done ever since the world began;—what trash to talk about superiority of position. Superiority of adaptation for certain duties may exist in man or woman, but nothing else.

We hold that men and women, in their marriage, never come together specially to govern or to be governed; they unite to gratify their love and share the blessings of those qualities reserved to each sex for the blessing of the other; but although this is true, out of their union grows all the necessities of a government on a small scale. As men and women, in the abstract, they are equal. Married or otherwise, in all that relates to judging for themselves respecting what is true, beautiful, or good, woman is for ever independent of man. She need accept no more than every instinct her soul responds to. Not for the sake of "authority"—not for the sake of exalting one sex above the other—but, for the sake of order and harmony, a deciding power; but in reference to their married and parental relation, husband and wife are no longer abstract man and woman. An organization has been formed; they sustain certain relations to each other and their children; and the thousand multiplied and complicated interests growing therefrom, require—not anybody's superiority—not big swelling authority—but order and system. After the best light has been obtained from either side, a variation of opinion may exist, while circumstances require that decisive action be taken. Here then, love, peace, affection, require that for order and harmony's sake, a deciding power should exist, which must be invested somewhere. Ever since the creation, woman, when taught only by her own heart, has invested this power in man, and man has accepted it. Her wisdom in conceding so much, and man's right in accepting, are based on the fact that all the instincts of her nature point that way. Man's right does not consist in any superiority of nature, but in the fact of a superior fitness for that particular work. All the instincts of a provider, protector, and statesman are born in man; he intuitively yearns, from his boyhood up, for objects upon which to expend his administrative qualities—not so with woman,—she has a sensitive love for humanity often keener than man's; but—saving exceptional cases—she desires to concentrate her cares upon her offspring, while for them and herself, she again desires a superior protector. The administrative quality does not prevail in her. All the manifestations of her being are of the delicate order: grace, skill and refinement are her joys. Strength, force and massiveness—the proper qualities to lean upon—are not hers, while they *are* man's. The difference between men and women is not a question of judgment or intellect; it is a question of strength. Woman can see the necessary course sometimes clearer than man, but she wants man to go ahead and carry her own conceptions into execution. Hence by his own instincts, and woman's allotment, he is, and must be, the executive of the family. As we have said, a true marriage compact, can bring no control of the husband between God and a woman's soul. Neither should it step between her and any intellectual conception or judgment. It does not abate the value of her opinion, nor declare her inferior in the least degree; it simply allots to man the right to decide upon certain points, because the responsibility, the labor, and the care, are, by the nature of both sexes, imposed upon him. While we believe that woman, by all the forces of her nature, is led to allot to man the dignified trust of protector and guide, we hold that these instincts do not prove any man's fitness for the task, or his suitability at *any* period of his career. They only prove what nature ultimately intends man to be. Nature often does things by anticipation. She filled this earth with gold and silver, ages before there was any man in existence to use it; and she has embedded this golden faith respecting man in woman's bosom, pointing to that condition of man's nature, when, by the possession of qualities responding to the confidence bestowed, he shall be entitled to so divine a trust.

Music.

CORRESPONDENCE.

May 12th, 1869.

Editor Musical Department—*Dear Sir:* Having received the first number of Volume III, Utah Magazine, I must say that it appears very plain that the management intends to spare neither pains nor expense in making it a first-class periodical. Knowing that you invite correspondence on musical subjects, and also knowing that your space is valuable, I will be as concise as possible.

I understand that it is your intention to insert a piece of music in every other number; I think you will find that there is home talent enough to warrant you in publishing a piece in *every* number. The choirs of this Territory, as a rule, have about one or two copies of the same psalmody to serve from ten to thirty members; the consequence is, the ever tedious and tiresome operation of copying has to be resorted to, which few know anything about save the leader. Now I think that if you were to publish a sacred piece one week, and a secular subject the next, you would not only add variety and interest to your department, but you would be the means of placing in the hands of choirs a sufficient number of copies of the music of Zion as to enable the leaders to dispense with a great deal of copying. One and all will be in favor of that idea.

And now, if you will bear with me a little longer, I will tell you the light in which I regard the musical portion of your paper. If properly managed—by encouragement, etc.—it will be the means of bringing out the talent that is at present lying latent for want of a stimulus in the shape of publication, and it will kindle the fire of genius that is in our midst to a greater extent than some people suppose. The development of the "divine art" in this Territory is, I believe, your object in adding a sheet of music composed mostly (I hope wholly) by home musicians, to your paper.

Brethren, you have set out in a very praiseworthy cause, and I hope that every musician and member of a choir will show that they appreciate the movement by patronizing a paper that is striving to please them. I would advise every leader of a choir to get up clubs, if it was only for the music department. * * * * Can you not get up a series of prizes for the best compositions, as they do in England. If anything will add interest to your paper it is this. Think about it.

Remain yours, etc.,

A. C. SMYTH.

It is our intention, as far as possible, to publish the compositions of our home musicians in preference to all others. The arrangement of alternate secular and sacred pieces is exactly what we desire; but there is great difficulty in getting in music as we need it at present. By-and-by we shall have a stock from which we can select. As to publishing music every week, that is desirable enough, but our correspondent is scarcely aware of the time taken and expense incurred in the setting of music under disadvantages.

In relation to the subject of prizes, we have it already in consideration. As soon as our plans are matured, we expect not only to give prizes for music, but for original stories, poetry, etc., and in fact do everything that will tend to develop home talent. It is our anticipation that the compositions published in the MAGAZINE will yet form a choice stock from which the proper parties can select a Psalmody for the people of Utah.

The Drama.

WE propose to re-view the works of Shakspeare, in the MAGAZINE, fragments of which will appear from time to time. We will open with Shakspeare's

SUPERNATURAL CHARACTERS.—The subject of supernatural beings manifesting themselves in human affairs is most fascinating to genius. In the grand epic poems of the ancients, the human and superhuman divide the field; Milton made the action of his celestial and infernal powers the very body of his immortal poem; and even our atheistic Shelleys and Byrons can not keep out of the charmed circle. The subject of the metaphysical agencies of the world—the good and evil—incarnating themselves in the action of human life, gives to the poet at once such a vast field for his capacities, and such a unique character to his work. Hence it is a favorite with genius; but it requires the greatest masters to handle it, or it will fall into contempt. And it is vastly more difficult to give the supernatural an extensive treatment in an *acting* drama than it is in the epic poem.

Shakspeare in several of his plays, such as Hamlet, trod on the boundaries of the metaphysical world and introduced a ghost. He also in the "Tempest" still made further inroads upon it, and introduced the magician Prospero, with his familiar spirit Ariel, and others of the spirit class; but this was only a drama of magic on an uninhabited island. Even Shakspeare did not fully succeed in reaching the great epic theme of supernatural powers manifesting themselves in the affairs of nations, until he embodied them in his play of Macbeth, which as a dramatic composition is his masterpiece.

Mankind ever has been, and ever will be, deeply interested in the real or fancied visitations of beings spiritual, whose existence is prophetic of our hereafter life, and whose continuation in the drama of mortals foreshadows our own continuation. Nor does the evil quality of the superhuman lessen the intensity of the interest, for wicked and direful plays are ever performed in real life, and it is a certain explanation, aye even satisfaction, to believe them to be inspired and worked up by evil spirits, who are taking part with us and managing the issues against human good. The Arch Tempter ever has been, and ever will be, a potent center of interest and terror, not because he was once as a god in light, and now "archangel fallen," but because he was cast down into the very heart of human affairs, and is the great Tempter with his agents leading mankind to their perdition. As long as this state remains, he will share the dominion of the world with God, and be even a personage of more fascinating interest, for the dark and terrible in life is always the most bewitching. In Milton, Satan is the hero, and his wing is broader to overshadow us, because it has night as its fringing. So it is in the great drama of practical life. It was not Milton's design to make Satan his hero; but splendid genius finds its greatest triumphs on the dark sides of Nature. Thus with Shakspeare, and in showing us, with all the strength of his matchless genius, a soul, big in its twinship of good and evil, drawn by this fascination native in us, intensified by the potency of fiends, into the whirlpool of a drama worked up around him by infernal powers, he enters deeply into our human sympathies. In much we are all Macbeths, and like him we have not only to fight against ourselves, but the fiends also, and upon their own ground. The sun-tipt Michael himself can not hold the field on earth, though he did in heaven, against the Power of Darkness. Jude tells us that when these two great archangels were contending over the body of Moses, Michael was in *himself* worsted, and he dared not bring a railing accusation against his sable antagonist, but resigned the field of strife with "the Lord rebuke thee, Satan." How would it have stood had it been Macbeth, instead of Moses, that Michael and Satan were contending for? There is suggestiveness here that brings the interest directly home to ourselves; and hence Shakspeare in his Macbeth seizes strongly hold of our theological faith and our superstitions fears. As we are not chiefly interested in "Archangel Fallen" because he was once as a god in light, neither are we in Shakspeare's superhuman beings because they melt into thin air, but that, like the Arch Tempter, they are concerned with us and are working themselves out through our dramas. Herein was Shakspeare most happy in choosing a supernatural subject having so much reference to all mankind, and in creating beings like the souls of the weird dead, who when in life were potent enough to call up by their charms the spirit of a Samuel. Macbeth is Shakspeare's Saul, who, finding himself outside the circle of the Power of Good, seeks unto *his* Witches of Endor to know his destiny, and they call up spirits, not like the faithful Samuel, who will rebuke him, but those who will

> "Palter with us in a double sense,
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.—This popular comedian and character delineator has been engaged for a limited number of nights, and he made his *debut* here in the eccentric play of "Sam." The signature character is not nearly so much a type as that of Lord Dundreary, to which it is professedly a complement:—indeed Sam is no type at all. Lord Dundreary is a unique burlesque of the English peerage, "played out" in its manly and intellectual constitution, which characterizes the Norman-Saxon race, and which so strongly marked the old English barons. The very contrast between Lord Dundreary and Arthur Wellesly—the Iron Duke who beat all the marshals of Napoleon, who were of republican and plebian origin, closing with the lion of the world himself—is certainly "taking," and it "took" even more in England than in America, *because* it was a unique burlesque. But we should be pleased to learn, for our ethnological satisfaction, what precise individuality or nationality "Sam" types. He is certainly not a genuine English noodle of the aristocratic species, and he is as certainly not an "American cousin" or brother. He is a mongrel at best. Yet Mr. Wheatleigh played Sam admirably, and his grace and professional ease is a fine example of polish and artistic caste.

MISS ADAMS.—Our favorite, Miss Adams, has gone East on a visit.

Correspondence, Etc.

[NOTE.—Under this heading we insert small, unpretending compositions, that lay no special claim to literary ability, but which are sent with a desire to give variety and a home character to our columns.]

REFLECTIONS.

In life's early morn, the spring time of youth,
When the bright star of hope illumined my way,
And pleasure's gay sun, like the goddess of truth,
Seemed a pillar by night and umbrage by day—
A halo of pleasure attended me then
Ere yet I had mixed with the children of men.

Years rolled on apace, and the evils of life,
Like the mildew of ages, now thicken'd around.
As I ventured abroad naught but discord and strife
And malice and envy were there to be found:—
Religion and virtue had flown, and their trace
Was nearly invisible 'midst the disgrace.

The soul damning passions, upheaving and dark,
Like the lava of Etna, far-rolling and wide,
Swept furiously on till Virtue's frail barque,
Like a spot in the distance, was scarcely descried,
And the spirit of demons, conflicting and base,
Filled the annals of earth with deeds of disgrace.

But the bright star of hope bade me look to the West,
Where a standard is raised and a banner unfurl'd,
'Neath the shadow of which the poor and oppress'd
Rejoice—gathered in from a sin-stricken world,
Where the honest in heart from the nations abroad
May bask in the smiles of a merciful God.

Centerville. A. DALRYMPLE.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY
Illustrated in its Great Characters.

CHAPTER IV.

MAXIMIAN AND THE THEBAN LEGION.

The old historians have thus pictured the state of the third century:—

"The armies disposed at their will of the supreme power. Their leaders by turn seized the power, and the infamous Cyriades, a Persian by birth, was the chief of these thirty tyrants who ruled the world for a period of several years; during their execrable reign evils of all kinds weighed down the empire; Britain was conquered by the Caledonians and Saxons; Gaul, by the Franks, the Germans and Burgundians, Italy, by the Germans, the Suevia, the Marcomans and the Quadi; Media, Macedonia and Thrace, by the Goths, the Heruli, and the Sarmatians; the Persians overran even to the very borders of Syria; civil war, famine and pestilence ruined cities and destroyed populations which had escaped the sword of the barbarians."

The state of the world at this period was prophetic of another great change. There was to follow the overthrow of the Roman empire, by the innumerable hordes which poured in from the north to re-people Europe with a dominant race, out of which a consolidated Christendom sprang. And again was there in God's grand epic a twin birth. It was the Mohammedian and Christian empires, which, for ages, were destined to struggle in a thousand battles for the sovereignty of the world; but Constantine the Great was first brought in to give the power into the hands of the Christians.

Diocletian, having risen to the imperial state of the Augusti, associated with himself a colleague in the person of Maximian, on whom he first bestowed the title of Cæsar, and afterwards that of Augustus. The former took the eastern division of the empire and the latter the western. Maximian, in his turn, associated with himself, for the conquest of Britain and Gaul, the heroic Constantius, father of Constantine the Great. But it was during the period when Maximian filled the rank of a Cæsar, or lieutenant emperor, under Diocletian, that there took place one of the most glorious tragedies of history.

Among the Roman legions, at the close of the third century, there was a host of the soldiers of the cross. These raised to the throne of the Augusti, Constantine the first Christian emperor. The heroic character of these soldiers, and their devotion to their faith, may be gathered by the following episode of the—

MARTYRDOM OF THE THEBAN LEGION.

Maximian having passed over into Gaul and conquered the factions of Amandus, Elienus and the Bagaudæ, or the peasants of Gaul, who had risen in a general insurrection, the Cæsar brought from the East a legion, called the Theban, composed of Christian veterans. These, together with his other soldiers, he designed to employ in persecuting the faithful. But the heroes of the cross refused to march at his cruel orders, and formed their camp at the foot of the mountain known now as the Great St. Bernard. The general, enraged, sent to the emperor Diocletian for reinforcements, who sent him troops with orders to decimate the rebel legion, and force the remainder to execute his will against the Christians. In the spirit of martyrs, they dared to disobey the earthly powers. A second time were they decimated, but still they resolved to die for him who had died for them, rather than execute the tyrant's will. Maurice, Exuperus and Candidus were their principal officers, and they exhorted these soldiers of the cross to follow their brethren to martyrdom rather than betray their religion. They then addressed the following noble manifesto to their general:

"We are your soldiers, my lord, but we freely confess that we are the servants of God; we owe to our prince duty in war, to God our innocence; we receive from you pay, He has given us life; we cannot obey you and renounce God our creator, our master and yours. If you ask of us nothing injurious, we will obey your orders as we have done to this time; otherwise we shall obey Him rather than you. We offer the service of our arms against your enemies, but we do not believe we are permitted to bathe them in the blood of the innocent. We took an oath to God, before we did to you, and you can have no confidence in the second, if we violate the first. You command us to seek out Christians, in order to punish them; you have no need of seeking others, behold we are such. We confess God the Father, author of all things, and Jesus Christ his Son. We have seen you put to death our companions without mourning, and we have rejoiced that they have been honored in suffering for their God. Despair has not driven us to revolt. We have arms in our hands, but we have not used them, because we prefer to die innocent, rather than live culpable."

Maximian now ordered his officers to give these Christian soldiers to the sword. Troops were marched to surround the legion and cut it to pieces. But these noble men, resolving to die as martyrs and not as rebels, laid down their arms and bared their necks to the strokes of their executioners. There fell of this famous legion six thousand men; and the earth that day was baptized with the blood of this little army of the soldiers of Christ. Their spirits ascended up on high to receive the crowns of the just and the faithful; while He who raiseth up and casteth down powers and dominions, to the fulfillment of his grand purposes, pursued His course to give to the disciples of his Son empires mightier than those of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders and the Cæsars. Truly worthy were the heroic six thousand of that Theban Legion to be ranked among the "World's Great Characters," for it is by such as they that the best issues of humanity are wrought out, and the matchless constancy of religion maintained.

ABDICATION OF DIOCLETIAN AND MAXIMIAN.

Diocletian gave to the world the first grand example of an abdication. Charles V. of Germany is cited by Gibbon as the only worthy correspondent; but the abdication of the latter, he says, was hastened by the vicissitudes of fortune and the disappointment of his favorite schemes, while that of the former was the close of a career of uninterrupted success, after he had vanquished all his enemies and accomplished all his designs. It took place in the twenty-first year of his reign.

The ceremony of abdication was performed in a spacious hall, three miles from Nicomedia. After delivering from a lofty throne a noble speech to the soldiers and people, Diocletian retired to his native country of Dalmatia. On the same day, Maximian, forced by the example of his benefactor, resigned the imperial purple at Milan; nor could this restless and ambitious prince afterwards prevail upon his illustrious colleague to leave his rural enchantments to resume the reigns of government. The elder Augustus, with a smile of philosophic pity, replied to Maximian that if he could show him the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he would no longer urge him to relinquish the happiness of his retirement for the pursuit of power. Nor was his conversation with his friends less fraught with the wisdom of experience. He was accustomed to say "How often is it the interest of four or five ministers to combine together to deceive their sovereign! Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge; he can see only with their eyes, he hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon the vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts; the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers."

Such was the experience of the illustrious Diocletian. We would that men in power would digest this lesson.

Eighteen years of civil war and disorder in the State followed the abdication of the two Augustie. Constantius Chlorus, who had married the daughter of Maximian, after his divorce from St. Helena, had terminated his great career in death, and Constantine, the son of the wife of the divorce, was now emperor of the west.

The ascension of Constantine and the divisions in the empire at length gave to the old emperor Maximian an opportunity to leave his retirement and again lay claim to his ancient dignities. Warlike as ever, he defeated the emperor Severus and conducted him in triumph to Rome, where he caused him to resign the purple and was instrumental in his execution. Notwithstanding his age, Maximian passed the Alps and went over to Constantine, the sovereign of Gaul, carrying with him his daughter Fausta, whom he offered to that hero in marriage. The alliance between the two princes was contracted, and the marriage took place with great magnificence at Arles. Maximian now asserted his claim to the western empire, and conferred the title of Augustus upon his son-in-law; but Constantine retained in his own hands the power, and prepared himself for the next act in the imperial drama.

Maximian next joined his son Maxentius and fought against Galerius, who entered Italy with a powerful army to avenge the death of Severus. Galerius becoming invested with the imperial purple, raised with him Licinius and Maximin, and there were now six emperors, the example of which has no counterpart in history. For the second time, the butcher of the Theban Legion was forced to abdicate and he took refuge at the court of his son-in-law, Constantine.

But while Constantine was operating with a part of his army on the banks of the Rhine, Maximian inventing, or hastily crediting a report of that hero's death, ascended the throne of the West, seized the treasure, lavished it on the soldiers and put on the splendor of his ancient dignity. This news reaching the hero, he returned by rapid marches, and Maximian fled to Marseilles, upon which place Constantine ordered an immediate assault, but the garrison delivered up to him the city and the person of his father-in-law. A secret sentence of death was pronounced against the usurper, and it was given out to the world that, burdened by remorse and crime, he strangled himself with his own hands. Thus perished the Roman Emperor who gave to the Theban Legion a glorious martyrdom!

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

CHAPTER IV.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND HIS TIMES.

The early demolition and overthrow of the Assyrian and Persian monarchies, and the complete destruction of the works of art and the records of the learned by the Scythian hordes, whose boast was that "the grass never grew again where their horses' hoofs pressed the ground," have left but little material from which to form an opinion of the extent of the civilization enjoyed by the inhabitants of Nineveh and Babylon. Fragmentary references in the Bible, and the compilation of Assyrian and Persian traditions by the Greek historians, are our only sources of information. The recent discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh, are valuable only as novelties; proving that mankind in the earliest period of their history did do something more than eat and sleep; that they had some crude conceptions of the chaste and beautiful. Just as the rude drawing of a house, or a mill, by a child is valuable only as the effort gives promise of better things in his future. So it is with the rude sculptures exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh. They show at how early a period in man's history he sought to embellish and adorn; that the race, like the child, gave in their childhood of civilization and refinement, promise of a glorious future.

If we take all of the history of Nebuchadnezzar that is given in the book of Daniel as our guide, we can form but a low estimate of the advancement of the people of that age in the social and moral sciences. Nebuchadnezzar was evidently a man far in advance of his times in mental development; yet how low must have been his conceptions of Deity, and how great must have been his egotism, when he set up that image in the "plains of Dura" and called upon all people (under threat of the most fearful penalties if they disobeyed) to come and fall down and worship as God, the creation of his own hands, and the morbid conception of his own rude mind. What must have been the moral status of the people of that great nation, when the highest and most noble of all the tribes forming the Empire, or representatives of the whole, (for the whole people could not have been there) could sink their own moral natures so low as to worship that image at the *dictum* of a man—a king, though he was? When there were found only three men out of scores of thousands, who were true to their own conceptions of God?

Nebuchadnezzar was a man of irresistible will. Listen, if you please, to his knock-down argument on religious worship. When, by astounding proofs of power, he perceived that the God of the Hebrews was able to save his servants even from fire:—"*Therefore I make a decree that every people, nation and language, that shall speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces and their house shall be made a dunghill.*" This, too, after he had enjoyed many years of communion with the prophet Daniel, who possessed, unmistakably, one of the brightest intellects of that or any other age. Proving that God, through the labors of one of the wisest of His servants, could only make an impression upon the rude and uncultivated nature of the "Great King" by manifestations of irresistible physical power. It is an axiom of truth daily and hourly demonstrated in life, that the duller the ear addressed, and the greater the probability there is of disobedience, the *louder* and *sterner* must be the tone of command.

No brighter instance of wisdom in the divine government of mankind is recorded than that contained in the book of Daniel. Here was a "hard headed" and mighty monarch, who held, as it were, the destinies of the "chosen people" in his grasp, to be controlled and managed as an instrument in carrying out the Divine plans with regard to Israel. Dreams and visions were given him, not alone for his own sake, but also to *make* a Daniel *necessary* to him. Finally, to cap the climax, he was permitted, in a vision, to attend the Divine Court where his own case was adjudicated, and to hear the sentence passed upon him as a punishment for all his pride. His bright intellect became clouded, he lost his reason, and imagined himself a beast. A beast's hoofs were never cut—he would not permit his nails to be cut and they became as "birds' claws." Beasts were never shaven—he would not permit a razor to come near his head, and his hair became as "eagles' feathers." Beasts walked on four legs—he, being a beast, must do so too. Beasts were not confined in sumptuous apartments, and he would not be. Beasts ranged abroad in pastures and fed on grass he must needs do so too; and "the dews of heaven" settled upon him, and "he ate grass as an ox." Having recovered

his reason, and taking a retrospective view of the past, aided no doubt by the Prophet, he was enabled to see clearly that the greatness and power of Israel's God filled the universe, and left no room for the gods of his former worship.

Now read his valedictory to his people and see the evidence of his having come forth into a new life. The starch is taken out of him wonderfully; and he begins to realize that to be a king is to be a father to his people and not a tyrant. He utters no threats of "cutting in pieces," nor of "making dunghills," but bears a simple and humble testimony to the goodness, power and greatness of the God of Heaven. We cannot possibly cast upon Daniel the imputation of being a toady and ministering to the vanity of a powerful king; therefore, how limited must have been the geographical information possessed by Daniel when he bore witness to Nebuchadnezzar, the "Head of Gold," that "*wheresoever the children of men dwell*, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the heaven, hath He given into thine hand and hath made thee ruler over them all;" the Assyrian Empire of that day being comparatively less in territorial area and in population than Great Britain!

THE MESSIAH.

Instruments Used in Handel's Day.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE.

Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah"—like the compositions of all great musical authors—received much opposition from the critics on its first representation. It is however now, beyond all doubt, that the critics were much prejudiced against Handel when he first produced "The Messiah" in London in 1741. It is also understood—by those who are acquainted with the history of this great work and its author's passionate and stubborn temper—that much of the opposition received from the critics was caused by Handel's determination to do what he pleased when composing for the principal singers. In fact, Handel did not fear the critics, nor the principal singers, nor his patrons. It did not matter to him how exalted their position, he was independent. He knew his own strength. His genius was as far above all other composers of his day as the sun compared to the light of the moon is in power and brilliancy. Therefore he would have his own way in composing his music, for he felt certain that his compositions would be successful at some period. Moreover, Handel carried in his train the instrumental and choral musicians, and that comforted him. There could be no surprise that his choral singers were fond of him, for his choruses are full of energy. When composing his choruses he became inspired and threw his gigantic mind into their construction and harmonization, and they have never been supplanted in the public estimation by any later compositions.

Handel, as noted in my opening article, was a magnificent organist. This induces me to show to my readers the method of the ancients in writing for the organ, and compare it with the method adopted by modern writers for this noble instrument. In Handel's day—and at a much later period—the performers on the organ were compelled to study harmony, or what is commonly termed thorough bass. *Counterpoint* was also included in their studies, for they had to play classical compositions from the subject with the bass figured. The inner parts were produced from the knowledge they had acquired in this branch of musical science. These necessary studies to the harmonist give him an understanding of the progression of *fugal* arrangements, and enable him to play the answer to the subject and counter-subject of the *fugue* without having them written in full; and without this essential knowledge an organist could not play from a figured bass. The organ player of modern date does not need this great knowledge. The composers and arrangers have provided a method that enables the organ student to become a tolerably good player with but little study, for it is now principally practice, for every note that is necessary to the accompaniment is written in the organ scores.

I will now slightly touch on the instruments used in Handel's time. The effect that is now produced when "The Messiah" is performed, by the invention and introduction of the improved modern instruments, and a clever arrangement for them, would electrify Handel were he living. Handel had but few instruments at his command. The violin, *viola*, *violoncello*, hautboy, trumpet and fagotti—or bassoon—were the few that Handel had to render his music effective with; but he knew how to use such as were in vogue in his day. This assertion can be easily proved by inspecting the delicate *obligato* accompaniments which enrich so many of his songs. It was the lack of these improved modern instruments that induced Mozart to write his celebrated instrumental accompaniments for this mighty work. It is evident, by the perusal of Handel's *obligatos* written for the instruments at his command, that he was fond of using them to beautify his organ accompaniments with their varied effect, but he could not bear to hear the tuning of any instrument in his presence. His ear was too fine, too sensitive, and they were always tuned before he arrived at any rehearsal or public performance. This reminds me of an anecdote on the subject:

At the introduction of one of Handel's compositions, he took his seat as usual at the organ to conduct the performance. All the instruments were turned before he arrived. A wicked wag, unknown to the performers, secretly visited the orchestra and altered the pitch of every stringed instrument. The wind instruments he could not manage, as the players would have seen the alteration, but the string were put, some a shade higher, some a shade lower, others a semitone higher, and the remaining portion a semitone lower, so that there were no instruments—but the wind—that were in tune with the organ. Handel had anticipated much pleasure and satisfaction by the performance of this composition, and placed himself at the organ with unusual good humor. At the opening harmony of the piece he had introduced the chord of the *dominant* seventh, on a pause. This was done to command the attention of the audience to the first movement. The combination consists of what is called the major harmonic triad with the seventh added—hence the term dominant seventh. The effect of that pause on Handel's nervous system, with the instruments out of tune, can be better imagined than described. Handel shook on his seat with passion; he pulled at his wig; tore it off; threw it about the platform; roared in perfect fury, and finally jumped up exclaiming, "O! O! te tam fillains; te tam scoundrels; I would kill te tam fillains," and away went the wig, which he had caught up, at the musicians in the orchestra. The music books that were on the organ-stand went in the same direction, and before he could be brought into a peaceful state of mind, the Prince of Wales—afterwards George II. of England—had to leave his private box and coax the composer into a good humor. The Prince was passionately fond of Handel's music, and was a great patron of the composer; hence his influence over him. During the interval of storm and peace the performers retired and again tuned their instruments, taking much care to have them in thorough tune this time, and the piece was then played to the composer's perfect satisfaction and the delight of the audience. Handel retired elated with his final success, and the trick played on him was for a time forgotten.

THE LADY AND THE WARRIOR.

[A LEGEND.]

BY JULIA BOWRING.

She stood beside him as he lay
  Upon the battle plain;
They parted once in other years,
  And thus they met again.
A cold dew damped his aching brow,
  His face was pale and wan,
His eye had lost its wonted fire—
  He was a dying man.
The night breeze fanned the lady's locks
  Of wavy golden hair:
She wore the cloister's sombre garb,
  But still was young and fair.
"Wild thought flash through my brain," she said,
  "Of each neglect and wrong.
Oh woman's heart is frail and weak,
  But woman's trust is strong.
When pleasure lit the castle halls,
  When bright eyes beamed with glee,
When beauties' lips thrilled magic lays,
  You thought not then of me.
The sunshine of my life is past—
  All past with love's decay;
And those who won from me thy heart,
  Oh tell me where are they?
Say, shall I bring them to thee now?
  To watch thy fleeting breath?
The ones so prized by thee through life,
  Should soothe thy hours of death!
Oh woman, oft how dark thy sky:—
  Pursue a wiser plan,
Place no deep trust in things of earth,
  And least of all in man.
I've felt the tempest of the heart,
  I've pined in cloister cell,
With mem'ries of a broken vow,
  I've learned the lesson well."
His cheek grew paler as she spoke:
  His sobs rose loud and strong,
As if the magic words had woke
  Thoughts that had slumber'd long.
"My brain is racked to agony,"
  He said; "That broken vow,
The hallowed past, the time misused,
  All come before me now.
Why do they haunt my dying hours—
  Those memories of old?
Oh could I but recall the past
  That vow my false lips told.
The sabre by my side will soon
  Be coated o'er with rust:
And I, too, like my gasping steed,
  Will sleep low in the dust.
Before the morning star shall fade
  From out the morrow's sky,
My star will set: Oh! Rosalind,
  Forgive me ere I die."
His voice grew feeble, yet it had
  A sad and mournful tone;
Oh how it touched her woman's heart
  His deep half-smothered moan.
He strove to raise his cold scarred hand,
  To clasp hers in embrace;
It fell,—his dim eyes closed,—and death
  Was written in his face.
She knelt beside that warrior brave,
  And kissed his pallid brow;
She would have spurned him once, but, oh!
  She could not do it now.
That battle-field so terrible,
  With dead forms gaunt and grim,
Had no alarms, oblivious,
  She saw but only him.
And through that long and dreary night
  Amidst that scene so dread,
Till morning came she watched and wept
  Beside her loved—her dead.
Oh woman's heart is frail and weak,
  But woman's love is strong,
And hers had lived through time and care,
  And braved the keenest wrong.

* * * *

Deep in the shade of convent cell,
  How many bright eyes wept,
As o'er that pale and lifeless one
  The midnight watch they kept.
A clasp of massive gold lay close
  Upon the throbless heart,
The portraiture of him who caused
  Its wildest, keenest smart.
And by the flaming light of torch,
  With sad and solemn tread,
The white-robed monks then bore her
  To the region of the dead.
And in that dark and mouldering vault,
  With death and gloom allied,
They chanted mass—then laid her down
  Close by the warrior's side.

THOUHGTS ON A SERMON.

BY A WOMAN OF UTAH.

I deem it not out of place to give expression, through your medium, to thoughts suggested by hearing Mr. Allen's sermon on Sunday afternoon.

How many are there, with anxious hearts and aching brains, yearning and gasping for Divine light, to brighten life's pathway; for an expansive and soul-satisfying creed; one that places no prohibition on a fearless investigation of truth of every kind. Yet of these, in that world which we too often denounce as *all bad*, but in which there are many, Oh, very many, of God's children calling loudly to him for light. And will he not heed them?. He that marketh the sparrow's fall, will he not hear His children cry to Him? When they raise their voices in supplication and prayer for divine guidance, for Heavenly light, will he not answer them? Yes, "God *is* His own interpreter, and He can make it plain."

Mr. Allen's idea of the popular religion of to-day is so true. The growing world calls for something more soul-satisfying than the dry ashes from the husks of a dead past, upon which, for many generations, the human family have existed—not lived, for their souls have been dwarfed, their minds circumscribed by prejudice and tradition. Until life within—the free and joyous soul-life that the Spirit of God alone can give, calls loudly for substantial food.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." *He* called Joseph Smith to a mission; that mission to declare a new age; an age that would criticise and test the wisdom of all previous ones.

Mr. Allen spoke of the refining and ennobling influence of self-denial. Where in the world can you find a people who more make *this* a principle of practical life than our own? Of this the women of Utah are illustrious examples. Can there be found among all the sects and denominations of the day, women who practise the self-abnegation, the true generosity that characterizes this small band of sisterhood? Although not a whit behind their sisters of "the world" in intelligence, culture and education, with all the intuition of true feminine nature, the same aspiration, the same desires, but with this difference: the world *satisfies* the women of the world, who live for its pleasures alone; but the women of Utah would live for something more—for a life beyond the grave. Where self-denial is practised for this object, the result must be purifying and ennobling.

It is not to be wondered at, that by some they are misunderstood. Their conduct, of course, is inexplicable. How can people appreciate a sentiment they never felt? The motives that may actuate women of a more advanced class *cannot* be understood by those unschooled in self-denial in the true spirit of Christianity and in the *love* of God.

Our Home Humorists.

THAT FAST FREIGHT LINE----THE U. P. R. R.

BY QUIZ.

In reïntroducing "QUIZ" to the public we present an old friend with a new face. A long time ago Quiz fled from our sight "like a beautiful dream," leaving us to settle his accounts. Not finding in literature that which would support Mrs. Quiz, six children, a buggy and a sleigh, he turned his attention to the patriotic purpose of promoting railway lines. He has been a railroad contractor, and returns to us with a soul full of confidence in Durant and John Sharp, and a pocket full of sub-contractors' checks. He has boosted railroads, puffed railroads, telegraphed about them, made toasts about them, and at the appropriate period went into raptures over the "last spike." Having done his duty to his country in this respect, he now feels himself entitled to do any amount of grumbling on the opposite side.

When Quiz undertook to support the C. P. R. R. and the U. P. R. R. and railroads generally, it was with the understanding that they were going to regenerate things, and get rid of a certain impression that we Utahites were "out in the wilderness." His understanding was that time in traveling and freighting was to be annihilated; and New York brought, at least, in the vicinity of Echo Canyon. In fond reliance on this blissful idea, three months ago Quiz sent to the aforesaid New York for three pounds of tea and a calico dress for Mrs. Q., and a box of toys for the young Quizes.

In perfect certainty that ox-team times were gone forever, and the days of lightning trains arrived, he confidently informed Mrs. Q. and the junior Q's, that they might in a fortnight, or less, expect to drink that tea, see that calico dress, and exhibit to an aggravated and distracted neighborhood of youngsters those magnificent toys. That tea is now —and has been for about twelve weeks past—somewhere between here and Chicago; that calico dress and those toys—if anywhere at all in the world—are in the same vicinity. Mrs. Quiz has lost her faith in railroads, and says emphatically—"hang the 'Last Rail' and them that laid it;" and the junior Q's are in an inconsolable agony of grief.

These are private sorrows, but Quiz has public ones to lament. On paying a casual visit to the office of the UTAH MAGAZINE about four months ago, he found that the managers of that office with the same fond belief in railroads and their wondrous celerity possessed by himself had entrusted goods to its tender mercies only four months before, which goods were then at about the rate of one package per week pouring in on the proprietors, having accomplished their journey at little less than half-mule speed.

Being at that time a railroad contractor, and being by his connections bound to sustain the character of railroads for swiftness, Quiz proved conclusively that all this was the proper thing under the circumstances. Urged by his persuasive eloquence, sometime last February the aforesaid proprietors again entrusted type, paper, presses and a variety of articles too numerous to mention to the Iron Horse. Whether the "Iron Horse" was sick, or went to see his relatives, or was short of oats, we cannot tell; but after from three to four months waiting, this magnificent animal brought to our peaceful vales about half of the above material; having accomplished four days' work in the short space of three months and a half: traveling nearly as fast as an ox team with their hind legs tied. The other half of the goods are—exactly, heaven knows where. They may be expected in, however, without fail, in less than eight weeks—unless goods should be delayed on the line.

The proprietors of the UTAH MAGAZINE having been induced mainly by Quiz's representations to trust their goods to this rapid mode of conveyance, he feels it incumbent upon him to ask the U. P. R. R. and America at large these questions:—Was it to promote this sort of freighting that he wore a hairy cap and a blue checked shirt for six months, and expended his soul on scrapers in Weber Canyon? Was it for this that he burnt three candles and an oil lamp on the night of the "Illumination?" Was it for this that he listened to the whole of the speeches of Governor Durkee and Mr. Hooper? Was it for this that he gave three cheers like a lunatic and rashly expended twenty-five cents in candy on the youthful Quizes on that glorious day? Echo answers—"Very likely it was," but he will not believe it. He has one pathetic appeal to make to the U. P. R. R., and then he subsides into peaceful literature for ever:—For the country's sake, do try and freight us goods to Utah—not so fast as a mule train, that would be asking too much, but do try to rival an ox team. If only this is accomplished he will die content. Deny him this, and there will be inscribed on his tombstone:—"Here lies a defunct and extinguished railroad contractor, who was prematurely killed by overfaith in the U. P. R. R."

ACROSTIC.

"SUCCESS TO THE UTAH MAGAZINE."

Shine on, thou newly-risen star,
Up o'er the western horizon:
Convey thy glorious rays afar,
Cease not to shine as thou hast shone.
Ere long mankind will welcome thee;
Science *must* triumph on land and sea,
So mayst thou rise triumphantly.

To all a guide and beacon prove
Of light, intelligence and love—

Truth, right and justice bring to men,
Hail mighty instrument—the pen—
Earth's mightiest conqueror must win.

Unfold the pictures of the past
To mortals' gaze, from first to last:
And of the present—tell the sum
How matter must to mind succumb.

May wisdom beam from every page,
And golden precepts, too, abound:
Grave knowledge for both youth and age,
And may choice gems therein be found:
Zest, enterprise, industry, skill,
Inculcate, till their fruits are seen:
No man convince against his will:
E'en so, Amen, friend MAGAZINE.

JNO. BURROWS.

STEPS IN KNOWLEDGE.

The first grand step in knowledge here below,
Is just to learn that I mere nothing know:
The last, and grandest—(How my soul doth yearn!)
There's more to know than I can ever learn.

IEUAN.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ORPHAN JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN NOBLE.

As our hero and heroine are now before our readers, we will here take the opportunity of describing *his* person.

Walter has much physical maturity, and his character and mind are according to the indications of his boyhood. He has changed in nothing, but has become more developed in every thing that he was. Endowed with one of those extraordinary natures of intensity and self-motive force, that gathers all the promptings of life from within, and lives out itself as from strong necessities, he has unfolded Walter Templar, and was ever unfolding him. Nothing but himself could come out of himself, for he took not his impress from other minds, but impressed his own nature on his surroundings, and tinged all the circumstances of his life with the qualities of his own being. Italy stirred him, because he was full of impulses,—the pregnancy of a land of genius came over him because he had the attributes of genius in his soul. In his physical structure, he was also strongly marked, typical of capacity and force rather than handsome and winning. He was not so much the man to engage a lady's thought, as the one to command men, and agitate a nation with his impetuous intensity. In height he was five feet eleven and a half, and his organization was anti-corpulent, bony and like an iron statue. The head was large, but not massive, looking in the breadth of front-face, the cheek-bones prominant, the eyes dark, full of power and mesmeric qualities, and the hair hung about his head as a mass of black waves. Unlike Walter Templar, the youth DeLacy was fair, with hazel eyes and chestnut locks. He was frank, generous, bold and strongly attached to his friend, whose superiority he maintained; and whose intellectual and impetuous mind he followed. The young men were repeating in their persons the friendship which had existed between Sir Richard Courtney and the dead DeLacy.

As dissimilar as our heroes were, they were just the youths one would predict as certain to fall into some romance; or who, if they did not find it, would create one which would as certainly involve them in future embarrassment. Walter was not one to seek adventure, but he was one to create a romance. He was a law unto himself; and the restraints and artificialities of society were repugnant to him. By birth he was an aristocrat, but by instinct a republican. New forms and orders of things grew out of him; and natural, not artificial methods, impulse led him into for the expession of his character. The voice of society he heard not; the voice of his own conscientiousness was ever speaking to him. Out of the integrity of his own nature and thought, he felt, willed and acted with scarcely any reference to conventional propriety and the way marks of society. This is the peculiarity of young men of intense and conscientious purposes; but, however noble it might be in the abstract, society will not—cannot allow its manifestations. Its artificial voice must be respected. The world can pardon the love of adventure in youth, but it will not tolerate the strong, forceful innovation of thoughtful character. On the other hand, Frederick DeLacy was just the one for adventure, and was prepared to follow Walter into any extravagant romance. What had he left England for, if not for this? The days of knight-errantry to youth will never be out of date. In Italy, a land of banditti, Walter would have been pronounced by a physiognomist as the very man who, if molded by some desperate circumstances, would be likely to awe society in the character of a chieftain of the grand and noble type—a being as much to admire, devotedly follow and love as to fear. Now, to have organized a *model* banditti under the chieftainship of Walter would have been the very thing that young DeLacy would have voted for above all earthly glory. He knew that it would be a most honorable band, if Walter was its soul and head, and one that would only battle and astonish the world in some great cause. The Garibaldian type would have suited Fred—one to fight for "down-trodden Italy," or any other down-trodden nationality, or down-trodden anything anywhere. Youth-like, and full of its generous, big heart, Fred, as with thousands more at his age, was for a crusade of some kind in behalf of humanity and right against oppression and wrong. He had often heard the tradition of Sir Walter Templar's house, that its founder was an illustrous Grand Master of the renowned order of Knight Templars and his friend was certainly a fitting representative of such an ancestor. Why then should not Walter be Grand Master, or Grand Chieftain or Grand Somebody? was Fred's unanswerable question.

There was another extravagant romance that the young Englishmen were the very ones to fall into, and this one they found. The youths discovered the beautiful orphan Jewess and created themselves her very venerable guardians! What romance could be better? what character could the boys assume more becoming? Walter was twenty and Fred nineteen, and Terese fifteen. The very ones to stand together in the relationship of ward and guardians! It is true, however, that although Walter, her chief guardian, was only twenty, he was old enough in person and character to be twenty-two.

Terese, as we have seen, was sweetly melancholy and dreamy in her disposition—the ideal of an orphan maiden—a type of a daughter of Zion. She possessed rare musical gifts of nature, like many more of the Jewish race.

Often in pastoral solitude Terese would warble forth her soul in improvisions of genius, and on such an occasion Sir Walter Templar and Lord Frederick De Lacy introduced themselves to the gifted Hebrew child. Let us take our readers back to that episode of her history which branched out over the whole future of her life, blended with the history of our hero, and gave a leading thread to our story.

"Hark!" exclaimed Sir Walter in rapture, as the strains of the Hebrew maiden burst upon their ears as they wandered near the mountains admiring the scenery of that beautiful Italian village which gave her birth.

"The song of some mountain shepherdess. How very beautiful! What a rich voice, Walter!"

"Divine!" replied his friend in ecstacy, for music was with him a passion.

"What a pathetic strain, and how unconstrained, Walter."

"'Tis the improvisings of genius. How it changes: now plaintive, now tender, now yearning! It is borne upon the soft zephyrs of classic Italy, burdened with the soul of poesy and song."

"A beautiful shepherdess, I'll be sworn. By St. George, Walter, I believe it is the fairy of one of the romance I have been dreaming."

"The nymph of the mountains, then, Fred, waking the solitude with pastoral melody. She comes this way! We will not startle the fawn with rude abruptness."

The Hebrew maiden approached and was gently and gracefully accosted by the young Englishmen.

"Tell us, beautiful maiden, is it unlawful to speak with the mountain nymph who warbles such enchanting strains?"

"Oh no, young stranger," she sweetly answered Walter, smiling, "it is not unlawful: I am not the mountain nymph."

"Indeed you are. Is she not, Walter? I am sure you are a fairy, beautiful songstress. Now do tell us your fairy history."

"I am only Terese, and the villagers call me the orphan Hebrew maiden."

"An orphan and a daughter of Zion," exclaimed Sir Walter with thoughtful interest.

"Yes, Signor Stranger."

"A sweet singer of Israel maiden!"

"So the kind villagers tell me, Signor Stranger," replied the artless child of nature, naively.

The youths won from her the history of her orphan life. She had never met any one to harm her, and she was easily induced to tell her simple pathetic tale. Fred, with his free generous nature, wept like a boy, as he was, for he was himself an orphan. Walter—sublime Walter, was like himself, grand and profound.—He had been as an elder brother to Fred; why should he not be the same to Terese? Fred wished it. Walter, with his strong, impetuous nature, willed it so. He determined it, therefore it had to be. Terese, the orphan Hebrew maiden, henceforth was their protege—their sister. Walter willed it, and Fred knew that all Italy could not stand against that impetuous will.

Foster-brother Beppo opposed, but foster-brother Beppo could not stand against the master mind and wizard-like power of Walter Templar. He was created by nature to bow to his will even strong-minded, turbulent men. Never had he met a masculine mind whom he had not subdued. What wonder then that he should henceforth be the ruling star of the destiny of the orphan Hebrew girl. She did not know it, but from the first she loved him, with the self-abnegation of a woman's nature. Like her ancestress, Ruth, the language of her soul was: "Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The young Englishmen traveled incognito. Where would have been the romance, unless they laid aside their family titles for

that of the Unknowns? So Sir Walter Templar and Lord Frederick De Lacy became to the peasants of the country, plain Signor Walters and Signor Fredericks. With Terese, the orphan Hebrew maiden, what a trio they formed! What a traveling company for any extravagant romance, which even your cold-blooded, long-headed, unromantic statesman is as likely as any youth to fall into at twenty.

Here they were, three children of nature! Even Walter with his masterly intellect, was all that; perhaps he was more so, from the very force of his mentality, and the impetuosity of his nature, which like a torrent overlept the artificial.

Here they were, Fred, the last representative of a noble family, whose lands were in the hands of the supplanter. Here they were,—Terese, the orphan Hebrew maiden—a sweet singer of Israel—a child of the captivity of the chosen people—all of which characters, to the youths, made her their fitting companion. Here they were, and at their head, glorious, forceful, gifted Walter, a representative descendant of an illustrious Grand Master of the renowned order of Knight Templars.

What impropriety was there in these two English youths, seeking adventure, and this gifted maiden, with so many interesting surroundings, traveling together as a loving trio—two young brothers of a younger sister.

Fred, particularly, saw no impropriety, and he would have been only too delighted to have found several more such youths as themselves, and a few more maidens with the halo of romance, around Terese.

What an interesting company they would have formed! The boy, in fact, gave such a romantic brother-and-sisterhood preference over his model banditti. Thus these children of nature traveled together, well representing what they passed for—two friends, and Terese the sister of Walter.

The youths never dreamt of future consequences. Fred, as we know, was betrothed to Alice Courtney, by his dying father and Sir Richard, and Walter was to mate with his cousin Eleanor. But what had that to do with Terese, the orpan Jewess? She was a sister of their romance, and they had not been, as in after years, painfully startled with the revelation that the romance of a woman's life is love!

Since Terese became the companion of their travels, Walter would for a time take some delightful villa, in which he would surround his adopted sister with as many luxuries as consistent with pastoral gentility—especially those of art and refinement of intellect. Music was particularly attended to, for Walter was already skillful on several instruments, and an excellent vocalist, with a magnificent tenor voice. At college he made music a principal study, and he grasped it by intuition.

Hours would Walter Templar and Terese pass together in their reveries of music. In this they were indeed brother and sister. They shared a common genius; and had not Sir Walter Templar been an English nobleman, the world might have known him and Terese as celebrated among the most illustrious of the musical profession.

One of the episodes of the adventures of the young Englishmen in Italy was to rescue the great composer of music, Spontini, from the hands of banditti, which made such an innovation on Fred's romance, that he henceforth viewed such honorable fraternities more in the light of assassins and robbers. After that, also, their history became more regular, and their association with Terese a little more bound with the world's notions of propriety. Their fondness, however, for each other and unrestrained relations remained; and why should they not? They were most innocent, pure and natural. Indeed, there was the impropriety. A little more artificial, and their relations would have been more proper. The difference now was, that they became fellow pupils under the great Spontini. This grew out of the gratitude of the illustrious *Maestro*, who only trained the brightest stars; but to his gratitude was soon added admiration; for he found that both Walter and Terese possessed rare genius, and voices of the first quality. They became immense favorites with Spontini, not merely musically, but as two in whom the great man was personally and affectionately interested. They told him their history, and he the more readily extended a guardianship to Terese, because he foresaw what must inevitably be the result of the connection between Walter and the Hebrew maiden. Indeed, it was clear to him, even then, that the gifted young Englishman was master of the maiden's destiny.

Three years had passed since they became fellow pupils under the illustrious Spontini. Let us bring before us again Walter Templar and Terese, now the enchantress *prima donna*—now the Queen of song at Rome.

They are seated in their music room in a beautiful villa situated on the suburbs of the city. Walter is at the piano, pouring forth his inspirations, clothed in his magnificent voice, and Terese is putting in her part with her rich Hebrew tones. If our readers wish to discover the peculiar qualities and richness of the voice of the children of Judah, they have only to go to a Jewish synagogue.

Spontaneous improvising together were their most delightful practice. They spent hours daily in this exercise, so enchanting to them as composers and vocalists. They both possessed genius —were skillful musicians, and having made improvision a favorite exercise, they could pour forth together impromptu compositions, sometimes Walter leading the inspiration, and sometimes Terese. But the maiden had now become so much the expression of Walter's soul that she thought his thoughts, felt his feelings, and was inspired with his inspiration; she was a mirror reflecting his mind and genius. Using modern physiological terms, she was his medium; or as Spontini expressed it, Walter was her magician, and she the enchantress who worked her enchantments under the will and by the superior power of the master spirit.

But this was an awful power for a young man of Walter's character and forceful nature to hold over the plastic nature and yearning heart of the gentle maiden. The master of her destiny —aye, of her very soul, which he governed immeasurably more than he governed his own.

"Where will it end?" Spontini had been anxiously asking for three years.

"Where will it end?" The heart of Terese had been wailing since the hour it was first frightened with the revelation of its secret.

"Oh God of my fathers!" the Hebrew maiden would implore when alone in her chamber; "Oh God of Abraham, where will it end?"

"Oh God of my fathers, take not from the orphan daughter of thy ancient people the comforter whom thou hast sent!"

When struggling in vain to conquer her almost hopeless love, the soul of the troubled maiden would burst forth in wailings of pleading trust.

"Oh God of Jacob, who prevailed with thee, may I prevail with him! Give me the heart of Walter my beloved! Thou hast made him lord of my soul—God of the captive people, send not an afflicted daughter of Zion again into Babylon! Take not Jacob from her Rachel! Leave not thy handmaid in the darkness of Egypt! Give the balm of Gilead to my wounded spirit! Oh give me Walter's love!"

Thus would the gifted Jewess in the solitude of her chamber, pour out her afflicted spirit in strong, simple faith to Him who manifested his mercy and power in the midst of his people Israel. It was her anxious master, Spontini, who startled her into a knowledge of her heart's secret, by dwelling upon the fact of Walter's betrothal to his cousin, his prospective return to his own land, and marriage with Eleanor. She had so long known all this —been so familiar with it from the first! It was nothing to trouble Terese, who had Walter with her always! And she saw in the future no ominous cloud—none until Spontini pointed it out with a new light. When the revelation of the truth burst upon her consciousness, it overpowered her, nor could her kind sympathizing master console her.

A bird's eye view of a scene between the illustrious composer and his pupil six months prior to our introduction of Terese as the *prima donna*, will make our readers familiar with the cause of Spontini coming to Rome, to bring out his pupil in public.

"Consider, my child, Sir Walter Templar is an English nobleman."

"O! but he thinks not his Hebrew sister beneath him. He has so often wished I was his sister. O! say that you think that he will love me as something more, dear, kind *Maestro*. He does love me! O! say he does, good dear, Spontini. You think he loves me? I know you do; only your caution is timid, lest your words should make me hope too much. He always calls me *his* Hebrew maiden, and has said a thousand times how much he loves me in that character. I am sure I always thought he did, before I knew its meaning as now I do. O! say, dear, good, *Maestro*, you think he does."

"He is the promised husband of another, Terese."

"But she loves him not as I do. I am sure, I think he loves not her as he does me. He talks of her as a twin sister, whom he describes as much like himself. I know, by my own heart, that the love he entertains for his cousin is the deep, calm affection of a brother. Has he not ever been more like the lover of Terese than of Eleanor?"

"I grant it, my child; still he is her promised husband."

"A promise of childhood, formed by his uncle, and mother,

Spontini. O what then has not the relations of the last four years promised me? It has made him master of my soul and destiny. Oh I fear my hereafter, as well as my present, if I lose him!"

"Be just, my child. Eleanor, looking upon Walter as her future husband, may love him as well as you can. What may he not be to her, my Terese?"

"And to me—to me! O what is he not to me? My universe! Take him away, and there appears a blank—a black impalpable abyss, into which I look with fearfulness. I strain my gaze to catch the glimmering of some distant star: but see no looming star for me."

"Look to art, my child. Terese, look to the star of fame before you. 'Tis bright, Terese! 'Tis glorious!"

"O dear *Maestro!* Life is stretched out before me like a sea troubled in every wave. If I cross it without my convoy, my barque will be wrecked."

Spontini had not the heart to urge more, and from that moment he strained every effort to bring about the union of Walter and Terese.

"Well, well child, say no more. I own Walter may be the lord of his Hebrew maiden for life," said the composer soothingly. The afflicted child threw her arms around her sympathizing master's neck, and wept. The comforting words of hope from his lips, for the first time, brought soothing feeling from the maiden's heart in gushes of relief. Spontini was much moved, and regretted not the hope he had given.

"We will storm him with the batteries of art. Music shall plead with him with her powerful voices. Spontini has a half-formed design. I tell you my child, your magician, Walter shall be the life-long master of Terese."

"O if I lose him, dear *Maestro*, then from me let all things pass away. I lose my all in him."

From that time Spontini began preparations to bring out Terese to the musical world. His design was to storm Walter's heart by the triumphs of the gifted girl, and make the love, which he not unlikely entertained for her, speak in unmistakable language. He could not give Walter a higher estimate of her talents and voice than he possessed; but fame could repeat it to him with a thousand tongues, and all Rome be brought to her feet. Could Walter be brought to declare, what he foresaw many a noble would, his declaration at least would not be unworthy of his character. His Hebrew maiden—his fellow pupil—his companion of a romance of years, would become Sir Walter Templar's wife. If he loved Terese, even jealousy of noble admirers would help Spontini's scheme. Thus far it had succeeded. Rome was at her feet. But they worshipped afar off. 'Twas Walter the enchantress wanted, not at her feet, but nestling on his great heart as her life-resting place. For this, she strained all her powers to their utmost tension, and his genius manifested through her, and her yearning love helped Terese mightily to win her triumphs.

There they sat, still in the music room of their beautiful secluded villa; still as usual, pouring forth their musical improvisions. They were a glorious pair! He, resembling a magnificent night; she as beautiful and gifted as ever sprang from Judah's royal house. To-night would be revealed to Walter his Hebrew maiden's love! How will the romance of the youths' commencing with the beautiful orphan Jewess, stand after the opera to-night? Will the end of that romance be the wreck of the gifted, loving Terese?

CHAPTER X.

ROME. NOBLE REVELERS.

"The new *prima donna!* The queen of song! The divine Terese!" shouted a gay company of noble revelers. In their dissipated gallantry, they sprang to their feet and pledged the lady in sparkling wine: and as each gallant tipped the glass of his fellow, he shouted the rival pledge to the fair Terese, each vieing with the other in naming the new Star.

Remote from this boisterous party sat two gentlemen drinking their wine in quiet propriety. They were both English, though one of them might have passed as an Italian, for he spoke the language of the country with the ease of a native and the elegance of a scholar. These two young Englishmen evidently bore no sort of relationship to the gay company, for they joined not in their pledge, even so much as by a notice, but quietly conversed together. They seemed to be quite unaware of the very presence of the gallants, and unconscious of their enthusiasm over the young musical star who had just burst upon the fashionable world at Rome, captivating with her rustic beauty and enchanting with her wonderful dramatic powers and gifts of song. It might be they were students, come to the capital of the Empire of Art for their finishing education. They looked not unlike artists of some class—perhaps painters, perhaps musicians, and if the latter, doubtless they were not so unconscious of the pledge of the revelers to "the queen of song,"—the divine Terese, as they seemed to be. It is certain, however, that if they were not artists, they had not claimed their social rank in the fashionable circles at Rome and were alike unknowing and unknown in their present situation. Perhaps, also, they were abashed by close proximity to gay men of rank and by quiet reserve invited no attention to themselves: perhaps they were lost together in conversation upon their favorite art.

"Gentlemen," said a signor Benedict, from among the gay young noblemen, "I have pledged the gifted *artiste*, not the lady —not the lady, by the mass."

"Ha! ha! not the lady, Marquis: of course, not the lady. Gentlemen, we absolve Signor Benedict from all imputation of pledging a woman —of drinking wine in honor of any creature in petticoats—save in her character as an *artiste*. You absolve our Benedict, noble gallants?"

"Certainly, certainly! Most willingly do we absolve the Marquis. No scandal to the Benedict about a petticoat."

"Signor Benedict, said Count Orsini, the leader of the revelers, "you are absolved by this solemn assembly of all appearance of pledging a woman!"

"By the bye, Count, *you* have not met your usual success with the new *prima donna*," retorted the Marquis Baglioni, the Benedict.

"Usual success!" laughed a middle aged English baronet. "Why, Marquis, your wording of the Count's ill luck in wooing the beautiful singer is very like a compliment. The irresistible Orsini has been repulsed by the gifted peasant, with as much hauteur as though she had been a princess of the proud Orsini house itself, and he but one of its serfs who had dared to aspire to her favor."

"The fashionable gossips will have it that the charming Terese sent back to the Orsini his eloquent *billet doux*—love offerings penned by a poetical secretary—unopened, together with the diamond coronet," observed the Count Cariati, with evident pleasure at the opportunity of being able to annoy his rival, "the coronet to be worn *professionally*, of course!"

"A sharp thrust, that," remarked the Benedict. "Better pattern after me, Orsini."

"O! I can afford Cariati's banter, since it but serves to remind me of former triumphs, in which the Count has been put *hors-de-combat* in our love passes. You will bear me witness, noble friends, that of all this company of irresistible gallants, none have been more successful with the lady than I."

"But, Count, you must acknowledge we have not met your repulse, nor had our gifts returned," said the English baronet.

"Ha, ha?" laughed Orsini, complacently: "my little episode was too significant a warning for others to attempt, where I had failed. Quite flattering, Sir Herbert, I assure you."

"Remember, Orsini, I have not made advances to your gifted countrywoman," said the Englishman.

"It would be in vain, Sir Herbert."

"I have cut the wings of as shy a bird ere now, Count."

"Come, friends, come! A common cause! We grant Sir Herbert to have been irresistible with the fair, and to be still a gallant worthy a beauty's smiles; but, in justice, we must claim the benefit for ourselves of *youth*—captivating, ingenious youth."

The vanity of the Englishman was piqued, for, though middle-aged, he was still a fine-looking man, who in his day, had been only too "successful" with the fair sex, to the sorrow of many a repentant deserted one.

"A princely dinner to this company of noble gallants, Count Orsini, that I will succeed where you have failed, and win the smiles of the beautiful Terese. Give me three months, and I will bring the Queen of Song from her rustic bower, to blaze her lustre on the fashionable crowd at Rome."

"As her accepted Knight, Sir Herbert? The favored lover who shall conquer the gifted Amazon who beat the Orsini?"

"Yes, Count: as the conqueror of her who discomfitted you."

"A wager, by the holy Virgin," laughed the handsome young noble, with pardonable assurance that the Englishman would fail where he had lost: "I accept the challenge. You are witnesses, noble friends!"

"Bear witness, gentlemen," joined in Sir Herbert; "and now pledge me success in wine, most loyal votaries in Bacchus and Venus."

"Pledge the daring Englishman!" shouted the company.

"I will lead the ceremony as a token of good will," said the Count Orsini. "Success to Sir Herbert, *if he can win it!*"

"*If he can win it!*" echoed the eldest of the Englishmen.

"By all the Saints," broke in the Benedict, "'tis the fellow-pupil of the fair Terese!"

"What, the young mentor of the *prima donna*, to whom I presume I am much indebted?" asked Count Orsini.

"Yes, the handsome cousin who pre-appropriates the gifted peasant," the Marquis replied.

"The solution of your non-success, Orsini," said another of the gallants.

"And the secret of the prima donna's rustic seclusion," added Cariati.

"Gentlemen," said Orsini, "we release Sir Herbert from his wager. Doubtless the affair will be repeated to the lady."

"I never repeat to a lady the disgraceful conduct of libertines, even though it should concern herself. I would not bring a blush to her cheek by a tale of libertines taken with her fair name."

"Libertines!" ejaculated the gallants, in surprise and rage. "Beware, young man!"

"But I would guard her person, and chastise an offender, at the first approach of outrage to her, personally."

The young Englishman had answered the revellers, without appearing to address them. Seemingly, he was continuing a conversation with his companion, which the gay company had not heard, because of their own clamor; yet, of course, the dissipated young nobleman knew that the remarks of the stranger were shaped for them.

"We are insulted, gentlemen!" exclaimed a passionate young noble, starting to his feet.

"And by two adventurers!" added another.

"Artists—fellows who live by their brains," said a third.

"Of which that noble lap-dog of Dame Fortune has but a small portion for his inheritance," said the other young Englishman.

"By the Pope," exclaimed the Benedict, half admiringly, "the fellows have mettle to beard us thus. As I'm a soldier, I think the artists worthy our swords."

"Peasants—not worthy a moment's notice of these noble gallants, Marquis," put in Sir Herbert, with a design to save his imprudent countrymen, as he considered them, from the fury of the fiery Italians.

"Countrymen of yours, Sir Herbert, and if peasants, excellent fellow-pupils of the haughty Terese."

"Your true plebeian is ever haughty and arrogant, if possessed of talents or favored by fortune," he replied.

"The baronet is an excellent example of your true plebeian," observed the youngest of the Englishmen, to the fellow pupil of Terese.

"Did you address your remark to me, sir," said Sir Herbert, furiously, approaching his countryman.

"My friend," answered the elder of the unknown Englishmen, "was refering me to the family of a rich plebeian who tricked his noble patron out of his estates: but the story can be of no interest to you, sir."

"None in the least," replied Sir Herbert, much annoyed and embarrassed. "I beg your pardon, young Englishmen, for taking up a link of your story, to which we have not been sufficiently attentive."

"This has gone too far, gentlemen," the passionate Orsini broke in. "We are all designedly insulted by two low-born adventurers."

"Let them leave the society of noblemen for their own. There are plenty of the artist crew in Rome," added another.

"Yes, yes! Let them leave and at once," shouted the company threateningly.

"And if the fellow pupil of the *prima donna* presumes on his favor with the Star, the Orsini will knight him, by breaking his sword across his back."

The young artist, if such he was, left his seat, and walking up to the Italian noble, said, with flashing eyes, "Count, long centuries ago, when the Orsini's held up a princely head, my ancestor knighted the chief of their proud house!"

"Nameless boaster," shouted the now maddened noble, drawing his rapier, "defend yourself!"

The young Englishman showed no sign of fear nor hurry, but with provoking calmness, tapping his own rapier, continued, "I have taken lessons from the best swordsman in Italy, as well as music lessons from the illustrious Spontini."

"Another Admirable Crichton!" sneered the Orsini.

"At your service, Count."

"Perhaps it will not be wise to tempt your skill," replied the young Italian Count, still sneeringly; and then he haughtily added, "As noblemen are not accustomed to fight with adventurers, it does not become an Orsini to cross swords with one whom Rome knows to bear no higher title than the fellow pupil of Terese, the *prima donna*."

"As you please, Count. I am not wonderfully desirous to claim the honor of knighthood from your sword, nor wish, unless tempted by a more serious cause, to run you through with mine," said the young Englishman, with provoking good nature and exquisite politeness.

"A braggart—a stage walker in heroics," shouted the gallants.

"At your service, gentlemen: if any of this brave company wish it; still, not myself eager for the honor. Sir Herbert Blakely, the story my friend was relating, in which you have manifested some interest, is of a certain baronet, of title very modern, who holds lands not his own, but lent to his father—a money usurer. The sequel, noble sir, is that the heir may some day redeem them from the son of the pawn-broker," and the two young Englishmen left the revellers much chagrined.

"By Lucifer, Sir Herbert, there is hidden meaning in all this," observed Count Orsini to the baronet, who was pacing the room venting his rage and mortification in muttered curses. Once or twice the Englishman was about to follow the daring strangers, but prudence forbade.

The sequel, which he had in his revenge already more than half determined on, was a very different one to that which his young countryman had prophesied. In view of such a result, he deemed it wise not to make public foot-marks for the future to discover.

"By the infernal powers! you are right, Count. The young bravo bore himself as haughtily to the Orsini as though he had been that same ancestor, rating for some insubordination the chief of your proud house, whom he knighted long centuries ago. Ha! ha! ha! you did not expect such a clear unhorsing as that, Count, in your tilting-match with the unknown. Let me see, gallants, the order of the day's tornament—thus it runs: The herald of the day enters, the challenge of the Orsini is proclaimed—the black knight bounds into the ring upon his warlike charger—visor down—name given—the Unknown—the Orsini is unhorsed—visor of the Unknown is raised—the conquerer of the Orsini is his own sovereign. By Jupiter! quite a romantic adventure, noble friends!"

Sir Herbert was evidently aiming to turn the sharp thrusts given by the young Englishman from himself to the Count; and he also designedly sought to enflame the fiery Italian against the strangers; but the rhapsody of the baronet rather amused than enraged him, for he took it as a mere display of Sir Herbert, to hide his own mortification at the references made to what he keenly suspected, was a secret chapter of the baronet's family history.

"Come, come, Sir Herbert, do not heal your wounds on my body. Return his thrusts with a sharp sword. Tut, tut, man, they had no point for the Orsini."

"I tell you, proud Count, his thrusts at you were pointed for you. Unless I much mistake, long centuries ago, when the Orsini held up a princely head, his ancestors *did* knight the Chief of their proud house."

"By the Pope! Sir Herbert, you are dealing in offensive riddles," exclaimed the young noble, in rage.

"The founder of the house and name of that dark, haughty young stranger was, long centuries ago, Sir Count, Grand Master of the renowned order of Knights of the Temple of Zion."

"Then, by the Temple of Zion! if thy suspicion be not groundless, Sir Herbert," exclaimed the Count, "thy countryman's words were not those of a braggart, for a chief of the Orsini house was a Knight Templar of that proud order, whose Grand Master swayed his baton over even princes."

"I much mistake, Count, if I am not right in my surmises, as to the identity of that haughty young Englishman. The fellow pupil of the *prima donna*—the favorite lover—the successful rival—the descendant of the Grand Master that knighted your ancestor—Sir Walter Templar is no unworthy match for an Orsini, either in love or knightly prowess," said Sir Herbert, pursuing his object to inflame the vindictiveness of the revengeful Italian.

"Gallants, we meet after the opera to-night at the palace of the Orsini. Again to the queen of song. Come pledge again the divine Terese, noble friends." Thus, the young noble, with an assumed lightness and indifference, sought to hide from his gay companions the black demon of revenge that possessed his soul, called up by the designing Englishman, who had discovered in his young countrymen two men whom he instinctively felt he had most occasion to fear in a future reckoning, which for twenty years he had hoped would never come.

As the revelers separated, Count Orsini whispered to Sir Herbert Blakely that his private box at the opera house would not offend the most fastidious friend. The wily Englishman understood the Italian; and, as they separated, his face wore a dark smile of wicked triumph.

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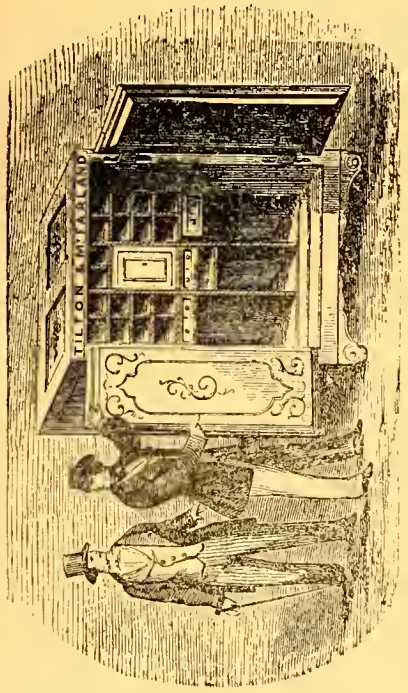

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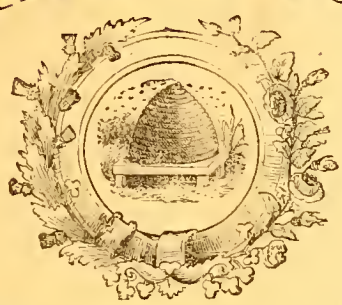
THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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No. 5] SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 5, 1869. [Vol. 3

HOW TO WIN A NOBLE NAME.

Would'st thou win a noble name
In the coming ages?
Would'st thou earn a future fame
In historians' pages?
Listen, then, and thou shalt hear
How thou may'st attain it—
Bravely working many a year,
In the end thou'lt gain it.

Enter boldly on the fight,
Good with Bad is waging,
In the sacred cause of right
All thy soul engaging.
Care not though the world may frown
On thine earnest striving,
Error must be overthrown—
Truth is ever thriving.

Heed thou, lest a bigot's zeal,
Thwart thy good intentions;
Mix not up the simple truth
With dim, obscure inventions.
Have a faith in man and God,
Pure and ardent burning;
In thy chosen pathway plod,
From it never turning.

Live not for thyself, but others
By thy working cherish;
Round thee thou hast many brothers,
Who, neglected, perish.
Sisters erring, weak and frail,
Whom, by kindly teaching,
Thou may'st raise within the pale
They despair of reaching.

ELLEN KENWAY.

I.

A sombre autumn evening on the beach at Southaven; and a steamer, just left the wooden pier, has ploughed up the bright water into foam, leaving a long wake of turbulence, and fouling the evening air with a tall pillar of smoke, that dispersed into wreathing clouds stretching far over the town.

There are many strollers on the wide, sheltering beach, many idlers and health-seekers. Away from these, along the shore, where it is little frequented, a girl is sitting alone on the shingle. You would hardly call her handsome, her features are a little too strongly marked for sculptural beauty, perhaps. There are some women whose beauty does not strike one all at once; it grows on us. Ellen Kenway was one of these. As she sits huddled up by the rocks on the beach, you can scarcely judge how dainty and well-formed is her figure, though rather small; but you can see she has jet-black hair, and large liquid eyes shaded by long lashes, and a delicate complexion, usually too pale, but now in a glow almost transparent.

It is a lovely sight before her. Close to her feet creeps up the snowy foam that the wave leaves for an instant on the opaque, dull bank of shingle, to die away the next, as in a dream, into tremulous threads of frosty silver, which are drawn back with the swash of the water, and wound again into the salt breast of the great sea. Ellen has taken no note of the scene; her whole thoughts and affections are wound up in the heart of Henry Elsey, like the wave threads in the ocean, none the less though believing she has poured out her heart's treasure as uselessly and hopelessly as a vial of precious attar wasted on the ground. Her eyes are fixed on the distant steamer fading away from her sight like the happiness from her life, and as she looks, two big, fierce tears grow into the dark eyes and glaze them over for a moment, but do not fall. She ought to have wept, and let the tears come. They would have brought calm, and with it truer perception, for tears clear the mental vision wonderfully at times. But with an effort she drove them back to scorch her heart instead of her eyes.

Perhaps, if you know the facts Ellen Kenway was in trouble about, you will be better able to judge of them than from the distorted picture her thoughts presented.

Mr. Robert Elsey was a very popular surveyor in the early railroad days, and had made a great deal of money by his profession. Although he had brought up his son Henry in his own office, he had no intention that he should succeed to his connection, for two reasons: first, because he intended to retire altogether from money-getting pursuits in a twelvemonth, and thenceforward to make a gentleman of his son; and next, because Henry Elsey was too delicate in health to follow any profession whatever, with a prospect of success.

On coming down to Southaven, the surveyor and his son made a good many friends among the influential people interested in the new line. I think Henry Elsey got through more picnics, and dinner parties, and musical evenings than surveying, during his stay. At all events, a tall, handsome young man of two-and-twenty, with good looks, easy manners and bright prospects, he was in great request. Besides, Doctor Lorry liked him; and, as Doctor Lorry concentrated in himself the entire good will of the townspeople, that was quite enough to make Henry Elsey a general favorite. It

was at a picnic party he first met Ellen Kenway. He did not fall in love with her at first sight, but he admired her, and was fascinated by her, he hardly knew how much, till one day he awoke to the conviction that he was very much in love with her, and knew no happiness but in Ellen's society. This conviction grew on him; he became a frequent visitor at her house, till he had avowed his passion, and found it warmly returned.

With Ellen it was different: she loved Henry Elsey before the first day they met was over. The Southaven people declared she lost no opportunity of throwing herself in his way, and trying to secure a wealthy match. This is not correct; but that she loved him wildly and jealously was for her peace sadly true. She was not a match for him in point of position, the Southaven people said, and if by this they meant the position that money gives, they were right, for Ellen and her sister Lucy were the only children of a deceased clergyman, who left their mother nothing but a very small life annuity on which to bring up her two daughters. But that she loved Henry Elsey for his money's sake is a cruel falsehood. She would have loved him the same if he had not had a penny in the world.

It was not till the day before they were leaving Southaven, that Henry Elsey told his father of the state of his feelings towards Ellen Kenway. Now, Robert Elsey was not an unduly proud man as regarded himself, but he fondly overestimated his son, and his abilities, and the position he ought to take in life. A widower, moreover, and lonely in the world save his son, he was selfishly fearful lest any one, man or woman, should supplant him in that son's affections. He worshipped his son, and knowing that the cankerworm of consumption was already undermining his boy's life, he wished to keep Henry to himself until the end, which he knew could not be many years distant; or, if he could not do this, he wished at least to see him make some wealthy match as soon as his projected retirement allowed his introduction into better society.

Robert Elsey tried to reason with his son, but found reason unavailing against passion, and though he tried it long and patiently, he was fain at last to contend with his son's weapon—he tried passion too. It was new to Henry, for it was the first time he had ever had angry words from his father, and it made him gentler in his pleadings, though not less earnest. Robert Elsey, however, gave as his ultimatum that his son should break off the engagement unconditionally, on pain of being cut off immediately from present and future enjoyment of any part of his father's wealth; but that, provided he would give his word neither to see Ellen Kenway nor write to her for two years, if still desirous to renew the engagement at the end of that time, he would oppose no further hindrance to their union.

Henry Elsey was not the man to throw off all restraint, to rush into the world on his own resources, and carve name, and fame, and money to lay at the feet of a wife. To begin with, he had not the physical power. He could suffer better than he could do. When he had reflected a bit, he began to see that if he left his father it would take him at least as long to realize by his own exertions a very humble position to marry upon (even supposing his health endured the test) as the time he had to wait for his father's sanction. Still, he could not but feel that two years of his precarious life were like twenty taken from that of a hale and strong man.

Henry had one last interview with Ellen Kenway, and told her much of this. But though silent, she was unsatisfied. Loving him wildly and unreasoningly as she did, she would have had him break all ties of kith and kin for her, as she would have done for him. Thoughtless, or careless rather, of consequences, she believed him cold when he loved as deeply if not as madly as she. But Ellen was very quiet, dangerously quiet, and kept her thoughts in her heart, and they burnt it up. She thought him strangely guarded in his reference to the time when the two years' probation should be past, and she doubted his sincerity. She did not know he feared to raise his own hopes, much less hers, about a time which, for aught he knew, might find his head pillowed on the sod instead of on his Ellen's breast. He left her promising so far to jesuitise his promise to his father as to write a note once a month to her sister Lucy, as a token that he was living and faithful to Ellen so long as he continued to write.

If Ellen had known what he felt when he had carried away with him the feelings he would not exhibit before her, if Ellen had seen him walking that shore near where she sits at midnight, and heard his passionate cry for strength to endure and for life to last till he could make her his wife, she would not now be sitting in trouble upon the beach, pressing handfuls of sand between her hot fingers till the pebbles make the blood come, and crying to herself, "I would give my soul for that man's love."

It is a bad case when doubt takes possession of a woman's heart. A man will reason it out; women don't as a rule. They nurse it and keep it warm till it festers into distrust. It was mistaken kindness in Henry Elsey not to have told her that gloomy forebodings about his own life made him so quiet and reserved at their parting, while Ellen, mistaking the flush on his cheek for that of health, did not know of that anxiety. So that, when she turned over in her mind all that had passed between them twain, she began to doubt whether Henry Elsey had not been trifling with her love, and after amusing himself with her heart for a few months, had not sought the most merciful mode of ending a tie that was getting troublesome by talking of a broken engagement with a two year's silence, so that the whole weight of the blow might not come at once, but her love die a lingering death.

Perhaps she had been too eager, had craved too much for his love at first, had led him farther than he intended, until what he might have meant as a passing diversion had become irksome because serious, and needful to be stopped. It was this thought that made the fierce tears grow in her eyes for an instant, till pride drove them back to her heart.

II.

I do not think Ellen ever expected he would keep his word about the letters to her sister very long—only long enough to break the blow a little to her. And when, after a few months had passed bringing letters to Lucy for Ellen's eye, and each note became shorter and more guarded (colder, Ellen thought), I believe she was quite prepared for the time that came and brought no letter at all, and that grew from month to month till near a year elapsed with no letter, no news, no token from him she loved so dear. She found out that Henry Elsey had left London and gone away, somewhere abroad it was said, but she could learn no other tidings of him. Indeed, as things had turned out so much as she had feared when she sat that autumn evening on the shore and watched him carried away from her in the little steamer, Ellen ought to have raked out the embers of the fire that still burned in her breast with nothing to feed upon but her heart, and let the flame die out. But there are fires that burn in earthen temples like those that glow on Parsee altars, and never go out till the broken lamp itself is taken away to the Tower of Silence. Smothered fire, even, will break out again, sometimes after long intervals, like the flames of the fire-spirits of the gloomy caverns of the earth, that even the superimposed mass of an Etna or a Vesuvius will not keep down.

Ellen never blamed Henry Elsey. Had she done so she

might soon have scared the wound in her heart, and it would have healed and left at most a scar. Though she was hopelessly convinced he had only amused himself with her, it never occurred to her to complain of man's making a plaything of so brittle and precious a toy as a woman's heart. She blamed herself for thinking of him and for loving him, and beside that, nothing but the cruel necessity that made her go on loving him helplessly.

Time is a gentle nurse, and soothes and softens down most strong feelings of good and evil, and it quieted Ellen, until the fire seemed to die out. It withdrew from all its outposts and sacrificed all its advanced trenches, in order to concentrate itself in one smouldering corner of her heart, as a band of insurgents, beaten in desultory warfare, will take up their abode in secret mountain fastness, from which nothing will ever dislodge them.

By-and-by care came, and trouble to the Kenways. The local bank in which Mrs. Kenway's annuity had been purchased failed, paying only a dividend of five shillings in the pound, and leaving the family thenceforth in receipt of only a fourth of their previous humble income. There might be enough still to keep their mother from want; but it was clear they must leave their neat little home for lodgings, and that both the girls must seek some way of earning their own livelihood. Lucy, the meeker spirit of the two, at once determined on seeking a situation as governess, and very soon succeeded in obtaining one through the help of friends. Ellen thought she should be at least able to support herself by giving lessons in music, in which she was no mean proficient. She went to Doctor Lorry to ask his advice on the subject.

If ever there was a genuine, good, kind-hearted man in the world, Dr. Lorry of Southaven was one. He was always helping some one with advice, or money, or a cheery word, and his advice and his pleasant words did as much good as his money, they said, or his physic. He was by common consent the general confident of the little town. He knew everybody's business, and had a hand in it, too, where a helping one was needed; and yet he very assiduously minded his own. There was only one other doctor in Southaven then; and when Dr. Lorry's popularity nearly ruined his opponent at the outset, it was he who set him on his legs again, and lent him capital without interest, and got him appointed to the Infirmary, and recommended him patients. Doctor Lorry was by no means a rich man, and yet he never wanted money to do good with. He never seemed to have any money, in fact, unless it was wanted to help some one else. He had been an intimate friend of Ellen's father, and always a welcome visitor at her mother's house since her father's death. But then he was welcome everywhere. There never was a doctor so welcome, in sickness or in health, as Doctor Lorry. I believe, had he not been half the wise and skillful physician that he was, the Southaven people would have paid him for his hopeful looks and cheery smiles. It was difficult to feel ill when you only looked at him—the very sight of him did you good.

Ellen Kenway had never lost the half wondering awe and esteem with which she regarded him ever since, as a little child, he used to take her on his knee and say, with a smile before which infantine disorders quailed in despair, "And how is my little friend to-day?" She thought him so wise then, and found him so good and genuine as she grew up, that she always reverenced him.

I should not like to say Doctor Lorry was a tidy man. But then he never had been married. As he came rushing in from the surgery to see Ellen, with the sleeves of a shabby coat turned back, and his black clothes all dusted over with white powder, he was not that, certainly. But he was such a busy man, always in a hurry. He had always just "been somewhere, and was going somewhere else in ten minutes." Nor had he a single handsome feature under his shaggy grey hair—that he used himself to say wore out a hair-brush in a fortnight in the vain endeavor to subjugate it—to afford excuse for a complaint on his appearance. He was only a straight-grown, square-headed man of five-and-forty, with the cheeriest voice and the frankest smile to light up his large plain face into the reverent beauty of good looks.

"My dear Miss Kenway," he said panting, but laughing fatigue to scorn, "I've been up all night and busy all day, and am off in ten minutes to Chillingworth, and I shall not be home till evening. I know all you have got to say, and I consider yours a favorable case—a little low, perhaps, but we'll soon pick that up; only music-lessons won't do, it's like physic to me to hear of it. Now," he continued, "do you think your dear mother would give me a bit of supper to-night when I get back? You won't mind if I tell you I've just sent some birds to Mrs. Kenway, will you? Now, don't there's a dear girl, think I am presuming on the loss of that little bit of money of yours. Nothing of the kind. The fact is, people will send me birds and things to that extent that I tremble to think I have at this blessed moment enough game in the house to transport half-a-dozen poachers. I don't know what to do with it. And there's one of those advertising wine merchants just sent me a lot of bottles as samples. I can't take wine till evening; so, good-bye."

He was not a polite man, you see. This was his abrupt way always; for he seemed to be locally omniscent, and knew all about people, and if he had a fault as a doctor, it was that he would never let a patient indulge in that lugubrious relief which the sick enjoy of detailing, with morbid relish the nature and symptoms of their complaints. His jovial smile seemed to recognize every ailment, moral or physical, as an old acquaintance; and he would tell you he knew all about you, and all about your disorders, and didn't want to hear you talk, then go and talk so fast himself that it was a mercy he didn't. Then, before you could reply, he would catch up his hat and talk himself out of the room, and talk himself down stairs, and you would hear his voice talking against the front door till it slammed him out into the street, and you began to wonder how ever he knew what was the matter with you.

At nine o'clock the doctor bustled in to sup with Mrs. Kenway—off his own game and his own wine—and he chattered all supper time so blithely that Mrs. Kenway and her daughter caught some of his humor, and would have hardly realized for the moment, even if they had thought, that they were nearly penniless and knew not where to turn in the future. And after supper Doctor Lorry insisted on having a sample of the music-lessons Ellen was talking about, and then he would sing, and make her accompany him.

"Now, Miss Kenway," he said, when she had done, "I must be going; I have a broken leg and a measles to see to-night, but music teaching won't do for you. Now you are prescribed for. And, oh, by the way, my dear Mrs. Kenway what a fortunate thing for Southaven this railway is. Property is fetching fabulous prices about your part. Now, you are thinking of leaving your cottage there, I know all about it, you know, and I suppose you will sell it, and directly you do you will have that little rascal of a Guyatt down on you to snap it up for a song. Now I don't want to take advantage, but if you will give me the first offer of it you'll do me a great favor—you will indeed. I'll get it valued for you; well, Guyatt shall value it if you like; so we'll consider that settled."

Next morning early he went and fixed that "little rascal Guyatt," an estate agent and valuer, who by the way was as good a friend as the doctor had in Southaven.

"I can't stop a minute, my dear fellow; but just go down this morning and value Mrs. Kenway's house for me, and get the conveyance drawn up at once. I think property is looking up here, owing to the railway. You'll just value it at nine hundred pounds, and get it transferred sharp before somebody outbids me, do you see?"

"My dear doctor, that won't do; why, it is not honestly worth more than——"

"Nonsense, Guyatt, your liver is out of order. I'll send you a pill and draught when I get home; but you get this done at once, and don't tell everybody else my business. I mean to make money out of it."

I believe he led Mrs. Kenway to suppose he was thinking of selling the cottage and garden to a hotel company as soon as the line was opened, and going to clear a heap of money by his bargain. At all events, he told her that he could do nothing at all with it for some time to come, and insisted on her remaining for the present as his tenant.

From that time Dr. Lorry became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Kenway's, and grew very fond indeed of hearing more of Ellen's music-lessons, as he called her pianoforte playing. And one day Doctor Lorry asked Ellen to be his wife. Although till lately she had never thought of him at all as a lover, and only respected him as a dear, kind friend, Ellen had, with her woman's foresight, detected some time before the meaning of the doctor's continuous visits. But though she knew beforehand what was coming, she was still unprepared with an answer. She loved Henry Elsey, faithful or faithless, with all her heart. She did not love Doctor Lorry, though she reverenced him for his kindliness of heart and his goodness to everybody. She even half doubted if his proposal was not dictated in some sort by a wish to benefit her family, as part of his scheme of universal benevolence, and not for her own sake. She wronged him here in her thoughts.

She told Doctor Lorry frankly of her love for Henry Elsey, and that she feared she could never love him as he deserved for his goodness to her mother, to her, and to everybody else; that she loved him as a kind, dear friend, but that he deserved a noble, true-hearted wife when he did marry, and not a foolish girl, who could never be to him all a wife should.

"My dear Miss Kenway," he said, "I feel I ask you to be my wife under a disadvantage. The worst of it is, I have no doubt you feel under some fancied obligation to me about any little trifles I may have done for your mother. Believe me truly, I had no thought of asking you to be my wife then, or of buying your love. I am an old man, compared with you. It has only lately seemed hard to me to think of passing away from the earth without knowing the sweetness of a wife's love. I do not ask you to crush out all the old memories of your heart. It is sad to kill the scent of a dried flower. I do not ask from you the love you could give Henry Elsey. But if you can only think of me in the light of a husband, I am sure you will do your duty to me as a wife, and I love you as I can love no other woman. Take time to decide, Ellen, and let me know;" and he kissed her on the forehead as he had done when she was a little child, and went out.

Ellen consulted with her mother, and laid her heart bare before her.

"I cannot love him, mother," she said. "I can only be his wife. I love Henry Elsey, and him only." Her mother knew that all their future depended on her daughter's decision, but she was silent. She would not influence her child's mind, though she knew it was a question between penury and comfort for life; and life is long, whatever poets say.

I think if she had spoken out, it would have been different. If she had been angry, and told her child their bread depended upon her accepting Doctor Lorry, Ellen would have said, "Mother, there is bread enough for you; I will go and earn mine as Lucy has done." Or, had she begged her daughter not to sacrifice her heart for her mother's sake, it wanted so little to move Ellen, that I think she would have said, "Mother, I will work for you, you shall not want; but forgive me in this, for my heart does not love him." But those mute tears did it.

And in six weeks, for the Doctor was a hasty, busy man, Ellen Kenway promised to love, honor, and obey Richard Lorry.

III.

Ellen did honor Doctor Lorry and did obey him, he was so good. He prescribed companionship for her mother, and brought Lucy away from her situation to act as his prescription, that Mrs. Kenway might not be lonely in the little cottage. All the excuses he made for looking after their welfare, some shamelessly transparent, and others inscrutably dark, need not be told here. Suffice it to say the Kenways wanted for nothing, there was always some artfully arranged surprise in store for them, yet so managed that they should be pained by no feeling of obligation. But Doctor Lorry did not know the wealth of love that lay hidden and dormant in his wife's heart, and which she could not give him. And yet Ellen sought to do her duty as a wife, and went through all the ritual with as much fervor as would pass for devotion from many a colder spirit. But in her heart of hearts she loved Henry Elsey still, though she struggled against it, and fought against it, and meekly went about her daily duties, respecting her husband all the while so earnestly, she would humbly have kissed the ground he walked upon, whilst she despised herself for so much as injuring him in thought.

Perhaps, I am not sure, if Ellen had had more of her husband's company she would have stifled this out into a dead memory, whereof only the fragrance should have remained. But Doctor Lorry's life was very much what it was before his marriage. He was seldom home, always full of plans to make every one happy—his wife among the rest—and bustling about on everybody's business. Ellen was too exacting in her disposition, too selfish and covetous, to be satisfied with aught but a man's whole heart at any cost; and much as she honored and admired her husband's generous devotion to others, she thought it robbed her of too much of his time and his thoughts, leaving her only a share of what she would have all and undivided. Nevertheless, I have said Ellen did not love Doctor Lorry—love him, that is as she could love; and yet she would have all his time and attention and thoughts to herself; and still yet she knew he loved her deeply, if undemonstratively. I have not said Ellen was unreasonable. But Ellen was a woman.

Two years passed away, and found Mrs. Lorry with a little girl of twelve months old, with the brightest, happiest smile that ever gladdened another's heart. Little Effie was almost as popular in Southaven as Doctor Lorry himself, and went about nearly as much for the purpose of exhibiting to admiring friends the astonishing proficiency she had attained in the use of her mottled little limbs. And yet, though she loved her little child tenderly, and respected her husband above all the world, Mrs. Lorry was not quite happy.

IV.

It was getting on for the twilight of an October evening when Mrs. Lorry took a quiet walk alone upon the beach. The air was chilly and the sands nearly deserted, but it suited Ellen's humor to be alone. She walked on till she came to the place where, four years before, sitting on the

shingle, she had seen the steamer fade into the distance bearing Henry Elsey away from her sight. There she sat down.

The sea was breaking heavily along the coast, while the beach answered back its blows with sonorous peals. Then as each wave subsided into countless heaving eddies and whirls among the rocks in its retreat, the distant shore took up the peal and flapped and reverberated it against the far white cliffs, till it died away in silent echoes, that mingled with the hiss of the coming wave.

As she sat there listening to the murmurous ocean, and toying absently with the sands, she opened to herself the secret casket of her heart, that contained all the old embalmed memories of Henry Elsey, and spread out before her thoughts all the tokens of his faithless love which recollection still treasured up. She thought of what might have been could she have lavished her heart upon him, and wondered how it would have ended after all. And she thought of her husband and how, with all his goodness, her expectations were but disappointed, and her life lonely. She thought of her little Effie, and it came into her mind how wrong, and wicked and ungrateful she was, that her disappointments were of her own making, and that she would try earnestly to forget all the past and to give her husband her whole heart.

The twilight was deepening, and the clouds faded into a gathering haze of obscurity, leaving only the restless sea gleaming, still white, out of the dusk.

"Ellen," cried a voice, broken with joyful passion. "Darling, I have been faithful."

And in a moment, and before she had time for thought or reply, she was in his arms, and Henry Elsey's kisses burned upon her lips.

The next instant she had torn herself from his embrace; said, "Henry, I am Doctor Lorry's wife;" and while he yet stood transfixed and speechless at the words, she ran from him with a cry, and never stopped nor looked back till she found herself in her husband's house.

"Help me, my husband," she cried, trembling, and with tears, "for Henry Elsey has come back, and I have seen him, and I am afraid I love him still."

Doctor Lorry hushed and soothed her silently as a tearful child until she was calmer. Then, after a little thought, he said—

"And you shall see him again, dear wife; for if Henry Elsey is in Southaven he shall sup with us to night."

There was not a particle of jealousy or distrust in his nature, and he felt sure that Henry Elsey had a great deal to say to Ellen, which, perhaps, ought to be said, and had better be said under her husband's house than elsewhere. And in a minute Doctor Lorry was hurrying down the passage, unheedful or unmindful of his wife's earnest words—

"Do n't let him come, Richard—husband dear, keep him away from me."

But he found him, and presently the two men came in, the younger haggard and pale, and such a contrast to her hale husband with the hearty laugh.

The renewed meeting was reserved and quiet, and the meal passed in a painful and constrained manner, whilst even the Doctor's cheery humor fell flat, and for once was a dead failure. Supper over, he said—

"Now, I know very well, Mr. Elsey, all about your old engagement to Mrs. Lorry, and that there may be many little things you would like to talk over. I'm just off to see a couple of patients, and I'll be back and have a cigar with you in an hour."

And they two were left alone.

Ellen hardly knew afterwards how he explained himself, for her tears and excitement; but she knew Henry Elsey had loved her deeply all the long while. He had been ill, she knew; he had not written because he thought it kinder to let her suppose his had been a light love, than for her to wait and helplessly mourn for him during the remainder of a long sickness that, it was thought, death must soon end. She knew after a long time he had been away abroad to a warmer climate, and that there he had slowly regained a little health, that his physician said might, with care, protract his life for some years; but it had been terribly slow work. His father had died in the meantime, leaving him his property; and now, after lingering for years between life and death, he had made the first use of feeble health, which he never expected to regain, to come and lay his heart and his little life at her feet only to find her another's—a generous minded man's—who had put his honor in his keeping, and shut his mouth from saying more, for was he not her husband's guest? But she knew he had been faithful.

The doctor came home very cheerful, and chatted blithely about his patients and the gossip of the town, for he felt himself put upon his mettle to dissipate the traces of tears from his wife's cheeks, and to restore cheerfulness. Presently Henry Elsey left, and then Ellen broke out sobbing, and said, "Richard, dear, for the love of heaven don't let him come again—don't let me see him any more. I cannot bear it." And Doctor Lorry promised, and sought to comfort his wife, for he knew she had loved Henry Elsey.

He came once more, however. It was only a professional visit, but Ellen met him passing through the hall, and could not refuse to speak. Any one might have heard what she said—

"Good-bye, Mr. Elsey; don't despise me for being faithless."

"I cannot," he replied, "I am alone to blame. If ever you want to know where one lives who would render you service at the cost of his life, here is my address"—and he gave her a card—adding, "Forgive my saying so much. Good-bye." And he wrenched her hand so earnestly it made her give a cry of pain as he went out.

Ellen blamed herself, never him. She had been faithless, he faithful. And the old hidden fire leaped up into a fierce flame, that burnt up right, and truth, and duty, and consumed her heart's purity, like the fire that fell and burned up the altar and the sacrifice, and the water that was round about in the trenches.

A few days did it. Then she left Southaven, and shut herself out from her home and her little child, her mother and sisters, and all the sweet ties that bind up the pure already in sheaves in this world, to carry away with her the gnawing fire that burns for ever and ever. She left an open note on her table.

HUSBAND,—Forget me, always and for ever unworthy of you. Let little Effie think I died, and never know. ELLEN LORRY.

She found her way to the address Henry Elsey had given—it was her own doing, not his—and came into his room.

"Henry," she said, "I am come. I will go to the world's end with you. Take me away where I can forget and shut out the past, and not see or know his trouble."

It was not easy. The world is so small, you cannot get more than a dozen thousand miles away at most from the spot of any given grief or crime, and memory will reach farther than that—from this world into the next, it is said.

He took her away, and they traveled abroad and passed a life of excitement and pleasure that was wild and fearful in its intensity, and terrible and wearisome in its unrest. Switzerland, Germany, Italy, France, Spain—they tried them all in turn, but Ellen was restless, and would remain nowhere long; she wearied of constant wandering, and yet craved for the very excitement that palled on her.

At last Henry Elsey sickened and died, and she was left alone in a strange land; rich enough, as the world talks, but poor and wretched, and beggared of all that women hold dear—a self-branded outcast, shrinking from the pity of friends worse than the coldness of strangers; longing for the quiet home that was lost to her for ever, whilst she perished of heart-hunger and distress, nameless, in a far-off country. No home, and in a strange land.

There was only one thing Ellen looked forward to, for the wicked never look far forward. She yearned to see her little child again, and then to die.

It was a long journey, but she made it, and before she came to Southaven she tried to disguise herself in poor clothes. It was quite needless. No one who had known Ellen Kenway as Mrs. Lorry, seven years before, would ever have recognized her now. Something made her go first to the churchyard—perhaps her mother might be there. But no. There was none of her home-friends there that she could find.

She went on like a guilty thing up to Doctor Lorry's house. How she knew every window and shutter, and the old-fashioned front door, and the clean stone steps she had passed over as a bride—their very whiteness now reproaching her with pollution. She hung about in the shadow of the surgery lamp, waiting till she could think how to gain accessto the house without being seen.

Presently Doctor Lorry came out. He passed close, and never knew her. The lamplight shone full on his face as he brushed slowly by. Oh, how he was altered! His brisk step exchanged for a slow, labored walk, his face livid and careworn, and his hair white—white as snow. It was all white, and pure, and bright except her heart. Even the sorrow that had changed her husband's hair had bleached it pure white.

At last Ellen crept down the area steps to the kitchen. Perhaps their old servant might still be there. Timidly and trembling she knocked. The door was opened. Yes, the same dear, old motherly woman who had taken little Effie from her breast many, many a time.

"Do n't you know me?" sobbed Ellen, the tears streaming down.

"No, bless you," said the old servant; "but I see you are in trouble, dear soul. Come in and rest a minute, and tell me what is the matter," and she led her in.

Ellen sat by the deal table, full in the light, and took off her bonnet and let her hair down (grey, now) as she used to wear it.

"Heaven help us all!" cried the old woman; "but it is Mrs. Lorry. Oh, ma'am, the Lord forgive you, but you've broken his heart."

"Do n't, Ann, do n't. Have pity," Ellen cried with bitter sobs. "I know, I know. I have come back only for a little. I could not bear for him to know me. I saw him pass just now, and know it is true. But I want to look upon my little child before I die. I will not disturb her sleep. I will kiss her so softly she shall not wake, and then I will creep down and go out, and never trouble you any more for ever."

"Oh, mercy, missus," the good old woman said, wringing her hands, "do n't take on—do n't, there's a dear creature, for dear love; but you will never wake darling Miss Effie with your kisses any more—she has laid in the churchyard these three years."

With an exceeding great and bitter cry, Ellen ran out into the night, her head bare, her long hair fluttering in the bleak wind. She hurried on till she came to the long, dark beach, where the white waves were rolling in, angrily leaping upon the shore. There she flitted down to where the foam of the last wave was hissing and seething on the shingle, and, her feet already wet with the salt sea, stretched out her hands to confide her bitter remorse to its silent breast.

V.

"Why, my dear Ellen, if we have n't been looking for you for the last hour, and I 've been hunting all over town to find you. I 've been to mother's, and goodness only knows where, and here you are, sitting alone on the shore at ten o'clock at night, with the water up to your ankles."

Ellen looked up in amazement. There was Doctor Lorry, sure enough. She could not see his face, for it was so dark, but his voice did n't sound at all as if he was broken down with sorrow. She could hardly believe her own eyes.

"Kiss me, my own dear, good husband," she cried; "and tell me it is not true that I dare not hold you in my arms and love you with all my heart."

"I do n't know about that," said the doctor, kissing her and laughing outright, "but there is no mistake but what you are doing it at present, bless your heart. But it 's quite true that you must have been sound asleep here for three hours, the last part of the time with your feet in the water, and a great mercy it happens to be salt, and that you have a doctor for your husband. But what is this, my little wife? Tears?"

"Oh, thank heaven, my dear husband, thank heaven they are tears, and that they were only wept in a dream; for I have been foolish and wicked, and I can now love you with all my heart."

Oh, those white steps of home, how welcome they looked, and the bright windows that smiled welcome. But if you could have seen Mrs. Lorry run up to her little Effie's cot that night; and wake her up to be kissed, and fondled, and cried over, it would have done you good. She quite surprised poor old Ann, the housekeeper, by running down stairs and shaking hands with her, and kissing her on the forehead, and calling her a dear old thing.

After supper Helen came and nestled her head against her husband's breast, in supreme thankfulness to Him who sometimes guides sleeping thoughts now, as he did of old, to bless and sanctify waking hours.

"Ellen," said the doctor, very quietly for him, "I have something to show you that is sad—a letter. Can you bear to see it now?"

Yes, she could bear anything by him and with him.

So Doctor Lorry smoothed out a letter from his pocket, and laid it before her.

It was dated two days back, and ran thus:—

London, October 11th, 1849.

MY DEAR ELLEN,—I cannot die without letting you know I have loved you always to the end. I knew I should never be able to call you my wife, and it seemed to me it would be cruel to keep you waiting for you to be a widow, perhaps, as soon as you were a bride. I did not think to have lasted so long as this. The physicians have kept me alive by sending me to Madeira for two years; but I wanted to come home to die. Perhaps I did wrong in not telling you this; forgive me if so; it was meant in kindness and love. Perhaps I might have told you, but when I was well enough to write, I heard you had married Doctor Lorry—a man I respect and love—and I did not wish to disturb your peace. You have a good and noble husband. Love him for my sake and his own. Heaven bless you and him. I have been faithful.

HENRY ELSEY.

The letter was enclosed open in an envelope to Doctor Lorry. He was not jealous when his wife kissed it thankfully.

It was strange that Ellen should have dreamed so truthfully of the reason Henry Elsey had not written, and it was singular, too, that Henry Elsey died at nine o'clock that same night that she had dreamed of meeting him on the shore.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR, - - - - - - - - - - J. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SUBES.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - - - DANIEL CANNON.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

LIKE UNTO BARKER.

A FRAGMENT.

When, some years ago, we listened, in this city, to the expoundings of Professor Barker, as he lucidly presented his scheme of the "winding-up scheme of all things," and showed us how the orbits of all the planets were getting smaller, and were gradually winding themselves up closer and closer to their centrals, like a boy winds up a leaden bullet on the end of a string around his finger; we did not feel so uneasy at the prospect of finding our planet and its inhabitants some fine morning falling splug into the sun, thereafter to stick like a wart on a man's nose—as we have done since we discover that the same fearful view of our destiny has been published to the world by a scion ific gentleman in the columns of the *Boston Investigator*.

According to our Utah friend, the Professor, the mountain chains were not upheavals from beneath as commonly supposed, but our own moons which, after giving us light for a sufficient period, got tired of the job, and following the movements of a spiral curve, one after another came squash on the earth's face like a soft crab, spreading themselves out in ridges, hollows and bumps, which we have vainly supposed to be portions of our own identical earth, but which have, really, no connection with this establishment, and could be easily removed from the earth proper by a knife passed underneath them—if you only had one big enough.

"Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses," it is said, and so Mr. Potter of Schroon Lake bears unconscious testimony to friend Barker of Salt Lake—perhaps these lakes have something to do with those remarkable views;—but Potter goes beyond Barker, and not only accounts for the existence of our continents by the falling of our old moons, but he explains the origin of our many colored races thereby, each of them belonging to a moon, which, when it fell, brought a different colored race upon this earth! As we have now but one moon left to fall upon us, it would be interesting to learn about where it may be expected to fall, if within a hundred years; if after that period—as we don't expect to live longer than that—it is of no consequence. As we have men of nearly every shade of color from black to white now upon the earth, it would also be interesting to learn from Mr. Potter what might the next shade of color be expected to be;—but we had better give the Mr. Potter's letter:—

MR. EDITOR:—When the world was created is unknown to us. When the human race was created is also unknown. The Caucassian race were the first inhabitants of this earth.

I suppose that Africa is the native country of the negro. Geological discoveries also have shown—that our earth has had five moons, or more, revolving round her in a former age, and that the formation of a strata of rock shows that many hundreds of feet below the present surface of the earth, a surface has been exposed to the action of the sea, light and heat, by the existence of shells, fish, gravel and marine and other plants; and that not merely one instance of this kind, but at least four consecutive layers or deposits of great depths betwe n each of the four surfaces.

I suppose that the great flood, was occasioned by one of these moons coming to the earth, which event was foretold by ancient philosophers and astronomers, who lived in those times.

I suppose that these moons were inhabited by different races of men—as many as are on the earth now.

I suppose that one moon, called Africa, was inhabited by the black race, a second one by the Mongolians, a third by the Malayans, a fourth by the Caucassians, and a fifth by the Americans.

I suppose that the flood recorded in the Bible was foreseen by Noah, who saw a moon approaching, and was satisfied that when it should come to the earth it would cause a great disturbance in the waters, and who, therefore, built the Ark, and entered it with all his family and the animals.

The floods come immediately.

* * * * * * *

Heaven, as commonly believed, is in the sun, to which this earth is being attracted. In due time the moon will be attracted to this earth, and drawn with it to the sun, where they will be smelted like a piece of iron in a furnace. Thus will be accomplished what is foretold in Scripture:—The elements will melt with fervent heat. * * * *

As heaven is to be in the Sun, and the earth is going there, it is comforting to think that we are all bound to reach that divine abode, if it is in a rather hurried manner. Whenever our earth is about coming in contact with this heavenly globe, it is to be hoped that due notice will be given, so that we may all get over on the other side; for to be squeezed to death, or mashed to pieces, between Earth and Heaven is contrary to our Theology, which objects to "forcing people even into the New Jerusalem against their will."

FOR A CORNER.

How we tremble as we see death marching on, laying desolate so many homes, lest he should stop once more to trail his icy garments over some loved one, on the light of whose smile so much of our happiness depends. In our selfish love we forget that the departure which causes us so much sorrow opens to them the portal of unalloyed happiness. Their trials are ended and a few short years at most will reunite us where parting will be no more. No more pain or death. And oh, how sweet the thought! to enjoy all our treasured dreams of purity, and love to bask beneath our Father's smile of approbation, and carry on our work of doing good. How strange the thought, when we look around upon forms blooming with youth and vitality, to think that we are all fellow-travelers on the road to death; that this little speck called time, hour by hour insidiously draws us on, casting us eventually upon the broad ocean of eternity. In the midst of all this, how good it is to realize, in the language of the poet, that—

"Life is ever lord of death,
And love will ever claim its own."

20TH WARD, S. L. CITY. E. C. F.

Gems from the Poets.

AN INVOCATION.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God and fill the hills with praise.

MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow,
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand. [*Byron.*

A VIEW OF EARLY TIMES.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

CHAPTER V.

I believe I am on sure historical grounds, when I assert that the mechanical, social and philosophical developments, that render the nineteenth century so glorious in the annals of the world's history, had their origin in the *necessities* of man in the rudeness of his primitive condition. If the highest aspiration of the first man and woman was satisfied with aprons of fig-leaves as a covering for newly awakened feelings of modesty, we must infer that he had as yet made but slight progress in the mechanical or social arts. Is it too much to say that man did not then realize the need of a hat, a coat, a pair of breeches or a pair of shoes?

We have frequent examples in our own day of a like innocence of all realization of the need of raiment. A young and blooming New Zealand damsel considers herself the envy of her sex, when she is made possessor of a red ribbon and a feather; and considers herself "the observed of all observers," in view of the elegance of her attire, while destitute of the least article of dress beside the aforesaid ribbon and feather.

The King of the Mosquito Indians was made, a few years ago, the happy possessor of a second hand chapeau, and a cast-off military coat with bright epaulets, as a present from the polite captain of one of her Majesty's ships of war. Solomon in all his glory, did not pride himself more on his regal splendor, than did his dusky majesty in his cocked-hat and military coat. Sans breeches, stockings and all.

If the history of man in his primitive estate, as given in the book of Genesis, be true, he must have begun his existence in the new world in almost utter ignorance of all its conditions and his requirements as lord of the earth. Therefore, taking the Bible—that greatest and most ancient of all histories—as our guide in the investigation of the subject, we must infer that the human race began their earth-life at the bottom of the mechanical, social and philosophical scale. Evidently so arranged that he might grow and increase in knowledge;—that progress should characterize his mortal life as it shall and will characterize a future one.

In presenting to our readers the simple story how it was that the world grew from barbarism to the possession of its present arts and sciences, let us first go to Egypt, that land of mystery and enchantment, and trace from its early times the causes which, one by one, have led mankind to the comforts, conveniences and civilizing influences enjoyed to-day.

Lying between the plains of Shinar, or more properly speaking, the vast valleys through which the rivers Tigris and Euphrates flow, the land of Egypt is, with few exceptions, one continued scene of barrenness and desolation, watered by few streams of any size; the sojourners therein dependent, in a great degree, upon the sinking of wells for their supplies of water for themselves and their flocks. In the great exodus of many families and tribes from the parent hive of the human race, Mizraim and his descendants took their way south-west. If they were not herdsmen in the beginning of their migrations, the character of the country soon compelled them to adopt that mode of living. No people could live by the chase in those parched and desolate regions. The rich and succulent grasses, dried and cured by the drought and heat of summer, furnished a never-failing supply of food for their flocks; for the whole land being before them, they could pitch or strike their tents when circumstances compelled, or their love of change led them to do so. Traversing Arabian deserts by easy stages, and breeding and rearing flocks by the way; establishing laws by mutual concession, occasioned by mutual needs, distinctive rights in property became an established principle in their rude jurisprudence. The growth and increase of families into tribes, and tribes into nations, weakened the patriarchal authority, and transferred and subdivided the power of the great head patriarch among numerous representatives of the patriarchal order. The banks of the river Nile were finally reached by the children of Ham. The sight of a beautiful oasis in the midst of the solitudes of a comparative desert, no doubt, filled them with delight. The fruitfulness of the soil first led them to combine a limited agriculture with the rearing of flocks. As they gained experience in the arts of civilization and became localized in their tastes and habits, they, by easy transitions, became established cultivators of the earth. The need of implements, however rude, developed the mechanical arts. The *need* of more solid and enduring habitations than the tents of skins, schooled them in architectural science. A more compact population necessitated the enactment of social laws of a far higher grade than those needed in a pastoral life; hence, growth and development in social sciences followed as a matter of course. The creative instinct in man is of Divine origin. The combination of the elements in the production of an ocean steamer, that despite wind and tide, traverses the pathless deep, and finds its port of destination thousands of miles away with unerring certainty, is comparatively speaking as much a demonstration of creative power, as the creation of a world. If man through the combined experiences of a few hundred years can do so much, what may he not do with millions of years of experience under happier and more favorable auspices?

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

No. 1.—THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

How strange that the Cæsars, under whose dynasty came the sacrament of the Cross, should, by its emblem, open to humanity the imperial half of the dispensation of the "Son of God."

Every reader of history is familiar with the anecdote of Constantine's vision of the flaming cross in the heavens, inviting him to conquest and the empire of the world by that sacred symbol.

Not unlikely, the circumstance of that miraculous sign is somewhat of a fable, handed down by the early fathers of the Church; yet, even in that case, it would be superficial to philosophise away the vision of the first Christian Emperor, and much more so to treat this famous historical incident as crude imposture. There are both matter and method in it. It is like the capital mark of an era, and there is so much of a corresponding veracity in the entire history of the Constantine period that, in effect, the vision of the cross is a solid and transcendant circumstance. It is a fact that the great general who, more than any other of the successors of Julius Cæsar, resembled his illustrious prototype, did win the empire of the world through the symbol of the cross: the might of its faith in the hearts of his Christian soldiers nerved their arms to cut his path of conquest to the very heart of Rome and to the Cæsar's throne. It is a fact that he was the first Christian emperor, and that the cross became, through him, the symbol of the Roman legions as it did at a later period of all the mighty armies of Christendom.

The philosophical student of history may moreover give to Constantine's vision of the flaming cross a psychological credence—that is to say, believe in the genuineness of the vision—without claiming for it a miraculous origin or the interposition of the heavenly powers. It might have been merely a vision, a thought-dream—a phantom like Macbeth's dagger, of the mind, but one which led the Roman General into the path of glory and power; not hell accursed but blessed of Heaven with great results to a world. These Cæsars and Napoleons do thus dream, do thus see visions in which there is more than human inspirations; and those visions of empire become as grand facts of history. It is a poor infidelity that exhausts itself in caviling over what the faith of ages has received in honest conscience. His mind heated by splendid ambitions and prepared for the genius of an all conquering religion, so harmonious with his own genius—what more likely than that the vision of the flaming cross rose up before the imperial Constantine to lead him on to conquest backed by his christian legions?

Caius Flavius Valerius Claudius Constantine, surnamed the Great, was born A. D. 274, at Naissus, in Upper Mæsia. He was the son of Constantius Chlorus, who in 292 was appointed Cæsar or lieutenant-emperor. The father, whom we must consider as the prelude to the son in the great Christian drama, was a relative of Claudius II and a renowned Roman General. When the empire was divided between Diocletian and Maximian he was honored by the latter with the title of Cæsar, while the former conferred the same honor upon Galerius. The empire was thus divided between four sovereigns, that of the West falling to the share of the father of Constantine. After the abdication of Diocletian and Maximian the two Cæsars succeeded to the dignity of the two Augusti or emperors. Constantius Chlorus was renowned for his great exploits. He recovered Britain, defeated a powerful German army, built the city of Spires on the Rhine, and his dominion extended over England, Illyria, Asia and all the provinces of the East. He ruled with humanity, protected the Christians, loved men of letters and was altogether a magnanimous prince. It is related of him that having issued a decree ordering the faithful, who held places in the state, to sacrifice to idols, some of them in preference resigned their offices under him but the prince recalled them and named them before his court his "true friends." On the other hand, he bitterly reproached the apostates and sent them away saying: "No,—those who are not faithful to God, cannot be devoted servants to the emperor."

From such a father Constantine the Great sprang. The mother of our imperial hero was also illustrious. Her name was Helena: she was a christian princess, and doubtless the faith of the mother early impressed the mind of her son.

Constantine as a youth was remarkable for his noble appearance, his great strength and his exalted courage, for nature had moulded him with the soul and grand ambitions of a conqueror. He was sent to serve under Diocletian as a hostage for his father's loyalty. He distinguished himself in Egypt and Persia, and rose to the rank of Tribune. After the retirement of the two elder emperors, Constantine, fearing the jealousy of Galerius, the new eastern emperor, took refuge in Britain where his father reigned as emperor of the West. While on an expedition against the people of Scotland, Constantius died at Eboracum (York), bequeathing his imperial estate to his son Constantine whom he crowned at York. It was from England therefore that the first Christian emperor sprang, for he was not only of British descent by his mother's side, but in the land of his maternal sires he received from his father's hands the Cæsars crown. The West, from the earliest ages, has led the vanguard of the world's destiny and opened to humanity its new eras. Had christianity itself been confined to the East, it would have expired among the old civilizations which the ages had explored and the races of the decayed empires worn out. But young and vigorous Europe was rising, and barbaric nations were westward moving to remodel empires, and give to humanity a new order of things. But, as a prelude to this, the next movement in the divine epic, Constantine the Great, crowned in York by his father as emperor of the West, was ordained by Providence to march to Rome with his christian legions, meet on his way the vision of the flaming cross, win the undivided throne of the Cæsars, and share the dominion with the followers of Christ.

On the death of Constantius in England, the army of the West immediately proclaimed Constantine their emperor, but Galerius, emperor of the East, disapproved of the election, and appointed Severus as the successor of Constantius, while he recognized our hero as lieutenant emperor. But a new complication arose, for the army and people at Rome elected Maxentius, son of the old emperor Maximian, setting aside Severus. Constantine had now two rivals for his crown of the West, but while they contended violently with each other at Rome, he protected Gaul and the Rhenish frontier against the invasions of the Germanic hordes. It was at this juncture that Maximian came from his retirement and laid claim to his abdicated throne, putting aside Severus by assassination; but, he in turn, was overcome by his own son Maxentius, and forced to take refuge with Constantine. The old emperor, as we have seen, sought to win over his son-in-law to his side by promising to him the succession. Then came his conspiracy and usurpation of the empire of the West, followed by his tragic end in the dungeon of Marseilles.

Maxentius, hearing of his father's death, and having now a popular cause against Constantine, was upon the point of setting out for Gaul in the character of an avenger, when suddenly our hero, "very much like Cæsar under similar circumstances," says a historian, "led his legions to Italy, and, in spite of tremendous odds, triumphantly entered Rome." Just here comes the story of the vision of the flaming cross:

> One evening, while the army of the West was on its march to Rome, Constantine sitting in his tent, his meditative mind lost in its thought-dreams, his cogitations ran upon the perilous enterprise before him, its dangers and uncertainty, its glory, and dominion, should the issue be won. It was evening, the hour was seductive, his reverie partook of the splendor of his own genius and the ambitious inspirations of the conqueror. To minds like his on the eve of such vast occasions there is ever a pregnant desire to hear some oracle of heaven declare the coming fate. Great souls are the most superstitious; and those men who are endowed with that intuitive attribute called genius, are pre-eminently so. Thus was it with Napoleon whose very name suggests to us, if not the sombre superstitions of the monk, the grand superstitions of the conqueror and the empire-founder. When he from the West was about to land in Egypt for the conquest of the East, his mind wrought up by his perilous enterprise, he appealed to his oracle "Fortune." "Oh Fortune, but for two days more!" exclaimed that inspirative soldier. Similar was it with Alexander and Julius Cæsar, and thus now with Constantine the Great, as he sat in his tent at the close of a day momentous to the world. Suddenly, as the sun was declining, so runs the legend, there appeared a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with the inscription in the Greek language—"IN THIS OVERCOME!" The extraordinary sign created in our hero an ecstasy of astonishment and a religious awe fell upon him. Forthwith he resolved to profess the faith of the cross. The next day, he caused a royal standard to be made like the flaming symbol which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded it to be borne before him in his wars as an ensign of victory and divine protection. From that time, the cross appeared on the shields of its heroes and the banners of the Roman army.

Scepticism might regard this vision of Constantine as a grand trick of a master mind to more securely win his

Christian legions to his side and make them giants in his cause. No soldiers will prove such heroes as God-fearing men—no host of scared warriors destitute of the mighty inspirations of a religious faith can stand before them—none follow a general with such devotion,—none die in his cause with such fortitude. Constantine had seen a glorious example of the character of the soldiers of the cross in the martyrdom of the Theban Legion by the order of his father-in-law, Maximian. Perchance these considerations might have been in his mind when he set out for Rome to battle for an empire. The Christians were a rising people, and they were numerous and powerful at Rome. Their religion manifested an all-prevaling genius, while that of the Romans was degenerated,—the heathenisms of the East altogether worn out. The world needed for the very recuperation of its life-forces a new religious incarnation. Such was the Christian faith. Moreover it possessed the potent unity of the ONE GOD before the towering majesty of whom all forms of idolatry, in the world's upheavings must pass away. Similar views to these the great Mohammed took several centuries after, and similar Constantine might have taken in his day. But while we can imagine that such views did influence him somewhat, we can allow his vision to have been genuine, and the action of his Christian mother's faith upon his mind, a magic-like spell ruling him on that evening when he sat in his tent watching the declining sun. This is the simplest explanation and it requires not much of a miracle in the case.

FAILURE OF THE MESSIAH IN LONDON.

HANDEL AND THE CHESTER CATHEDRAL SINGERS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE.

In looking over my music to find a composition of Handel's I fell upon an old paper called "The Manchester and Salford Advertiser and Chronicle," published in England February 17, 1844.

In this paper I found a very able review of Handel's "Messiah," and reasons advanced for its failure in London, when first produced.

These reasons being so much like my own—given in the last article, I am induced to make a quotation from that able review:—

"In 1741, when Handel was in his 58th year, he produced 'The Messiah,' calling it a Sacred Oratorio, by way of distinction, as the words were all taken from the Holy Scriptures. It was first produced in London, and not only ill attended but ill received. The success with which, eight years before, his Oratorio of 'Athalia' had been received at a solemnity at Oxford, made Handel think that 'The Messiah,'—an infinitely better work—would be well received in London.

"It failed, however, partly because the critics of that day believed, or affected to believe, that its choruses were too numerous, and that its airs were inferior to those in other works of Handel; but chiefly because Handel had offended the nobility and patrons of the Opera by refusing to compose any piece in which Francesco Bernadi (commonly called Senisino) should have a part. This Italian vocalist was a popular favorite, and Handel's dislike to him caused such a powerful opposition that Handel was compelled to quit London in 1741, after the failure of the Messiah."

The opposition that Handel received from his enemies on many occasion would have crushed the inspirations and exertions of most composers, but Handel was a giant in spirit and nothing appeared to daunt his onward progress. Besides he knew the cause of the non-success of his great work on its first trial. He also knew that his "Messiah" would succeed and he was determined to try it the second time in Dublin. In Dublin he felt assured the same cause would not exist; there he would have an unprejudiced audience that would give his Oratorio a fair trial, and an impartial hearing.

On Handel's arrival at Liverpool, he found the packet boat was detained in that port by contrary winds, and feeling that he must occupy his leisure somehow, he forthwith ordered a post chaise to go to the city of Chester, and rehearse, with the Cathedral singers, a chorus called, "And with his stripes we are healed." Handel was not altogether satisfied with this chorus when sung in London, and he thought he would hear it again and make what alterations might appear necessary to him after another hearing. While the composer is on his way to Chester, I will leave him to relate how I received an anecdote of Handel's visit to the above Cathedral City.

In the year 1842, I left the City of York, to make a professional tour to North Wales. Having a great inclination to visit the Organist and Cathedral singers of the ancient City of Chester, I applied to Dr. Camidge,—the Organist of York Minister.—for a letter of introduction to those gentlemen. When I arrived at that city I presented my letter to Mr. Wilkinson, the Organist of the Cathedral, and he gave me a special invitation to attend that evening one of their social music gatherings at an Inn called the "Kitchen." This Inn, it appears, had been a place for the social gathering of the Organist and Choral Vicars for many generations.

The music room of the association contained the whole of Handel's Oratorios, and a small chamber Organ. In this room the singers were in the habit of rehearsing the works of Handel and other classical composers. On my entering the room with Mr. Wilkinson, the Organist, I was somewhat surprised by his introducing me as one of the four conductors of the York "Harmonic Society," and one of its principal tenors. I looked at him for an explanation, and he said "Dr. Camidge had mentioned it in his letter."

After the Organist and the singers had taken their seats, the parts of the Oratorio of "The Messiah" were handed round for rehearsal. "Mr. Tullidge," said the Organist, "is conversant with the great work we are about to perform, and courtesy, if nothing else, induces us to appoint him on this occasion to the task of rendering the interpretations of the *recitatives* and *arias* contained in this great work, according to *his* idea." Of course I could not object. We began, and both solos and choruses had been performed with much expression, and we were preparing to try "And with his stripes we are healed," when the Organist made a dead halt and said, "Mr. Tullidge, no doubt you have heard a verbal relation and seen in print the visit of Handel to this city." "Yes," said I, "but I should like to hear the original version of the story." Well," said he, "you shall. This Inn, called the 'Kitchen,' was the one Handel put up at when he did our singers the honor of paying them a visit. Handel had hardly seated himself when he enquired of the landlord if the Cathedral singers could sing 'music at de sight.' The landlord informed him that 'Mr. Janson, the choir master was an excellent music reader, and in fact, the Cathedral singers are all well practised in sight reading.' 'Good,' said Handel, 'send for them and bring in te dinner.'"

When the composer had satisfied his appetite, he rang the bell and ordered the Organist and singers to appear before him. "The great master was seated in the same chair that Mr. Edwards our Chairman is now occupying. The same Organ that I have been playing this evening was used on that night. The Oratorio began and both solos and choruses were creditably performed—so says our Ancestors—until they came to the chorus, 'And with his stripes we are healed,' when they all broke down. Handel was leading the

Soprano boys with his violin, which instrument he took by the neck and threw it at Janson's head, exclaiming, 'You tam fillian; you tell me you read de sight. Oh! you schoundrel, you no read de sight.' Janson, not offended with the composer's fury, quickly answered, 'Yes, sir, we can read at sight, but not at first sight. Your music is too difficult for that.' 'Dat is good,' replied Handel, 'We 'll try again.' After repeating the chorus many times, they succeeded to the composer's satisfaction." Handel made his alterations, and the next morning posted to Liverpool, and the wind changing to the right quarter, he took packet and went to Dublin.

Review of Books, Etc.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We have before us advanced sheets of the "Life of Jefferson Davis," with a "Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered behind the scenes in Richmond," which has been forwarded to us by the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia. The book contains "curious and extraordinary information of the principal southern characters in the late war, in connection with President Davis and in relation to the various intrigues of his administration." The author, Mr. Edward A. Pollard, in his opening chapters, relieves the Southern people from the crime of the Great Conspiracy against the nation. The early story of the war grew not out of the State conventions of the South. Washington City was the theater in which was rehearsed the great rebellion:

"There was the true dramatic center of the conspiracy, there the real springs of the plot; and the State Conventions passing pretentiously their ordinances of secession, and affecting deliberation where all had already been decided, were really but the puppets at the ends of the wires.

The true history of the war takes us then to Washington—takes us to a small but powerful company of politicians who had assumed there the question of peace or war. Among these brilliant conspirators stood conspicuous Jefferson Davis—alert, magnetic, keen in his ambition, his weak health restored by excitement, quickened with nervous transports, a man having many qualities of leadership, a nature easily inflated with great occasions, but without the true and robust pregnancy of a real greatness. For the present, however, he was the most observed of all the Southern Representatives at the capital, and took with facility and grace the position of their leader."

President Buchanan is next introduced, with a pen-and-ink photograph, which will not displease the Mormon reader, who remembers that the author of the Utah Expedition and the promoter of the rebellion is the subject of the sketch. Here he is with his message of 1860:

The message of the President, delivered to Congress in December, 1860, had an effect which has not been duly appreciated in history, and which was scarcely recognized in the newspapers of the day. Mr. Buchanan was timid, secretive, ingenious; one of those time-serving politicians, who had managed to keep constantly in public life, not an ostentatious partisan, but a traditional office holder, an "old public functionary," one of those men who make extraordinary success in the political arena without the force of merit and through the sheer ingenuity of the demagogue. He had neither courage nor intellectual decision. "To see him," said a distinguished Virginia politician who visited him during the impending difficulties of the country, "cowering beneath the full-length portrait of Andrew Jackson on the mantle-piece of the reception-room of the White House, munching a dry cigar, and asking querulously what he could do, or what he should do, was more than human patience could endure, or human pity tolerate." This despicable old man was grotesquely balancing on the question of peace and war. He was apparently resolved to trifle with the time-service of a great occasion, and he was desperately anxious to save the remnant of his administration from the imputation of a civil war.

But perhaps his message was more artful than weak. However low and unworthy the motive which dictated it, nothing could have better answered the purpose of giving a pause to the movement of secession, of suspending it, and of delaying, if not pacifying the excitement of the country. This result is performed with admirable ingenuity; and his message had thus a certain value in history, a decided appreciable effect, which has never been justly estimated in the accounts of this period. It took the sting from Secession; it neutralized for a time the complaints of the South, and it removed those immediate causes of alarm on which the Southern leaders had calculated to agitate their section and to precipitate its decision. If the country did not avail itself of this season of reflection, it was not Mr. Buchanan's fault. For nearly a month he held the secession conspiracy at bay, and if the interval was not improved by the sober second thoughts of the people, they have themselves to blame for the loss of an opportunity.

Floyd comes next with the first *denouement* of the rebellion:

Mr. Floyd was the first to take alarm at the news from Sumter. "He resigned," as a newspaper expressed it, "with a clap of thunder." The Southern leaders met in sudden and irregular conferences; it was a holiday season of the year and formal deliberations had to be delayed for a day or two; but Mr. Floyd in his resignation from the Cabinet had already suggested the measure of the opportunity and how adroitly the whole controversy might be turned on the single specification of the facts concerning Sumter. The conspirators awoke to a sense of their position, saw the danger on one side and the opportunity on the other. If they gave a week's respite to a plot actually in course of execution, they might be hopelessly lost. The season of delay and uncertainty was past. From the day the news from Sumter reached Washington the question of disunion and war was practically decided; one of the most extraordinary councils in the history of the country was determined upon; a revolutionary body sat in the shadow of the Capitol at Washington; and in a few weeks this strange authority had sent over the country the order which led to the seizure of all the forts in the south except two.

The above fragments, from the "Life of Jefferson Davis" and the "Secret History of the Southern Confederacy" will give our readers a view of its character. It is published by the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, who call attention to the fact that the work is sold by subscription only, and that an agent is wanted in every county.

"The Manufacturer and Builder."—This is a handsome monthly magazine, published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. It contains thirty-two large quarto pages, profusely illustrated and filled with interesting matter, not only for manufacturers and builders, but also for general family reading. We recommend it to the public as a cheap and useful work, of great practical value to those engaged in manufacturing and building.

Music and the Drama.

The Howson Operatic Troupe.—The visit of this company is a sign of the times. Operatic performances presupposes a certain refinement and educational training beyond that of the ordinary drama. The public can appreciate tragedy and romantic plays in its first stages of civilization, but the success of the opera among any people is a proof of their artistic advancement. Italy is very properly the birth-place of the opera, for it is in harmony with the genius and artistic habits of the Italians, who are a nation of artists. No other land than Italy or France, could have given birth to the operatic form of music, for there is in its qualities and construction an elaboration and an exquisite refinement, with a certain intellectual *abandon* born of voluptuous genius. This is Grecian and Roman in its nature. Italy and France best represent those antique nations, who brought forth the drama and gave birth to art. It is only just to-day that even England has come up to the operatic state of refinement, and America has certainly not yet reached it. True, the British aristocracy have long been lovers and patrons of the opera, but they had received a continental finishing education, and were familiar with this form of musical performance, not in their own, but the Italian tongue. The English opera is very modern. It is the child of to-day. The famous composer Balfe may be considered its parent, and the well-known Pyne and Harrison Troupe as among the leading apostles in its practical performance. Since the introduction of the English form, the opera has gained ground in America and England; and it has at length reached Salt Lake City, in the advent of Madame Parepa-Rosa, and now of the Howson Operatic Troupe. The latter sing in English; and very wisely do they thus in singing to an American or English public. We are interested in the extension of operatic performances in our own tongue, confident it never will be greatly successful either in England or America in the Italian language; for though a very select circle of society would, undoubtedly, appreciate the execution, the general public never could. We are, therefore, also very much gratified with the last announcement of Messrs. Clawson and Caine of an operatic season. True, it is the form of "Opera Bouffe," but that is the best form, perhaps, that could be introduced for a season to afford sufficient variety and spicy entertainments, which the public generally seem to need. The Howson Troupe opened Monday evening, May 31st, with a charming operatic burlesque, entitled "La Grand Duchesse De Gerolstein." The principal singing was excellent, and the burlesque action very amusing. Miss Emma Howson well sustained her reputation as the "celebrated Prima Donna," in the character of "La Grand Duchesse," and her sister Clelia Howson, that of the "Fascinating soubrette," in the interesting part of the peasant girl Wanda, who is the rival complement of the burlesque "La Grande Duchesse." Indeed, the Misses Howson are properly denominated the "charming Sisters." They come to represent the comic opera, and not the tragic opera, of which we can rank only such as Malibran, Grisi, and Jenny Lind as its Queens and Grand Duchesses. Mr. Frank Howson, who sustained the part of principal vocalist in the male cast, is a good singer with a good voice; and the two other gentlemen of the troupe, Messrs. Jerome and F. A. Howson, are excellent in the comic action, in which, however, our own burlesque favorite, Mr. Philip Margetts, quite equalled them. We wish the Management the deserved success, during the opened season of "Opera Bouffe."

The Professor Abroad.—Professor John Tullidge has not yet returned to the city, from his class-teaching tour in the Southern settlements, but we expect him to be at the "head of his department" directly. In his correspondence, he says "I am pretty well satisfied with the setting of 'Beautiful Spring;' however, in the fifth bar before closing—not the Finis, but D. C.—there is a B instead of G in the vocal bass. In the organ part it is all right. It is on the word 'now.' The mezzo-soprano got the B, and it being a 'third,' the doubling of the note is bad."

There is another item in the Professor's letter which corrects a mistake, and gives a note of explanation on theory. In the editor's reasons for publishing Fries, &c., of a certain form, through blots on the manuscript, the "little triplex" was rendered "grand triplex." The professor says, "Now, the grand triplex form is a big thing. It contains three movements, each movement having many periods, according to the composer's idea. The simple, or little triplex, was the form meant. The "grand duplex" is still a bigger thing than the "grand triplex," being the form which is chosen for classical instrumental compositions."

On the return of the musical editor, he will give to students, on theory, occasional lessons on "thorough bass" and "counterpoint," to render the department educational.

New Engagements.—Miss Annie Ward has been engaged as a member of the stock company of the Salt Lake Theatre. We understand that further engagements will be made with professional ladies. The management seems resolved to secure an irreproachable stock company. This is as it should be, and we hope the public will duly appreciate the efforts made to keep our Theatre in the first rank and afford the very best of entertainments.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR HERBERT AND HIS MENTOR.

Sir Herbert Blakely was correct in his surmises, as to the identity of his young countryman, and that which he had in his rage and mortification so adroitly turned upon Count Orsini was the literal truth.

As soon as Sir Herbert reached the hotel where he was staying, he locked himself in his apartment, more, however, from an instinct of human nature, when on a secret track, than from any fear of intrusion. Your miser will lock himself in his den with his gold, even if within an impenetrable castle,—your plotter will do the same; and villainy stealthily closes its doors and whispers. "The walls have ears."

The supplanter was alarmed! That was the chief instinct which prompted him. The meeting with Sir Walter and Lord Frederick brought up the unpleasant fact that he was not yet the owner of the De Lacy estates. He was still but the mortgagee: and as the rental paid the interest, he was in fact the tenant of young Lord Frederick, in which character Sir Richard Courtney had very strictly held him. As we have seen, at the last attempt of the Blakelys to force the transfer of the De Lacy estates by purchase, the boy Sir Walter suddenly appeared in the foreground strongly marked, and gave to lawyer Wortley the checkmate. Since then, Sir Herbert feared the rich impetuous Sir Walter Templar more even than he did his uncle Courtney, and infinitely more than he would have feared young De Lacy unsupported by his guardian and friend Walter.

"Hell and furies!" burst from Blakely, when he had locked himself in his private room.

"Hell and furies! That cub of Satan has again thrown down the gauntlet to me. Curse him! He means war, just as I have expected since the young tiger showed his teeth so fiercely when a boy. Boy! He is as Wortley named him, a young Satan. Courtney was lion enough to face—but his tiger nephew! Wortley feared the young devil; and the lawyer would prosecute a case against the archangel Gabriel, if he was but himself legal armor proof. Aye, Wortley was right: it is this Sir Walter Templar whom I shall have to meet in the case. As for the houseless whelp of the De Lacy,—this young beggar lordling—pshaw. I should not fear a host of them. They would only help each other to pawn themselves for more."

Sir Herbert took from the cupboard a bottle of brandy, and after a deep draught, lighting a cigar, he threw himself into a luxurious chair, and for an hour followed torturous intricacies of plots, and shadowings of something darker still.

In his dark reverie, Sir Walter Templar constantly rose before him in the character of the Avenger. He remembered, most distinctly, the haughty semi-challenge the boy sent him by Wortley proclaiming himself the Avenger of the De Lacys, which now, as a man, he had with sufficient significance endorsed to his own face that afternoon in the presence of the revelers. Walter was unchanged! The young men were repeating the friendship which had existed between the uncle and father. Sir Richard Courtney and the dead De Lacy were transmigrated in their representatives. To break this friendship which had been the safeguard from the first, and which promised to rebuild the fallen house, stately as of yore, Sir Herbert would have compassed sea and land. In hope that some subtle management might perchance bring this about; he had traced Europe to find their track. He had suddenly and when least expected, discovered them that afternoon, and their first meeting was ominous in the extreme. Thus Sir Herbert thought; and at the end of his dark reverie, he started to his feet and drank a second glass of brandy.

"I must find out their certain identity," he muttered; "and then if nought else will sweep these spiders from my walls—by the Fiend! let one or both—well 'twere better not to mouth the deed, but to execute!"

A soft insinuating knock at the door, at this moment, flashed a shade of relief across the dark and troubled countenance of the baronet, and he hastened to let in the personage who so insinuatingly demanded entrance; for, in spite of its persuasiveness, there was in the knocking a certain expression of a right to come in. It was such as a guardian might give at the door of his ward.

"Ah! 'tis you?"

The personage smiled an answer as though he thought the question unnecessary. Sir Herbert was too cloudy in his mood for smiles, and retorted impatiently—

"Humph! Who in the Fiend's name could it be but you? You are a soft voice in the hurlyburly—sunshine in a thunderstorm—by Satan, the only time you do shine: a zephyr when you should be a hurricane—a fawn when you are wanted to be the hyena:—Only I grant though you have enough of that animal in you."

Unruffled was the personage thus addressed. There was a persuasive elasticity of bearing marked in this personage and a classical wickedness sat on his face which was illuminated by his bewitching smile. 'Twas Snap—in the spring of their life the valet-secretary of Sir Herbert—now the companion-mentor. The servant had himself become a master. He was master now of the living languages of the civilized world of the present—master of some of the dead languages of the defunct civilized world of the past—master of vast and subtle knowledge of that past and present, distilled from every essence his mental chemistry could test. He was the master of knowledge: therefore the master of men. "Eat of the tree of knowledge that you may become as Gods" was the arch-tempter's first lesson to man in Eden; and Snap had eaten of that tree: hence the wicked classicality now chiselled on his countenance, for the growth and elaboration of mind will adorn the mortal with the beauty of Satan, or re-stamp on him the image of the Creator.

Snap was now the master—his knowledge had made him his master's master. Unruffled he met Sir Herbert's storms. Those storms he had to meet, but he was their potent ruler. Without the least animosity, he always received these private vents of Sir Herbert's temper upon himself, and would reply as serenely and good-naturedly as now,

"The calm should come and smooth the ruffled tempest, Sir Herbert. Two tempests meeting would but hurt each other, and wreck more than designed. When you are the storm, 'tis most fitting I should be the calm."

"Blockhead! How often have I insisted that your calm only makes my tempest more furious?"

"And I have just as often insisted the reverse you must admit."

"Had I not been cursed with such slimy things as you to monitor me, I should be less the storm," observed the baronet, self-excusingly.

"Then may the leopard change his spots and the Ethiopian his skin," answered Snap, with quiet irony, for he would sometimes help his master to self-command by pouring oil on the fire, knowing he was always humbled by his own blazing and more manageable afterwards.

"So, so; you are for showing me the hyena, are you? rascal!" blazed Sir Herbert.

The mentor had resolved to lesson his master, for now Sir Walter Templar had suddenly appeared, he wished him to be both manageable and under self-restraint from his furious passion.

"I knew you, Sir Herbert, in your mother's arms. You were ungovernable there. Perhaps 'twas her gentleness that gave you this ungovernable temper. That dovetails with your philosophy, I think."

"Stop! Not her, Snap; not my *mother*, now! Had *she* lived beyond my childhood, I might have been—pshaw! I never knew thee such a fool before. Tell me of my father, not my mother. I have nothing in common with religion, except one poor article of faith—it is that my mother in is heaven! My father's location is rather more questionable."

"Your father was a master among men," said the mentor in a dissatisfied tone.

"Did I speak disrespectfully of my father? Then I beg his pardon," said Sir Herbert, apologetically, "and yours too, for my worthy sire is your deity, the only one you ever worshipped; and since thy study of sages has made thee arrogant, thou must e'en be mentor to my father's son. I like it not, though, sometimes."

"You go where you will, my hand but guides you safely where your will or passions lead. I advise you in the tenor of your father's wisdom."

"Well, well, Snap, I share with you a common admiration of my worthy sire, and therefore I follow him. 'Tis my mother I refuse to follow. I would have you conjure up the devil at my elbow—not my mother—not my mother, Snap."

In spite of his evil life and ill-regulated character, the sacred memory of a mother preserved Sir Herbert Blakely "not all dross." There was something of sentiment in his heart left, slumbering, but strong—the germ of good planted in his nature, not growing but yet there, choked with the weeds of evil. The angel-wings of a guardian mother touched him, and a shadow of sadness passed

over him in her spirit presence. Much needed was the talisman of a mother's sacred memory then—much needed the sanctification of her spirit-presence, when the dark shade of assassination was rising in the background to damn her son to deeper perdition. But her son wanted her not now—he felt not at ease with the memory of his mother before him: the meeting that afternoon with Sir Walter Templar and young De Lacy made him never less disposed to listen to the whisperings of a guardian mother's spirit. Ilis mentor designed not to call her up, but unwittingly he had done it.

"You would have the devil at your elbow, my master?" he said.

"Aye, and make him black enough to hide my mother from me."

"Shall I put my argument thus?—Was not the boy ungovernable in temper, who taunted the De Lacy with the mortgage on his family estates, and threatened to have him horsewhipped from the lands of his race?"

"Ah, I feel the spur!"

"Was not the boy ungovernable who received well deserved chastisement from the young De Lacy's hands, and like a beaten cur, slunk away crowned with derisive acclamations of his schoolmates?"

"Damnation! you have struck the spur deep enough, Snap. I am myself again. And now what have you discovered? I saw you leave directly after my passage of arms with Orsini. I know your habits. You followed the track of those haughty countrymen of ours?"

"I did. But first commend me to the inspiration of that ruby nectar. Ah! that's nectar indeed!" he observed with epicurean pleasure, as he quaffed his goblet of wine. "I wonder not our heathen deities so loved it. Even our orthodox Solomon says wine maketh glad the hearts of gods and men. It always overflows me with the milk of human kindness. Depend, Sir Herbert, it is better to be good-natured with all the world;—aye, good natured and kind to those whose house you pull about their ears, and not vindictive even to your antagonist. It gives you such an advantage over the world: your own good nature is never the sword that turns against yourself."

"Out upon your philosophizing, now! But tell me if you discovered aught of those young Englishmen?"

"I give you your father's philosophy, my master. 'Tis also mine. You need it, believe me, and never more than now; therefore, I give it."

"Tell me of those haughty Englishmen, I say!" impatiently exploded Sir Herbert.

"I am ready with my budget, when you are to receive it."

"You provoking villain! I am in a furore of impatience to have it."

"And, therefore, unready, my master. One cannot hold a consultation standing. There's gravity in sitting. How can you resist the luxurious tempting of a seat. This room-pacing agitates the atmosphere and flutters one's ideas into confusion."

The mentor, as soon as he entered the room, had thrown himself languidly into one of the tempting easy chairs, and his master now followed his example.

"Was it not that cub of Satan who bearded us, Snap?"

"I think so, Sir Herbert."

"I verily believe he would have measured swords with us all and thought it pastime!"

"Not unlikely."

"You followed them you say?"

"I struck direct towards Spontini's villa."

"Well?"

"And saw them enter."

"That's not much discovered. I never doubted that he was the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna*."

"And I made it a point to be certain of everything. The oracle of science says demonstrate. I extend the maxim and make it my rule of life."

"But, Snap, is it Sir Walter Templar?"

"I think so, my master."

"So do I *think*; but did you not know him? Methinks, at Cambridge you had opportunity enough to know him."

"Ah, but he was then a beardless youth. Now his chin is continental, and Nature has given him the lion's mane."

"By the infernal powers, I'll have this lion's skin off, Snap!"

"First put on the sheep's skin yourself. Believe me, Sir Walter Templar is too much the lion to be overmatched in his own character. I like the sheepskin best, my master."

The mentor was ever philosophizing. It was an instinct with him.

"So you think, Snap, we have found the lion?" queried Sir Herbert.

"I thought I knew him as Sir Walter Templar as soon as he made his *debut;* and then he acted so much like Sir Walter Templar! Yes, I think his identity almost as good as demonstrated."

"Find out quickly, and then to action," broke in Sir Herbert with determination. "I am resolved, Snap, to end the matter at once. We have had too much of the sheepskin—too much waiting and hunting for opportunities. If we have found our men, why then we will make our opportunity now and here; for we cannot find a better place than Italy to strike the balance of account between Courtney's nephew and myself. Now, if those Englishmen who bearded us this afternoon were Courtney's nephew and this landless lord—for, by heavens! he shall be landless—then the shaft Sir Walter Templar turned against me this afternoon was designed as a reiteration of his old challenge. Of course you understand it so, Snap?"

"Exactly, my master, and I also think the fellows found us before we found them."

"You mean that young Templar was there with his friend De Lacy expressly to cross my path and commence the threatened hostilities between us?"

"That is my opinion. They had evidently premeditated war with us, or they would not have turned upon you for aiming to screen them from the fury of Orsini and his fiery companions."

"Then we must to work—to war with this haughty young Templar—war to the death!"

Sir Herbert delivered himself furiously, adding, with less fierceness, but deep resolve in his expression, and a dark, iron determination in his countenance—

"I swear, Snap, by the memory of my father, and the promise I willingly gave to him on his death-bed, that those broad estates and proud old castle for which he and I have aimed for so long shall be mine, if I have to cement my claims upon them in blood and strike the blow with my own hand!"

"I am as resolved upon the matter as yourself, Sir Herbert. I also gave my dead master, your father, my promise. It was to help his son to the utmost in the issue, and to advise and guard him."

"Yes, yes, Snap; it was at his death-bed, and at the same time I gave my pledge."

"And now I swear with you that the De Lacy inheritance shall be yours, even if we purchase your claims and possession in blood; but it shall be neither your hand nor mine which strikes the blow."

"Ah! Say you so? That's brave, my loyal mentor! I am right glad that you have joined me in the resolution, for I have always remembered that I gave my father another last promise, somewhat forced from me, I own;—it was that I would take your advice in the matter and do naught without your approval. He knew us both, Snap; and though I have often writhed under restraint, I have ever found that you have guarded me both against myself and others, and I have had too many proofs of your loyalty to me to regret my promise."

"Thank you, my master, for that," answered the servant with evident gratification and some show of feeling. "And at the outset let me advise you not to take Count Orsini into your counsels, for Orsini is an evil counsellor—I mean an unsafe one."

"But we must change the programme," observed the baronet somewhat dissatisfied."

"Oh, I am not withdrawing from your purpose, Sir Herbert; but I know what Orsini will propose, and know Orsini's instruments. Now in your father's hands there were instruments enough, but he used them with a scientific nicety. Sometimes they hurt others, sometimes themselves. Sometimes he reached his evil through instruments of good; sometimes his good through instruments of evil. He moulded men by their passions, their vices and their virtues. Observation had made him wise. The first kindness I ever received was from your father—that made me his slave, though I knew he was kind to me to use me. All were in his hands but instruments to his ends. I am your father's pupil; and though I have since added subtle wisdom from a thousand sources, and read in many languages the works of a hundred sages, I endorse the philosophy of his broad observation of the world and sound judgment: Your programme must be changed; we will change it; but let me first have time to analyze and demonstrate upon the matter awhile. We will find the instruments we need, but they must be your fathers, not Orsini's instruments."

CHAPTER XII.

GENIUS ON THE ALTAR.

The magnificent opera house at Rome was crowded with the *elite* of the Eternal City and connoisseurs of the operatic stage, to witness another triumph of the new *prima donna*.

The most that was known of the gifted Terese by the curious at Rome was that she was a rustic gem from some beautiful, remote Italian village, whose surroundings were favorable to the birth of poesy and song, in wild luxuriance. But she was a gem of the first water, and as the fashionable world generally discovers its choicest brilliants in the mire of the vulgar populace, the lustre of this new star was no shocking scandal upon aristocratic mediocrity. The example is so often repeated in life that it has become less offensive by its very familiarity.

But the musical education of Terese came with prestige. She was known to be a favorite pupil of the celebrated Spontini, who had come with her to Rome to pave her way and witness her triumph. She now held the sceptre of queen of song in that classical land of art, where musical talent is a common gift.

In one of the most select boxes, and opposite that of Count Orsini, were seated three gentlemen whose interest in the result of the opera and the success of the *prima donna* was greater than that of the whole besides of that crowded house. They were Spontini, Sir Walter Templar and Lord Frederick De Lacy. The *maestro* appeared somewhat nervous and anxious.

"Walter," whispered Lord Frederick, "do you think Spontini is doubtful of the success of Terese?"

"Has she ever failed? Terese fail! Pshaw!"

"As a singer, Walter, no, I grant; but as a composer?"

"I tell you, Fred, she will not fail!"

"Why, upon my honor, Walter, you are as impetuous upon me as though I was trying to prove she would."

"Did you not intimate a doubt?"

"My dear fellow, I asked if Spontini doubted."

"He does not."

"How know you?"

"His own reputation is her guarantee."

"So I have considered; still he is anxious."

"I have observed it."

"What can it mean!"

"I know not."

"It must have reference to Terese's opera."

"I tell you, unbeliever—you rank, ungallant infidel, the fairy of our romance will not fail in her enchantments. Terese is no mean composer."

"Saint George defend me! Did I say she was? Great Vesuvius! I would sooner be near thee than whisper to this volcano here any doubt of the perfection of Terese."

The conversation of the young Englishmen will be better understood when it is known that Rome, who had gathered for three months to witness her great impersonations of the best operas of the day, this night not only came to hear her in a new piece, but also to witness her triumph or failure in her *debut* as a composer. The opera was her own, composed under the supervision of the great Spontini. This gave much interest to the piece, and the musical world was all excitement to have the issue. But there was a secret connected with the opera which none but the composer and her master knew. Others shall be startled with it soon!

"By all the popes Rome ever had, I 'll swear Spontini *is* anxious now, Walter!"

"I did not say he was not."

"And I only said he is."

Spontini, who had overheard enough of the conversation to give him the cue, observed,

"Be satisfied, Signor De Lacy; I will answer for my pupil's success as a composer."

"And I, too, will be her guarantee," added Sir Walter.

"Oh, then, Signor Frederick, you may be more than satisfied, for Walter's judgment upon my pupil's opera will have more authority than that of any man in Italy."

"Do not mock me, *maestro*. Treat me not as a conceited puppy. I have self-confidence, earnestness of purpose, love of art—aye, talent, if you will—for I acknowledge a faith in myself, but I know a thousand things I cannot do as well as a few I can perform. I know as honestly what I am not as what I am. Think me not a puppy, Spontini. I am not that."

"Spontini has no mockery for Walter Templar, child. He understands the self-consciousness of nature. Bah? I hate to hear: 'You flatter me, Signor;' 'you expect too much from me;' bah! that man is what you English call humbug."

"He wishes others to believe all he disclaims," observed Fred.

"Oh, yes, Signor; he is one of the most important pillars of society," remarked the composer, sarcastically.

"How is it, *maestro*, that genius appears so presumptuous and sublimely egotistical, when in fact it is childlike?"

"And because childlike it asserts itself," answered Spontini.

At this point the orchestra commenced the overture, and Walter Templar followed the complex movements of the piece with intense interest and the appreciation of an experienced reviewer. To him the poetry of music found the interpretation of language in his own nature, for he was skilled in harmonic combinations.

"A splendid and well developed prophesy of Terese's opera," burst from Walter, as the orchestra concluded.

"Assure my unbelieving friend, *maestro*, or he won't believe me," added Walter, pleasantly, for he was greatly delighted with the success of his dear companion and fellow-pupil.

"You are an ungrateful fellow, whose judgment upon the opera will have more authority than any man in Italy," laughed Fred, tormentingly.

"Ah! Signor Walter did not so well understand Spontini's words as he soon will," said the composer mysteriously.

"I have heard the *maestro* say," again put in Fred, provokingly, "that this ungrateful friend of mine has the best voice in Italy."

"I cry you mercy, De Lacy!"

"Signor De Lacy is right, Walter. Holy mother! I never knew the English had voices until I heard yours."

"A first class composer, too. Eh, Spontini?"

"I know no secret of theory, Signor De Lacy, that Walter shares not, and I can do nothing he cannot do. He has sucked my art from me as you would the juice from an orange. He blends the impassionate genius of my country with the irresistible character of his own. Were he in the professional arena, with his gifts and Napoleonic impetuosity embodied in music, Spontini would have to give place to his pupil."

"You are unjust to yourself, *maestro*, though your opinion is very gratifying to my vanity."

"I have said it, child. Rome hears the impassionate soul of Terese, bursting into song. Rome bows to the enchantress; *I* see her take her powers from her magician. Not more could that overture have been Walter's had he and not Terese composed it."

"Nay, nay. Terese *has* genius and one of nature's best voices. That is not my gift."

"Still your soul inspires her."

"Then Terese will *not* fail; for Walter's motto is 'I never fail!'" added Fred, still pursuing his playful persecution.

"By the blessed Virgin, I hope she will not!" exclaimed Spontini, with the same anxious manner marked by De Lacy.

When the *prima donna* appeared the house sent up such an exclamation of welcome which none but the passionate, enthusiastic children of sunny Italy could give.

Doubtless Terese felt the electrifying thrill of the applause, but as she came to the foreground to give the first solo touches, her eyes sought the box in which sat her master and the two young Englishmen. There was her world. If she won not him who was to her the soul of all things, however great Rome might declare her success to her it would be failure most agonizing. She cared not though that whole house cast her off so she was taken to the heart of that solitary box. There was the resting place she sought—there would she rest forever as the heaven to which her longing soul soared on the wings of love. If she reach it not the universe will be to her a blank.

"Signor Spontini, how denominate you the opera?" interrogated Walter, as the *prima donna* concluded her opening *aria*.

"As does the programme in your hand," answered the composer, drily.

"But the subject? the character? the plot? the issue?"

"It is a history growing out of a pastoral episode."

"But there are so many. Which one, Spontini?"

"That of the Peasant Girl! See your programme, child."

"Now, *maestro*, do n't jest with our impatience. I do think you and Terese have christened the opera to puzzle us. Come, come, what part *does* she play?"

"Her own," the composer replied, still evasively.

"Very satisfactory," said Walter, a little piqued.

"I think Spontini and Terese could have been bought over, Walter," put in Fred.

"How?" he asked.

"Had you accepted an engagement as her *primo tenore*."

"Preposterous! Fred has rated the price of your confidence too high, Spontini."

"You could play many a part to disgrace your rank and family more than by illustrating the works of art," the composer remarked.

"But on the stage of public life, Signor *Maestro*?"

"Do not nobles, then, Signor Walter, appear on public stages? Believe me, young man, genius has a higher title than social rank, and art degrades no man—not even a king," replied this illustrious

son of song proudly. Doubtless Spontini was right: and even nobles and princes have endorsed his claims for his class by their companionship with men of rare talents, and their profound homage paid to the monarchs of art.

The second scene had commenced, in which Terese appeared. It represented his first meeting with the "Peasant Girl," in the beautiful Italian village which gave her birth.

"By heaven! our first meeting. The subject of the opera is her own history!" ejaculated Sir Walter, bounding with his impulsive instinctiveness into the opening plot.

"Umph! Is that very wonderful to you, Signor Walter?" queried Spontini.

"No!" he replied strongly and sharply, like one suddenly awakened to powerful interest too intense for conversation.

Spontini laid his hand upon Sir Walter's arm and expressively and pleadingly said:

"The subject and moral of the opera is 'Genius upon the Altar!' Shall she be consumed? Shall there be another example given that the divine fires which genius blazes forth to the illumination of the world has been kindled for her own sacrifice? Will the offering be accepted, yet not consumed! Will the child be spared? Oh! Signor Walter, Signor Walter, it is you who must give the judgment. You are to our Terese as the voice of fate to night!"

Spontini turned to watch the progress of the piece, leaving Walter to answer as he designed, in the deep silence and feeling of his own soul. Nor was there one in the house who followed the development of the piece more intently than Walter Templar. He entered into the powerful impersonation of Terese in her character of "The Peasant Girl," felt the fullness of her tender pathos, and heard with inexpressible emotion the irresistible pleadings of a soul for its mate, and the idolatry of the human heart for its idol.

From their first meeting, Walter was personated with Terese throughout the opera. He was her *primo tenore* represented by another. His very thoughts, sentiments and character were interpreted, and his own history blended with hers. As Spontini had remarked of the overture, so with the opera, Walter's part would not have been more his own had he composed it, and he soon fully understood the voices of love which he had heard in the overture, prophesying of the drama of "The Peasant Girl's" life. The strain which she sang at their first meeting, was sweetly mournful the same, except the scientific dressing, as when he heard it gushing spontaneously from the gifted maiden's soul. It was as the yearning of a daughter of Judah to hear the "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." As if in answer to the Hebrew maiden's strain, the comforter was near! Walter was he! He saw in the operatic mirror the leading episodes of their life since that first meeting. A new revelation flashed before him in the transformation change from gratitude to the dearest sentiment of the heart—the birth of love in Terese's soul—the all-in-all of a woman's life.

The last scene was powerfully moving and full of the most touching pathos. It was love clinging to her idol, and pleading with irresistible voice! Genius was upon the alter offering herself to her demi-god! Would he accept the offering, or would she be consumed by her own fires! The audience was left to imagine the issue, which all good-natured would give, as happy. But Terese must wait for her fate to speak the issue. The great voice of applause which Rome set up, proclaimed her triumph as an *artiste* and composer, but none only these concerned, knew that the opera concealed her own history. Genius had conquered the public. Would the *woman* prevail with her beloved?

From the private door of the opera house an elegant carriage was just starting, bearing Spontini and Terese to their beautiful villa on the suburbs of the city. Sir Walter and Lord Frederick usually accompanied them, but now they bid good night to the *maestro* and his pupil.

"It is a beautiful evening, Spontini. Fred and I will indulge in the luxury of a walk home," said Sir Walter, commanding himself to hide the powerful emotions which made every nerve of his strong but high-strung system quiver. It was the first words he had spoken since the startling revelation of the *prima donna's* love first burst upon him, they broke a heavy spell and acted upon him like the first bursting sob from a woman's overflowing grief—not, however, in the language of a woman's gush of nature—tears: but that of proud, powerful natured man—his soul bursting into vocal utterance.

"O Terese, Terese!" he exclaimed, as he seized her hand in a grip so strong in the intensity of his feelings, which would have made her cry out with pain had not her emotion been as great as his.

"O Walter, Walter!" came in reply, in tones as from a human soul trembling on the brink of its perdition and crying to her only one with power to save.

"To-morrow!" he said, in a choked voice. "To-morrow, dear Terese! I must pass this night of chaos in self-communion."

Walter handed Terese into the carriage almost in a state of unconsciousness and she shrank into the corner like a poor, frightened, fluttering dove. She was glad to be alone with her master, as was Walter with his friend. But no conversation passed between the young Englishmen on their way home. A firm warm grasp of the hand between the friends, told in silence of confidence and sympathy.

When they reached home, Fred retired to bed without any exchange of thought with Walter, who, under strong emotions or great revolutions of mind, resembled sable night, into whose dark profounds you look with wonder and awe. There were times when this picture of night which he saw in his friend's character made him tremble, and he would hide it in a sunnier prospect.

OUR CHOIR.

Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners:
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

No grumbling bull or growling bear
Is needed while our basso thrives:
No screaming loon need wake the air
While our soprano's throat survives.

He snarls and snorts and snuffles through,
As though the notes had bit and stung him:
She aims to hit the farthest pew,
And show the voice they 've got among 'em.

And so she drawls in barbarous time,
Prolongs her shrieks and sounds appalling:
Each note a fraud, each yell a crime,
Each hymn a mass of hideous squalling.

Our alto, wheezy, crude and fat,
Explodes in wild, sepulchral tones:
Now emulates the midnight cat,
Now chills the soul with dismal groans.

Our other alto, bright and sweet,
Sings only when the notion takes her,
Or when her beau is in his seat,
Or when the sense of duty makes her.

One tenor with a spacious nose,
Fills that, and thinks his duty done.
No matter how the organ blows,
Nor how the frantic metres run.

Another rolls his milky eyes,
As though the roof gave inspiration;
Alas! if heaven should hear his cries,
He 's doomed to instant strangulation.

And then the being who presides
At all this whooping, frightful row,
The organ man whose form bestrides
This Babel, built I don't know how.

His sole endeavor seems to be
To test the bellows-blower's wind,
To break the heart of harmony,
With all his soul and strength combined.

And so he plucks the noisiest stops,
And bangs away with feet and muscle,
Till when the game is up, he drops
Undone and beaten with the tussle.

And meanwhile, we the heirs of Zion,
The chosen ones—the meek and lowly—
Must listen as though Judah's lion
Were making all this roly-poly!

For me, I hate the cursed noise,
The usual psalms, the organ's clatter:
I can't discern angelic joys
In such a crash and crush of matter.

I long to pull the basso's nose,
To tell those females what 's decorum:
I ache to tread the tenor's toes,
And flog the organ man before 'em.

Praise ye the Lord,—Anthem.

Moderato. By Joseph J. Daynes.

Praise ye the Lord praise. praise praise. O, ye ser-vants of the Lord

ff *p* *ff* *p* *f*

Praise ye the Lord praise O, ye ser-vants, praise O ye servants. praise O. ye servants of the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord

Praise the name praise the name praise the name of the Lord.

Praise the name praise the name praise the name of the Lord. Bless-ed be the

Praise the name praise the name praise the name. *Animato.*

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for - ev - er. The

name blessed be the name blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for - ev - er- The

Lord is high the Lord is high the Lord is high a - bove all na - tions. *Dolce.*

Lord is high the Lord is high the Lord - is high a - bove all na-tions. Who is like un-

Who is like un - to the Lord our God that dwell-eth on high? *Vivace.*

fff

to the Lord? Who is like un - to the Lord, our God that dwell eth on high? Hal-le-lu-jah,

Ad-lib.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal-le-lu-jah. Hal-le-lu-jah. a-men. Hal - le- lu - jah. a - men.

a - men. Hal - le - le - jah. Hal-le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men.

Hal-le - lu-jah. Hal-le-lu-jah. a - men, Hal-le-lu-jah a - men, Hallelujah Hallelujah a - men.

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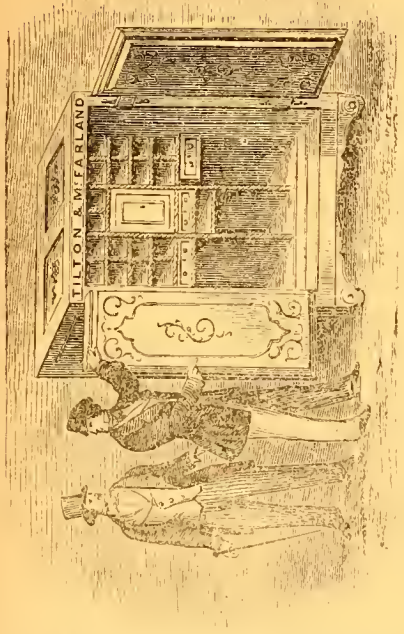

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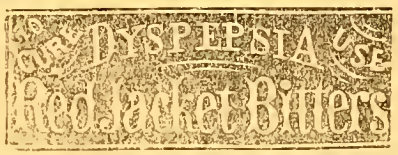

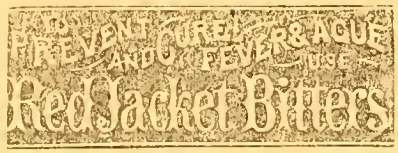

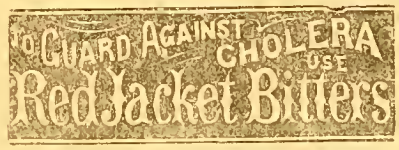

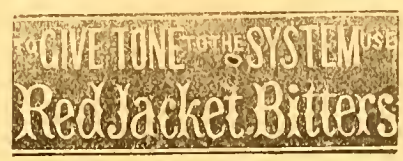

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FOUR-SCORE.

Four-score, four-score to-day!
I 'm almost home, they say.
And I 'm waiting now to hear my Father call:
He bids me patient be,
And He will come for me,
My tottering steps to guide that I may not fall.

As I look far back
O'er the lonely track
I 've wandered through so wearily since my good man went away,
To my old brain it seems
Full of dim and misty dreams,
And I hear his loved voice saying, "Dear, you 'll come to me some day."

Around our hearth-stone bright,
With the glow of fire at night,
There gather'd seven dear and childish forms of beauty rare:
And its fitful shadows played
O'er each bent and glossy head,
As in tender tones his lips poured forth a blessing and a prayer.

And now I 'm all alone,
For He called them one by one,
'Till the dear pet lamb alone, of all our flock was left.
Then with anguish keen I cried:
"Spare this, my joy and pride,
For if Thou callest *him*, then indeed am I bereft."

But He knew what was best,
And where my heart should rest,
So one bright morn He whispered, and my darling slid away
Into His arms outspread—
So He has all my dead,
And now *I'm* waiting to be called, and He *may* come to-day.

Four-score, four-score to-day,
I 'm very old, they say;
Just pull the blanket over me, for I 'm very, very cold.
But there 's no one to sorrow,
And I may be young to-morrow,
For I see my darlings beckoning me to come into His fold.

K. P. L.

THE COMPENSATION HOUSE.

"There 's not a looking-glass in all the house, sir. It 's some peculiar fancy of my master's. There isn't one in any single room in the house."

It was a dark and gloomy-looking building, and had been purchased by this Company for an enlargement of their Goods Station. The value of the house had been referred to what was popularly called "a compensation jury," and the house was called, in consequence, The Compensation House.

It had become the Company's property; but its tenant still remained in possession, pending the commencement of active building operations. My attention was originally drawn to this house because it stood directly in front of a collection of huge pieces of timber which lay near this part of the Line, and on which I sometimes sat for half an hour at a time, when I was tired by my wanderings about Mugby Junction.

It was square, cold, grey-looking, built of rough-hewn stone, and roofed with thin slabs of the same material. Its windows were few in number, and very small for the size of the building. In the great blank, grey broadside, there were only four windows. The entrance-door was in the middle of the house; there was a window on either side of it, and there were two more in the single story above. The blinds were all closely drawn, and, when the door was shut, the dreary building gave no sign of life or occupation.

But the door was not always shut. Sometimes it was opened from within, with a great jingling of bolts and door-chains, and then a man would come forward and stand upon the door-step, snuffing the air as one might do who was ordinarily kept on rather a small allowance of that element. He was stout, thickset, and perhaps fifty or sixty years old—a man whose hair was cut exceedingly close, who wore a large bushy beard, and whose eye had a sociable twinkle in it which was prepossessing. He was dressed, whenever I saw him, in a greenish-brown frock-coat made of some material which was not cloth, wore a waistcoat and trousers of light color, and had a frill to his shirt—an ornament, by the way, which did not seem to go at all well with the beard, which was continually in contact with it. It was the custom of this worthy person, after standing for a short time on the threshold inhaling the air, to come forward into the road, and, after glancing at one of the upper windows in a half mechanical way, to cross over to the logs, and leaning over the fence which guarded the railway, to look up and down the line (it passed before the house) with the air of a man accomplishing a self-imposed task of which nothing was expected to come. This done, he would cross the road again, and turning on the threshold to take a final sniff of air, disappeared once more within the house, bolting and chaining the door again as if there were no probability of its being reöpened for at least a week. Yet half an hour had not passed before he was out in the road again, sniffing the air and looking up and down the line as before.

It was not very long before I managed to scrape acquaint-

ance with this restless personage. I soon found out that my friend with the shirt-frill was the confidential servant, butler, valet, factotum, what you will, of a sick gentleman, a Mr. Oswald Strange, who had recently come to inhabit the house opposite, and concerning whose history my new acquaintance, whose name I ascertained was Masey, seemed disposed to be somewhat communicative. His master, it appeared, had come down to this place, partly for the sake of reducing his establishment—not, Mr. Masey was swift to inform me, on economical principles; but, because the poor gentleman, for particular reasons, wished to have few dependents about him—partly in order that he might be near his old friend, Dr. Garden, who was established in the neighborhood, and whose society and advice were necessary to Mr. Strange's life. That life was, it appeared, held by this suffering gentleman on a precarious tenure. It was ebbing away fast with each passing hour. The servant already spoke of his master in the past tense, describing him to me as a young gentleman not more than five-and-thirty years of age, with a young face, as far as the features and build of it went, but with an expression which had nothing of youth about it. This was the great peculiarity of the man. At a distance he looked younger than he was by many years, and strangers, at the time when he had been used to get about, always took him for a man of seven or eight-and-twenty, but they changed their minds on getting nearer to him. Old Masey had a way of his own of summing up the peculiarities of his master, repeating twenty times over: "Sir, he was Strange by nature, and strange to look at into the bargain."

It was during my second or third interview with the old fellow that he uttered the words quoted at the beginning of this plain narrative.

"Not such a thing as a looking-glass in all the house," the old man said, standing beside my piece of timber, and looking across reflectively at the house opposite. "Not one."

"In the sitting-rooms, I suppose you mean?"

"No, sir, I mean sitting-rooms and bed-rooms both; there is n't so much as a shaving-glass as big as the palm of your hand anywhere."

"But how is it?" I asked. "Why are there no looking-glasses in any of the rooms?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Masey, "that 's what none of us can ever tell. There is the mystery. It 's just a fancy on the part of my master. He had some strange fancies, and this was one of them. A pleasant gentlemen he was to live with, as any servant could desire. A liberal gentleman, and one who gave but little trouble; always ready with a kind word, and a kind deed, too, for the matter of that. There was not a house in all the parish of St. George's (in which we lived before we came down here) where the servants had more holidays or a better table kept; but, for all that, he had his queer ways and his fancies, as I may call them, and this was one of them. And the point he made of it, sir," the old man went on; "the extent to which that regulation was enforced, whenever a new servant was engaged; and the changes in the establishment it occasioned! In hiring a new servant, the very first stipulation made, was that about the looking-glasses. It was one of my duties to explain the thing, as far as it could be explained, before any servant was taken into the house. 'You 'll find it an easy place,' I used to say, 'with a liberal table, good wages, and a deal of leisure; but there 's one thing you must make up your mind to; you must do without looking-glasses while you 're here, for there is n't one in the house; and, what 's more, there never will be.'"

"But how did you know there never would be one?" I asked.

"Lor' bless you, sir! If you 'd seen and heard all that I 'd seen and heard, you could have no doubt about it! Why, only to take one instance:—I remember a particular day when my master had occasion to go into the housekeeper's room, where the cook lived, to see about some alterations that were making, and when a pretty scene took place. The cook—she was a very ugly woman, and awful vain—had left a little bit of a looking-glass, about six inches square, upon the chimney-piece; she had got it *surreptious*, and kept it always locked up; but she 'd left it out, being called away suddenly while titivating her hair. I had seen the glass, and was making for the chimney-piece as fast as I could; but master came in front of it before I could get there and it was all over in a moment. He gave one long piercing look into it, turned deadly pale, and seizing the glass, dashed it into a hundred pieces on the floor, and then stamped upon the fragments and ground them into powder with his feet. He shut himself up for the rest of that day in his own room, first ordering me to discharge the cook, then and there, at a moment's notice."

"What an extraordinary thing!" I said, pondering.

"Ah, sir," continued the old man, "it was astonishing what trouble I had with those women-servants. It was difficult to get any that would take the place at all under the circumstances. 'What, not so much as a mossul to do one's 'air at?' they would say, and they 'd go off, in spite of extra wages. Then those who did consent to come, what lies they would tell, to be sure! They would protest that they did n't want to look in the glass, that they never had been in the habit of looking in the glass, and all the while that very wench would have her looking-glass, of some kind or another, hid away among her clothes up-stairs. Sooner or later, she would bring it out too, and leave it about somewhere or other (just like the cook), where it was as likely as not that master might see it. And then—for girls like that have no consciences, sir—when I had caught one of 'em at it, she 'd turn round as bold as brass, 'And how am I to know whether my 'air's parted straight?' she 'd say, just as if it had n't been considered in her wages that that was the very thing which she never *was* to know while she lived in our house. A vain lot, sir, and the ugly ones always the vainest. There was no end to their dodges. They 'd have looking-glasses in the interiors of their work-box lids, where it was next to impossible that I could find 'em, or inside the covers of hymn-books, or cookery-books, or in their caddies. I recollect one girl, a sly one she was, and marked with the small-pox terrible, who was always reading her prayer-book at odd times. Sometimes I used to think what a religious mind she 'd got, and at other times (depending on the mood I was in) I would conclude that it was the marriage-service she was studying; but one day, when I got behind her to satisfy my doubts—lo and behold! it was the old story: a bit of glass, without a frame, fastened into the kiver with the outside edges of the sheets of postage-stamps. Dodges! Why, they 'd keep their looking-glasses in the scullery or the coal-cellar, or leave them in charge of the servants next door, or with the milk-woman round the corner; but have 'em they would. "And I don't mind confessing, sir," said the old man, bringing his long speech to an end, "that it *was* an inconveniency not to have so much as a scrap to shave before. I used to go to the barber's at first, but I soon gave that up, and took to wearing my beard as my master did; likewise to keeping my hair—" Mr. Masey touched his head as he spoke—"so short that it did n't require any parting, before or behind."

I sat for some time lost in amazement, and staring at my companion. My curiosity was powerfully stimulated, and the desire to learn more was very strong within me.

"Had your master any personal defect," I inquired, "which

might have made it distressing to him to see his own image reflected?"

"By no means, sir," said the old man. "He was as handsome a gentleman as you would wish to see, a little delicate-looking and care-worn, perhaps, with a very pale face; but as free from any deformity as you or I, sir. No, sir, no; it was nothing of that."

"Then what was it? What is it?" I asked, desperately. "Is there no one who is, or has been, in your master's confidence?"

"Yes, sir," said the old fellow, with his eyes turning to that window opposite. "There is one person who knows all my master's secrets, and this secret among the rest."

"And who is that?"

The old man turned round and looked at me fixedly. "The doctor here," he said. "Dr. Garden. My master's very old friend."

"I should like to speak with this gentleman," I said, involuntarily.

"He is with my master now," answered Masey. "He will be coming out presently, and I think I may say he will answer any question you may like to put to him." As the old man spoke, the door of the house opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, who was tall and thin, but who lost something of his height by a habit of stooping, appeared on the step. He was, in appearance, a man who had experienced considerable in the years he had lived, and from his dress, which had at one time been excellent, but which now was seedy and faded, one could easily judge what occupation he followed. I said he was middle-aged, but upon a close scrutiny of his features, they would indicate that he had passed the meridian of life and was on the home-stretch. There was a serious expression upon his face just as the door was opened, but as he entered a visible change passed over it, and an assumed cheerfulness lit up his whole countenance. Old Masey left me in a moment. He muttered something about taking the doctor's directions, and hastened across the road. The tall gentleman spoke to him for a minute or two very seriously, probably about the patient up-stairs, and it then seemed to me from their gestures that I myself was the subject of some further conversation between them. At all events, when old Masey retired into the house, the doctor came across to where I was standing, and addressed me with a very agreeable smile.

"John Masey tells me that you are interested in the case of my poor friend, sir. I am now going back to my house, and if you don't mind the trouble of walking with me, I shall be happy to enlighten you as far as I am able."

I hastened to make my apologies and express my acknowledgments, and we set off together. When we had reached the doctor's house and were seated in his study, I ventured to inquire after the health of this poor gentleman.

"I am afraid there is no amendment, nor any prospect of amendment," said the doctor. "Old Masey has told you something of his strange condition, has he not?"

"Yes, he has told me something," I answered, "and he says you know all about it."

Dr. Garden looked very grave. "I don't know all about it. I only know what happens when he comes into the presence of a looking-glass. But as to the circumstances which have led to his being haunted in the strangest fashion that I ever heard of, I know no more of them than you do."

"Haunted?" I repeated. "And in the strangest fashion that you ever heard of?"

Dr. Garden smiled at my eagerness, seemed to be collecting his thoughts, and presently went on:

"I made the acquaintance of Mr. Oswald Strange in a curious [illegible] on board of an Italian steamer, bound from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles. We had been traveling all night. In the morning I was shaving myself in the cabin when suddenly this man came behind me, glanced for a moment into the small mirror before which I was standing, and then, without a word of warning, tore it from the nail and dashed it to pieces at my feet. His face was at first livid with passion—it seemed to me rather the passion of fear than of anger—but it changed after a moment, and he seemed ashamed of what he had done. Well," continued the Dr., relapsing for a moment into a smile, "of course I was in a devil of a rage. I was operating on my under-jaw, and the start the thing gave me caused me to cut myself. Besides, altogether, it seemed an outrageous and insolent thing, and I gave it to poor Strange in a style of language which I am sorry to think of now, but which, I hope, was excusable at the time. As to the offender himself, his confusion and regret, now that his passion was at an end, disarmed me. He sent for the steward, paid most liberally for the damage done to the steamboat property, explaining to him and to some other passengers who were present in the cabin, that what had happened had been accidental. For me, however, he had another explanation. Perhaps he felt that I must know it to have been no accident; perhaps he really wished to confide in some one. At all events he owned to me that what he had done was done under the influence of an uncontrollable impulse—a seizure which took him, he said, at times—something like a fit. He begged my pardon and entreated that I would endeavor to disassociate him personally from this action, of which he was heartily ashamed. Then he attempted a sickly joke, poor fellow, about his wearing a beard and feeling a little spiteful in consequence when he saw other people taking the trouble to shave; but he said nothing about any infirmity or delusion, and shortly after left me.

"In my professional capacity I could not help taking some interest in Mr. Strange. I did not altogether lose sight of him after our sea-journey to Marseilles was over. I found him a pleasant companion up to a certain point; but I always felt that there was a reserve about him. He was uncommunicative about his past life, and especially would never allude to anything connected with his travels or his residence in Italy, which, however, I could make out had been a long one. He spoke Italian well and seemed familiar with the country, but disliked to talk about it.

"During the time we spent together there were seasons when he was so little himself, that I, with a pretty large experience, was almost afraid to be with him. His attacks were violent and sudden in the last degree; and there was one most extraordinary feature connected with them all—some horrible association of idea took possession of him whenever he found himself before a looking-glass. And after we had traveled together for a time, I dreaded the sight of a mirror hanging harmlessly against a wall, or a toilet-glass standing on a dressing-table, almost as much as he did.

"Poor Strange was not always affected in the same manner by a looking-glass. Sometimes it seemed to madden him with fury; at other times, it appeared to turn him to stone; remaining motionless and speechless as if attacked by catalepsy. One night—the worst things always happen at night, and oftener than one would think on stormy nights—we arrived at a small town in the central district of Auvergne; a place but little known, out of the line of railways and to which we had been drawn, partly by the antiquarian attractions which the place possessed, and partly by the beauty of the scenery. The weather had been rather against us. The day had been dull and murky, the heat stifling and

the sky had threatened mischief since the morning. At sundown, these threats were fulfilled. The thunderstorm, which had been all day coming up—as it seemed to us, against the wind—burst over the place where we were lodged with very great violence.

"There are some practical-minded persons with strong constitutions, who deny roundly that their fellow-creatures are, or can be, affected, in mind or body, by atmospheric influences. I am not a disciple of that school, simply because I cannot believe that those changes of weather, which have so much effect upon animals, and even on inanimate objects, can fail to have some influence on a piece of machinery so sensitive and intricate as the human frame. I think, then, that it was in part owing to the disturbed state of the atmosphere that, on this particular evening, I felt nervous and depressed. When my new friend Strange and I parted for the night, I felt as little disposed to go to rest as I ever did in my life. The thunder was still lingering among the mountains in the midst of which our inn was placed. Sometimes it seemed nearer, and at other times further off; but it never left off altogether, except for a few minutes at a time. I was quite unable to shake off a succession of painful ideas which persistently besieged my mind.

"It is hardly necessary to add that I thought from time to time of my traveling companion in the next room. His image was almost continually before me. He had been dull and depressed all the evening, and when we parted for the night there was a look in his eyes which I could not get out of my memory.

"There was a door between our rooms, and the partition dividing them was not very solid; and yet I had heard no sound since I parted from him which could indicate that he was there at all, much less that he was awake and stirring. I was in a mood, sir, which made this silence terrible to me, and so many foolish fancies—as that he was lying there dead, or in a fit, or what not—took possession of me, that at last I could bear it no longer. I went to the door, and, after listening, very attentively but quite in vain, for any sound, I at last knocked pretty sharply. There was no answer. Feeling that longer suspense would be unendurable, I, without more ceremony, turned the handle and went in.

"It was a great bare room, and so imperfectly lighted by a single candle that it was almost impossible—except when the lightning flashed—to see into its great dark corners. A small rickety bedstead stood against one of the walls, shrouded by yellow cotton curtains, passed through a great iron ring in the ceiling. There was, for all other furniture, an old chest of drawers which served also as a washing-stand, having a small basin and ewer and a single towel arranged on the top of it. There were, moreover, two ancient chairs and a dressing-table. On this last stood a large old-fashioned looking-glass, with a carved frame.

"I must have seen all these things, because I remember them so well now, but I do not know how I could have seen them, for it seems to me that, from the moment of my entering that room, the action of my senses and of the faculties of my mind was held fast by the ghastly figure which stood motionless before the looking-glass in the middle of the empty room.

"How terrible it was! The weak light of one candle standing on the table shone upon Strange's face, lighting it from below, and throwing (as I now remember) his shadow, vast and black, upon the wall behind him and upon the ceiling overhead. He was leaning rather forward, with his hands upon the table supporting him and gazing into the glass which stood before him with a horrible fixity. The sweat was on his white face; his rigid features and his pale lips showed in that feeble light were horrible, more than words can tell, to look at. He was so completely stupefied and lost, that the noise I had made in knocking and in entering the room was unobserved by him. Not even when I called him loudly by name did he move nor did his face change.

"What a vision of horror that was, in the great dark empty room, in a silence that was something more than negative, that ghastly figure frozen into stone by some unexplained terror! And the silence and the stillness! The very thunder had ceased now. My heart stood still with fear. Then, moved by some instinctive feeling, under whose influence I acted mechanically, I crept with slow steps nearer and nearer to the table, and at last, half expecting to see some spectre even more horrible than this which I saw already, I looked over his shoulder into the looking-glass. I happened to touch his arm, though only in the lightest manner. In that one moment the spell which had held him—who knows how long?—enchained, seemed broken, and he lived in this world again. He turned round upon me, as suddenly as a tiger makes its spring, and seized me by the arm.

"I have told you that even before I entered my friend's room I had felt, all that night, depressed and nervous. The necessity for action at this time was, however, so obvious, and this man's agony made all that I had felt appear so trifling, that much of my own discomfort seemed to leave me. I felt that I *must* be strong.

"The face before me almost unmanned me. The eyes which looked into mine were so scared with terror, the lips—if I may say so—looked so speechless. The wretched man gazed long into my face, and then, still holding me by the arm, slowly, very slowly, turned his head. I had gently tried to move him away from the looking-glass, but he would not stir, and now he was looking into it as fixedly as ever. I could bear this no longer, and, using such force as was necesssary, I drew him gradually away, and got him to one of the chairs at the foot of the bed. 'Come!' I said—after the long silence my voice, even to myself, sounded strange and hollow—'come! You are over-tired and you feel the weather. Don't you think you ought to be in bed? Suppose you lie down. Let me try my medical skill in mixing you a composing draught.'

"He held my hand and looked eagerly into my eyes. 'I am better now,' he said, speaking at last very faintly. Still he looked at me in that wistful way. It seemed as if there were something that he wanted to do or say, but had not sufficient resolution. At length he got up from the chair to which I had led him, and beckoning me to follow him, went across the room to the dressing-table and stood again before the glass. A violent shudder passed through his frame as he looked into it; but apparently forcing himself to go through with what he had now begun, he remained where he was, and, without looking away, moved to me with his hand to come and stand beside him. I complied.

"'Look in there!' he said, in an almost inaudible tone. He was supported, as before, by his hands resting on the table, and could only bow with his head towards the glass to intimate what he meant. 'Look in there!' he repeated.

"I did as he asked me.

"'What do you see?' he asked next.

"'See?' I repeated, trying to speak as cheerfully as I could, and describing the reflexion of his own face as nearly as I could. 'I see a very pale face with sunken cheeks——'

"'What?' he cried, with an alarm in his voice which I could not understand.

"'With sunken cheeks,' I went on, 'and two hollow eyes with large pupils.'

"I saw the reflexion of my friend's face change, and felt

his hand clutch my arm even more tightly than he had done before. I stopped abruptly and looked round at him. He did not turn his head towards me, but, gazing still into the looking glass, seemed to labor for utterance.

"'What,' he stammered at last, 'Do—you—see it—too?'

"'See what?' I asked, quickly.

"'That face!' he cried, in accents of horror. 'That face—which is not mine—and which—I SEE INSTEAD OF MINE—always!'

"I was struck speechless by the words. In a moment this mystery was explained—but what an explanation! Worse, a hundred times worse, than anything I had imagined. What! Had this man lost the power of seeing his own image as it was reflected there before him? and, in its place, was there the image of another? Had he changed reflexions with some other man? The frightfulness of the thought struck me speechless for a time—then I saw how false an impression my silence was conveying.

"'No, no, no!' I cried, as soon as I could speak—'a hundred times, no! I see you, of course, and only you. It was your face I was attempting to describe, and no other.'

"He seemed not to hear me. 'Why, look there!' he said, in a low, indistinct voice, pointing to his own image in the glass. 'Whose face do you see there?'

"'Why, yours, of course.' And then, after a moment, I added, 'Whose do you see?'

"He answered, like one in a trance, '*His*—only his—always his!' He stood still a moment, and then, with a loud and terrific scream, repeated those words, 'ALWAYS HIS, ALWAYS HIS,' and fell down in a fit before me.

"I knew what to do now. Here was a thing which, at any rate, I could understand. I had with me my usual small stock of medicines and surgical instruments, and I did what was necessary: first to restore my unhappy patient, and next to procure for him the rest he needed so much. He was very ill—at death's door for some days—and I could not leave him, though there was urgent need that I should be back in London. When he began to mend, I sent over to England for my servant—John Masey—whom I knew I could trust. Acquainting him with the outlines of the case, I left him in charge of my patient, with orders that he should be brought over to this country as soon as he was fit to travel.

"That awful scene was always before me. I saw this devoted man day after day, with the eyes of my imagination, sometimes destroying in his rage the harmless looking-glass, which was the immediate cause of his suffering, sometimes transfixed before the horrid image that turned him to stone. I recollect coming upon him once when we were stopping at a roadside inn, and seeing him stand so by broad daylight. His back was turned towards me, and I waited and watched him for nearly half an hour as he stood there motionless and speechless, and appearing not to breathe. I am not sure but that this apparition, seen so by daylight, was more ghastly than that apparition seen in the middle of the night, with the thunder rumbling among the hills.

"Back in London in his own house, where he could command in some sort the objects which should surround him, poor Strange was better than he would have been elsewhere. He seldom went out except at night, but once or twice I have walked with him by daylight, and have seen him terribly agitated when we have had to pass a shop in which looking-glasses were exposed for sale.

"It is nearly a year now since my poor friend followed me down to this place, to which I have retired. For some months he has been daily getting weaker and weaker, and a disease of the lungs has become developed in him, which has brought him to his death-bed. I should add, by-the-by, that John Masey has been his constant companion ever since I brought them together, and I have had, consequently, to look after a new servant.

"And now tell me," the doctor added, bringing his tale to an end, "did you ever hear a more miserable history, or was ever man haunted in a more ghastly manner than this man?"

I was about to reply, when we heard a sound of footsteps outside, and before I could speak old Masey entered the room, in haste and disorder.

"I was just telling this gentleman," the doctor said, not at the moment noticing old Masey's changed manner, "how you deserted me to go over to your present master."

"Ah! sir," the man answered, in a troubled voice, "I 'm afraid he won't be my master long."

The doctor was on his legs in a moment. "What! Is he worse?"

"I think, sir, he is dying," said the old man.

"Come with me, sir; you may be of use if you can keep quiet." The doctor caught up his hat as he addressed me in those words, and in a few minutes we had reached The Compensation House. A few seconds more and we were standing in a darkened room on the first floor, and I saw lying on a bed before me—pale, emaciated, and, as it seemed, dying—the man whose story I had just heard.

He was lying with closed eyes when we came into the room, and I had leisure to examine his features. What a tale of misery they told! They were regular and symmetrical in their arrangement, and not without beauty—the beauty of exceeding refinement and delicacy. Force there was none, and perhaps it was to the want of this that the faults—perhaps the crime—which had made the man's life so miserable were to be attributed. Perhaps the crime? Yes, it was not likely that an affliction lifelong and terrible, such as this he had endured, would come upon him unless some misdeed had provoked the punishment. What misdeed we were soon to know.

It sometimes—I think generally—happens that the presence of any one who stands and watches beside a sleeping man will wake him, unless his slumbers are unusually heavy. It was so now. While we looked at him, the sleeper awoke very suddenly and fixed his eyes upon us. He put out his hand and took the doctor's in its feeble grasp. "Who is that?" he asked next, pointing towards me.

"Do you wish him to go? The gentleman knows something of your sufferings and is powerfully interested in your case; but he will leave us, if you wish it," the doctor said.

"No. Let him stay."

Seating myself out of sight, but where I could both see and hear what passed, waited for what should follow. Dr. Garden and John Masey stood beside the bed. There was a moment's pause.

"I want a looking-glass," said Strange, without a word of preface.

We all started to hear him say those words.

"I am dying," said Strange; "will you not grant me my request?"

Doctor Garden whispered to old Masey, and the latter left the room. He was not absent long, having gone no further than the next house. He held an oval-framed mirror in his hand when he returned. A shudder passed through the body of the sick man as he saw it.

"Put it down," he said faintly—"anywhere—for the present."

No one of us spoke. I do not think, in that moment of suspense, that we *could*, any of us, have spoken if we had tried.

The sick man tried to raise himself a little. "Prop me up," he said. "I speak with difficulty—I have something to say."

They put pillows behind him, so as to raise his head and body.

"I have presently a use for it," he said, indicating the mirror. "I want to see——" He stopped, and seemed to change his mind. He was sparing of his words. "I want to tell you—all about it." Again he was silent. Then he seemed to make a great effort and spoke once more, beginning very abruptly.

"I loved my wife fondly. I loved her—her name was Lucy. She was English; but, after we were married, we lived long abroad—in Italy. She liked the country, and I liked what she liked. She liked to draw, too, and I got her a master. He was an Italian. I will not give his name. We always called him 'the Master.' A treacherous insidious man this was, and, under cover of his profession, took advantage of his opportunities, and taught my wife to love him—to love him.

"I am short of breath. I need not enter into details as to how I found them out; but I *did* find them out. We were away on a sketching expedition, when I made my discovery. My rage maddened me, and there was one at hand who fomented my madness. My wife had a maid, who, it seemed, had also loved this man—the Master—and had been ill treated and deserted by him. She told me all. She had played the part of go-between—had carried letters. When she told me these things, it was night, in a solitary Italian town, among the mountains. 'He is in his room now,' she said, 'writing to her.'

"A frenzy took possession of me as I listened to these words. I am naturally vindictive—remember that—and now my longing for revenge was like a thirst. Traveling in these lonely regions, I was armed, and when the woman said, 'He is writing to your wife,' I laid hold of my pistols, as by an instinct. It has been some comfort to me since, that I took them both. Perhaps, at that moment, I may have meant fairly by him—meant that we should fight. I do n't know what I meant, quite. The woman's words, 'He is in his own room now, writing to her,' rung in my ears.

The sick man stopped to take breath. It seemed an hour, though it was probably not more than two minutes, before he spoke again.

"I managed to get into his room unobserved. Indeed, he was altogether absorbed in what he was doing. He was sitting at the only table in the room, writing at a traveling-desk, by the light of a single candle. It was a rude dressing-table, and—and before him—exactly before him—there was—there was a looking-glass.

"I stole up behind him as he sat and wrote by the light of the candle. I looked over his shoulder at the letter, and I read, 'Dearest Lucy, my love, my darling.' As I read the words, I pulled the trigger of the pistol I held in my right hand, and killed him—killed him—but, before he died, he looked up once—not at me, but at my image before him in the glass, and his face—such a face—has been there—ever since, and mine—my face—is gone."

He fell back exhausted, and we all pressed forward thinking that he must be dead, he lay so still.

But he had not yet passed away. He revived under the influence of stimulants. He tried to speak, and muttered indistinctly from time to time words of which we could sometimes make no sense. We understood, however, that he had been tried by an Italian tribunal, and had been found guilty; but with such extenuating circumstances that his sentence was commuted to imprisonment, during, we thought we made out, two years. But we could not understand what he said about his wife, though we gathered that she was still alive, from something he whispered to the doctor of there being provision made for her in his will.

He lay in a doze for something more than an hour after he had told his tale; and then he woke up quite suddenly, as he had done when we had first entered the room. He looked round uneasily in all directions, until his eye fell on the looking-glass.

"I want it," he said, hastily; but I noticed that he did not shudder now, as it was brought near. When old Macey approached, holding it in his hand, and crying like a child, Dr. Garden came forward and stood between him and his master, taking the hand of poor Strange in his.

"Is this wise?" he asked. "Is it good, do you think, to revive this misery of your life now, when it is so near its close? The chastisement of your crime," he added, solemnly, "has been a terrible one. Let us hope in God's mercy that your punishment is over."

The dying man raised himself with a last great effort, and looked up at the doctor with such an expression on his face as none of us had seen on any face, before.

"I do hope so," he said, faintly, "but you must let me have my way in this—for if, now, when I look; I see aright once more—I shall then hope yet more strongly—for I shall take it as a sign."

The doctor stood aside without another word, when he heard the dying man speak thus, and the old servant drew near, and, stooping over softly, held the looking-glass before his master. Presently afterwards, we, who stood around looking breathlessly at him, saw such a rapture upon his face, as left no doubt upon our minds that the face which had haunted him so long, had, in his last hour, disappeared. —*Rugby Junction.*

Gems from the Poets.

LOOK THROUGH MAN TO THE CREATOR.

(A reverse of 'Look through *Nature* up to Nature's God.')

Through *Humanity* look upward,—
After ye the olden plan,—
Look through *Man* to the Creator,
Maker, Father, God of Man!
Shall imperishable spirit
Yield to perishable clay?
No sublime o'er Alpine mountains
Soars the Mind its heavenward way.

Some within the humblest *flowret*,
"Thoughts too deep for tears" can see.
Oh the humblest *man* existing
Is a nobler theme to me!
Thus I take the mightier labor
Of the great Almighty hand:
And through Man to the Creator,
Upward look, and weeping stand.

Thus I take the mightier labor,
Crowning glory of his will;
And believe that in the meanest
Lives a spark of Godhead still:
Something that by Truth expanded,
Might be fostered into worth:
Something struggling through the darkness,
Owning an immortal birth."

Charles Swain.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

THE DOCTRINE OF OUR DIVINE ORIGIN:

ITS AGREEMENT WITH OUR NATURE.

We assert that, to truly feed such a great and unbounded nature as man's is, a religion is required whose views of the origin and destiny of man's spirit shall be as exalted and unbounded as the immensity of his desires. Man needs a religion capable of explaining the affinity of his soul with the majestic and the eternal—one that can also explain why a type of the attributes of Deity is found within him, and tell how it is that such restless and insatiable ambitions are implanted within his nature.

It was one of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith that all men and women, without exception, are sons and daughters begotten unto the living God, from whom their attributes have been derived; hence their wide and insatiable character.

This doctrine is, to our mind, a simplifying and natural one; for then all the creative, acquisitive and governing powers with which we operate continually on a small scale are seen to be but counterparts of powers which the Creator, in the vast range of his almighty movements, calls into action above, germs and buddings of his Divinity seeking to unfold itself; hence the wonderful variety and scope of such powers. Thus we learn that every true affection of the heart, every natural ambition, every yearning or striving of the spirit is an impulse of that lofty nature we have received from Him, and that all are eternal and inseparable attributes of our endless being, capable of being and intended to be, infinitely and boundlessly expanded and developed, under the guidance of the Almighty until the Great Father is glorified and reproduced in the perfections of the hearts, minds, and persons of his children; and, consequently, the reason why, wherever human foot has trod, these impulses and ambitions are found expanding their force within the human breast.

Looking around upon this world looking back upon man's history, scriptural or "profane," how simplified and intelligible, in this light, does all appear!

Because man has had infused into him the germ of His qualities who is above all, therefore he is independent in his character. He laughs at prison walls, and dares the martyr's flame to rob him of his *will*, and therefore he soars ever after the beautiful, the holy and the true.

Because man is divine in his origin, and has come forth from the Author of creative power, and is necessarily imbued with a love for the mighty and supreme, his soul is stirred by any of the great manifestions of his Father's hand in the natural world.

Because of this oneness of nature, therefore it is thundered in our ears by the Deity, Be ye perfect, even as I, *your Father* in heaven, am perfect! And last, but far from least, because of this great truth, the very code of laws that govern Deity itself will suit us, and are urged upon us by the Lord.

Gloriously does the doctrine of the divine origin of man lift the barriers of darkness from round about our path and destiny, while together to its proof comes rushing from manifold points a scattered mass of testimony. It is seen in the sublime conceptions, the huge efforts and the glories of six thousand years. It is heard also in the responses of the human soul, and found corroborated in the divine teachings of remote and separate ages. Borne on the same tide, and flowing to the same point, come once mysterious movements of the Almighty; and incomprehensible familiarities manifested between God and man explained and reasonable now. Clothed with point, and filled with something like meaning and purpose, comes now also, in this light, the promise of God to man of "*thrones, dominions, principalities and powers.*" Similarly intelligible and forcible is made the promise that we are to be "*joint heirs* with Jesus Christ," while, as a substantial reality, we can now read those great words—"To him that overcometh will I give to sit down upon my throne even as I have overcome and sit down on my Father's throne." It takes this principle to make sense of the Gospel propositions and promises; without it, they are absurdities—big words with a milk-and-water meaning.

But it may be said, "How great is the distance between man and his God!" Yes, truly; and so is the distance between the little, sleepy, listless, incapable and helpless being we call an infant, unable to move its own head or frame a single word compared to man moving in the pride of his physical strength and intellect. And yet that tiny huddled heap of humanity, oh miracle! becomes a man, rears temples and binds nations together by telegraphic wires!

Yes, the divine origin of man is written in every breast—is seen in the untiring qualities of the mind, ever crying, "On, on to new conquests, new honors, new discoveries and new means for gratification." It was heard in the declaration by man of his own immortality ere the voice of Jesus was heard upon the earth, and it was corroborated, carried on and glorified in his principles and promises when he appeared.

This principle, then, is our natural food. It alone, of all creeds concerning our origin, is in full harmony with the vastness and sweep of our power and aspirations hence it alone is worthy of us. So natural, so sweet so good, so true does it come to us, that we feel it belongs to us as light belongs to our eyes, and was meant for us as much as the juice of the grape for our lips. In other words, it is calculated to satisfy, develop, brighten and make glorious the powers of man's spirit, and thus produces proof that it was and is a heaven born truth sent for man by the same God who made the earth for our feet and light for our grateful eyes.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN is eight men, not one man; he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information,—when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle,—when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it who can be witty and something more than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit, wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.

Sidney Smith.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

No. 2.—THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.

After his vision of the cross, Constantine consulted several of the principal teachers of the Christian religion, and publicly avowed a profession of the faith. He thus endeared to himself his veteran soldiers who were mostly Christians, and then he hastened into Italy with his army.

The army of Constantine consisted of 90,000 foot and 8000 horse; but it was at the head of only 40,000 that he marched to meet an enemy four times superior in numbers to his own. But the soldiers of our hero were veterans from Gaul inspired with the faith of a new religion. After storming the city of Susa, Constantine met a numerous army of the Italians on the plains of Turin, which he routed. He afterwards made his entry into the imperial city of Milan, and victory in Italy everywhere followed his conquering host. Armies mighty in numbers and commanded by the flower of the Roman generals were crushed by the valiant Constantine.

At length, the illustrous champion of the cross vanquished Maxentius himself, and entered Rome a conqueror. His was a triumph in the world's history worthy even the immortal Julius Cæsar, whom more than any other till the advent of Napoleon the Great, Constantine resembled.

When Constantine drew nigh to Rome with his veteran army of Christian soldiers, he issued a proclamation to the Romans. He said he came not to make war upon them, but to deliver the capital from the execrable rule of a monster.

Our Christian hero had heard his oracle speak, whether from the heavens or from the temple of his own ambitious soul, it matters not to those who estimate the grand results of ages rather than trifle in quibbles over their uncertain causes. In effect, he had seen his vision, was inspired by its omens, and his legions believing therein, were as a tower of almighty strength around their general. It is the logic and form of facts that tell in the world's great events; and an army inspired with an almost supernatural confidence in divine protection is one of the most stupendous facts; nor is the might of that army less, because of its superstitions and grand fanaticism. Constantine and his army represented that fact; but how stood the case with Maxentius? He, too, sought for oracles and wooed a propitious fate; and just here we have a fine example of superstitions which are as hideous catacombs of mummied nations and superstitions of a new religion, whose very forms of idolatry is pregnant with a living faith.

On one side, we have Constantine and his vision of the cross; on the other, Maxentius inviting victory to his arms by magical services and incantations. He sacrificed lions and caused pregnant women to be opened to examine the children in their wombs, and consulted auguries. The answers were unfavorable, and Maxentius in a panic deserted his palace, and, with his wife and son, retired to a private house. But this prince, whose conduct bears such a marked contrast with that of his heroic rival, sent out his generals with an army of a hundred and sixty thousand infantry and eighteen thousand cavalry to meet the army of Constantine. The vast host of the idolater, passing the Tiber, encountered the soldiers of the Cross and the battle raged.

Meantime Maxentius, kept from the glorious strife of contending hosts by his cowardice and superstition, was giving public games in the circus in honor of his exaltation to the imperial throne. At this moment when the two hostile armies of the empire were engaged and Rome treated to its holiday, a terrible shout from the city shook the circus as the multitude came rushing towards it. "Death to the traitor! Death to the coward and the traitor! Glory to the invincible Constantine!" Rome had mutinied.

Maxentius fled from the circus, and ordered the senators to consult the sybilline books, and was answered that on that very day the enemy of the Romans would perish miserably. Encouraged by this, he left Rome and joined his army which was soon afterwards routed by the legions of Constantine. With his panic-stricken soldiers, he regained the bridge of boats which he had built across the Tiber, and was drowned. The bridge had been treacherously constructed as a snare for his rival's army, but Maxentius himself fell into it. The next day, his body being found, his head was cut off and carried through the streets of Rome on a pike.

Galerius, who still held the rank of the Augusti, had appointed Licinius emperor of the West, but Constantine made common cause with this rival, who had espoused his sister Constantia. Galerius soon afterwards died, and Jovius Maximin succeeded him and affected the title of emperor, but Constantine and his brother-in-law, Licinius, destroyed his army, and thus in A. D. 313 the empire once more became divided between two rulers, Constantine for the West and Licinius for the East.

On the following year, Constantine attempted to overthrow Licinius to unite the empire in himself, but he could only wrest Illyria from him. A peace of nine years was then concluded between the imperial brothers-in-law. During this period, Constantine, like a wise statesman, consolidated his power and effected great radical reforms in the civil, military and judicial administration of the empire.

One of the first acts of Constantine, after his triumph, was to ordain that no criminal should suffer death by crucifixion, which was, undoubtedly, inspired by the sacred awe attached to the Sacrament of the Cross, as well as from motives of humanity. And as early as A. D. 312, he granted toleration to the Christians and restored to them the property which his predecessors had confiscated. Edicts were promulgated declaring that they should be relieved of all their grievances and received into places of trust and authority in the State. Sunday was also set apart and every attempt to restrain the religious liberty of the followers of Christ was punished by the imperial champion of the Cross with severity. Being associated with the State, the new religion spread throughout the whole empire and the power which had been formerly wielded by the pagan priesthood passed now into the hands of the Bishops and clergy of the Christian church.

Licinius, the emperor of the East, on his side, pursued a different policy to that of Constantine, emperor of the West. He sought to renew the persecutions against the Christians, and to rally around him the pagan priests. This Licinius was the son of a peasant of Dacia, who, by his remarkable courage, had won his way to the rank of the Cæsars; but, reaching supreme power over the Eastern division of the empire, he gave himself up to intemperance and shameless excesses. Being himself extremely ignorant, he called literary men "a poison and a public pest," and caused them to be put to death for no other crime than their intellectual manifestations. In this, he did nothing worse than that which many a sovereign pontiff since has done; but Constantine's genius and policy as a statesman led him, like his father, to patronize men of letters, and to act the part of a magnanimous prince. Thus it is fortunate for the world, when these imperial Cæsars—these lions of the earth find their destiny on the side of human progress and the development of new civilizations. Their ambitions—aye, their very crimes—

then become glorified in the great results which they work out for mankind.

Constantine, through his wise administration in the State and the army, after a gradual consolidation of his power during the term of peace between himself and his imperial brother-in-law found himself in a position, in A. D. 322, of carrying out his long cherished design of uniting the empire in his own person. Licinius, by his attempt to repeat the persecutions against the Christians and restore the pagan priesthood, gave the desired opportunity; and, having been conquered by the troops of his brother-in-law, he was beheaded.

Again was the Roman empire consolidated in a successor of Julius Cæsar, and if his reign is marred by the usual acts of conquerors who sweep every obstruction from the path where their vast ambitions lead and crush out the life of their rivals with an iron heel, that reign was glorified by great deeds, wise administrations in the State, and radical reforms. The Roman empire lived again in its fullness of strength, the commonwealth thrived. Yet was he an imperialist, and not a republican, an absolute prince, and not a lover of popular governments. Like the first Cæsar and the last Cæsar—our own Napoleon—he was the outgrowth of republicanism and the elected of the popular voice of the army, but he became himself the very embodiment of empire. For several centuries, the army had been in the habit of putting the State up at a price and chosing their emperors according to this will or caprice; but Constantine now by a superior will brought order out of chaos and constructed a powerful machinery of a regular constitutional government. It was an imperial form, but it was a legitimate form and not an empire merely in name. With a genius for State-building, equal to his genius for conquering, he separated the civil from the military administration, but united both in the hands of the sovereign. Though a warrior by profession and instinct, after his elevation to the supreme power, he applied his great abilities to the work of the commonwealth; and, with the exception of a brief war with the Goths, in A.D. 332, his reign was one of peace and prosperity to the State. He created a heirarchy which has been, from that day, the model of the European monarchies. He organized a standing army of 300,000 men and 29 naval squadrons; and, to support this vast machinery of his empire, he instituted a regular system of finances, and imposed taxation that seemed equitable to the people.

Shortly after the establishment of Christian dominance in the Roman empire, Constantine removed the seat of his government from the capital of the Cæsars to Byzantium, the design being to call the place New Rome, but the name of Constantinople became the denomination of the new capital. This change in the seat of government weakened the fabric of the State, and exposed the Roman empire to a more speedy disolution. The design was for a happier centralization of a dominion which had spread over the world; but this change broke a national unity which was not restored until Charlemagne from the West consolidated a Christendom to succeed that of Constantine the Great.

It was in the reign of the first Christian emperor, (in 325) that the famous Council of Nice was held. The Church, having entered upon a state of grandeur and temporal power gave trouble to the emperor to preserve its harmony. On the one side were proud absolute prelates representing the orthodoxy, on the other, daring innovators. Arius, chief of a new sect of schismatics sprang up, and Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, took the innovators under his protection and propogated their doctrines. This prelate drew over to their side Constantina, sister of the emperor; daring bishops favored the schism, and terrible disputes and bloody combats ensued. Constantine, in order to stop the disse
the first general council of Nice, the Ari
and a form of harmony in the Church
The chief importance of the council of
its being a declared recognition of the
the established Church of the empire. From that period dates the union of Church and State.

One of his biographers thus describes our imperial hero: "This prince had a majestic port and a great soul; he was brave, hardy, provident in his enterprises; but he joined great vices with these good qualities. * * * Constantine truly merited the surname of Great, if we take this epithet in its entire acceptation. What prudence did he not display in avoiding the perils which he encountered on his route towards the empire! What intrepidity in confronting the most frightful perils! What valor in attacking and conquering enemies equally redoubtable for the bravery and the numbers! What courage and wisdom in holding, during thirty years, the reins of an empire which was offered at auction! What consummate skill, to govern in peace so many different people, and to assure their happiness by causing them to submit to equitable laws!"

On the side of his defects, the portrait of Constantine is drawn as an unnatural father who put to death his own son at the instigation of a step-mother, as an inflexible husband, who commanded his wife to be strangled in a bath, as a cruel politician who, from State policy, shed the blood of his nephew, young Licinius. His embracing of Christianity is said to have been also the result of his ambitious policy; and the fact that he did not receive the sacrament of baptism until a few minutes before his death, is instanced by writers as a proof of this. We think, however, that this circumstance is rather a proof of the genuine conversion of Constantine to Christianity in *his form of faith*, if not to the entire sanctification of all the purposes of his life. We are too much in the habit of judging the world's great characters as we would the archangels of heaven, forgetting that the one is human and the other purified and perfected—aye, we say purified, for those very archangels had once in their composition much of dross and evil passions. Ask Lucifer, son of the Morning, if that is not true! On one side, great souls are splendid to the dazzling of ages—to the admiration of worlds. Look on their reverse side: it is dark and forbidding as the wing of Night. Thus was it with the character and life of Constantine the Great; and the fact that, during his sixty years of mortality, he worked to the fulfillment of his *own* imperial programme and only in his last moments, received the sacrament of service to a higher monarch than himself, is at once a characteristic of men of his class and an evidence that his vision of the cross was genuine to him.

Constantine was preparing a war against Persia when he suddenly fell ill and died on the day of Pentecost (A. D. 337), after having been baptised by the bishop of Nicomedia. He was buried in the Church of the apostles at Constantinople.

NOTE.—The author (E. W. Tailidge) of "The World's History, Illustrated in its Great Characters," has opened his encyclopedia of philosophical biographies with Constantine the Great. To make the subject complete, he deemed his four *preliminary* chapters necessary to give the historical linking. Constantine the Great seems to be the proper character to open the *imperial* division of the subject. There are some characters whose very biography is the religious history of the times and who are themselves the souls of their age. Such was Elizabeth of England, whose biography is the world's history illustrated in her. The other half of the Protestant subject is "William the Silent," founder of the Dutch republic. It is such a class of persons that the author has chosen to dramatically illustrate the world's history, which will be an encyclopedia of biographies, not a continuation of chapters.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

The advocates of the combined principles of physiology, phrenology and physiognomy claim that in them is incorporated the true key to the science of mind. The truth or falsity of this assertion, in the opinion of the writer, remains yet to be proved. Arguments and reasons can be adduced in support of either the affirmative or negative side of the question, but, however much we may reason on this or any other subject, in the absence of stern, stubborn facts to demonstrate the matter to a certainty, there must inevitably be doubts remaining to be cleared up. It is also affirmed, by the exponents of the principles alluded to, that every inherent quality of the mind is indicated by a visible outward sign, and that a thorough knowledge of those signs will enable a person to judge their fellow men as easily as they would read a book. If the system is thus perfect,which yet remains to be proven, it would be safe to say that more of ist votaries have attained to a point of perfection to enable them to minutely determine the qualities of mind possessed by individuals, although some doubtless come near the mark in many particulars. It savors too much of egotism to claim infallibility for any system, the perfection of which has not yet been thoroughly manifested. It can, however, be claimed in behalf of phrenology, etc., that the system incorporates many indisputable truths which are simple enough to be tested by anybody of ordinary intelligence. Nearly EVERYBODY IS A PHYSIOGNOMIST AND PHRENOLOGIST, and many unconsciously pride themselves on their proficiency as such. People are often heard to say, "I always form an opinion of a person at first sight." From what are such opinions formed? From impressions made by the subjects of such opinions. Whence come the impressions? They must be derived from something heard, seen or felt. That something must surely be indicative of qualities of mind possessed by the persons who make the impressions. That impressions regarding individuals pass through one or other or all of the senses is evident from the fact that one may stand in close proximity to a person, and if they are not permitted to see, hear or touch them, they will be unable to form a judgment or opinion in relation to the individual. This shows that impressions, good, bad or indifferent, are generally caused by external indications, although an observer of individualities may be unconscious of this fact through ignorance of the means through which his impressions are derived. Although this is the case, yet there is doubtless a higher method of gauging human character and capacity than that which is manifested through the outward senses by external indications. It is a surer method than the application of the principles of phrenology, etc. "It is a more sure word of prophecy." The name most befitting the inestimable gift would be SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT.

This is a special gift of the Almighty, and is generally bestowed on those of a highly susceptible and spiritual nature. Such are not dependent upon the outward senses to "judge a righteous judgment," for even if not otherwise aware of the proximity of individuals or spirits, they can "feel their presence." This was the gift exercised by the Savior when He read the very thoughts that were passing through the minds of those with whom he associated. It is a power that can scarcely be explained and certainly cannot be understood except by those who have, in some degree, experienced and enjoyed it. When compared with this power, the attainments to be arrived at through phrenology, etc., are as nothing. Therefore, whatever ideas the writer may give in relation to the best mode of judging capacity, etc., let it be understood that he does not claim infallibility for the system and is far from laying such claim for the ideas he may advance, realizing that he knows but little. However, having been requested to write something on the subject, he will endeavor to do so; but, on account of his limited knowledge, his productions will necessarily be somewhat fragmentary.

To be Continued.

Correspondence, Etc.

[NOTE.—Under this heading we insert small, unpretending compositions, that lay no special claim to literary ability, but which are sent with a desire to give variety and a home character to our columns.]

The following, for an unpretending effusion, has some good points. The writer should try again:

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER—TO MOTHER.

Dear Mother, take comfort, let your bright eye be tearless,
Lament not the loss of your darling who's gone;
Far remote from earth's din, in the angels' bright dwelling,
My young heart is beating in love with your own.

In solitude lonely, bid Father be cheerful—
I know that his heart oftimes aches for his boy;
Drive the dark clouds away that around him are hovering,
His sorrow is deep—he's a stranger to joy.

My Brother I left on the earth—how I love him!
In infancy's home, I remember that he
Was indulgent and kind—ever truthful and loving—
Ask him, dear Mother, does he think about me.

You ask me, dear Mother, if I'm happy—and wonder
Who cares for your boy in his new home above
'Mong blest ones in glory—I'm a gem in the circle,
Where innocence basks in the sunshine of love.

On the rough track of life, with the eye of an angel,
I'll watch you, dear mother, where e'er you may roam
And when in ripe years you have ended your journey,
To a bright world above I shall welcome you home.

The ties that unite us are strong and enduring,
Our love for each other no power can destroy;
Though my life on the earth pass'd away like a shadow,
I shall be for ever your own darling boy.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Morgan City, March 10th 1869.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Now cometh the record once written on gold,
That angels from heaven rejoice to unfold,
'Tis clear as the crystal and bright as the light
When morning streams over the shadows of night.

A whisper of words that have slept in the dust,
Yet graven on plates never dimmed by the rust;
They rise from their tomb as the righteous awoke,
When Jesus their slumbers of darkness had broke.

The peal of the thunder that told of his death,
The voice of the stormy wind's hurrying breath,
And sweetness of accents that dropped as he came,
To heal all the sick, and the blind and the lame.

Let glory be sung in the lands of our birth,
That God has presented this book to the earth—
A beacon that ages unborn will yet bless—
A standard to gather the poor from distress.

JABEZ WOODARD.

Music and the Drama.

THE HEART THAT SINGS.

We remember an anecdote of one of the world's great singers that has in it a pretty moral. In his boyhood, his ear was so finely attuned that he could not endure the least discord. His father also possessed a magnificent voice, and his brothers were fine singers. So they often held in the evening, family concerts to the admiration of hundreds of passers-by. The youngest was the one who afterwards became celebrated as a singer, and his brothers were not of the same mother. It happened that *his* mother, poor soul, had no voice to sing, but she had a heart attuned to the praises and glory of God. Now the music sung at evening by the family was always sacred, for the Patriarch of the household was a very Abraham in his religious character, and his wife was a Sarah, possessing "the heart that sings," and an only son. The youngest led as the "soprano boy," the patriarch whose voice at seventy was like a trumpet in its tones and as flexible as a woman's, also sung the "soprano," and the brothers tenor and bass. But the mother—the Sarah of the family—could she be left out of the evening concerts of praise and glory to God, when she was gifted with the "heart that sings" and the soul which, in praise, worships the Creator? No, the mother could not be silent; her part had to be rendered also; but the ear of her boy Isaac could not endure his mother's discord; and so after a while, he would exclaim, disgusted, "Mother, be quiet; don't make such a noise; you put us out of tune." Sarah would burst into tears to hear her Isaac thus chide, for her soul was in tune, if her voice was in discord. "Isaac, Isaac," Abraham would say, "let your poor mother sing; *her heart sings!*"

Now, there is in a city with twenty thousand God-loving people ten thousand voices that can sing in tune, and thousands besides whose hearts are in tune to the praises and glory of God, though their voices would make some little discord. Wherefore, then, should not the ten thousand *voices* sing the praises of their God in the sacred songs and hymns of the Church? Wherefore should not the twenty thousand *hearts* that sing all join in to swell the theme of worship? Think you not there is many a Sarah in Israel whose poor heart is made very dull when that heart has the hymn of praise in it big with speech, but must not give it vent lest some Isaac should chide—"Don't make that noise, you put us out of tune!" How is it, moreover, when a deathlike silence sits upon ten thousand hearts that can sing with ten thousand voices that could, with a fair training of congregational singing, swell out a sonorous harmony to *fill* the great tabernacle of the congregation with a [illegible] of praise, joined in by "every heart that sings." And if there are good mother Sarahs, whose voices make some little discord, can't father Abraham's voice and Judah's voice and Reuben's voice and Isaac's trumpet-tones drown it in the harmony? We object to the great singer Isaac having all the song to himself, and to his rebuke—"Don't make such a noise, you put us out of tune!"

SHAKSPEARE'S WITCHES.

Shakspeare's Witches are not mere beings, but supernatural beings, yet the subject is so nicely managed that these unreal things not only originate the theme and shape the action, but they themselves form so much of the body of the play. They are as much realities upon the stage as Macbeth and Banquo. Thus our dramatist has brought into palpable relation, performing before the audience, the beings of two worlds. Herein is Shakspeare's triumph, that he has given his spirits a dramatic *substance*.

There are other pieces put upon the stage in which the deities of mythology are introduced, but they never impress the audience with the feeling of reality. We [illegible] but [illegible]. They are more of the fairy class of pieces, suitable only for the Christmas holidays, and are not presentable as solid dramatic performances. This is somewhat the case with Shakspeare's play of the "Tempest," which, if presented at all with due effect, requires all that a Charles Kean can do for it in fairy-like embellishments. In this drama of magic, Shakspeare has not evolved a legitimate subject of supernatural beings entering into the action of human life. They smack too much of a defunct mythology. They are [illegible] and references, without, to us, the reality of [illegible], which made them to the Greeks much what the God of Israel and his [illegible] were to the Hebrews—at once a part of their religion and their history. [illegible] Ceres, Juno, nymphs, etc., are introduced, but they are too remote from the class of spirits, either good or evil, who will harmonize with the Hebrew or Christian theology, and they take too little hold of the superstitions of modern times. A [illegible] of supernatural beings brought into a modern play must be in harmony with the theology and superstitions of the times. It must be [illegible] Hebrew or Christian in origin. Our poet evidently felt much of this when composing the "Tempest," which called forth from Prospero, as an apology for the [illegible] of [illegible], one of Shakspeare's most splendid passages, in which we have [illegible] a deep vein of [illegible] metaphysics.

> These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

But in the play of Macbeth, though the witches [illegible] melt into thin air, yet we have *substance* in effect. Between its supernatural beings and action and our own spiritual [illegible] there is both a metaphysical and common [illegible] as [illegible] a relation with the superhuman [illegible] have the souls of evil incarnating [illegible] and the duplex subject held between the [illegible] common action. They [illegible] but seem like the spirits of evil beings [illegible] their wicked part in the other world, [illegible] They are still taking [illegible] earth, and their [illegible] attachment in them toward mortal [illegible] life was also theirs in its relation [illegible] but as the [illegible] more from the [illegible] and they are made more modern [illegible] Israel, who was [illegible] in the [illegible] the weird [illegible] to have [illegible] to [illegible] they implored [illegible] our [illegible] that she had been [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] upon [illegible] take part [illegible] in our [illegible] Shakspeare [illegible] spirit of [illegible]

It [illegible] people [illegible] the stage, for, in [illegible] to [illegible] human [illegible] part, of the [illegible] related to our [illegible] theology [illegible]

The Dr[illegible] formed in [illegible] first lifted [illegible] to the [illegible] history, and the [illegible] that period [illegible] understand the symbols of art and [illegible] our peculiar religion.

The theatre is [illegible] institution. It [illegible] down of the barriers [illegible] public [illegible]—a temple [illegible] art, and art [illegible]

We have [illegible] the drama [illegible] that it [illegible] the better policy to rank it high morally and intellectually than to rank it low in the scale. It has fulfilled a mission in Utah. In 1862, when our theatre opened, there was scarcely a professional [illegible] in our midst. But to-day we have musicians, actors, [illegible] and authors, occupying an acknowledged legitimate sphere. The theatre is not to be credited with the whole of these results; but the result which we [illegible] is that with us, as in every nation, the professions spring up together; that of the stage is among the first. It has fulfilled its place in Utah and we give to it due credit without designing more,

Our Home Humorists.

THE ODDITIES AND HUMBUGS OF LIFE.

CONTINUED AND COMPLETED.

BY QUIZ.

It is a long time now since Quiz, in the fullness of his soul, commenced to enlighten the public on the nature of Humbugs in general. He had given the subject up for a time, but Humbug is too important a subject to pass over lightly; he therefore returns, determined to give the reader (who is, of course, no humbug), the benefit of his vast experience on the subject. For the sake of those not personally acquainted with the lucubrations of his gigantic brain, he begins again at the beginning, with the charitable purpose of never stopping again until he has exposed everybody but himself.

Fearful lest we hurt anybody of too delicate a texture, we now present our pathetic preface as of old.

The oddities and humbugs of human life constitute our theme—those petty and unobserved weaknesses that exist in each of us, known well enough to everybody but ourselves. These we shall seek to point out—to portray; that, seeing, we may avoid. Only one thing at the start we must set down, and most positively insist upon, if we never have our own way again as long as we live, whatever we paint, whatever we portray, we never by any means refer to—the reader.

It was our practise when we were a little boy, (we never were a big one, we took to being a man directly after that), to stand inside the porches of house doors in the big city of London and watch the passers-by. Here we made our first acquaintanceship with the "oddities of life," but they were of a peculiar kind; that strange conglomerated crowd embracing every variety of the human species, running after money and dear life in one of the world's large cities; oddities of costume, carriage, countenance, and gesture—oddities slovenly, smart, dandified, neat or showy, knowing, gawking, contemplating, quizzing, manly, dignified, easy, awkward and affected; some of these we may succeed in portraying.

Another feature of our experience, however, did not lie in the mere oddities of life, but in a department with a harder name—the humbugs of life; their name is legion—humbugs imposed on society—humbugs imposed on one's self. At these we propose to let fly the satirist's shaft.

There are, doubtless, individuals in this community, as everywhere else, good illustrations of each species of character we shall introduce. We shall not aim at them but at the class, and if individuals belong to such class, we cannot help it; we wish they did n't.

"THE PUBLIC WANT."

One of the most prominent and soul-comforting facts discovered by Quiz, shortly after entering life, was revealed in the pleasing assurance imparted to him all round, that nobody ever did anything specially for their own glory or good, but all that was done, whether in the way of private or public enterprise by anybody, was most decidedly originated and carried on solely for the welfare of the public at large. This delightful fact was soon impressed upon my youthful understanding in a variety of ways. I learned it from my first schoolmaster. This generous man, as he informed us in a little circular upon his taking "Barking House Academy," had felt moved thereto by "an earnest desire for the welfare of the children of the neighborhood," and not in the least by any reference to sundry shillings which the urchins were to pay him per week. Hardly had I got over the infliction of so much uncalled-for benevolence upon my youthful person before I found that all my school-books, from the primer upwards, had been written for me on the same principle. Every author, as was most prominently manifested in his preface, had observed that the last author of a similar work had failed to make the spelling of d-o-g dog and c-a-t cat, sufficiently clear to my youthful comprehension, or he had noticed, with sorrow of spirit, that the picture of the cat alphabetically accompanying the big letter C, was too much like a dog to do any good, "with a view, therefore, to remedy this defect and to meet the necessities of the public," (not his necessities by any means) he had sacrificed his time to get out a better book.

Could I fail to believe under these circumstances, in the intense moral elevation of the world in which I had so recently arrived? Especially, in after years, when I learned that the same reckless expenditure of benevolence had been going on long before I was born, for the very clergyman who married my parents had "taken up his cross," in accepting six thousand dollars per year, most particularly with a view that such young rascals as myself might in a legal and proper way become a resident of this particular section of the solar system.

But clergymen and schoolmasters were not the only individuals, I discovered, who were living perpetually on the altar of sacrifice. No indeed! the whole neighborhood were affected with the same sacrificial spirit. Store-keepers sold at alarming sacrifices—selling "below prime cost" was the natural bent of their disposition. They could n't help it! A man cannot go against his nature, hence they never made anything, except it was accidentally or through subordinates against their strict orders. The very keepers of common ale houses—sellers of Alton ale, a species of drink popular with many in England—modestly unfolded their unpretentious desires in the following interesting disclosure: "Established to supply the public with pure Alton ale." Was it not good to go to all the trouble of establishing themselves that a thirsty public might have pure Alton ale? Why not let them get it how they could? Simply because the overflowings of their generous natures drowned every other consideration. Yet infatuated clergymen were at that very time insisting upon the fallen nature of man and its tendency to evil, when here was alehouse nature, to say the least, wastefully throwing itself away, for no other purpose in the world than that an ungrateful public—from whom of course they never expected the least return—might be supplied with Alton ale in purity. Is it wonderful, that finding myself surrounded with so much philanthropy, I determined upon going into the same business myself?

If these things had not been sufficient to give my youthful mind that philanthropic bias for which all the Quizes have been so eminently distinguished, and which philanthropy is now expending itself in these very articles—published solely for public good—I should have, of necessity, caught the disease, when on going out into "the wide, wide world"—the very widest with which I am at any rate personally acquainted—a few years after, I found myself floundering in such a sea of general benevolence that if I am not full of the same commodity I certainly ought to be. I very soon found that every newspaper or magazine published in the world had been set on foot not for money—certainly not—but, as the prospectus said, to "meet a want long felt in that department." In fact it was this very principle that led to the publishing of *this* magazine; and this, of course, constitutes the great difference, between our paper and all the papers previously published in this place.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TELLEDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TEMPTER AND THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

Beppo, the foster-brother of Terese, though a peasant and bearing a name common enough for any ragged bandit, had become, since we introduced him, a higher type of character than when he first struck our attention. His essential character, now he had become a man, was the same as when a boy, but it had become elaborated and of a finer texture. He was Beppo still, but Beppo in a higher form, with considerable polish and education. The Italian nature is very susceptible of being drawn out and elaborated into artistic character. Italy creates a new nobility—sends to every civilized nation an aristocracy of *artistes*, especially of the empire of music. What wonder, then, that Beppo should, like his foster-sister, have become one of them? What wonder that he should now be the principal *tenore* at the opera house, where his foster-sister was *prima donna!*

What has made this transformation in this wild boy's nature? What has made him an *artiste*, when not unlikely he would have become one of the banditti, whom he used to visit in the mountains when Terese was offended with him? What had transformed Beppo—the would-have-been bandit—to the principal tenor singer of that opera house? The same magician who had half created the Terese, whom Rome worshipped, and who gave to her the sceptre of song. 'T was the magician Love! Here let the transformed foster-brother appear on the afternoon of the evening of the performance of *Terese's* opera, related in a former chapter.

By that beautiful villa on the suburbs of Rome, where lived Spontini and his pupil the *prima donna*, loitered the foster-brother of Terese. His mood was not in keeping with the soft sunny serenity around, which seemed like the halo of paradise fringing that abode of art. Beppo, who had become known to the public as Signor Farinelli, was a shade in that bright-looking land-cape. Imagine him as a Cain, or an Esau or Ishmael, brooding in moody jealousy over his birth-right. Walter was the Jacob who had wrestled and prevailed. Not that Sir Walter had sought the maiden's love, though as we have seen from their first meeting, he became the master of her soul and fate.

As a boy, Beppo was Terese's slave. As a man to be her slave still, as then, took in every desire and hope of his life. To be her slave but blessed with more of her love than others held, he would have sold his soul to the Arch Tempter of mankind. Until Sir Walter Templar came, this was how he stood with his foster-sister, for she loved the passionate jealous Beppo more than any other. But Walter Templar came, and how could stand her slave beside her master?

Within that beautiful abode of art on the suburbs of Rome, and sitting in the music room, were Sir Walter Templar and the *prima donna*. Terese had requested him to sing to her from Spontini's opera, *La Vestale*. Without, near the window, in a dark, passionate jealousy, listening, was the foster-brother, Signor Farinelli. Perhaps there was the mingled passion of a two-fold jealousy in his soul, for Walter's voice was superior to his own, both in quality and power, and especially in its majestic declamatory capacity.

"Holy Virgin, I shall go mad!" burst from the tortured soul of the foster-brother. "Oh! that he had never darkened our path. I hate his very shadow, for it blackens the whole prospect of my life. From the hour he came to our quiet, beautiful village that gave birth to Terese and me—oh! from that accursed hour he has been my fate as well as hers. Often have I been tempted to plunge my dagger into his heart, yet somehow, I dare not; Terese would have suspected me. She, I know, has read my deep love for her. Holy Mother, how deep is the poor foster-brother's love for Terese! I have educated myself for her, and like her, have won the sphere of a principal singer. Mother of God, what a voice my rival has! It makes me tremble as I listen. I was but a fool to think of matching him, and by keeping pace with her, win her back from him. He is betrothed to his cousin, that I know. That would leave Terese to me still. 'T is not the custom for noblemen to marry peasant girls, nor *artistes* of the stage. They make right gallant lovers, but not husbands. By the God who made me, if Sir Walter Templar wrongs my foster-sister, I will plunge my dagger into his heart, if I follow him through the world. I could forgive his marrying her, for she loves him and would be happy; and oh, Holy Mother! Beppo would not have his foster-sister sacrificed to secure his own happiness; but I would not forgive him if he trifled with her. Oh, I would deeply avenge Terese, if Sir Walter Templar played her false."

The poor foster-brother of the Hebrew maiden was "not all dross." He was, as a boy, ungovernable in his passions and was still gloomy and jealous in his character, but his deep and genuine love for his foster-sister redeemed him and created the "soul of goodness in things evil. Terese's happiness was more to him than his own, and though he would have bartered his soul to make her his bride, yet if it could not be otherwise, to see her happy he would have her Sir Walter Templar's honored wife. In view of this, the hopeless foster brother would often in his solitary ramblings murmur:

"I shall never know wife nor children of mine. I have loved Terese since I rocked her in her cradle. All my thoughts, feelings and actions have been hers. I was her slave, am her slave, must ever remain her slave. Oh, I can never wed another! I hate all the world in my love for her. Would to the Holy Virgin they had never met, and then Terese had been the wife of her foster brother. But she never can love me now as she does him. I know it. I must be her slave still, for I love her as she does Sir Walter Templar. Well, she will be a titled lady. I ought not to complain. I shall be wifeless and childless, but I will nurse *her* children, and give to them my love for their mother."

Such were often the musings of the foster-brother's solitary ramblings. Like all persons of a moody, hopeless or misanthropic character, solitude to him was nature's ruling institution. "Men who hold but little communion with others often talk to themselves," and he did that afternoon, as he listened outside that paradise of art, on the suburbs of Rome, to the magnificent voice of Sir Walter.

Ha! and there were others who, on that sun-bright afternoon, loitered near that Eden, in which dwelt Walter and Terese, with their friend Lord Frederick and guardian master Spontini.

Softly one approached the foster-brother. Sir Herbert was near, and the expression of his countenance was full of wickedness and beclouded with plots. Softer and more insinuating than the master was the approach of the mentor. *His* face was no index of present plots or designs of evil against any one. There was the stamp of wickedness on his countenance it is true, but it was an insinuating wickedness, which suggested that he would consummate his villainy without any personal ill-will to his victims. He was a very Mephistopheles in type.

"Signor Farinelli!

So softly was his name spoken that the foster-brother was but half aroused from his self-abstraction.

"Signor Farinelli,' again was insinuatingly uttered by the mentor.

"Well, Signor. Your business with me."

"My good Signor Farinelli, excuse me if I break upon your study.'

"I am but a listener, Signor."

"Like myself, Signor Farinelli, or I would not have addressed you. Had you been rehearsing—oh, in that case, Signor, I would not cheat the musical world of Rome to-night of one of your brilliant effects."

"Your business, Signor, I say. Flattery is distasteful," said the singer, somewhat rudely.

"I hope I have not offended, Farinelli."

"Nor pleased nor offended. Good day, Signor. I see you have no real business with me. I am not disposed for idle gossip."

"Courteous Farinelli, one simple question, I pray you," put in Sir Herbert.

"Well, Signor stranger, I listen."

"Will you have the politeness to name the fellow pupil of the enchanting Terese?"

"What is Terese to you, Signor? I know you gallants. She is my foster-sister, signor. I warn you she likes not your dulcet tongue, gallants. You had better not begin the chase."

"Ha! Farinelli suspicious, watchful. Your foster-sister! Ha, ha! Signor! Are you not jealous, then, of that dark young English nobleman, with his splendid voice? By the Pope! Signor Farinelli, his voice rivals your own."

"Doubtless our *prima tenore* was in a trance of admiration of his rival's voice, Sir Herbert. Let us retire, we break the spell," insinuated Snap.

The foster-brother became dark as a thunder-cloud with pas-

sion, and threateningly clutched his dagger. But this was what the master and his *valet* had aimed for. They had taken the cue at once to the singer's love for his foster-sister.

"Frown not so fiercely, Signor; I love not your rival, man."

"Beware, sir stranger! How know you he is my rival? Terese is only my foster-sister."

"I say he is your rival. Clutch not your dagger so threateningly. See you not that my servant is prepared to send a bullet through your head before you could strike? I will tell you a secret, Farinelli. I hate Sir Walter Templar as much as you can hate him. He is in the way of both of us, my good Farinelli. Do you understand me? Ha! I see you do. A fortuneless singer, even of your abilities, is no equal, single-handed, for a wealthy English nobleman—aye, and with such a voice, too. But I will help you, my good friend. By the Pope! Sir Walter Templar managed, as we will manage him together, Farinelli, and you would wed your foster-sister—the enchanting Terese."

The tempter's insidious speech evidently had its effect upon the singer, but without reply he turned and abruptly left Sir Walter and his *valet*.

"Snap, you observant rascal, we have caught the right cue. Eh, you admirable prince of villainy, what think you? Is not the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna* Sir Walter Templar?"

"Sir Walter Templar is the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna*, Sir Herbert."

"And the foster-brother?"

"Loves Terese, Sir Herbert."

"We shall mould him to our purpose. Eh, Snap?"

"We shall mould him to our purpose, Sir Herbert."

Evidently the master was elated with a wicked satisfaction at finding what, he had no doubt, would be a trump card in the singer, to play against Sir Walter Templar; but Snap—you could not move that genuine villain. He went into wickedness and dark plots with as much unconcern as he would take his breakfast. He answered his master with his peculiar, soft, insinuating manner and voice.

"You think, you match for Satan, that we shall be able to mould this jealous foster-brother?"

"I think we shall be able to mould this foster-brother, Sir Herbert."

"By the fiend! he is a lucky trump in our hands."

"Very lucky trump, Sir Herbert."

Snap was not a man of many words, except when needed, and then he had a tongue which could "wheedle the devil." When he agreed with his master, he was in the habit of repeating his words in the affirmative.

Once again that day the tempter found the foster-brother in a fitting mood for his dark purposes. It was after the successful performance of Terese's opera.

Half hid behind the carriage of Terese at the opera house door was the foster-brother, whose keen, jealous ear caught the few expressive words which passed between Sir Walter Templar and Terese. As the carriage drove away with Spontini and his successful pupil, Signor Farinelli retreated into the darkness, muttering:

"Ha! There is another who knows the secret of that opera. Another who knows it is her own history."

"So, so," whispered the tempter in the ear of his *valet* Snap, "'t is the *prima donna's* own history."

"And Sir Walter the hero, Sir Herbert."

"The foster-brother is in a proper mood, Snap."

"Very proper mood, Sir Herbert."

The tempter and his master were concealed in the darkness and had allowed the singer to advance a few steps during their soft whispering. They quickened their pace and in a moment were beside Farinelli. Laying his hand upon the young Italian's shoulder with tempting softness, which scarcely startled him, he whispered:

"Sir Walter Templar will take his fair prize from your native Italy to his own land unless we prevent him."

The foster-brother writhed with agony.

"He will wed her who would have been your wife, had he never met her."

"Tempter, leave me! I will not obey you."

"I think he will *not* wed her. I believe I erred when I said Sir Walter Templar would marry the *prima donna*. He will make her his mistress, good Farinelli."

The singer stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt, quivering in every nerve.

"She loves him, Farinelli," added Sir Herbert, who saw that Snap had struck deep, perhaps into an old wound. "She loves him. That opera which I heard you mutter concealed her history; shows Sir Walter Templar's influence over her. He cannot wed her, if he would, for he is betrothed to his cousin, Eleanor Courtney. That I know, for I have made myself acquainted with his family items. I say, Farinelli, he cannot wed her, even if he would; but not unlikely he loves the *prima donna*. Now, my dear Farinelli, unless we separate them, Terese, loving Walter Templar, and he loving her, yet wedding his cousin, what follows? She will become his mistress."

The foster-brother, with a cry of rage, sprang upon the tempter, and seized him by the throat and hissed into his ear:

"Devil! slandering, plausible villain, I would deal with him thus as I deal with you until I had his life, or I would plunge my dagger into his heart, as I am tempted to do into thine, before this should happen. Think you I do not watch and guard her, fool?"

In spite of Sir Herbert's struggles, the foster-brother held him in a grip of iron, and had not Snap been but a few steps behind, he might in his rage have done more than he designed and strangled him outright.

"Loose your hold, good Signor," and Snap brought the cold muzzle of his pistol to the singer's temples.

"Quick, loose your hold, or your brains will be scattered upon the ground."

The voice of Snap, which had not lost its soft insinuation, even in such an exciting moment, brought Farinelli to himself and he released his grip upon Sir Herbert's throat. The baronet, half strangled, was caught by his *valet* and the singer walked on.

"Good night, Signor Farinelli. I shall have the pleasure of your acquaintance when you are in a more amiable mood."

"Damnation! Your pistol, Snap. I will put a bullet through him."

"Not so, Sir Herbert, I like it. Not comfortable to you, of course. Imagine Sir Walter in his grip and Farinelli's dagger in his heart."

"But, curse him, I never forgave a blow."

"He did not give one, Sir Herbert."

"The furies take him, he nearly strangled me."

"He was showing you how he intended to do with Sir Walter."

"I will punish him for this."

"So would I; but use him first, Sir Herbert."

"But shall we be able to mould him to our purpose, Snap?"

"Yes. What you insinuated to him was so probable. Why, he was nearly the death of yourself at the bare suggestion. He will look at the picture you gave him until he believes it reality, and then for the sticking point, Sir Herbert."

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE IN A LABYRINTH.

Morning is awaking. It is three o'clock of that to-morrow promised to Terese, and the soul of Sir Walter Templar is revolving in chaos.

Well has the immortal Shakspeare given as the mission of the drama to hold the mirror up to nature. In that mirror upon the operatic stage, Walter and his friend had reviewed the history of the last four years, saw it with a new light and was startled by the revelations which it made. Even the light-hearted Fred viewed that romance which had been so innocent and delightful to them, with a sad and serious spirit; and as he laid for several hours upon his bed, thoughtfully watching his troubled friend who sat by his writing table motionless, manifesting scarcely an external sign of life, young De Lacy wondered concerning the doubtful future. So strongly internal was the manifestion of Sir Walter's thoughts and feelings, that it seemed almost as if life was suspended; but there was nothing rigid and marble-like in his appearance. There he sat for hours, a soft, drooping, motionless figure, whose suspended life had retired within itself—as a mourner whose soul had entered into the holy of holies of its own nature, to weep unseen for itself and other-.

Close upon three in the morning and Fred is in peaceful unconsciousness of sweet repose, but Walter is showing signs of restlessness. Excepting the silent grasp of Fred's hand on their way home, it is the first physical expression of his thoughts and feelings since he parted with Terese at the carriage door at the opera house, with the implied promise that to-morrow the issue to himself and her should be known.

Three in the morning of that promised to-morrow, and it is evident from the acute expression of pain, care of thought and profound trouble seen strongly marked upon Sir Walter's dark intellectual countenance, that there has come not only the crisis in the life of Terese, but also that in the life of Walter Templar. He has been straining his mental gaze since the revelation of last night with such an intensity of thoughtful power that had almost

suspended physical animation, but it [illegible] three in the morning and no morning star of the happiness of himself and the Hebrew maiden had appeared. Frothead often of late felt a presentiment of some unknown crisis, which might change the character and life of Sir Walter from its resemblance to glorious moon-illuminated, star-bespangled Night, to Night shorn of her glory and awful in her uncertainty.

Terese is on the altar and if she is consumed, it will be by a holy love growing out of a beautiful, gifted nature, orphan surroundings, and daily association with a master spirit. Walter is now also upon the altar; and if he is consumed, it will be by the divinest fires and noblest passions of his soul. Will stern fate demand the sacrifice of both, or will she save them both? Shall they be consumed upon the altar built up by the purest of generous youth's intentions and the dear associations of four years, which genius had hallowed and angels would have shared? It is three in the morning and Walter Templar cannot answer—cannot prognosticate his fate and hers.

Three in the morning of that to-morrow is passed and a change has come over the life of Sir Walter Templar. He no longer presents the appearance of soft, drooping, motionless, thoughtful, melancholy—a mourning soul who had entered into the holy of holies to weep. He better resembles chaos now. His profound and subtle mind had been following the intricacies and difficulties of the case of Terese and himself, and the crossings which has met him in every path of their future, has brought him out of a deep calm into a tempestuous ocean.

"O Fred, my friend—my brother, how peaceful thou sleepest, dreaming perchance of happiness with thy betrothed, while the companions of that romance so pleasing to thee are upon the rack. The brightness of thy picture makes mine blacker by contrast. O Terese, Terese!"

He stole softly from his chamber, which had become oppressive. Sleep with the elements of his soul tempestuous and his mind upon the rack? Nay, that was impossible. As well bid the ship in the mightiest storm to rest in motionless quiet, or the raging elements of that storm itself to tranquil peace, as to bid Sir Walter Templar now to sleep. Into the garden—into the garden, Walter Templar. Vent—vent for thy feelings and thoughts—vent—vent to the chaos and storm within thy soul!"

"O Walter, Walter! how is it with thee? Beloved of the soul of Terese! how is it with thee?" wailed the Hebrew maiden upon her sleepless couch.

Where is thy Walter, maiden? How is it with him? It is dark without, no moon, no star in the sky. 'Tis four in the morning of that promised to-morrow, maiden, and thy Walter is in the garden. All without is clothed with the thick drapery of darkness, for it is the black season of the year. Thy Walter is in the garden, Terese, waiting for morning of the promised to-morrow, in a fever of mind and impatience to speak with thee of the issue to himself and thee. It is four in the morning, but morning seems not to have come. Ominous to thy beloved and thee! Dark is the season of the year; dark is nature without; in the sky no moon or star! Such is thy Walter in the garden, maiden. How shalt thou be illuminated then.

"He will not spurn the offering because Terese is a peasant child, and he a wealthy noble, of proud, wealthy England, nor that I am a daughter of a despised or, cast people!

Terese had repeated this assurance to herself many times, for in it she found the consolation of certainty. Walter, with his somewhat heterodox and defiant character, which made him disposed to do what others would not do on the side of nature's claims and the ingenuousness of unartificial man, would, she well knew, choose her sooner for what she was, and what they had been together in the past than he would had she been an empress.

One of his outbursts of soliloquy as he paced the garden-walk illustrates the correctness of the maiden's view of the character of Sir Walter Templar.

"Pshaw! Tell me not of propriety! The propriety of our part is here—here in my own heart. I had power to win a young girl's heart—I had one myself to lose! There lies the wrong, the only impropriety to me; and to this I was blind—blind so long, perhaps, because blindness was bliss, and the revelation of light our darkness made visible. All other impropriety I would have spoken away with a word. I would have said, Terese, be my wife! I would have said to the world, Terese, the gifted maiden, is my wife! Had they told me she is a peasant girl,' I would have answered, 'she is a child of genius.' I would say to those who deemed that character plebeian, 'Terese is the wife of Sir Walter Templar!' aye, and I would have maintained her in that quality, at least, against all gainsayers of my class. Oh! but while I was blind to the future, which this revelation of love would have made [illegible], there was hid behind the curtain of this [illegible] companionship with Terese, the betrothal of my cousin to the expectations of my family. This has changed a bright opening day to one which I saw not, yet felt its blessedness into a dark to me which I dreamed not of."

That alone was the view that made all dark to Walter Templar: that was the threatening cloud which Terese beheld and trembled as she gazed. In its darkness and the crossings in their path, love was lost in the labyrinth.

CHAPTER XV.

ELEANOR COURTNEY BETROTHED TO TERESE THE BELOVED.

Eleanor Courtney, his cousin, was the betrothed of young Sir Walter Templar. His parents and uncle, Sir Richard Courtney, who, struck by the remarkable resemblance which existed between Walter and Eleanor in person and character, very naturally, though very unwisely, had looked upon them as proper mates when maturity should come. In the circle of the select exclusive aristocracy of England, the proper mating of families is an all-important matter, and as Walter was the only son and heir of his house, and Sir Richard Courtney without a son, who could be chosen better than Walter as the husband of Sir Richard's eldest daughter? He would represent in him at the head of his father and mother's family—the hereditary representative of the Templars and a fitting representative of the Courtneys. Indeed, it was evident from the extraordinary resemblance in character and person between him and his cousin Eleanor, that he was more a Courtney than a Templar. What wonder then that his parents and uncle should entertain the very plausible design of mating Walter and Eleanor, and as his father Sir Walter, died when he was a boy and left him to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Richard, everything in the future seemed to favor that design as one which would fulfill itself most naturally, and without a cross. Doubtless, also, it would, had he not have met Terese and been associated with her in so delightful a romance in which love had sprung up in the hearts of both. This was the matter which so troubled Sir Walter in the revelation of the heart of Terese, which also dashed out the revelation of his own.

By the subtle mysterie power which the ruling spirit of Walter Templar possessed over her, Terese, as remarked before, had grown to think his thoughts, feel his feelings, was affected by his sympathies, and all hers ran upon him. She was, in fact, like the plastic wax upon which was stamped his image and character. But Eleanor was Walter in her own nature. The Creative Mind and Hand had fashioned her in the image and likeness of Walter Templar. She was not like Terese, yet she was a fitting type of one Hebrew daughter—the heroic Judith who struck off the head of the Assyrian captain to free her people and save the holy city. Such a deed was the sublime Eleanor worthy to perform.

What a rival for Terese. More than a rival was Eleanor. Had she been no more, Terese had won the prize for which her opera closed, and Walter could have come joyfully on the promised to-morrow to declare the happy issue, to tell her that their path was without a cross in love's bright prospect—that the future before them was day, not night.

But Eleanor was the betrothed of Walter. She was a member of his family for whom he would give his life. She was also a twin soul made in the same mould, for whom he would sacrifice his life a thousand times. And he to her! how stood the case? There was no one to be created who looked upon from so high a point of view as her own in Walter. There might be many more in the world his equal, his superior in many points, but in some respects it would have been difficult to overmatch him, and thus Eleanor looked upon him with all that pride of family which also so strongly trained Walter's character. But the pride of Terese in her beloved, was the pride of an affectionate yearning of woman's heart.

Now, the love of family which tinged so deeply and entirely the character of Sir Walter Templar and his cousin Eleanor, was not pride of aristocracy and class, but that same instinct of race and tribe which existed in patriarchal days, before aristocracy had birth, and when founders of families and fathers of nations were no more than lords of sheep and pasturage. Here again did Eleanor Courtney resemble Judith the Hebrew heroine; and perhaps in this trait both she and Walter were Jewish in type of character. What then in two such natures such dominant souls had stood between this family love, between two betrothed cousins who had often nestled in one cradle and who grew up together in early life. Poor Terese, even thy strong woman's love, returned by Walter with all the intensity of his passionate nature, cannot prevail unless Eleanor herself should give her betrothed to thee.

Eleanor would have made her cousin Walter emperor of the world, had she possessed the power, and would have sooner seen him dead in glory than dishonored in life. Terese, in her woman's love, would follow him through every phase of his life, even should dishonor mark his footsteps and crime stain his soul. She would be as the angel of Mercy weeping over him, and his grave of glory would be to her a horrid tomb.

Walter, in turn, would have made Eleanor empress of the world and he would have battled for her against a host. Terese, he would nestle in his heart. A fearful vengeance would he take upon the heads of any who had harmed Eleanor. Terese he would shelter from harm as he would a tender child. Eleanor had been his equal, his counselor, often his guide. She had helped to mould him and he had helped to fashion her. Thoughts, and purposes, and programmes, of his life were partly from the mind of Eleanor, and part of her mind and views had originated with him. They were two positive spirits of the same order. Terese was his medium. She was the one most fitted to be his wife, for he was as the strong majestic oak, and she as the loving ivy clinging around that royal tree—that type of strength and power.

But then should Eleanor, looking upon him as her future husband, love him with the passion of the sexes for their mate! What if, to the love of family, there has also grown up in her heart a woman's love? How awful would it be in her strong nature, should disappointment, broken vows of her cousin high-pinnacled in her mind, and a successful rival come in her life? What a wreck there would be of Eleanor, Terese, Walter and his family.

"Oh, Terese, Terese, I cannot give up thy love so newly revealed, so unspeakably dear to my heart. Oh, Terese, I would not bid thee love thy Walter less to save his soul from perdition. Oh, Eleanor! sister of my nature, would thou wert here to advise me and be my guide in this most dark, uncertain hour. Oh, would thou wert here, that I might throw myself at thy feet and pour out my soul into thy large sympathising heart!"

Had Eleanor been there, the crosses might, perchance, have been swept away and love taken out of the labyrinth by her hand: but, without his cousin, Walter could not, dared not decide for himself and Terese.

HANDEL IN DUBLIN.

THE MILTON OF MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE.

On Handel's arrival in Dublin, he announced his intention, to the musical patrons in that city, of bringing out his oratorio for the benefit of a public charity.

Handel and Jenny Lind were great tacticians; they both gloried in tendering their services gratuitously for public charities. But doubtless it was humanity, as well as a knowledge that such an announcement would make a favorable impression in the public mind, that prompted them both to give their assistance on all occasions for the benefit of the poor; at all events, such promptings always proved successful. In this instance, the idea benefitted Handel, for it enlisted the services of Matthew Dubergg, the celebrated violinist and favorite pupil of Geminiani, as the leader of his orchestra, who was at that time in Dublin as composer and master of the king's band of music.

He was also fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Mrs. Cibber as his principal soprano vocalist. Mrs. Cibber was the sister to Dr. Arne, the celebrated English composer, who is the author of many classical anthems, and some fine compositions in the operatic line. The Doctor was a great admirer of Handel's works, which in all probability induced his sister to assist Handel in sustaining the principal soprano solos of "The Messiah." The above idea appears to be correct as by historical accounts, she did not profess to be a competent vocalist. However, the following quotation proves that she had one of the most essential requisites for the interpretation of the poet and musician: "Though her knowledge of music was slight," says the reviewer of this Festival, "and her voice thin, yet she threw such natural pathos into—'He was despised and rejected of men,'—which was adapted by Handel, to suit her voice;—that she touched the heart, where others, with more science and a superior organ, could only reach the ear."

Principal singers would do well to follow this lady's example and render the compositions appointed to them with that expression that would not only interpret the poet and musician faithfully, but would secure the attention and touch the heart of their hearers by such truthful rendition.

Handel's success in Dublin was triumphant; and, on his return to London in 1742, the opposition had subsided. He immediately reproduced his "Messiah," and its high merits were fully acknowledged. During Handel's life, and for many subsequent years, it was annually performed in London, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; and, to this day, no musical festival is considered complete, unless this oratorio be a principal part of the performance.

"Handel, who may be called the Milton of music, was the discoverer of the great truth that there is a sublime in music as well as in poetry and painting. No composer has more strength and majesty, his very elegance has a sublime simplicity. Eminently imbued with the truth of revelation, and well read in the Holy Scriptures, to him it was a labor of love to compose sacred music. He could convey by harmony whatever feeling he pleased."

Instance the strong and prophetic declamation and beautiful elegance displayed in that Recitativo, "Comfort ye, my people saith your God." Listen also to the initiatory *obligato* passages written for the hautboy and *fagotti* in the same piece. The progressive beauty displayed in these imitations cannot fail to enchant all lovers of classical melodies. Again, how exulting is the choral swell of "For unto us a child is born;" how full of trusting faith is the graceful and expressive air "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" how melancholy the feeling of "He was despised;" how triumphant that glorious duet, "O Death, where is thy sting." Listen also to the grand and joyous effect brought out by the voluminous unity of ten thousand well trained voices sounding in pure harmony the praises of the Most High in the "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Who, with a soul for music, whether learned or unlearned in the beautiful art, that can fail to be entranced by the perfect rendition of such a composition? It is customary in England, when this sublime chorus is performed for the audience to rise *en masse* and remain standing until the conclusion of this composition.

In fact, grandeur, simplicity and solemnity are the characteristics of "The Messiah."

The scientific ingenuity in the last great chorus of this work has induced me to postpone my review of this learned composition until my fifth and last article of my first series of Handel's works.

A SONG TO DOROTHY.

Dorothy, I have loved you long—
Longer than I can say,
And I want to indite you a short little song,
Dorothy, if I may.

Dorothy, when I loved you first,
Everything seemed so queer:
I thought that my heart would be sure to burst
For love of you, Dorothy dear.

Dorothy, if I loved you not,
Easily you might guess
That earth would to me be a weariful spot
Might n't you, Dorothy? Yes.

Dorothy, if I loved you more—
Not being quite so shy—
If you looked upon me and my love as a bore,
Dorothy, I should die.

Dorothy, if I loved you less,
And did n't much care to see
Your eyes and your hands and your gloves and your dress,
Dorothy, 't would n't be me.

Dorothy, if you love me too,
Worry me, sure, you won't:
But, mind, I do n't want you to say you do,
Dorothy, if you do n't.

Dorothy, if you 're not for me,
If you must answer "No,"
When I come begging upon my knee—
Dorothy, let me go.

Dorothy, if I find you out
Mocking me, by-and-by,
Laughing me down for a loving lout,
Dorothy, mind your eye.

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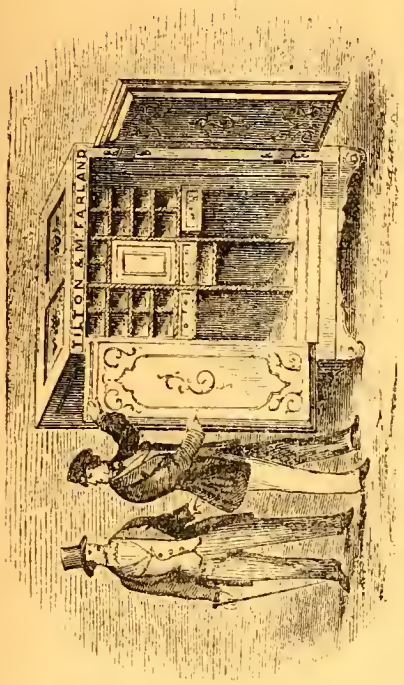

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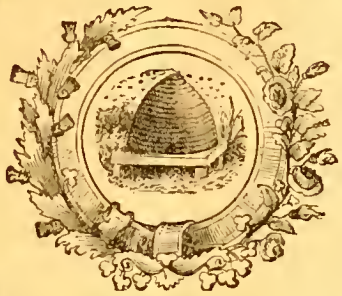
THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 7] SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 19, 1869. [Vol. 3

WAIT, MY DARLING, WAIT.

There's a pale bright star in the heavens to-night,
A star that no eye can see;
To the world at large it sends no light;
It shineth alone for me.

There's an angel singing in heaven to-night,
Singing a gladsome glee;
But the hurrying world can hear her not—
She singeth alone for me.

I know who it is, for a while ago
We laid her away to rest
On the green hillside, where the wild flowers grow.
And the birds sing with joyous zest.

She is waiting for me by the golden gate
Of her bright and happy home,
And her crown, a star, casts a blessed light
On the paths where my footsteps roam.

* * * * * * *

A little while by the golden gate.
Wait, my dear one, wait;
I only tarry for night to come—
Wait, my darling, wait.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

Deddington was a great place, as it appeared to me when I lived there twenty years ago; and its people were a high, superior race, suited to their place of abode.

Two houses in the town were conspicuous above the rest. One of them was called "Myrtle House" (not that there were any myrtles near it, which, indeed, were as rare as turtles in that part of the country,) and was the residence of Miss Bellamy, a maiden lady then about fifty.

Myrtle House was the largest house in the town—a massive square stone building, with a front nearly all windows and a porch with pillars of fine polished marble.

Miss Bellamy was known to be a lady of great wealth. Her father had been, many years previously, a successful barrister, and she, his only child, had succeeded to her fortune while yet young. An early disappointment, some said—inability in the male sex in general to find courage to propose to so rich a lady, others said—had kept her single, and single there was every prospect of her remaining.

For, indeed, when she walked out on fine days with her footman behind her and her lapdog beside her, or when, on wet days, she brought out her big carriage (for she kept a carriage), he would have been a bold man who, seeing her, could have conceived the notion of making an offer of marriage to Miss Bellamy.

The other house of the two was the house of my uncle. It was not nearly so grand as Myrtle House, and it had no special name of its own, being merely known as "Lawyer Enoch's, in Broad Street;" but it was a good, substantial house, much bigger than most of the other houses in town.

Externally the most remarkable thing about it was that the front door was approached by a series of steps—quite a long flight it seemed to me—with a hand-rail beside them for safety. And as my uncle himself happened to be—or seemed to be, which was the same thing—the tallest man whom I had ever, up to that time, seen going about loose, I imagined the steps had been put there to assist the advantages which nature had given him in getting a good view of the surrounding country. He was my father's younger brother—Christian name Thomas—my father's being William. And while I am naming names I might as well, on the chance of the reader's caring to hear it, name my own. It also is, as my father's was, William Enoch. At that time I added "Jun." to it; but that, alas! is no longer necessary, my dear old senior having been gone these many years to the dear wife who had gone before him, and whom I hardly ever knew, and to the dear lads and girls (all gone too, except me) who were, I hope, better children to him than ever I have been.

Thomas Enoch, my uncle, or, as he was more commonly called, "Lawyer Enoch," was a prosperous man; and if honesty and goodness of heart, and strict integrity deserved prosperity, he had only his just wages. His practice had been a large and lucrative one (chiefly conveyancing) for many years, and about the time I left Deddington he had admitted my cousin Tom, his son, to a share of the business, which he hoped soon to hand over to him entirely.

But what is our life? Is it not even a vapor? Young Tom (so healthy and strong he always looked) died years ago. Cousin Jem died within a year of him, and Charlie with almost as short an interval.

The occasion of this visit of mine to Deddington, though not a funeral, was a sad one. You shall judge.

My uncle, in the long practice of his profession, made a good deal of money; and in the early part of his career, when he had a family about him, he was very careful to increase his savings. Of later years, when successive bereavements had left him only one daughter, Ada, to care for, he thought less and less of money. He gave very generously to the

poor, not only through public institutions, but by many a secret charity, where his right hand knew not his left hand's bounty. Many a Christmas board smoked appetizingly, which, but for his open hand, would have been bare. Many a grate, in many a cottage, on many a winter's night burnt with a ruddy glare, which, but for him, would have been black and cold. And beyond this he spent liberally upon his house and daughter. His house was noted far away for the perfect taste and elegance of its equipments. From attic to cellar it was his pride to have everything as complete and as good as money could make it.

"You will have quite enough, my girl, when I have spent all I can in this way," he would say; "to make the men run after you."

As for Ada herself, his trouble was that money was not able to buy anything quite good enough for her. Her little phaeton and pair of grays was the prettiest turn-out in that Riding; but it was not nearly good enough. So of her jewelry, her dresses, her piano, her harp, her love-birds in their gilded cage, her wonderful Pomeranian, "Nelly" (which took the first prize at the dog show year by year, as a matter of course); all these were good, were, indeed, of the very best, but were not good enough, he said,—not half good enough.

For Ada was the light of his life, in whom and for whom alone he any longer cared to live.

She herself declared she had given up all hope of the men ever running after her, and already considered herself as the legitimate successor of Miss Bellamy in the honors of old Maidenhood at Deddington. "Five-and twenty already, papa, and not yet engaged," she used to say; "I'm afraid that I'm a bad lot. I shall go and ask Miss Bellamy what is the best thing for rheumatism at my time of life, and see if she can exchange my Nelly for a respectable, well-conducted cat." Or if Miss Bellamy happened to drive past at such a time, she would make a great pretence of beckoning to her from the windows, with a view to stopping her and asking these questions, but always took good care not to let that lady see her motions.

In these demonstrations against Miss Bellamy her papa, she noticed, never joined, but, indeed, always deprecated them, and seemed to have a singular respect and deference for that lady, which was unaccountable, seeing that they never, under any circumstances, visited each other, and, to Ada's knowledge, had not spoken to each other for many years.

"Old maid, indeed," he would answer her, "I never feel, sure until you come into breakfast, that you have not eloped in the night."

And of course Ada, though not engaged, had not reached the age of five-and-twenty without having the chance to be so. The simple fact was that she would not leave her father, and was cold to all advances, and, that, as he seemed to find all his happiness in her, she was content to devote herself wholly to him.

It must be now about five years since my uncle gave up to his two chief clerks the business which, if I had had the good luck to be a lawyer instead of a civil engineer, he would have given up to me. And from that time he and Ada became more and more to each other. He took to traveling with her a great deal from place to place. He turned all his investments into the simplest channels, so that his income might come to him, whether from rents, or stocks, or mortgages, with as little trouble or anxiety to himself as possible. In fact he set his house in order, that he might wait in peace for the day of his departure.

The only exception that he made in his determination to be rid of business was, that for two years or upwards he yielded to solicitations and continued to be a director of the County Bank. It is now about two years and a half since he carried out, however, his long-announced intention, and resigned his seat. He was persuaded at the same time, nevertheless, to keep his shares, lest the sale of them should damage the concern, in which he still had every confidence.

Up to that time I had myself had a few shares in the bank. But, on resigning, he wrote me that so long as he had been on the board he had considered himself in some sort the responsible guardian of my interests, but now he could no longer advise me what to do with my money. He would merely say that up to that time he knew the concern to be thoroughly sound, and to be earning year by year the good dividends it paid. Now that he was leaving, there was to be new blood infused into the board, and a new manager was to take the helm who was ambitious to extend their business and undertake transactions of a much greater magnitude than they had formerly taken in hand. I must use my own judgment, he said, and continue a shareholder or not, as I thought best.

Well, it happened just at that time a favorable chance presented itself for me to enter into partnership with my present partners, so I sold out my shares in the bank and found employment for my money in business; doing so, I confess, not without many regrets at withdrawing from so flourishing a concern, and many misgivings as to whether I should ever again have from my savings so comfortable an addition to my small income as I had had till then.

These regrets ceased, and were exchanged for a profound thankfulness when, a year ago, the new manager absconded, and it was found that he had committed the bank to liabilities which rendered it perfectly insolvent, and involved the ruin of nearly every shareholder in it.

But my delight at my own escape was sadly tempered by regret that my good old uncle was fatally involved in the great catastrophe.

For a while it was hoped—as it always is hoped on such occasions—that the concern would be wound up without calling on the shareholders to contribute more than the capital they had already paid up.

But a few months proved the groundlessness of such a hope, and such of the shareholders as were more abundantly endowed with prudence than honesty, anticipated the calls of the official liquidators by levanting, and leaving those to bear the burden of the debt whose sense of honor refused to allow them to follow such examples.

My uncle stood it out to the last, surrendered everything he possessed to the creditors, and saw himself utterly bankrupt in all but his integrity.

This visit of mine to Deddington was, in fact, to enable me to be present at the sale of all his household effects, and to buy in again at the auction, for his use and Ada's, such things as I could not see taken from them so long as it was in my poor power to prevent it. But, unhappily, it was but little that I could do, my means being much more limited than my good-will.

It was Ada who opened the door for me. She was cheerful and resigned to her altered lot, thinking indeed only of her father, as he seemed to think only of her.

She had plans of her own, chief of which was that plan of all well-educated, needy ladies—to take the situation of a governess. As for her father, she knew not, and he knew not, what was to be done; but they did not doubt that some friendly door would open to him.

Nor need I say that a friendly door was set open to him that night, and that he very frankly accepted the shelter of my town lodgings until happier days should come.

Ada meanwhile accepted the invitation of a friend a few miles away to stay a few weeks with her; and thus the two were to be parted for almost the first time in her life.

I think that the prospect of this separation pained them more that night than the loss of all their possessions. They sat all the evening clasped in each other's arms.

She took me through the rooms, and a very dreary round it was. The stair carpets were up, and so were the bed-room carpets. They were marked by dirty feet, for the elegant and superior household furniture had been on view all day. Townsfolk who had never crossed the threshold before had been through every room in the house, save one. Brokers from Shiretown had sounded all the chairs and tables and bedsteads. Everything was ticketed and numbered for the sale on the morrow. Lot 342 was the gilded cage with Ada's love-birds, and Lot 370 was "Nelly." Lot 420 was her harp, and Lot 421 her piano. These things I marked for my own. Lots 500 to 574 inclusive were my uncle's books, done up in bundles of about half a dozen irrespective of subject. I looked through these, and noted a few parcels which contained his favorite authors. I noted the numbers of some few choice pieces of furniture, and then we returned to the little room where my uncle sat looking into the fire.

We did not sit long, however, before my uncle went off in low spirits enough to his bed. But Ada and I sat later, side by side (on a favorite little couch), and there we had a conversation we are not likely soon to forget. Indeed, we sat and talked so long that it was morning before I went to my resting-place, which she told me I should find in Lot 127.

And I wish I may never have a worse lot than I found it. It was a good bed, in which I had slept many a time before, and I jotted it down as one of the things I must try to buy, along with the little couch. But a man does not find sleep in the downiest pillow, unless he takes it with him, and I did not sleep that night.

Indeed, at breakfast time, we none of us looked much refreshed. And when the townsfolk began to come in again for their final view, it cost us some little effort to rouse ourselves into decent spirits. Ada went off to a neighbor's, to be out of sound of the auctioneer's hammer. My uncle, however, put on a cheerful, brave face, stayed at home, and went, stick in hand, from room to room, and told the real value of this piece of furniture and that to friends who wished to purchase, and won good will and sympathy in his misfortune, as he had won respect and esteem in his prosperity.

Amongst others came in old Miss Bellamy. My uncle saw her coming up the stairs, and drew me back into a bedroom till she passed, and so kept out of her sight till she had gone from room to room, slowly, through all the house, and left it again.

After her came, in a little while, two respectable-looking men, strangers to the town—brokers, it was whispered, from London—and these having also gone the round of the house, note-book in hand, chose for themselves seats in front, near the auctioneer's desk, and, the hour of sale being close at hand, made it very clear that they had come with decided intentions of doing business.

Strange, how elastic is the spirit under trouble. As this sale went on, and my uncle saw first one favorite piece of furniture and then another fall under the hammer, his spirits rose and he became very cheerful and lively. He chuckled and rubbed his hands when things went for more than he had given for them, although it put no penny in his pocket. He took it as a high personal compliment that the two London brokers should have come down to Deddington. "There is not another house in the town they would have come to," he said. And when he found that nearly everything was being knocked down either to them or to other strangers whom no one knew, he began to think the fame of his good taste must have spread very widely.

In fact the townfolks got hardly anything. It soon became apparent that the strangers meant to have it all their own way; and when once or twice a townsman, having set his mind on some particular article, was allowed to get it only after it had been run up to about double its value, townspeople became very shy of bidding, and had it not been that there were two or three sets of these foreign brokers, the front-seat couple would have had all at their own price. Indeed, as it was, the prices of the early part of the sale were not maintained. For the strangers played into each other's hands after a while, and spared each other's purses.

It was some little surprise to me that none of them bid against me for the few lots I had marked, and that they all fell to me at less than half their value.

Hopkins, the butler, who had lived with my uncle forty years (having come as stable boy), made two or three bids at one lot and got it, that lot being the brass door-plate with my uncle's name on it. He did not bid at anything else, but wrapped this up carefully, with its screws, and went off with it.

It was a two days' sale; and when all was over, it was actually found that nine-tenths of the goods which had been sold had become the property of some half dozen strangers, and that these half dozen had all been acting in concert, the real purchasers being James and Patchett.

They said they would send orders from London in a day or two for the disposal of their purchases, which, in the meantime, they would be glad if they could leave. "Perhaps my uncle would be willing to still consider them at his service until they sent for them."

My uncle thanked them, but could not accept such a loan from strangers. He was going, he said, that night to the hotel, and next day with me to London.

"Take the key, Hopkins," he said, "and leave it at the Bank." And Hopkins took it and locked the door.

"Why, what extravagance is this, Hopkins?" he exclaimed again, as he saw the cab from the Sun waiting for him at the door. "Do you think all this has taken the use of my limbs, and that I can't walk a couple of hundred yards?"

"I am not going to have a lot of people staring at you as you walk," said Hopkins.

So we got in—Hopkins outside with the driver.

"Why, he's taking us round by Jackson's Lane," said my uncle, as he pulled down the window, and called to the driver to know where he was going.

"It's all right," said Hopkins; "I've a call to make, if you'll excuse me taking the liberty."

"Confound his impudence," said my uncle, "driving me about to make his calls!"

Now, Jackson's Lane is just outside the town, and has a few pretty little semi-detached houses in it, each with a neat bit of a garden in front.

We stopped in a moment at one of the prettiest of these, and Hopkins jumped down and opened the door of the cab and the gate of the garden.

"Please step in, sir, for only one minute," said Hopkins, with an air of great embarrassment.

And, at that moment, the house door opened, and out stepped Burnett, my uncle's cook, and stood at the end of the little gravel walk, courtesying and blushing violently.

"Why, Burnett, what in the name of goodness do you and Hopkins mean?" asked my uncle.

"Not Burnett any longer," Hopkins broke in. "I was tired of seeing her crying in the kitchen this morning, so as I happened to have a marriage license in my pocket, we walked as far as the church while the sale was on, and she came out Mrs. Hopkins."

"It's the most sensible thing you ever did in your life," said my uncle; "but I had some thought of asking her myself."

Mrs. Hopkins blushed redder then before, and dropped short courtesies without intermission.

"So you've brought me here to wish you joy. Well, God bless you both!"

"It was not exactly that," said Hopkins; "indeed, I could not have taken such a liberty. But I thought, sir, perhaps —I thought that, perhaps, you and Miss Ada—and Burnett thought too—"

"Why, my good Hopkins," said my uncle, "what does this mean?" for he had quite broken down, and could say no more.

"We thought, sir," broke in Mrs. Hopkins, late Burnett, "as he says that, as we have lived under the same roof with you and Miss Ada so many years, you would, perhaps, let us live under the same roof with you a little longer, we being too old to make new friends. So Hopkins, he had a chance to get this house, and he has made it as comfortable as he can, and we thought you would, perhaps, let us live with you here till you find a more fitting place;" and Burnett, as she concluded her speech (which she had not got through without many interruptions), polished the door plate with her apron, and my uncle read his own name upon it.

Then he went into the parlor, and he buried his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifted it again, Hopkins was standing with his bank deposit-book in his hand.

"O master," he said, "yours has been such an easy service, that to have no one to serve will be harder work. Let us stay with you still. Don't call it staying with us. See here; all we have is yours. We have no other use for it; take it for yourself and Miss Ada; only don't let us part." And he put the deposit-book on the table, at my uncle's hand.

The old lawyer looked at him steadily for a while before he found words to answer him.

"Hopkins," he said, "I have read of such servants as you and Burnett in books, but I never believed in them."

"And I," said Hopkins, "have read of such masters as ours, and found it very easy to believe in them."

"But I could not take it, Hopkins. I am going to London with Will."

"Why not take it, sir? it is only a little of what you have overpaid me."

"I have never paid you at all, Hopkins; such service as yours is not paid with money. But we will stay with you to-night instead of going to the hotel. There, now."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the old butler, "and longer than to-night, or my name's not Hopkins."

After this, we sat a long time without speaking, until a knock came to the door, and in an instant, Ada was in her father's arms. Hopkins had sent word to her where she would find him, and Mrs. Hopkins had met her at the door, and told her that her bed was prepared for her.

"What does it all mean, papa? Hopkins and Burnett here, and you?"

"Hopkins and Burnett count only as one, my dear, now. They got married this morning. This is their house, and they persist in calling it mine, and they don't want to part with me, but wish just to keep their old situation, they say. That's all."

Then Ada ran out to wish the old couple joy. And they laughed with her a little, and cried with her a good deal before she came back to us.

And indeed I hardly know what emotions were strongest with any of us all the rest of the evening. But I am sure that none of us was "all unhappy."

Even when my uncle took up the book and we heard him read—(low, and unconscious that his lips were forming the words)—

"O, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light, I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me;"—

even, I say, as we caught his low words, the tender pity in his voice seemed rather pity for another than himself.

But when Ada took the book out of his hand, and said,— "I will read to you, papa;" and when she turned to another page and read out, firmly and boldly, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever," we felt then that she had struck the truer and the nobler key, and before she came to the end of the psalm, we did not doubt that He who had turned our water-springs into dry ground, could turn again our dry ground into water-springs; that He who had minished us and brought us low, was indeed mighty enough and gracious enough, to set the poor on high again from affliction.

Hopkins came in with candles when it was growing late, and asked, with as profound a deference as ever he had asked, if anything more was wanted. And so we went to to bed in the new house, with the old door-plate on the new door.

Ada's love-birds hung in their old cage in the window, and Nelly, coiled up in her basket, kept watch outside her chamber.

It might have been perhaps half an hour after we had finished breakfast next morning, while we sat talking over our little half-formed plans, when we heard the garden-gate creak on its hinges, and Ada, looking out, exclaimed, "Why, papa, it's Miss Bellamy coming in;" and in another instant Hopkins reported that that lady asked leave to see my uncle.

"Show Miss Bellamy in," he said: and we noticed a strange flush on his worn old face.

She had walked down unattended; and it was now so rare a thing to see her walking, that I dare say she was hardly known as she passed along the street. She carried a light silver-headed cane, and leant on it a little as she came to the chair I placed for her.

"I have been a long time coming to see you, Thomas," she said, "and I doubt you will think I have chosen my time badly at last."

"Never, Fanny," he answered, "late or soon could make no difference in your welcome."

How strange it sounded to us to hear them calling each other by their Christian names. Ada and I tried which of us could open our eyes the widest.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"Yes, for this little one," laying his hand on Ada's head; "we must all be sorry for her."

"And for you, too."

"O! as for me, what matter whether my money be taken from me now, or I from it in a year or two?"

"Thomas," she said, "you must stay with us the year or two."

"Stay where?" he asked.

"In your own old house, where else? See here, it was for me the Admiral bought your house and grounds a fortnight since. These are the papers making them mine. Take them."

He rose from his chair and held out his hand as if begging her to forbear; he shook his head but did not speak.

She went on. "It was for me that those London brokers bought all in your house at the sale. See, here is my receipt from the auctioneer. Take it."

Then he took both her hands and bowed his stiff old back and kissed them tenderly, as a young lover kisses those of his love. But he shook his head and said tremulously, "It cannot be, Fanny; it cannot be."

"But hear me out," she said, "I have not done yet. You say it cannot be because you think I want to make a useless gift. And I know as well as you do that a big house would be worse than useless to you, left as they say you are. But, Thomas, I came to say something more." Then we noticed that the old lady hesitated, and looked at us, and seemed for an instant embarrassed. Ada beckoned to me and said, "We will walk in the garden a minute, papa."

But Miss Bellamy with an effort recovered herself, and said, "No, no; why should I care to speak before you children, for you are but children. Stay with us, and hear all I have to say to your papa."

"Thomas, I have reconsidered my answer to you. I have taken a long time to reconsider it; but you will have the less doubt of my knowing my own mind now. Do you remember what it was you came and said to me fifty years ago?"

"As if it were yesterday."

"Let me see, then, if I remember it too; for it has seemed to me for years as only a dream. I will tell you what it is that I dream did really happen; and you shall stop me where my dream seems false.

"I dream of myself as a young girl of twenty, whom every one knew to be an heiress, whom some few thought to be beautiful"—(my uncle nodded gently)—"and whom Thomas Enoch mistakenly thought to have a heart, and be good, and worthy to be loved."

"Not mistakenly," my uncle whispered.

"I dream of Thomas Enoch as a young man who had his way to make in the world, and who, though only two-and-twenty, already gave signs of making it.

"I dream that he—that is you—came to me once and told me a story of first love; that I put him off with an uncertain answer, not knowing my own mind and being foolish and heartless"—(my uncle shook his head)—"that at last I sent him to my father, knowing well what answer he would get; that my father, a successful barrister, rejected peremptorily the suit of the young solicitor, and made it impossible for him to revisit at our house.

"I dream that in a little while he forgot me."

"Never!" exclaimed my uncle.

"At any rate that when my father soon died, when I was left my own mistress, and mistress of all my father's wealth, Thomas Enoch never gave me a second chance of becoming his; that though I had come to know my own mind only too well, and loved him, oh! so truly," (my uncle lifted his head with a strange expression of surprise upon his face) he never came again.

"I dream that while I waited and watched him day by day, hoping always that he would stop at my door and not go past it, a horrid suspicion rose in my mind that it was money that kept us apart.

"I dream that just as I thought the way was opening for us to come together again, he formed the acquaintance of one whom no man could help loving; that in a little while he married her, and found in her a better wife than ever he could have found in me."

"A good wife, indeed, thank God!" my uncle said, mournfully.

"And then the dream grows less like a dream and more like reality, for it has living evidence in the present and stern memorials of the past to fall back upon. Yet I will call it a dream still.

"I dream that this wife blessed him with a happy family, who grew up to be his pride and the envy of less happy men and women; that one by one they were all taken from him, wife and children too—all save one"—and she laid her hand on Ada's head; "and I saw him go often with that one to the church-yard, carrying flowers, and come home empty-handed. And I asked myself—I dream that I asked myself—'Why was I left to see myself change from young to middle-aged, from middle-aged to old, useless and with my heart all dried to dust, while the young and happy were taken away? Would it not have been wiser and better, more economical and less wasteful, in the great Dispenser of happiness, that I should have been sent to my sleep there instead of one of these? For the flowers, too, would have been saved.

"And so I seem to see the years roll on, weary year after weary year, and I live my useless life, unloved and uncared for, and I see you day by day; but there is a gulf between us as deep as the grave to which we are both going. Yet, even across the gulf it is pleasant to me to see you—it is, indeed the one pleasure I have in life; and therefore (what other reason should I seek) one morning I wake to find it is to be taken from me.

"I wake to find that as your want of money parted us once, your loss of it is to part us again; that you are a ruined man, and that all you have is to be sold, and I am to see you houseless and homeless."

"No, no," said my uncle.

"Then, being broad awake to what I should suffer, and having grown so old and selfish, I try to save myself that pang; I buy your house, and everything of yours that I can get, and I come to beg you to take them all back again, and to take me with them."

"There," she said, "it's out at last; but don't interrupt me yet; this is the longest speech I ever made in my life, and I shall never again have occasion to make another half so long.

"These children never heard an offer of marriage before, and I suppose few people ever have heard one made by a lady.

"Thomas, you made me an offer of marriage fifty years ago, and were rejected. Now I come and make you one; will you have revenge, or will you let a woman plead to you successfully?

"Pity me. I am old, and rich, and lonely—O so lonely! You are old, too, and poor, and will you not be lonely if you are parted from this girl?"

One of my uncle's hands was covering his eyes. He stretched out the other, and Ada's dropped into it and pressed it.

"We are tottering down to the grave. Let us totter down together. It may be but a few days' journey. It may be more distant. That is in God's hand.

"Let me give up to you the heavy burden of riches I have borne so long. I don't know what to do with my money. I want some one to teach me how to use it. I want some one to leave it to. I want to think I have done some good with it.

"Thomas, I have wondered often why I was rich, and why I was spared so long. I think now that I have found it out, and that it is for this I have been trusted with riches, and spared for this.

"'So much as money can buy,' I have often said, 'if it could but buy me love!' But now, as it cannot, let me try to win it other ways.

"Let me try to get some little share in Ada's love. Will you try and persuade her that you thought me loveable once? And will you, neither for what I am, nor what I have, but for the memory of that girl whom fifty years ago you wished

to be the mother of your children, let your child, O Thomas, for that memory, call me mother!"

She ended, and putting her trembling hand on his, said, "Now, Thomas, answer me, before these, openly as I have spoken before them."

And he gave her his answer almost instantly—pausing only till he had so far mastered his emotion that he could command his voice.

"Fanny, I take you at your word. I will not go away, but will take you home to my house at last."

Ada put one arm round his neck, and the other round hers, and kissed them both.

"May God bless you, papa! I am sure you are doing right. And, mamma, I do love you already—I will love you truly, and be a good child to you. And I'll help you to spend your money, mamma, I will indeed, for that is all I am good for."

And, laughing and sobbing, Ada brought the two dear old faces together, and they kissed each other for the first time in their lives—she at seventy and he at seventy two.

That is the only proposal of marriage I ever heard made in my life, except my own, which I ought to have said I made two nights earlier, after my uncle had gone to bed, and while Ada and I were seated on Lot 430.

It is, as I said, three months since the sale took place. And on the Sunday following the banns of marriage were published in the parish church "between Thomas Enoch, widower, and Francis Bellamy, spinster, both of this parish." And within ten minutes of the close of the morning service, they had been pronounced a couple of silly old fools by half the congregation; a sentence which I, for one, don't at all confirm, and which indeed most of those who pronounced it retracted again before the day was out.

I believe Hopkins and his bride had some serious thought of alleging just cause and impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony. At any rate, they being in church (quite incredulous of the rumor they had heard) were observed to rise in their seats when the names were read out; but whether it were that astonishment took from them the power of speech, or be it as it might, they sat down again, and, so far as audible protest went, remained forever silent.

And in consideration of their not forbidding the union (at least I do believe they thought themselves at first retained through fear.) and in order to mollify them still further, these two good old souls were given to understand that they could by no means be allowed to occupy the house in Jackson's Lane, but that the door-plate must be brought back to Broad Street, and they themselves must follow it with all convenient speed.

There is no more to be told. The wedding took place about a month afterwards. Ada was bridesmaid and I was best man, and all was done very quietly. But I have not often seen weddings that gave greater promise of happiness.

Miss Bellamy's great old house, Myrtle House, is empty, and an army of painters and paper-hangers are getting it ready for its new tenants. It is not yet quite settled when we shall go into it, as Ada seems to have an immense number of preparations to make of which I can in no way see the necessity.

But when we get into it, if we succeed in making it as happy a house as the one in Broad Street, and in making ourselves as happy a couple as the old turtle-doves who coo there, we shall be well content. My uncle is at least ten years younger than he was three months ago, and Mrs. Enoch walks without her cane even when she has not her husband to lean upon.—*London Society.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR, - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

SCIENCE AND NOAH'S DELUGE.

NUMBER ONE.

After many years of dispute among scientific men as to whether Noah's flood ever occurred, a French scientist, named Adhémar, has produced one of the most successful theories to prove that such a flood did take place about the time stated, that has ever been propounded. As one object of this magazine is to give the latest thoughts of the age on every intellectual subject, we present a brief digest of this theory, leaving our readers to place their own value upon it.

Of course, M. Adhémar does not profess to prove, *scientifically*, that such a flood was predicted by Noah, or that it came as a consequence of man's transgression; neither does he attempt to show that only Noah and his family were saved, or that they were saved in an ark. All these things he leaves to be as they may. What he believes he has discovered a scientific corroboration of, is, that such a flood did occur and at about the date ascribed to it by the Bible.

According to this gentleman's theory, Noah's flood was a natural event—one of a vast series of similar floods, which, at regular intervals of ten thousand five hundred years apart, have visited the earth; and which must continue to occur at the same intervals as long as the revolutions of our earth around the sun remain the same as at present. Of the coming of this flood M. Adhémar assumes Noah was warned by divine revelation, and thus enabled to preserve himself and a few other members of the race from destruction.

The cause of this vast inundation Adhémar traces to a displacement of the great oceans which, he believes, at that time, were covering the northern end of our globe. As most of our readers are aware, the southern portion of the earth is now nearly an entire hemisphere of water, while the northern portion has only about as much water as land. According to our author, this disproportionate mass of water, then at the north, by a very simple but powerful natural cause was forced to leave its bed and flood the southern end of the globe.

According to Adhémar's theory, for a period of ten thousand five hundred years previous to Noah's day, our arctic, or northern regions had been covered by water; during which long period all our northern continents and islands had been submerged in about the same proportion as the south end of the globe now is. In Noah's time, from causes which we shall presently explain, it is supposed that the force of gravitation was shifted from the northern to the southern end of the globe, letting loose the great northern waters, which went rushing in ungovernable fury to the south, leaving the northern end comparatively bare, and burying up the southern continents; until nothing but Australia, New Zealand, and the tops of a few mountains, now existing as islands, were left uncovered. A similar flood, excepting that in that case the waters rushed the reverse way, M. Adhémar believes took place ten thousand five hundred years before that period. Another one, letting

loose our southern oceans and sending them back to re-bury up much of Europe and Asia,—while it will in turn uncover and leave bare the southern end of the globe—he confidently predicts must occur in ten thousand five hundred years from the date of the last flood, unless the present position and movements of our earth in the solar system be altered before that time. Strange as this theory may seem, M. Adhémar is prepared to prove, to his own satisfaction at least, that it is based on indisputably established astronomical laws.

It has long been known that the cause of the earth's seasons, and of their occurrence at their present precise periods, is due to the inclination (or leaning) of the earth's axis at a certain angle to the plane, or level, upon which it travels round the sun; because this inclining of the earth results in bringing certain regions at certain periods, to a greater or less extent, under the influence of sunshine or shade. It is therefore understood that any change in this inclination must cause a corresponding change in the periods at which spring, summer, autumn and winter occur; and, consequently, that a complete change in the inclination, sufficient to cause the northern and southern ends of the globe to point at an equal angle in an opposite direction to what they now do, must not only result in entirely changing the seasons so as to give us winter at that period of the year when we have been accustomed to have summer, but in totally reversing the temperature of each of the poles—making the north pole what the south had been, and *vice versa*.

That a change like this in the inclination of the globe is always going on, with a consequent change of the seasons, is now an established fact. Although this change is very slight so that it can only be materially felt in the course of ages, yet it is perceptible enough to be accurately measured and determined from time to time. It is called "The Progression of the Equinoxes," or the going back of the seasons. In consequence of this astronomical law, our spring time is imperceptibly but surely changing to our winter period, while our time of winter is receding towards the autumnal period. This process must continue until our springs occur when our autumns now do, and our winters take the place of our summers.

There is another fact well known to the scientific world, and that is that the leaning of the axes of the globe, as at present, by tilting all our northern continents away from the sun, so that its action can not be felt by them for as long a period as by the continents at our southern end, results in the constant and perpetual accumulation of cold in that region; while the same inclination turning the lower or southern end of the earth up *towards* the sun, causes a steady and constant increase of heat from year to year in that part of the globe. The result of all this is, that while the regions of ice have been and are continually encroaching from age to age at the north pole, the continental glacier at the south is just as surely dissolving and passing away. This increase of ice at the north and its dispersion at the south must, of course, go on for ten thousand five hundred years, or until the inclination of the earth's axis changes, when, having reached its highest point or culmination, the reverse process will set in, and the ice at the north will begin to melt and the waters of the south to congeal for the same period.

Now, upon this data, Adhémar builds the bold and startling theory, that, in consequence of the vast masses of ice which thus alternately accumulate at each end of our globe during these enormous periods, the center of gravity for the earth's oceans is removed first to one end of the earth and then to the other, causing these great waters to rush alternately to each end of the globe, in turn drowning or submerging nearly one half of our earth.

One of these great periodical deluges, M. Adhémar finds by calculation, would have occurred about the period assigned to Noah's flood. In other words, he holds that at that particular date, by the melting of the great glacier which had previously held back the waters to the north, and by the accumulation of an overwhelmingly gravitating influence at the south, the oceans which for ages previous had been silently and gradually rising in the rivers of the south, at last broke all bounds and went rushing to their new home, carrying destruction before them, revealing a new earth or home, for such of mankind as escaped its fury, in the northern hemisphere, and burying up nearly the entire south as we find it to-day.

In our next, we will endeavor to present some of the geological and geographical evidence which M. Adhémar believes corroborates his remarkable theory.

ERRATUM.

Mr. Editor:—By a typographical mistake, I am made to declare a geographical error in the first four lines in paragraph sixth of my article, published in No. 5 of the Magazine. It should read: "*The country* lying between the plains of Shinar, or more properly speaking, the vast valleys through which the rivers Tigris and Euphrates flow, *and* the land of Egypt is, with few exceptions, one continued scene of barrenness and desolation."

E. B. Kelsey.

Gems from the Poets.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister in play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand.
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot, of thy crags, oh sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

A WIFE'S HEART.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here.
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this!—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too!

Moore.

MOHAMMED.

No. 1—THE STATE OF THE WORLD AT HIS ADVENT.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

"Chaos is come again."

The empire of the Cæsars was in a state of dissolution, the world in the passage of death, human society a chaos, the Christian churches an anarchy. At such a time the great Mohammed arose.

At a death, there is ever a new birth; out of anarchy and dissolution, new empires spring.

The East and the West were two pronounced halves;—Constantinople and Rome two irreconcilable facts; but both were a chaos, and Christendom itself a problem of the future.

Christian churches, such as they were, survived; the faith of the Cross extended its influence over the barbaric nations that poured into Europe from the North; but the very face and nationalities of the west were undergoing a remodeling.

Before the death of Constantine the Great, the Gothic nations began to make inroads upon the empire; but after his day, while his son Constantius was wasting his reign in disputes on doctrinal theology with the bishops of the Christian churches, a fierce tide of emigration of the rude conquerors from the North devastated the empire and laid it waste. It lashed its surges first upon the West, but the East next felt its restless fury. Gaul, Spain, and lastly Italy itself was overrun. The Franks, Saxons, Goths and Alemanni devastated the countries of the Rhine and wholly separated them from the empire, while the Sarmatians, Persians, Scythians, and others made resistless incursions on the East. In vain the successors of Constantine attempted to stem the tide of barbaric conquest. Says Dr. Robertson:—

> If a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great (A. D. 395) to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy (A. D. 571.) The contemporary authors, who beheld that scene of desolution, labor and are at a loss for expression to describe the horror of it. *The scourge of God, the destroyer of nations* are the dreadful epithets by which they distinguish the most noted barbarous leaders: and they compare the ruin which they had brought on the world, to the havoc occasioned by earthquakes, conflagrations, or deluges, the most formidable and fatal calamities which the imagination of man can conceive.
>
> But no expression can convey so perfect an idea of the destructive progress of the barbarians as that which must strike an attentive observer, when he contemplates the total change which he will discover in the state of Europe, after it began to recover some degree of tranquility, towards the close of the sixth century. The Saxons were by that time masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain: the Franks of Gaul; the Huns of Pannonia; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries were everywhere introduced. To make a great or sudden alteration with respect to any of these, unless where the ancient inhabitants of a country have been almost totally exterminated, has proved an undertaking beyond the greatest conquerors. The Great change which the settlement of the barbarous nations occasioned in the state of Europe, may therefore, be considered as a more decisive proof, than ever the testimony of contemporary historians, of the destructive violence with which these invaders carried their conquests, and of the havoc which they made from one extremity of this quarter of the globe to the other.

It was just in this universal anarchy of nations—this chaos of a world, that Mohammed came!

Europe in that age was as much the "new world" as America has been to the nineteenth century; and for centuries it was in travail with young empires. A virgin soil was needed for the remodelings of humanity and modern states of society. Worn out with antique institutions, its life of civilizations which the Pharaohs had infused well nigh exhausted, and the economy of Moses a dispensation of the past, the *old* earth required modern phases and fresh infusions of national life. We speak of the things of the present as modern, but what is a few hundred years in a series of thousands? Those barbaric nations, from which we have sprung, were modern and rude enough eight hundred years ago. How many thousand years must elapse before America will be as ancient as the world was when our ancestors poured their resistless tides of emigration into Europe, to rejuvenile the earth and give to nationalities new life!

During the first phases of this grand re-making up of human society, Mohammed came!

But the East required a regeneration of the old economies, not a new birth—the Abrahamic genius, not the modern or Christ genius. The former was most suited to its necessities and conditions. The East was behind the West; and, therefore, it had to be brought up to the *modern* state, which it has not even yet reached, though it will pass into that state when the West goes round to help its new birth via the Pacific Railroad. But that is the problem of this age it was an impossible one when Mohammed came. The East was the cradle of empires but it was also their sepulchre! Yet a solution was needed for the great bulk of the race, who have not even yet come into the new dispensation of civilizations. Christ was traveling westward! Still the East demanded the solution of *its* problem, and that solution was coming not then from Him. The East was crowded with dead nations, and crowded with the living nations of the past formations, who were as much sepulchred in the ancient institutions and states as were their mummied forefathers in the Egyptian catacombs. Still again, the philosophy of Providence declares the *East also demanded its solution.*

Mohammed came! God raised up the Prophet of Ishmael for this solution of the Eastean problem. He regenerated nations with the grand conception of the UNITY OF GOD! Herein was the philosophy of his mission—the providence of his advent. Heathen nations were to be brought up to the first phases of a universal truth,—brought up to the potent conception of Abraham's God, in whom is the *world's unity.*

So wonderful was this regeneration, which took place among the great bulk of the race, through the mission of Islamism and the inspiration of the Abrahamic genius, which ruled the Prophet of Ishmael, that for centuries, the East struggled with the West for the mastery of the earth. And even Napoleon, in the present age, indulged in the idea of another regeneration in the "cradle of empires." The Mohammedan problem was before him in history as an example; and, in his grand ambitions, he would have repeated the solution, and having restored the Mohammedan empire to its ancient glory have battled with the West again for the world's dominion. The great dream of Napoleon's youth all pointed to the founding of empires in the East. After the erasure of his name from the list of general officers in which he ranked after the siege of Toulon, Napoleon, seeing a field worthy of his genius, petitioned the French government to sanction the offer of his services to Turkey in the name of France and to take a few select companions, among whom would have been young Junot and Marmont. He had, at that early date of his career, the same grand programme in his mind which in the sixth century occupied Mohammed. It was that of the resuscitation of the East, and the rebuilding of empires in the land where empires first began. After he became the conqueror of Italy he still pursued his glorious phantom, and when he drew toward the close of his voyage to Egypt he dictated to his

secretary, Bourrienne, his famous proclamation to his soldiers in which he said to them:

The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have lived with the Jews—with the Italians, paying the same deference to their muftis and their imaums as you have paid to the rabbins and bishops; show to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and to the mosques the same tolerance as you have shown to the convents and the synagogues—to the religions of Moses and Jesus Christ.

We see here this wonderful man of modern times laying himself out for the same work which Mohammed undertook in the sixth century. Then, as now, the East was dying and these two empire-founders attempted its regeneration. Mohammed succeeded, Napoleon failed. The latter after his great battle of the Pyramids turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country, appointed provisional governments in the cities and provinces, played the part of a deliverer as well as that of a conqueror, and sought to prepare the East for his new empire, and, by a gradual transformation to a state more in harmony with European civilization—that is to say, to modernize it. Even at St. Helena, Napoleon held to his dream. "If Acre had fallen," the prisoner said, "I would have changed the face of the world!"

But in the sixth century, though Mohammed and his successors had precisely the same programme as that of Napoleon, touching the resuscitation of the East, the rebuilding of empires, and the "changing the face of the world," they traveled towards that object through very different methods. They succeeded in the East, but failed in the West, while Napoleon succeeded in the West, but failed in the East, and from reversed relative causes. The Prophet and his successors aimed nothing at innovations. They dreamt not of *new* creations in modern forms: it was all resuscitation and restoration. They conceived not the idea of an endless progress of society and humanity traveling far away from ancient economies and barbaric patriarchal civilizations into a grand civilization which has culminated from all ages. To the Prophet, the dispensation of his father Abraham constituted the perfect condition of the race. All departure from the patriarchal faith and social institutions belonging to the dispensation of his great forefather, was considered a fall from the proper state of man. Mohammed came to *restore* all things to the place where they were in ages past—to take the world back to his father Abraham. Hence, in the due method of this regeneration, the Koran opens with an inspired manifesto from the prophet:

"We follow," says the Koran, "the religion of Abraham, the orthodox, who was no idolater. We believe in God, and that which was sent down to Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus, and that which was delivered unto the prophets from the Lord. We make no distinction between any of them, and to God we are resigned."

Mohammed then regenerated the East with the Abrahamic genius, and the potent unity of Abraham's God, and in that regeneration is the philosophy of his mission. The God of his father Abraham sent him to sweep idolatry from the earth. "There is but *one* God—or God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," is the manifesto of his divine mission, and the might of the Gospel of the sword confirmed the testimony. His mission was that of an iconoclast or an image-smasher and his message to the fierce warrior tribes of Arabia. Martial divinity only could have converted the East. In Mohammed's hands the sword was the sword of the Lord.

ORIGIN OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

CHAPTER VI.

As we have said, the necessities of mankind led to every invention of our times. For instance: The need of a protection to the feet from jagged rocks, burning sands and sharp flints, first led to the formation of the rude disk of untanned bull's hide being strapped to the foot as a safeguard from injury. The elegant boot and shoe of to-day is the result of man's creative instinct being excited in that direction. The want of a cleaner harvest than by pulling up of the roots, led to the formation of sharp instruments of bone or flint; from thence to the sickle, the scythe, the grain cradle, and reapers and mowers of the present day.

The necessity of protection from scorching heat, or rain, or cold, led to the erection of the tent of skins or huts of turf; and from thence to the cottage, the roomy mansion, the elegant villa and the marble palace.

The contentions arising between man and man, led to the formation of instruments of offence and defence, that would lengthen and increase the power of the arm; to the sword, the sling, the spear, javelin, bow, crossbow, battle-ax; finally, to all the improvements in the warlike armor of the present day.

The necessary transportation of the fruits of the field to the homestead or garner first transferred the load from man's back to the back of the beast of burden, then to the construction of the rude cart of the ancients; and from thence to the wagon, the carriage, and to the mighty locomotive, that, with unfailing strength, transports at one load the whole population of a town or the products of a province.

The obstruction offered by rivers to the migrations of the ancients, first led to the formation of the basket of bullrushes bedaubed with bitumen as a means of transportation; as their wealth increased and household goods multiplied, the boats increased in size. Stronger material was searched out and utilized. The enlarging demands of increasing wealth and growing experience, has culminated in the mighty ships and steamers that now traverse all the water communications of the world.

The colonization of adjacent islands and contiguous seacoasts, with the increasing demands of commerce consequent thereon, necessitated a surer guide than the moon and stars by night or sun by day; here the creative instinct in man achieved one of its mightiest results in the discovery of the mariner's compass.

The want of a mode by which man might leave some token behind him in his frequent changes of place, for the information and instruction of those who followed after, or that a better record of passing events than oral tradition, handed down from father to son, introduced "picture writing," first hieroglyphical, and, finally, alphabetical. The increasing demands of a growing population necessitated a rapid multiplication of copies of sacred books—books of science and historical records that chirography could not supply—the printer's art followed as another mighty result of man's creative genius.

Who will say that God's hand is not in all these great developments? That the invention of labor-saving machinery has not been ordained? That man's power over the elements might keep pace with his intellectual growth? Who will say that rapidity of travel is not that man might "run to and fro in the earth?" That all that is cosmopolitan in his nature might be developed? That rapidity of communication and the rapid multiplication of books is it not that "knowledge might increase in the earth?" The Divine Ruler thus guiding man in every age, in the exercise of his creative powers, for a predestined purpose, to bring about predestined, grand and sublime results.

The Drama.

JULIA DEAN HAYNE.

In publishing a sketch of our lamented friend, Julia Dean Hayne, we cannot do better than to give the biographical article upon her in the *American Phrenological Journal*, of November 1867. It makes reference to Julia Dean's last programme, the announcement of which was authorized by the lady herself, and her photograph given by her for the engraving which accompanied the article:

In our well-known volume, "New Physiognomy," in the group illustrating the greatest of the histrionic types, we selected Sarah Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean, and Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie as the most famous representatives of the English and American stage. Mrs. Lander had not yet made her imposing mark, as she has done within the last few months, whereas Julia Dean, like Charlotte Cushman, was a national name. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Lander is now filling the public mind, through the imperial potency of Queen Elizabeth, Julia Dean, in London, will, ere long, assert her rank with all her might as "Queen of the American Stage," in her own play, "Elizabeth of England," It was written expressly for her, designed for London, and several of its acts were in this lady's hands long before Ristori came to this continent. The writer is Edward W. Tullidge, author of "Famous Historical Personages" and "Characters of Shakspeare," published in the *Phrenological Journal*.

In speaking of the Italian play, "Queen Elizabeth," and of the relative quality of the Italian and English artistes, a New York critic says:

"Undoubtedly it possesses some of the features belonging to the good Queen Bess of English history. Indeed, it may be said to be as near in approximation to the English Queen as Shakspeare's Richard the Third is to that maligned monarch. * * * He (the writer of the Italian play, Giacometti) has doubled her vanity, her coquetishness, and her tyranny, while he has by no means risen to the range of her talent, nor hinted at her occasionally splendid liberality. Such as his Elizabeth is, however, it afforded Madame Ristori the grandest field for the display of her histrionic power, while it has given Mrs. Lander an equally admirable occasion for evidencing her capacity, possibly to even more than rival the great Italian artiste. * * * Each have positive excellences, but undoubtedly Mrs. Lander's Elizabeth is nearer the 'good Queen Bess' of English history than that of Madame Ristori, if it is possible for a character so maltreated by the Italian writer to be rendered with any positive degree of approximation to its original."

Mrs. Lander has, therefore, in the judgment of her critics, surpassed Ristori, simply because she made Elizabeth more like herself in rendering the translation. "She seized it by its humanity," says her critic, "and has done all she could to make it more human."

The less we have of her great work, wrought in the body of her times,—the less of Elizabeth moving in her grand imperial methods, winning the issues for a world, the less we shall have of "Good Queen Bess," the idol and heroine of England for three hundred years. If she must slap Essex's face, let her do it; and if the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots has to be signed, still let us have historic veracity, and the interpretation and motive-workings. True, Shakspeare created a Richard the Third from his own conceptive mind, and not from history: but Giacometti is not Shakspeare. The immortal Saxon dramatist, with Bacon and a host of royal names of their quality, are suggesting, "You dare not maltreat Elizabeth and *our* age. We have left a literature to live forever,—a history that can not be blotted out, and we are as proud of our 'Good Queen Bess,' and her great reign, as when in life we wrote of her."

And this brings us pertinently to consider Julia Dean.

It is said that there is no woman upon the stage, either in England or America, so like Elizabeth in person and the essential elements of her nature and character as Julia Dean; and in this natural fitness she has the advantage both of Ristori and Mrs. Lander. She is imperial in her person, exceedingly fair, and at twenty she was beautiful beyond most women. Elizabeth in her youth played her beauty off to win the hearts of her people, and Julia Dean has done the same. Her splendor consists not in her largeness, though she is very queenly, reaching Elizabeth's stature. Her entire person shows nature's poetic chiseling. There is a delicacy and exquisite workmanship in all her form: her features are strongly marked, yet feminine. There is evidently a Sir Francis Drake in her: but the old lion has come through her mother, who was one of the most beautiful women of her times, and, therefore, though strength constitutes her type, it is exquisitely feminine.

Our likeness is of Julia Dean at the age of eighteen. We must add seventeen years of development of character, and the intensities of life, to the luscious beauty of this picture, and then we shall have the imperial-looking woman of to-day. The head is prominent and powerful: but it has not the massive, reflective brain of the masculine type, as seen in Charlotte Cushman. There is abundant force, intensity, and weight in that organization, but all is of the woman quality of feeling—sentiment, passion, instinct. All this she can interpret rarely, and to the last degree of power. The face shows a brain of exquisite mold and delicacy, an eye intense with feeling, a nose and chin of character, a mouth the type of Art. There is in the head a high development of ideality and sublimity. She has the poet's soul, and she esteems her profession a poetic art. This quality of mind alone would prompt her to redeem the stage, if she was omnipotent, and allow nothing but the chaste and classic to be brought before the public; for it is in everything that is exquisite in conception and elaborate in execution that she excels, and not in things bald and showy. Nature has wrought her finely throughout her entire organization. She writes poems on the stage, and the critic and the poet delight in tracing the detail. Her "Julia," in which she first made her appearance, is a work of art. She is unrivaled in this character, in which, in her early days, she won her great celebrity. But she is deemed equal to an Elizabeth, a play of which seems to have become one of the great ideas of the age. She should never fear to attempt nor to reach high, for she dare not fail or be second. She is conscious of this every moment. In her person she towers a head above nearly all other women on the stage. Let her make that her type for London, and she will not fail.

Julia Dean is the granddaughter of Samuel Drake, a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake. She is the daughter of Edwin Dean and Julia Drake, an actress of great merit and a celebrated beauty. Her grandfather Drake, an Englishman, was the pioneer manager of the drama in the West; her father is also a manager. She made her *debut* as a star at the Bowery Theatre, New York, at the age of fifteen, as Julia, in the Hunchback. Vessels have been named after her, both ships and steamers. She has played nothing but the legitimate drama, and she created a very great sensation from her first appearance to her departure for California in 1856.

She has been very careful, it is said, in sustaining a religious character; in New Orleans and California she persistently refused engagements rather than play on Sunday evenings. She started for the Eastern States in 1865: but on her way she was induced to take an engagement at the Salt Lake Theatre. The novelty of playing in the "City of the Saints," before Brigham and his people, was the first attraction; but she found herself playing in the theatre so highly extolled in Hepworth Dixon's "New America," whose green-room, he told London, rivals the green-rooms of Italy. She prolonged her stay, for her receipts were large and her houses crowded. She reigned a beautiful Gentile priestess in an Israelitish temple of Art. The daughters of Brigham played with her, and the Mormon king took delight in honoring her.

But our esteemed and talented friend lived not to carry out the programme which she had authorized to be announced. Three months after the publication of the article she was in her grave. Whether or not her play of Elizabeth of England, which she designed to run in rivalry to that of Ristori upon the London stage, would have been a success, we must leave to conjecture. In her last interview with the author, she held to her design and authorized the publication of her programme. The play was under revision and the first and second acts of the revise accepted; and at the last interview, the lady was confident in the design of running her rival play of Elizabeth of England, in London for the sovereignty of the modern stage. We believe that Julia Dean would not have failed. In London, she would have asserted herself as "Queen of the American Stage," which was properly her rank; and in this national character, she would have been on an equality with Ristori. The contest would then have stood

between the two Elizabeths of England,—the one from an English Mormon's pen, the other from an Italian Catholic's The reason that Julia Dean did not make a strong, national mark on her return to the Eastern States, after an absence of twelve years, is very explainable. When she arrived in New York, she not only found the public mind filled with Ristori's great career the year before, and her prospective second visit close at hand, but Mrs. Lander was just bursting into a fresh notoriety in her English rendition of Ristori's Elizabeth. She held the managers, she held the press and she held the public before Julia Dean made her appearance, and all this was upon the play of Elizabeth. It is very singular that several years before Ristori's visit to America, that the Mormon author predicted to Julia Dean Hayne that a play of England's heroine would rule the modern stage, and he proposed to write Elizabeth for the American *artiste* to make her debut in London. As a preparatory play, "Eleanor De Vere" was written and successfully produced by the lady in Salt Lake City. Two years later, when our lamented friend arrived in New York, Queen Elizabeth met her and took from her the empire of the American stage, but in London all this would have been reversed. She would have gone there with her national name and would have run her Protestant play against the one filled with the malice of Catholic inspiration. The sympathy of the English public would have been on the side of their nation's glorious heroine. We think, therefore, that Julia Dean's last programme was very sound. We have too much faith in her to believe that she would have failed. The aim in London would have given her a fresh ambition; the success a new life as Queen of the Saxon stage.

Music.

THE LAST GRAND CHORUS OF THE MESSIAH.

COUNTERPOINT, FUGUE AND CANON.

As there are many excellent practical musicians who do not comprehend the workings of high class music, I will endeavor to explain—in as simple manner as possible—what seems dark to their understandings. I do not wonder at this, knowing they have to study the works of classical authors who have explained the science in such a manner that none but a practical composer can fathom the depths of the teacher's meaning. Still these works are printed for the instruction of musical students; but my own experience has proved that authors have shot very wide from the mark.

I have heard many musicians ask, what is counterpoint? I will answer. It is a knowledge of harmonizing according to the rules laid down in the strict style of composition. There are two styles used in music; one is called the strict—which style is used by learned composers; and one is termed the free. The free style affords the modern composer a larger field for his genius, and produces the variety of compositions now in use. However the strict style is adhered to in the present day by classical authors.

COUNTERPOINT.—The creation of a musical subject is to point, and the adding of parts to that subject is to *counterpoint* from it; these parts must be constructed according to strict rules. The fundamental rules for harmonizing are found in what is termed simple counterpoint. In this style of composition there are five species, and in none of them are discords admitted, except passing notes of dissonance and suspensions, or notes of retardation, all of which must be prepared and resolved. In the first species the notes are all of uniform length, note against note, and the only harmonies employed are the major and minor *triads*.

In the second species, two notes of the counterpoint move against one of the subject. The first—on the accent—must be one of consonance, and the next dissonant, or a note belonging to the triad. In the third species there are four notes in the counterpoint to one in the subject; the first and third are notes of simple harmony, and the second and fourth are notes of passing. In the fourth species notes of suspension are employed, and which discords produce more beauty, systematic order and variety than combinations used in the free style. In the fifth species notes of various durations are used; in fact it is a mixing of the other four.

As musical science cannot be explained in a lucid manner without examples the student is recommended to study good works on the subject.

I will now, before reviewing the last great chorus in "The Messiah," explain, the difference of *fugal* and canonical writings, as the composition I am going to review is a canon, which is often mistaken by musicians for a fugue.

In fugal compositions the subjects chosen for imitation consist, in general, of incomplete periods. In fact, sometimes only a few notes are selected for imitation. Now, canonical subjects must not only be complete—or nearly so—but they must be so constructed as to answer immediately in all the parts; i.e., no counterpoint is made for imitation; the subject by its ingenuity is substituted for *contrapuntic* combinations.

The parts in the canon fly the same as in the fugue, but in fugue the subjects are not strictly imitated, while every note in the canon is answered in the imitation with a subject likeness in all the parts, whether in the unison, octave, fifth or any other interval from the position of the leading part. Notwithstanding that the subject flies through all the parts, it is not a fugue, but a canon. The canon is known by the strictness with which the model melody is adhered to; hence the name of *canon*, i.e. rule, guide, *norma* model—a composition on a given model. Of course the model must be so formed as to admit of the harmony being grammatically correct.

The old masters of the art of counterpoint were continually exercising their genius in writing canons, and some of the most extraordinary ones were produced by them. But this kind of writing is, for a long time, out of fashion on account of the art having been pretty nearly exhausted by the ancients, as well as the ingenuity and labor required to produce a good canon.

I have written this much on canonical compositions, as the last great chorus in "The Messiah" is a most adroit canon. In fact it is considered by those learned in Contrapuntic beauties, to be unrivaled in its development and elaborative skill.

I will now endeavor to lay before the scientific reader—for this article is written for scientific students—a portion of Handel's skill in writing canon.

In the opening of the "Amen" chorus, the subject starts in the fugal form and the canon does not take its legitimate imitations until the end of a capital movement in the single fugue style. That is, the subject does not answer immediately as in canon, but waits for the imitation until the end of the subject. At the close of a six bar subject, the tenor answers in imitation in the fifth above, and the bass counterpoints with the imitation.

At the 11th bar the subject is led by the alto an eighth above the tonic, while the tenor and bass accompany the subject with contrapuntic parts. At the 16th bar the soprano starts the imitation a fifth above the alto, while the other parts are employed in the strict style and concludes the first movement of the fugal form on the *dominant*. In order to vary the effect, an instrumental interlude is introduced before commencing the second short movement. At bar 31, the vocal bass leads with subject on the tonic, and although there is no strict imitation in any of the parts in the following period of five bars—which terminates on the tonic—the partial imitations are handled with great skill and adroitness. At the 36th and 37th bar, an interlude of instruments is again introduced, and at the beginning of bar 38th, the bass transposes the subject to the dominant, while the tenor is in partial imitation, and soprano and alto have parts in counterpoint. This ends the *fugal* construction.

At the 42d bar, the soprano starts the subject in canon, which is imitated after one beat by the tenor an eighth below. On the first accent in the following measure, the alto takes the imitation in the 4th below, and in one beat after the alto, the bass imitates in the 11th below. In the remaining portions of the canon, the imitations are flying through all the parts in rapid succession in a direct and inverted form until near the end, when the bass takes a pedal on the dominant. Short but ingenious imitations on the subject are added for the accompaniment of the pedal bass, a method employed by classical authors in playing with the subject before closing. Five measures before the end, the harmony of the *tritone* is used on the dominant movement, which concludes the canon. A silent bar is then introduced, and the tritone takes its legal resolution on the inversion of the harmonic *triad*. In the last bar but one, the chord of the *five-four* is used; the fourth resolving on the third of the dominant, which is according to rules laid down in the strict style. The *tonic triad* follows and ends the composition.

In concluding this article I will observe, by the way of explanation, that although the fugal form is very learned and is the most useful in strict compositions—having in the different movements or divisions, subjects, answers, strettos, episodal varieties, short canonical imitations and the pedal—yet it does not require that amount of genius and labor as the learnedly constructed canon.

A canon subject will imitate strictly in all the parts at the same time; but the fugue subject must conclude—or nearly so—before the commencement of the imitation or answer.

In *quadruple fugue*—which composition obtains for the composer the diploma of musical doctor—having four subjects, and which subjects are constructed separately according to the rules of high class composition—will go together, but each of these subjects must wait for the answer or imitation until the conclusion of the subject.

It will be seen by the above explanation that a complete canonical subject imitating in every part at the same time must require more ingenuity to construct than a fugal subject, that has to terminate before the imitation can commence. Sometimes canonical subjects are constructed for a fugue, as the one Handel has invented for the last grand chorus in "The Messiah." When such subjects are chosen, they will imitate and form good strettos, without inventing others for the necessities of a good fugue.

The above splendid canon not only exhibits the wonderful resources of science, but exhibits the grandeur of Handel's genius; and it may be truly said that no composer has ever yet approached this great Master in the sublime style of composition. In fact, the whole of "The Messiah" has kept its ground, amid no mean rivalry, for more than a century.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PROMISED TO-MORROW.

The promised to-morrow had come. Terese in the music room waited to hear the voice of her fate.

From the dawn of their companionship, the music room had been the *sanctum sanctorum* of our hero and heroine. Here they had spent their most delicious moments in feasts of art; there they had reveled together in ecstatic bliss.

Unconsciously they had played the lovers; and, for four years, they had roamed hand in hand in their paradise, much as our first parents did in their primeval innocence, before they had partaken of the tree of knowledge and became as gods in their fall, knowing good and evil. Our hero and heroine clothed their passion in the embodiment of art. Daily they told to each other's delighted ears, through the mediumship of music, the rapturous tale of a harmony of souls. Together they had dwelt in Eden; but, until now, they had not eaten of the tree of knowledge. Through blissful hours, from day to day, they had repeated their story of mutual love, but they had told it in music. In their character of artists, they had played the lovers. Like our first parents, it was bliss for them to love without knowledge, for that brought the fall. The knowledge of good and evil! The tree of the knowledge of good and evil! It was in the mutual love of the sex, and in the awakened passions of the human heart that brought sin into the world. Out upon the apple! We have had enough of that childish folly. Let us know the truth. 'Twas in the love of man for the woman—of woman for the man—that our first parents fell. The passions of the earthly overleaping the innocence of heavenly babyhood, the idolatry of the heart for its mate versus the adoration of the creature for the Creator. They partook of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil: they fell together!

The Hebrew maiden was at the piano, awaiting the presence of Walter Templar. The vent in music eased her burdened heart, and that which her instrument now discoursed was tender, sadly blissful,—it told of hope and fear. There was no doubt in the maiden's heart touching Walter: it was a fear of crosses in their lives.

Terese, thy fate is approaching! But what need to tell the maiden this. Before the echo of Walter's footsteps proclaimed his approach, she felt his presence near. Still she played her tender plaintive strain.

Walter and Terese are together. Softly he closed the door, and gently approached his beloved. The yearning tenderness of their hearts filled the silence with a sentient soul. They *felt* the harmony of a mutual passion before it found a vocal speech.

Walter stands beside the maiden. Her instrument is hushed: and she listens for the voice of her fate. Not yet has she turned to look into those profound eyes beaming upon her, glorious with their light of love, but shaded with soft sadness. A moment thus they remained, enjoying their supreme but chastened bliss.

"Terese, my beloved," Walter breathed at length. It was like the soft cooing of the dove.

"Walter, Oh my Walter!" answered Terese, as she turned upon him her uplifted face, eloquent with fondness; and her eyes, through crystal tears, looked into his.

"Terese, my beloved!" again was breathed like the cooing of the dove; and, again, the yearning of the soft voice of passion wooed the maiden's ear. Walter opened his strong arms and Terese sprang to his embrace, with a cry of exquisite joy, and nestled to his breast, upon which she wept.

She knew that she was beloved; but she also felt the darkness around their love. Walter was the betrothed of his cousin Eleanor. This fact, since she discovered the secret of her own heart, was as significant to her as it had been to our hero since the performance of Terese's opera of the "Peasant Girl." She knew that Walter Templar would not dishonor his betrothal and outrage his family. Eleanor alone could give their love a happy issue. The future was not without hope, but hope came hand-in-hand with fear. She saw two futures: one dark, the other gloriously bright. Yet the present to her was that of supreme bliss, nor was it less supreme because of the mixture of pain with joy. There is an *agony of love*. It is more intense than that of a cloudless hope and a satisfied possession. "*He is mine!*" It was the burden of her heart. The feeling was painful by the very might of the assumption, for all her nature cried aloud—"*He is mine!*"

Sir Walter Templar wiped the tears from her eyes, and gently placing her upon the sofa, seated himself by her side.

"Dear Terese," he said, "what a revelation has burst upon us! How bright and glorious—how full of happiness—is love on that side, dearest?"

"My own Walter!" murmured Terese.

"But how the clouds on the other side overhang our sky! How dark they make the horizon of our future!"

"Alas! alas! how dark to me," said the Jewess.

"To me also, Terese I stand beside you in that prospect. Darkness or sunshine, the same sky of fate will be above us both."

"There is joy to me in that; yet 'tis very selfish. But there is such bliss in knowing that you *do* love me, Walter, that I cannot but rejoice in it, though it should make the future dark for both."

"You do not doubt me, then, Terese? You will not doubt me, should the uncertain future leave us without a star in our sky? There is a sun in my nature which would make your life as bright as an angel's wing. You will not doubt me, should it be beyond my power to make it thus sunny? You will not doubt me, Terese?"

"No, Walter, no; I shall never doubt *you*."

"Should our future be dark, you will not reproach me?"

"Never, dearest, will Terese reproach you."

"Nor think me cruel, if you are *sacrificed?*"

"Talk not so, Walter."

"I should be consumed on the same altar," added her lover.

"God of my fathers forbid!" exclaimed the maiden, as she threw her arms loving about his neck, as though, come what may, she would save him from the sacrifice. Such is woman!"

"You would not counsel me to dishonor? You would not have me under the curse of a broken covenant?"

"No, Walter; a thousand times, no!"

"I must be true to Eleanor, my betrothed?"

"Yes, Oh! yes, even though it should bring to me despair."

"I am but showing you the worse side of the picture, Terese. I think Eleanor will be our sister, not your rival," said our hero, soothingly.

"Now I am assured that you love me, Walter, I am juster to your betrothed. My own heart tells me that she may have as much at stake as I."

"I hope not," said her lover; and if not, Eleanor will smooth our path. I know the noble and proud nature of my cousin. She would sacrifice herself. Aye, there is the cross again! I would have no one sacrificed."

"May the God of Abraham accept the offering unconsumed!" responded the Hebrew maiden.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Three weeks after his encounter with the singer Farinelli near the opera house, Sir Herbert Blakely at breakfast sipped his mocha in moody silence. Not usually was this the case, for though not so intellectually an epicure as his secretary, he enjoyed everything which contributed to the gratification of his animal appetites. He had not the "lean and hungry look" of Cassius, which characterized Snap, but the full propensities of the sensualist in his physique; and though the acts of his life were wicked enough, and his chapter in the Recording Angel's book scarcely relieved with a passage of good intentions, yet thought furrowed not his countenance, nor conscience disturbed his "sleep o' nights." Now, however, his mood was dark and troubled; the strong workings of a laboring mind lined his face, and held back his wonted emphasis of conduct in statuary silence.

The last mail from England had brought news, from Lawyer Wortley, that Sir Richard Courtney had written to his nephew and young De Lacy, calling them home to fulfill their betrothal. Courtney had grown impatient, and somewhat anxious to have his family project and the covenant between himself and dead friend consummated: he and his sister, Lady Templar, had resolved to bring matters to their designed shaping, and to unite Walter and his cousin, Eleanor, and young De Lacy and Alice Courtney. To this end great preparations were in progress at Courtney House; the private consultations of the family pointed to the clearing of the mortgage from the De Lacey estates, as the next step decided upon after the realization of their long cherished design.

These, to Blakely, vastly important items, Lawyer Wortley had gathered from an acute female agent, whom he had recently placed in the service of the Courtney family. Wortley also sent his client information that Sir Walter Templar and his friend

were in Rome; for the lawyer knew not, as yet, that Sir Herbert had himself found the cue. Wortley's letter ended with the emphatic advice to his client—"That which you resolve, do quickly!" No wonder, then, that Sir Herbert was dark in his mood and troubled in his thoughts; no wonder that the breakfast of this morning passed in pregnant silence.

Opposite Sir Herbert was his mentor, luxuriating in the delicacies before him, for he was in everything an epicure. Having, by the habit of years, become *en rapport* with the spirit of his master, he divined the dark thoughts now elaborating themselves in Sir Herbert's mind, and saw the cups of luscious beverage which he drained transformed into goblets of blood—heard in the ominous silence the chant of murder as from incorporeal voices. Yet he partook of his breakfast with more than usual zest. The fine prepared discord of evil thoughts and wicked deeds, which he heard in the expressive silence, was like incantation music. It was to him mesmeric of mental tranquility, and the disposition of his feelings was like the fragrance of poisoned flowers.

The reason of the difference seen in Sir Herbert and his mentor this morning at breakfast, was that the one had solved his problem, while the other was in the labyrinth of its perplexities. To use his favorite expression, Snap had demonstrated; and his programme was already arranged. For three weeks he had been submitting the affairs of his master to the severe test of his mental chemistry, and had metaphysically anatomized Sir Walter Templar, the foster-brother and all those concerned. Not even was there left out the hangman with visions of an execution; for Snap was so largely endowed with intuitions of cause and effect, that nothing in the chain of relations could be left out by him. Thus even the hangman and the execution forced themselves into his view, by the law of association. It was this quick intense perception of correspondent things that made him so long in demonstrating the necessity of the assassination of Sir Walter Templar, for therein he also saw consequences which were inevitable.

In the interval of three weeks, since the discovery of the identity of Sir Walter and young Lord Frederick De Lacy, Snap had left his master mostly alone, while he buried himself in self-abstraction. This was his habit in his times of problem-solving, for in spite of the Mephistophelean character of his intellect, there were times when he was in purity of quality the profound thinker, the scientific experimenter and the classical student. At such times he was never the mentor, but surly and uncommunicative, if any one chanced to break in upon his mood. At such times he answered well to the descriptive *soubriquet* of Snap. In the last three weeks, all that had passed between him and his master was a snarling admonition against Orsini and his evil counselings and fool's instruments; for it was his habit to speak of an unsafe counsellor as an evil counsellor. "Wait," he several times said to his master, "until I have demonstrated—and if Sir Walter Templar must die, I will doom him and find the instruments;" and then he would go away muttering that it was the fool's plan to murder.

But the letter from Lawyer Wortley, which had plunged his master into greater perplexity, had determined Snap; for when the necessity of a thing struck him, he bowed to it as fate, however much he might dislike it as a policy; and from the moment he read Wortley's letter yesterday, the death of Sir Walter Templar became a necesssity to his master's ends. He knew that if our hero returned to his native land, the De Lacy estates would soon pass from the hands of the Blakelys; but if Sir Walter Templar never returned, or died intestate, his cousin Edmund Templar, would not only succeed to his title and estates, but also to the vast accumulations of Walter's minority; thus Courtney would be left altogether disabled to clear off the debt.

Accordingly the mentor fully endorsed Wortley's advice, and decreed that Sir Walter Templar should never return to his native land. But there is a providence that shapes the ends of all human events and overrules the affairs of mortals in spite of the too general practical atheism of society.

But Sir Herbert knew not that Snap had resolved; and in his own self-absorbed perplexity, caused by Wortley's letter, he had not noticed that he had passed into the mood which always followed his problem-solving.

"We must change our tactics!" suddenly exclaimed Blakely, as he threw himself back into the inviting arms of his richly-finished chair, with a sigh of relief expressive of a settled purpose, in exchange for a burden of thought. But his exclamation was rather a venting than a direct observation to his mentor: for he was used to the other's periodical non-talkative fits.

The mentor finished his breakfast with a glass of ruby wine, and then followed his master's example by ensconcing himself in the elastic softness of his easy chair.

"Snap, I say, we must change our tactics! Do you hear me, sir? We must change our tactics!" observed Blakely, now directly addressing his secretary. "I have resolved!" he added with yet stronger emphasis.

But the subtle-thought-dreamer was awake, and had solved his problem.

"We must change our tactics!" the other echoed in his light, melodious voice, and then, by way of endorsement, he also added with emphasis, "*I* have resolved!"

"Aha!" ejaculated Sir Herbert, now observant of the transformation of Snap's mood, which was at once as a valve to the too long confined outburstiveness of his temper.

"Satan catch thee! Thou hast more of sunshine in thy face that black Vesuvius is near thee, and may belch out its lava. When thy father Lucifer lights thee up, thou art bewitching. But I say, Snap, we must have no more of this tardy business. My sire would have ended this affair years ago, had he lived, while we are no nearer to the end than when he died."

"You are wrong, my master. We are fifteen years nearer the the end."

"You provoking philosophical devil, I know we are; but what end?"

"Sir Walter Templar's end, my master. He is fifteen—yes, just fifteen years nearer the end, than when the General died."

"Come, come, Snap; no sophistry to cozen me to your way of thinking. I have resolved, I say; aye, with or without you, I have resolved."

The shadow of a frown flitted across the mentor's face at his master's words, which, at another time, he would very likely have resented in his own peculiar way; for when Sir Herbert at any time grew restive under his mentorship, he would dive into scientific or classical studies, and though he would continue near him, he left Sir Herbert to himself. In this peculiar way, he had left the baronet's service for months at a time, but Blakeley had received some severe lessons of trouble and humiliation, from his imperious temper, in the absence of his watchful guard and wily servant, and he was always glad when his mentor returned. But this time, Snap merely felt a moment's resentment; for he had himself been, like the baronet, forced by a desperate necessity.

After a moment, Snap said with such a strong, quiet, deliberateness that sounded frightful—

"Sir Walter Templar must die! I have doomed him!"

"Ah! say you so, my prudent counselor?" broke out Sir Herbert.

"Then, by Solomon, we have found wisdom at last. We have been fools till now, believe me."

"Nay, my master."

"But I say, yes. I tell you, Snap, we've been fools and babies in this matter."

"And the General—was he a fool and a baby, too?"

"By the Fiend, he would have trampled down this presumptuous boy, who dared to brave us,—aye, challenge me as the avenger. He would, long ere now, have swept him away as a spider crawling over him; but we have let him grow to be a monster. You, Snap, have matched his wisdom; but we have lacked his iron will, and indomitable ambition, that crushed everything before him to his ends."

"Your father would have done as we have done,—no more! But he would *now* do as we have resolved to do—sweep this monster spider, as you call him, and his web away."

"Ah! Think you so?"

"I am certain of both, or I would not have followed the direction of either, for I have been faithful to my oath to him, to advise you as he would advise, and to act as he would act in your behalf: in this De Lacy case, I have interpreted your father, rather than myself.

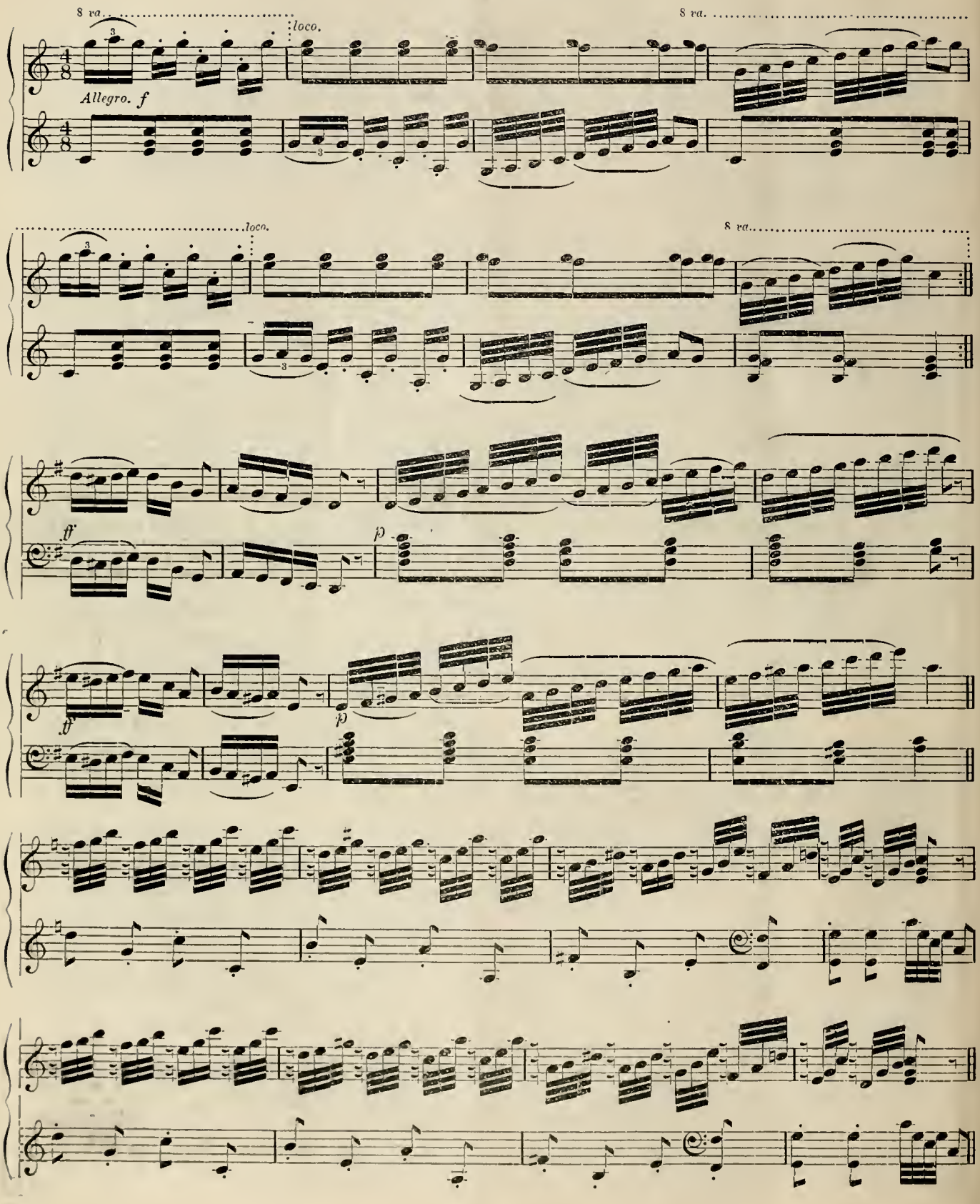
"You are right loyal in that, Snap; or you would not now have doomed Sir Walter Templar. You like not to kill; that is, not as we design. The hyena in you would rather fight this lion than murder him; but we dare not fight him any longer."

"You are right. Were the case my own, I would doom Sir Walter Templar to live till I reach my span's end;—die when I die,—and to come up foot to foot with me, if there be a hereafter to bring us up. I love Sir Walter Templar, as I love my problems, and would solve him; for we master what we solve. Sir Walter Templar is an antagonist worthy of me. *I would not kill him*; but it is for my dead benefactor that I act."

"My worthy sire, your benefactor?—a benevolent philanthropist? You canonize my father as your patron saint. By Jove, I may expect to be saved then, and even cut Templar's throat with my own hand. Your benefactor! Ha! ha! St. Herbert and his

The Grasshopper.

By ORSON PRATT Jun.



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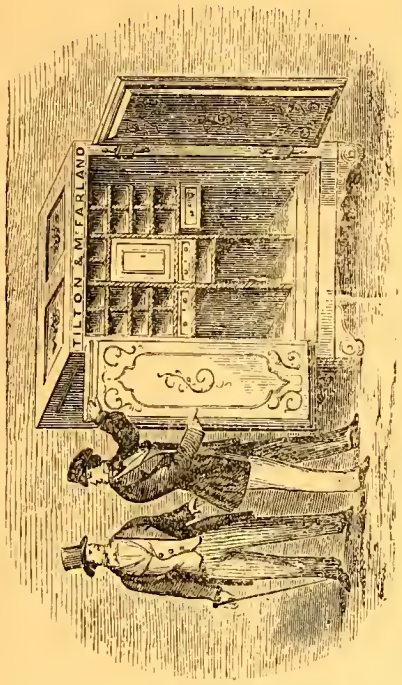

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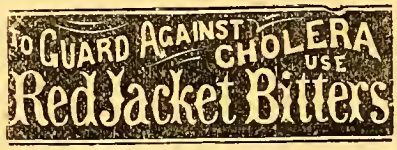

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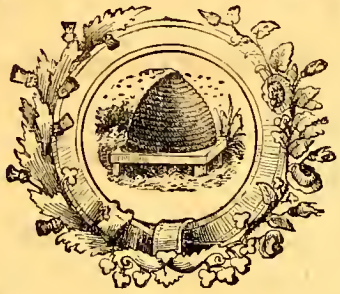
THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 8] SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 26, 1869. [Vol. 3

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;

Dimpled and soft and pink as peach
In April's fragrant days;
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for awhile, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without the guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreamy mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed;
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future. For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—*Lady's Friend.* Florence Percy.

LADY HESTER'S EXPIATION.

CHAPTER I.

The secret dread under which Lady Hester had labored since certain incidents had been disclosed to her, did not leave her, even during the ten years of her unmolested residence in Syria.

She was a woman of five-and-thirty, now; a woman of regal bearing, immense wealth, and endued with that robust health and beauty which retain to their possessor the appearance of youth long after youth has departed.

One summer morning, as she was sitting alone in the low latticed room, where she could hear the tinkle of the fountain splashing in the adjoining court, a sealed letter, bound with a silk and silver thread of peculiar workmanship, was thrown in at the open window.

For an hour past she had been lying in a dreamy doze, thinking of the triumphs, the intrigues, the loves, despairs, and jealousies that had ever been her pride and shame during the glittering seasons of her life in Paris and London, those far-off capitals of the West.

The sound of the letter falling at her feet aroused her in one instant. And when her eye caught sight of the silk and silver band, her cheeks grew pale. She passed her fingers along the slender tissue, and murmured:

"They have sought me even here. After ten long years! My God! does this bring me news of Alexis?"

The note was a long one. It was written in modern Grecian dialect. It read as follows:

"Know, lady, that your place is found, and you soon will be in our hands. Last evening, at a place called Sirpoute, near your residence, we took captive your servant Alexis. We demand for his ransom one hundred thousand drachmas. Make you no stir about the matter, but keep it secret. Elsewise, we send you the head of your beautiful Alexis, fresh and bleeding. Tell you not the affair to the authorities, nor send your servants after us, for, in that case, you will never see your beautiful Alexis alive. But, if you would save Alexis, lady, and save us the trouble and danger of coming in a band to seek you, this is what you shall do—"

At this point, Lady Hester became pale as death once more. But she read the letter through to the end. The last words she read over and over again. Her face did not lose its deadly pallor. Presently she clapped her hands thrice, and one of her dark-featured servants appeared.

"Send Naoum here," she said; and in another moment a little fair-faced Circassian boy, about twelve years old, was making an obeisance before her.

His dark, limpid, gazelle-like eyes and abundant black tresses, dark brown and heavy lashes, were in such contrast

to his snowy face and throat as is never seen in any western clime.

Lady Hester took from a little black cabinet close at hand a concave oval crystal, about the size of the palm of one's hand.

"Naoum," she said, motioning the boy to stand close before her, and placing the crystal in his hands, "I want you to travel some distance from here and tell me what you see."

So saying, she seized his wrists and held them tightly, with her thumb tips pressed closely against his, and her dark eyes bent imperiously upon him. In a few moments, his attitude grew rigid, his eyes closed, his breast heaved, his throat swelled as though there were a fluttering at the heart, and a faint sigh broke from his parted lips.

She let go his hands, but left the crystal in them.

"Look into the crystal," she said, "and tell me what you see."

He held up the crystal in the palm of one hand, and looked at it long and curiously, as though something were growing slowly into his vision there. A shudder, more violent than before, passed over him.

"What do you see?" she repeated.

"I see a company of savage-looking men, preparing a meal around a fire. The place is near the sea, and the wind is cold."

"Do you see anything peculiar in their dress?"

"Every man wears a scarf of a texture I never saw before. All the threads are silk and silver."

"Do you see a face there you recognize at all?"

In an instant, the boy's face matched Lady Hester's in pallor. It had been white before, but now the blue hue of speechless fear began to tint it.

"I see—Alexis!" he gasped out, almost with a shriek. He is scourged and bleeding; he totters under heavy fagots he is carrying. Ah! he falls! He faints! Blindness comes before my eyes. I can see no more!"

And, with a deep sigh, Naoum let the crystal fall upon the floor, and opened wide his black eyes, in complete ignorance of what had occurred.

Lady Hester sat him down, and rising, walked the room with an agitated step.

"It is the Pallekaria; it is the Pallekaria!" she exclaimed, her hands upon her heart, and her eyes dilated with fear.

Again she clapped her hands; and again the dark-hued servant appeared, to whom she whispered a few directions in a hurried voice. The man appeared surprised, but immediately withdrew. Then she sat before the little black cabinet and wrote and sealed a note, sitting, after doing so a long while, with her chin resting on the palms of her hand, and a great sacrificial look, like that of a martyr, growing, into her face. The noise of wheels at the door aroused her, and she beckoned toward her the little Circassian, who had sat silently watching her.

He made the same low obeisance as before, and stood fronting her.

She passed her hands caressingly through his hair, and rested them upon his shoulders, her fingers touching his white throat.

"You don't remember the time, Naoum, when your mother, who was my servant, died, and left you and your brother to grow up and be my servants too? No; that was ten years ago, and you were a little baby then. Have I been good to you since?"

The little Circassian's eyes filled. He put up his hands, as if to speak; but she went on:

"You are a good, intelligent boy. You have sense. Keep this letter about you until this or to-morrow evening," and she handed him the sealed letter she had just been writing. "Let no one see it; and hand it to Alexis this evening or to-morrow, when he returns, together with this," and she handed to him the other letter which had been thrown in at the window.

The boy took the letters, looking at her intently.

She arose, and gave one glance, as if a long leave-taking, around that happy, summer, fairy-like room, that had been the peacefulest home she had known for ten long years.

"Some power has been dragging me all my life toward them," she murmured, "and the time has come for me to make the sacrifice at last. I was tired of life, and thought to find rest and quiet here at length."

Her hands rested lighty upon Naoum's shoulders once more. Nay; she bent and kissed his lips and eyes as she had never done before.

"For he is so like him!" she whispered; and, without a word more, glided from the room.

In another moment, Naoum had hidden the letters in the bosom of his shirt, and looking from between the lattices, caught a last glimpse of his mistress occupying a low carriage that slowly rolled away.

CHAPTER II.

Late in the afternoon of that summer's day the carriage in which Lady Hester had left her house stopped on a low sea-beach, near a range of rocks and a spit of sand, that ran out like a shining needle into the sea. The needle was dull now, however, for the sky had grown black, and there were loud mutterings from all points of the horizon, and a smothering oppression in the air.

"And now, Petro," said Lady Hester, as the driver dismounted, and stood at her carriage door, in obedience to her signal, "go to the nearest inn, and remain during the night. Call here to-morrow at this time, and not a moment before. I have those within call who will protect me, and lead me to where I want to go."

An English servant would have demurred at such a command from a mistress whom he loved; but Petro was a native of that country, accustomed to a slavelike obedience from his birth; and accustomed, moreover, to his mistress's strange freaks for the last ten years. So he merely bowed, and turned to go, saying, in his native tongue:

"The Pallekaria are about here, lady."

"I know. I am safe. I know what I am doing. Stay!—one word. Have I been a good mistress?"

The man kneels, takes her hand in his, kisses it with emotion, and hurries off.

Directly he is out of sight, Lady Hester gets out of the carriage, wraps her shawl around her, and advances to the utmost verge of the beach, where the surf ripples up to her sandals, and she can almost feel the return-tide around her feet. A sudden darkness seems to have fallen upon the scene. Over the illimitable realms of angry waves before her, her sad eyes roam as if in quest of those far-off lands she never shall see more.

A few faints drops of rain commence to fall, and she feels a heavy hand on her shoulder. Turning round, she beholds a tall, dark, stalwart man. He wears a white tunic reaching to his knees, and around his waist is twined the fatal scarf of the Pallekaria, with its silk and silver threads.

The slight form quails for a moment beneath his grasp, and the shiver of death came over her. The man is many years her elder; but she seems to recognize and shrink at something in his look and touch remembered after all those years which reckon back to her childhood.

Suddenly, she falls at his feet, and, embracing them, exclaims:

"Let me live!—let me live!—let me live, if only for a

little while—a year, a month, a week—and then I will come and render up my life to you. I was a child when my father deserted the clan of the Pallekaria. I was but an infant when my parents fled with me. Until I ceased to be a child, I knew nothing of the dreadful sentence of death that had been pronounced upon him and his descendants, as an expiation for that offence. Since that truth was revealed to me by my father upon his dying bed, all the years that ought to have been the golden ones of my life have been cold and dark with the dreadful shadow of death that has been pursuing them. Let that shadow depart from me if but for one brief space. Let me live!—let me live!"

She buried her face at his feet in the surf-swept sand, and the waves drenched the edges of her garments. While she had been speaking, dark forms had issued from behind the projecting ridge of rocks. Some of these formed a semi-circle around their chief, others went to the carriage, and counted therein the pile of gold. Having done so, they made a sign to him that all was right.

He bent and touched the woman lightly on the shoulder. She arose and looked round in the gathering darkness. Seeing the sudden apparition of the dreaded Pallekaria around her, she gave a sudden start and shiver, a convulsive gasp, and with these, the invulnerable pride of earlier days came to her relief, and she gave no sign of weakness more. In the faces of that silent, encircling band, she read her doom, and saw that further pleading was worse than thrown away.

"Alexis!" was all she said.

"A Pallekaria never breaks his word," was the dark-browed chief's reply. "When your servant left you here alone, and you advanced toward the sea, I gave the signal, and the woman-faced youth you call Alexis has even now left Sirponte, and is on his way back to look for you at your Syrian palace."

At the same instant, two of the band advanced with cords, and seizing her arms, secured them behind.

"Kneel," said the chief; and she knelt without a gesture or a word.

As she did so, a flash of lightning, followed by instant thunder, struck the ground, and the rain poured down in torrents. The little light that was left, showed the waves of the sea lifted up in vast and froth-capped undulations. The whizz of a scimitar was heard flashing through the air, and so, amid storm and darkness, upon a desolate barbarian beach, without one near to wish her a last good-by, the Lady Hester yielded up the ghost in expiation of her parent's sin.

As the bleeding trunk fell to the ground, the chief caught up the head and held it aloft by its long dark locks. At the same instant, two powerfully built men, followed by others bearing torches, brought forward a young man, scarcely more than a youth, who bore every evidence of a captive lately loosed from his bonds. His jailers brought him hurriedly forward, until he faced the chief, and one of the bystanders thrust a lighted torch right against the convulsed face of the severed head the chief held up on high.

As he did so, the eyes of the face quivered open, darted upon the youth one glance of agonized recognition, in which ineffable and pleading love was blended, then closed forever.

"So perish all the descendants of those that betray the Pallekaria," said the chief, letting the head drop to the ground. "Release that woman faced youth she called Alexis, and let him go. A Pallekaria never breaks his word."

The men released their hold; but Alexis, overcome with horror, fell to the ground in a deep swoon, left alone with the headless corpse of the woman who had yielded up her life for him.

CHAPTER III.

Late in the evening of the next day—and a lovely summer's evening it was—a man and a boy were standing on the threshold of the house that had belonged to Lady Hester.

They were Naoum and Alexis.

The latter held two letters in his hand, which he read alternately.

The one was written in a woman's hand, and was addressed to Alexis. It read thus:

I go to deliver up my life for you, as part of the ransom that the Pallekaria require. I go gladly, for a dead woman can tell you what a living woman cannot. I go gladly, for I love you, and render up my life to you. All my possessions in this world which you care about are yours; all my love for you, which you do *not* care about, I take with me into the next.

Letter number two, addressed to Lady Hester, was written in the modern Greek, and Alexis made it out with some difficulty. With the former part of it, the reader is already acquainted. The concluding passage ran thus:

But, if you would save Alexis, lady, and save us the trouble and danger of coming in a band to seek you, this is what you should do: Meet me this evening at the rocks on the sea-beach near Sirponte; bring with you the one hundred thousand drachmas of gold, dismiss your servant, and render up your life. Thus shall you save the life of your Alexis (whose head we shall else send you, fresh and bleeding), and expiate your parent's crime in deserting the Pallekaria.

The stars came out, and the solemn beams that fell found the two brothers locked arm in arm, their eyes misty and their cheeks wet.

The years that have since elapsed have separated them in body as wide asunder as the poles. But, through all their lives, over leagues of land and water, their memories never failed to journey to one sacred spot—a costly tomb erected over the remains of Lady Hester, lying where once her Syrian palace stood.

[*Pleasant Hours.*

THE ESCAPE ON THE ICE.

One morning, early in February, 1839, two American brothers, by the name of Walter and James Farnsworth, set out for a day's hunt in the forrest. The stock of meat in their several families was running low, and hunting was the only resource they had in those days for replenishing it. They were accounted the best hunters, as well as Indian fighters, that there were in all the Miami country, into which they had penetrated and built their cabins some three years before the incident, which we are about to relate, transpired.

Many were the important services the brothers had rendered the settlers about them, until at last they came to be regarded as leaders in that district, and no enterprise was set on foot that they were not consulted about, and their views were in most cases accepted by their neighbors. Over and over again had the Indians been thwarted, in their well-planned attacks upon some lone settler's cabin, through the interposition of the brothers; and many times, when the supply of food ran low in the winter time, it was their hands which had provided it, and brought joy where despair had taken up its abode.

But to come at once to the incidents of our story:

On this particular morning, as it had been arranged the night before, Walter came to the cabin of his brother, whom he found standing at the door ready for a start.

"You're a little late, Walt," he said, after he had bid his brother good morning. "I had begun to think that you had been frightened by those clouds lying away there in the south, and had given up going for to-day."

"I hardly knew what to do about it, I confess; James. It looked much to me like rain at day-break, and to my mind the air feels like it now, although the sky does not. What do you say? Better risk it and go, don't you think?"

"Yes. The snow is frozen now, and, at any rate, it will be good snow-shoeing through the fore-part of the day. We have little meat in the house, and Burn's folks, over yonder, have hardly a mouthful of anything. I sent Willie over there this morning with half the meat we had by us, and he said he never saw people more thankful. Burn's lameness is no better, and it ain't at all probable that he will be able to step out of doors again this winter."

"Well, if such is the case, we mustn't let 'em suffer, if we have to work the harder. But let us be off. The sky is brightening off there in the south, and, after all, it may not rain or thaw much until we get back."

"I am ready. Susan," he said, addressing his wife, who, at that moment, came to the door, "don't be alarmed for us, if we are not back until to-morrow. We shan't come in until we have got something to repay us for our trouble."

A few more words of trifling importance passed between them; and then the brothers, turning their backs upon the cabin, in a short time had plunged into the depths of the forests, crossing the river which lay about a mile distant on the solid ice, which the recent cold weather had rendered so firm that it would have borne up any weight to which it might have been subjected.

The morning hours wore away, and noon came; still they kept on their course, and as yet had seen nothing which would repay a shot. The weather had very much moderated since morning, and the crust which covered the snow was now beginning to give way and allow their snow-shoes to sink through in many places. The sky, which through the morning had been very bright, now grew to a dead leaden color, giving unmistakable signs that rain was coming; and if anything more was wanting to substantiate this, there was the hollow echo made by the sound of their voices, while the wind, which all through the forenoon had been in the south-west, changed to the east and blew strongly. All signs about them, in both earth and sky, gave assurance that a thaw was imminent.

Walter, as the signs of a storm began to multiply so thickly, was for turning back; but his brother objected to this move. They had come a long distance, and it would not be much longer before they would be rewarded by a sight of game, in the common run of luck, and food was so much needed at home; when, as if to give them encouragement, at this moment they espied a deer just out of rifle shot. This gave them new courage, and raised their hopes of soon being able to set their faces homeward, laden with as much venison as they could carry; and they started off in pursuit at the top of their speed, which was not very swift, for the snow had thawed so much that they broke through the crust at almost every step.

The forest through which they were passing was very open; and, as a consequence, in spite of all their caution in approaching within rifle shot, the deer got wind of their approach, and, throwing back its head, dashed off at full speed.

Though the hunters were disappointed in securing their game as easily as they had hoped, they had no idea of giving up the chase; and so they set off at full speed in pursuit, hoping soon to come within range. This they at last succeeded in doing, but not until two good hours more had been spent, and at least three miles more put between themselves and home.

James, at last, succeeded in bringing his rifle to bear upon the panting animal, which had paused for a moment to recover its breath. Though usually a sure shot, he did not this time kill, and the deer merely wounded, turned again to fly. Its strength lasted long enough to lead them onward for half a mile further, when it sank down, and the hunters soon put an end to its misery.

To flay the animal, and cut it up into quarters, was but a slight task for them; and by the time it was was concluded, the rain began to fall. By this time, they began to feel the want of food; and so the snow was scraped away, a fire hastily kindled, and in a little time, a nice steak was broiled.

By the time their repast was concluded, the rain was pouring down in torrents. There was no time to be lost; and so they at once set their faces homeward. Besides the rain which was falling, they had another cause for uneasiness. By the signs, which they had seen for an hour past, they knew that there were enemies near at hand. Once or twice, in their pursuit of the deer, they had crossed the recently made trail of the savages; and they knew well that if they once got upon their track that to escape would be next to impossible. The redskins, thirsting for their blood, would follow them like blood-hounds.

Owing to the warmth of the weather and the fast-falling rain, coupled with the additional weight of venison they bore, the crust of snow would no longer sustain them, and they sank through it at every step. This made their progress slow and painful; and, almost before they were aware of it, the night came down, and a darkness so dense that they could hardly see a yard before their faces, encompassed them about.

For a while they toiled on; but at last they saw, what had been evident from the first, that they would not be able to reach home that night. So they came to a halt beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large hemlock, where they decided to encamp for the night.

At first, they thought they would try and do without a fire, fearing that the savages might be attracted to them thereby; but it looked so dismal and became so uncomfortable that they at last decided to run the risk. After considerable trouble, one was kindled, and they seated themselves about it, enjoying the cheerful warmth which it imparted to them.

An hour or so was passed in this way; and then they made preparations to get a little sleep. Some boughs were cut from the hemlock, and the water shaken from them and then dried by the fire; and of these a couch was made, upon which Walter threw himself, while his brother kept the watch until midnight, when he was to arouse himself and take his turn at standing guard.

Slowly the hours passed away, and at length midnight came. James had not closed his eyes; but no signs or sounds of danger had reached him.

It was now his turn to rest, and arousing his brother, he threw himself in his place, and was soon sleeping heavily. He could have remained in this state but a short time—to him it seemed but a few minutes—when he was awakened by his brother, bending over him and shaking him by the shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked, starting up and springing to his feet.

"Hark! There are savages near us. They have seen our light, and are about to give us a call. There! Did you not hear them breaking through the snow?"

"I heard something, but it may be a wild beast instead of a redskin. But what makes it so light? It can't be morning yet."

"No. The moon is up. There! Are those beasts, or savages? I can swear that the redskins are upon us, and more than a score in number."

"You are right, Walt, and we must remain here no longer if we wish to keep our scalps upon our heads. Good heavens! look yonder. They are nearer upon us than I thought."

His brother glanced in the direction from whence the sound came, and beheld, but a short distance away, a number of shadowy forms gliding amid the trees towards them. There was not a moment to lose, for to attempt to oppose them would be worse than useless; so, hastily binding on their snow-shoes, they fled away, leaving their hard-earned venison behind them.

The rain was still pouring down in torrents, and the walking was much worse than it had been when they had laid down; but they were somewhat refreshed by the rest they had had; and urged on by the danger which threatened them, they had put a considerable distance between them and their camp when the Indians reached it. They knew when they reached the camp, by the howl of disappointment which came to their ears when the redskins found that their prey had scented their approach and fled. A backward glance, and a second shout, told them that the savages were not lingering about the fire, but were coming on in fierce pursuit.

The brothers knew that the race before them was one for life or death. So they strained every nerve in the fearful ordeal before them, and with such success that they were enabled to maintain the distance between them and their pursuers, and at one time to increase it. And so the race went on, until, at length, the night was past and the gray light of dawn began to light up the east, and lessen the shadows about them.

"We must be near the river, James, and I don't think the savages will care to follow us beyond," exclaimed Walter, who was slightly in advance, as he paused a moment for his brother to come up.

"Heaven knows, I hope not; I cannot keep up this pace for a great while longer."

"Courage, Walter, courage! We have done too much to fail now, and fall beneath the red hands of those howling savages. Just beyond the hill yonder is the river; and once on the other side, I think we shall be safe."

"But what is that, James? I mean that roaring sound which fills the air?"

Only the wind and rain, I think. Quick! quick! The red-skins are gaining upon us."

With every nerve strained to the utmost tension, the two men sprang up the hill. The roaring sound increased in violence until it was almost deafening. The summit of the hill was gained at last, and the fugitives paused spellbound with terror and dismay.

James was the first to speak.

"Great heaven, Walter, the river is breaking up!"

He was right. With a mighty and resistless force, the great mass of water and ice came plunging along, with a sound that was almost as deafening as that of thunder. The warm rain had caused the river suddenly to rise and break the armor of ice with which it was bound.

"Water is more merciful than the savages. We had better trust ourselves to it than them," said Walter.

They sprang down the hill to the bank of the river. Just as they reached it a shout of triumph came from the throats of the savages. They had reached the summit of the hill, and beheld the wild rushing of the river, and felt assured that their prey must now fall into their hands.

"There is but one chance for us, Walter," said James, gazing into his brother's face; "and that is to trust ourselves to one of these floating cakes of ice, hoping that it may carry us to the other shore. There is a good one for our purpose passing now. Follow me. It's our only chance."

It was a fearful leap, but his feet struck the spot he intended them to, and in a moment his brother was by his side. The motion they gave the cake sent it far out into the stream, where it joined others; and they were whirled along with resistless force by the current, which, to their great joy, they found set towards the opposite shore. Several times they were in great danger of slipping into the boiling flood; but at last they reached in safety the point desired, despite their insecure footing, and the numerous shots which were fired at them by the disappointed and enraged savages.

Thankful for their almost miraculous escape, the brothers sent back an answering shout of defiance, and then hastened on to their settlement, which they reached without further adventure.

Gems from the Poets.

THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless alone.

Byron's Childe Harold.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL.

Past the high clouds floating round
Where the eagle is not found,
Past the million, starry choir,
Through the midst of foul opinions,
Flaming passions, sensual mire,
To the Mind's serene dominions,
I aspire.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Oft the glen of deepest gloom
Hath, withal, a sunny side;
Where the bowers of beauty bloom,
Where the streams of pleasure glide
And the shadows of the tomb
Never on its paths abide.

Night full often comes to all,
Yet we may not seek the shade!
Soon the flowers of bliss will fall
Not for us to bid them fade;
Lest our God His gifts recall—
Lest His arm of love be stay'd.—[*Fritz.*

THE BLIND ONE.

Not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Of sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank.—[*Milton.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
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ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.
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SCIENCE AND NOAH'S DELUGE.

NUMBER TWO.

We shall now attempt to trace out some of the interesting phenomena, which M. Adhémar considers, go to establish the theory that our northern and southern hemispheres have alternately been deluged by waters let loose from the opposite extremity of the globe.

It must be borne in mind that according to Adhémar's theory, two vast glaciers or continents of ice always exist, one at each of our poles; and that as one is growing and increasing in its gravitating or attracting influence from age to age, the other, owing to the increase of heat at that end, is decreasing in the same proportion. One of the consequences of such a state of things as this, would be that cold and ice would naturally increase continuously at one of the poles and decrease at the other. Another fact would also be noticeable; for vast periods before the great bulk of the waters broke loose from their abodes to flood the opposite end, there would be an almost imperceptible but certain rise in the rivers at that end of the globe where the new glacier was forming. In corroboration of this part of the theory, we are pointed to the fact that philosophers have stated it as their conviction that the northern hemisphere (where according to Adhémar the great glacier is now forming) "*is* gradually cooling; and that the artic ice is steadily encroaching on the yet unfrozen portions of Europe, Asia, and America; that the summers of England and France are not so hot as they were in olden times;" that English vineyards once existing are impossible now. And while the northern hemisphere is thus evidently cooling it is equally clear that the southern is increasing in heat. Navigators have, since Captain Cook's day, been able to discover land which in his time was under the ice. And as to the increase of the waters in the rivers and seas, it has been proved by Robert Stephenson and others that the level of the North sea and of the English channel absolutely is rising. The ocean also regularly increases in depth as you travel from the north to the south pole; which is precisely what it ought to do if this theory be true.

Let us now compare the author's theory with some geological facts. Throughout the Old and the New Worlds, we find scattered over its table lands innumerable blocks of vast dimensions, which by their position and appearance evidently show that they have been torn from the mountains and flooded there from some point in the north. In all cases these blocks have been arrested by rising grounds. They are invariably found stranded on the northern slopes of mountains; whilst the positions of other masses clearly indicate that they have been dragged through lowlands, and other open grounds which have permitted their passage. The nearer these great boulders are to the pole, the greater is their number, and the larger are they in bulk. Masses similar to these, evidently broken from the mountains of Sweden and Finland, are scattered in innumerable numbers over Germany, Poland and Russia.

Then again, hills and horizontal plains, some nearly three hundred feet deep, composed of sand, gravel, mud, shingle, clay and boulders, cover vast regions, stretching in lines from north to south. Of this class are the steppes of Russia, and that vast stratum which covers Holland.

Especially in Finland, Sweden, Norway and the British Islands, peculiar marks, furrows and flutings, sometimes two feet deep are found in the granite sides of mountains. The direction of these water-worn channels is invariably from north to south, or in the direction of the last great deluge.

Besides all this, philosophers have long been convinced that the destructive forces which have produced the last geological convulsions, were owing to a diluvium or flood from the north. For it was evident that an immense mass of waters, accompanied by ice and rushing from north to south, inundated the northern countries of the globe; stripping the highlands and cleaning off and polishing the rocks by means of the detritus which it bore along.

But this and much more that could be adduced, is only proof of a flood from the northern end of our world. How about a flood from the south, or what about the deluge before Noah's?

On this point our attention is called to the fact that these great boulders which so clearly indicate the fact of some great overwhelming agency which has carried them where they are, are found to increase in numbers as you near the south as well as the north pole; while both decrease in quantity towards the equator. Showing that a similar flood once hurled similar rocky masses from their resting place in the south as from the north—both floods decreasing in strength as they neared the centre of the earth.

The author of this theory believes that it furnishes an understanding of a hitherto non-explainable phenomenon. It is well known that the bodies of elephants, animals of a species especially and peculiarly belonging to hot climates, have been found buried in ice in the extreme northern parts of the globe. How came they so far from their native abodes?

M. Adhémar believes that the mystery is simply this: that when the great deluge from the south sweeping and driving all before it passed over the tropical regions, the elephants fled singly and in herds before it, until they reached the northern glacier itself; where, falling exhausted by fatigue, hunger and cold, they were soon covered up by masses of snow and ice, to be resurrected in our day by the warming of the northern regions and the consequent melting of the ice in which they were buried.

It is well known that an extreme state of cold once existed in our hemisphere. This, with several other things, Adhémar's theory assumes to explain for us, and which we quote in a summary from a reviewer as follows: "During ten thousand five hundred years the total of the hours of night being in excess of the hours of day, an immense cupola of ice was formed over and around the North Pole, which reached lower than the seventieth degree of latitude. The attraction of this gigantic glacier had drawn this side the equator the totality of the seas. Our northern continents were then for the most part under water, while those of the southern hemisphere were high and dry, and perhaps inhabited by the human race which was destroyed at the last deluge." Seven thousand years before that deluge this enormous glacier had attained its greatest possible development, because the position of the earth in the solar system had then become such that the sum of the hours of night had begun to decrease and the sum of the hours of day to increase, resulting in our hemisphere beginning to increase in warmth. The extent of the great northern glacier was therefore gradually decreased, while an opposite effect was going on at the South Pole. After the lapse of this seven

thousand years, the continued action of the sun's heat having sufficiently softened the North Pole ice, the grand break up occurred; the northern seas and the fragments of the glacier, obeying the sudden displacement of the centre of gravity rushed in a body to the south. Torn from his bed Ocean carried with him his mud with which he formed the extensive lands which constitute the diluvium. Gigantic streams of water mingling with earth, sand and pebbles, formed the alluviums of the great valleys; finally, erratic boulders, sustained by the ice and by the boiling up of the artic waters to the altitudes which they now occupy, remained shelved on the sides of mountains whose tops they were unable to scale." Thus according to M. Adhémar was produced the last deluge four thousand two hundred years ago.

If Adhémar's next deluge occurs again it will, at least, not be before six thousand years after the present date; by which time it is supposable that most of the readers of the UTAH MAGAZINE will be securely out of the way, and in a position to look down upon the scene without danger. There is therefore no immediate cause for alarm as to whether his theory be true or not. It is like the exhaustion of the coal-beds of England, a question we can very comfortably shelve for our descendents to attend to. In the meantime it is a question for thought—a question for geological research—one calculated to develop the intellectuality of the enquirer into the operations of nature's laws; and as such we give it.

PURE LOVE.

BY EMILY G. TEASDALE.

Cold indeed would be our pilgrimage on earth were it not warmed with the genial rays of affection. Love is the noblest attribute of the Deity and the highest principle of heaven; not the love generally acknowledged at the present day; for, like most holy things, it has been perverted and the word misapplied. Pure love is holy and self-denying, ever ready to throw its mantle over trifling offences. It renders age or sex immaterial where individuals are in possession of noble attributes. The heart would as gladly leap forth to welcome them in our own sex as in the opposite. What higher conception can we form of happiness than the association of kindred spirits progressing in eternal truth?

Pure love is refined and heaven-born. Every spirit possesses more or less of this attribute, or it would not be pronounced pure; and the nobler the spirit, the more love will it possess, and the less power will a cold, calculating world have to destroy its heavenly origin.

Who could look emotionless upon the works of creation, from nature's beauteous carpet, resplendent with flowers of every hue, to the gorgeous setting of the sun, bathed as it were in a sea of gold, surrounded by the delicate and varied tints that blend and present to the eye a picture of glory and magnificence surpassing all description! We sit and watch the daylight give place to the queen of night rising in all her modest beauty, and the stars peep out one after the other from the clear blue sky, diffusing a calm and holy light over the earth, till the heart has become too full to speak, and life has seemed the sweetest of all gifts, whilst the earth and sky have appeared smiling with intense joy. These rapt moments have appeared like glimmerings of our "primeval childhood," and as foretastes of celestial glory.

Oh! who could contemplate the Author of so much delicate beauty and grand magnificence, without feeling inspired with deep and holy love, and associating him with everything that is noble and refined, far beyond our ideal of perfection? The spirit may be clouded and cast down at times: it perchance may seldom meet with those who can understand or appreciate its hidden depths of pure love; but the knowledge that we may eternally realize our fondest dream of the refined and beautiful, will nerve the soul to action. Who could associate aught else with celestial glory?

Nothing can smooth the rugged path of life like a loving spirit. It drives back to its native element the influence of the Evil One. It is life's morning and evening star. It curbs the petulance of childhood, and soothes the sorrows of old age. A domineering spirit may rule the serf, but it is never a welcome guest, or calculated to accomplish a great amount of good.

WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Too much do men overlook or if they passingly notice too soon do they forget the important part that woman plays in the world. There are more truly noble women than there are truly noble men: they are more self-sacrificing and devoted to goodness; more emblematical of purity and love; aye, let it be honestly confessed, they are more divine in their natures. We are not far wrong when we affirm that a good woman is an angel. True, we are the gods! No sane man possessed of the egotism of his sex, will deny this cardinal distinction.

"Confine woman to her sphere!" "Let woman keep within her proper sphere!" Such is the arrogant cant of us lords of creation. Very well. Let woman have her proper sphere, and let us justly accord it at last. It cannot be said generously *accord*, niggardly as we have been and are still in giving to woman even a poor *acknowledgement* of her vast sum of merits in the working out of all the world's best issues. Let women step into the opposite scale in the adjustments of society without any petty envy or depreciation from our side, and the world will be the better balanced.

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world."

And if we are not yet prepared for such a consummation as a great social and national *fact* let us, at least, realizing her vast influence in the world's management, take her cause into candid consideration.

"A woman's sphere is her family." Another cant proverb. Shame on those who thus limit her, shame on their honesty, shame on their intellect. Let the truth be boldly spoken,—a woman's sphere is the unlimited world. Man's sphere is her sphere. Why should she be limited more than he, when God made both to move together side by side in one circle? That which his circle of mortal and immortal life encompasses so does hers. We cannot admit that woman was made for man any more than man was made for woman. They were created dear companions and helpmeet for each other.

If a woman's sphere is her family is not man's sphere *also his family*? Any distinction urged on this point will be mere egotism. It is true that the woman's sphere both in her family and in the affairs of life is the female part, man's the male part, it is also true that six and half-a-dozen are equivalent. Is not the woman-influence in forming the moral condition of our social life as great and as ramified as that of man? Aye, is it not part and parcel of our masculine faith that woman is the cause of all evil, and if there is any affair uncommonly wicked that a woman is sure to be at the bottom of it? Suppose we grant this fallacy; thus, in their very self-complacency and meanness in saddling the great sins of society upon her shoulders, men virtually admit the supreme influence of women in the world.

Passing from the moral sphere of society into the religious, we find her more than the equal of man in her influence. In all evangelical movements and reformatory churches it is found that mothers and daughters outnumber fathers and sons. Indeed, the mission of christianity seems very much to have been led on by the ardent devotion of mothers, sisters, wives. The page of history is crowded with examples. Instance, the heroic women who gathered around Jesus (with never a Peter among them to deny their Lord). Instance, St. Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor.

The nation which does not assign to women a very high part to play not only in the home circle but also in all the vital concerns of humanity, is barbaric in its notions and estate. True civilization has not yet reached that nation. Barbarians always undervalue our fair sisterhood and look down upon them as their slaves, their toys, their goods and chattles; while the nation that best represents civilization and is nearest a republican standard of humanity, will the most highly estimate woman.

MOHAMMED.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

NO 2.—HIS YOUTH, LOVE AND VISIONS.

Mohammed was born in Mecca, the sacred city of Arabia, in 569 of the Christian era; and he came of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, of which there were two branches descended from two brothers. We are told by Moslem writers that, at the moment of his coming into the world, he raised his eyes to heaven, exclaiming "God is great! There is no God but God, and I am his prophet."

When the prophet was scarcely two months old, his father died, leaving him no other inheritance than five camels, a few sheep and a female slave. The grief of the young mother, at the loss of her beloved, robbed her child of nature's nourishment, and he was given to a Saadite shepherdess to nurse, who, out of compassion, took the helpless infant to her home in one of the pastoral valleys of the mountains.

When, at the age of four years, while playing in the fields with a foster-brother, Moslem traditions inform us, two angels appeared to Mohammed, and the angel Gabriel laying him upon the ground, took out his heart and cleansed it, and having filled it with prophetic gifts, replaced it. Gabriel, we are told, also stamped between the child's shoulders the seal of prophecy. These traditions are akin to the fables concerning the child Jesus. When the vision was told to the nurse, she and her husband became alarmed, fearing these angels were evil spirits. So she carried the youthful prophet back to Mecca and delivered him to his mother.

The mother of Mohammed died when he was six years of age and left him to the guardianship of his illustrious grandfather, who, at his death, two years later, committed the boy to the special care of his eldest son Abu Taleb.

At the age of twelve, with his daring imagination wrought up to the highest pitch by the romances of the deserts, the youth clung to Abu Taleb, who was preparing to mount his camel to start with his caravan, and implored his indulgent kinsman to be permitted to go with him to Syria. "For who, O my uncle, will take care of me when thou art gone?" plead the boy. Abu Taleb granted the prayer of his nephew, and the caravan started on its route, to return in due time loaded with its merchandise, and the mind of the future prophet more abundantly laden with the superstitions of the desert, a knowledge of the sacred Hebrew writings and of the mission of Christ.

At a Nestorian convent where Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality, one of the monks, surprised at the precocious intellect of young Mohammed, and his astonishing capacity for a religious mission, held frequent conversations with him upon the sacred scriptures. The subjects which engrossed the ardent mind of the future prophet were those relating to his forefather Abraham, Moses and the new dispensation opened in the ministry of Christ. One has only to read the Koran to trace the early inception of the germs of Islamism, and how much the daring and capacious mind of Mohammed became pregnant with the ideas of new dispensations in an Abrahamic succession. In that Nestorian convent, in an ancient city of the Levites, Ishmael's prophet was born for the mission, and from that hour the new dispensation was nascent in Mohammed's soul.

The youth returned with his uncle to Mecca, the seeds of a great religious mission deeply planted in his mind. The son of Ishmael had been to the land in which Abraham sojourned when he departed out of Chaldea and out of the house of his idolatrous father, leaving his denunciation against idolatry and carrying with him a knowledge of the true religion. It was a grand example for his descendant.

When Mohammed reached the age of twenty-five, an important event occurred in his life. It was that of love! The romance is somewhat similar to that between Josephine and her hero.

There lived in Mecca a noble lady of the tribe of Koreish. Twice had she been married; her last husband, a wealthy merchant, had recently died. The extensive business of the fair widow required an efficient manager, and her nephew recommended to her young Mohammed as a fit person to be her factor. Cadijah (the name of the lady) was so eager to secure his services that she offered him double wages to conduct her caravan to Syria. As he is extolled for his manly beauty and engaging manners, it is thought that the fair widow's heart was her counselor. Mohammed, by the advice of Abu Taleb, accepted her offer, and so well pleased was his patroness on his return that she gave him double the stipulated wages. Similar expeditions brought to him like results. On one occasion on his return from Syria with her caravan, as she watched him from the house-top, with her maid-servant, she saw two angels conducting the "favorite of God" into Mecca. This extraordinary circumstance which, no doubt, to her love-inspired mind was real, increased her affections for Mohammed; and forthwith, through her trusty maid-servant, who was with her when her woman's heart gave to her the miraculous vision of the angels, she proposed marriage to the handsome fellow whom Heaven, as well as herself, had condescended to love.

Mohammed now ranked among the most wealthy of the city, and his excellent conduct obtained for him the name of Al Amin, or the Faithful. For several years he continued in the sphere of commerce, but his heart was not in his vocation, and his enterprises were not as successful as before. It is supposed that in his subsequent journeys into Syria after the age of twenty-five, Mohammed renewed his intercourse with those versed in the sacred writings and the history and religion of the Jews and Christians. Waraka, a cousin of Mohammed's wife, was instrumental in developing his latent energy and starting him in his great career. This Waraka himself was a remarkable character. He was a learned man of a bold, speculative mind, who had cast off the idolatrous religion of the East, and held Arian opinions. He was also progressive and innovative in his tendencies First he was a Jew, and then he advanced to the Christian, and perhaps more fully than his pupil, he had already conceived the necessity of a new dispensation, for the Christian churches generally at that period had fallen much from their primitive apostolic state, as the old Eastern empires had into the grossest idolatry. In the Koran, which so emphatically indorses the divine missions of Moses and Jesus, the apostasy of both the Jews and Christians is repeatedly marked. It is more than probable that much of Waraka's mature views and speculations became absorbed by the inspirative and forceful Mohammed.

At length (in the fortieth year of his age) came the annunciation of his apostleship by the personal administration of the angel Gabriel. The following is the substance of Washington Irving's account of this circumstance: "He was passing, as was his wont, the holy month in the cavern of Mount Hara, fasting and praying. It was the night called Al Kader, or the Divine Decree, a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend to the earth and Gabriel brings down the decrees of God. As Mohammed, in the silent watches of the night, lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling him; uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such an intolerable splendor that he swooned away. On regaining his senses, he

beheld an angel in human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth covered with written characters. 'Read,' said the angel. 'I know not how to read,' replied Mohammed. 'Read!' repeated the angel, 'in the name of the Lord who has created man from a clot of blood. Read, in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge and teaches him what before he knew not.' Upon this Mohammed instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light, and what was written upon the cloth, which contained the decrees of God as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced, 'Oh Mohammed, of a verity thou art the prophet of God, and I am his angel Gabriel.' Mohammed, in the morning, came trembling and agitated to Cadijah, not knowing whether what he had seen was indeed true, a mere vision or a delusion of his senses, or the mere apparition of an evil spirit. His wife said: 'Joyful tidings dost thou bring! By Him in whose hand is the soul of Cadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation. Rejoice,' added she, seeing him cast down, 'Allah will not suffer thee to fall to shame. Hast not thou been loving to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?'

The loving wife then hastened to communicate the intelligence to her cousin Waraka. 'By Him in whose hand is the soul of Waraka,' exclaimed that learned man, 'thou speakest true, oh Cadijah. The angel who has appeared to thy husband is the same who in the days of old was sent to Moses, the son of Amram. His annunciation is true. Thy husband is a prophet.' "

Thus it will be seen that his fond wife and her learned cousin were the first to rejoice and proclaim Mohammed the Prophet of their nation.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

EGYPT---ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

In a former chapter, we traced the route of a portion of the descendents of Ham through Arabia Petræa and the isthmus of Suez, to the banks of the Nile. This must have been their course, if we credit the account of the flood and final resting of the Ark on the summit the greater Ararat, as given in the Bible. From scriptural testimony also we find that long before the days of Abraham, settlements had been formed as far south and west as "Ur of the Chaldees," Palestine and Egypt. Probably no people in the world are better prepared to understand and appreciate the primitive character of settlements, newly formed after a migration of hundreds of miles from the seats of civilization, than the Latter-day Saints. We must, nevertheless, bear in mind that there is a marked difference in the circumstances attending the migration of the first settlers of Egypt and the migration of the people who first settled Utah. The children of Ham may have been, and doubtless were, forced into the wilderness by the pressure of stronger and more warlike tribes. The ignorance of the people of that day, of the science of geography, left them without the advantages arising from having an objective point to reach and occupy, they *literally felt* their way in all their migrations and wanderings. From the well known barrenness of the country through which they passed it is to be inferred that they would extend their explorations as fast as their circumstances would permit. The banks of the Nile in consequence of the extreme fertility of the soil and the salubriousness of the climate would have offered irresistible temptation for the formation of permanent settlements to far more inveterate wanderers than were *Misraim* and his descendants.

The sluggish character of the river and the marshy nature of the soil of lower Egypt together with the presence of rapacious sea monsters that filled the river and the numerous lagoons, that ramified the whole country, intimidated the first discoverers and forced them to skirt along the banks until they reached what is called upper Egypt or *Thebais*, where we have evidence that the first settlements were formed.

Ages must have passed away ere a rude pastoral race could have gained the experience and accumulated the capital that would enable them to dig the canals and reservoirs, and rear the dykes necessary for the fertilization and occupation of the whole land.

THE ORIGIN OF THE KINGLY POWER.

The patriarchal was the first form of government, and no doubt continued to prevail for a long period after the first settlement of the land. The first royal dynasty of Egypt doubtless arose from some masterful and ambitious patriarch making war upon and subduing all the other heads of tribes or families, and combining the thirty six "Nomi" or patriarchal patrimonies into one consolidated empire, this is more likely to have been the origin of the division of the land into thirty-six "Nomi" or provinces than that given by the Greek historians who generally have ascribed that arrangement to the genius of "Sesostris the Great."

The power of the Kings of Egypt became more and more absolute as they extended their dominions by conquest, they claimed finally to have descended in a direct line from the gods, whom their people were taught were the first rulers of Egypt, their persons were sacred and it was discovered that the "King could do no wrong" in and of himself. Ministers of state were made responsible for the sins of royalty then as now. To rebel against the authority of a king who was related to the gods and ruled by divine right was a sin hat was unpardonable by the law.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYTHOLOGY

of the Egyptains, and the priesthood based thereon, was probably the lowest of that of any system of religion that prevailed in any of the nations of antiquity.

OSIRES (the sun) and ISIS (the moon) were supposed to be the chief rulers among the divinities of Egypt; although, in their view, ruling all the world by turns, yet the land of Egypt and its inhabitants were subjects of the especial care of those great ruling deities. Osires representing the male and Isis the female, it was supposed that the whole fraternity of Gods sprung from them.

The Egyptians were firm believers in the doctrine of the transmigrations of souls. The spirit of man had previously been schooled and prepared for the glorious estate of manhood, by the gradual development of his powers, based upon the experience gained in numerous probations. First, by animating the body of the lowest form of animal life, ascending higher and higher in the scale of mental and physical development with each probation, until, finally, it attained the glorious form of manhood, which was believed, then as now, to be the acme of the perfection of all that is excellent in physical and mental arrangement, they believed that the estate of man here was alone worthy of endless continuation.

The Egyptians were believers in the doctrine of the *literal* resurrection of the body. The preservation of the bodies of their dead was esteemed as the most holy of all the obligations of life. A son would expend all of his earthly possess-

ions rather than omit having the bodies of his parents embalmed and laid away in sepulchres hewn out of the rocky heights that nearly everywhere border the valley of the Nile; each generation believing that, although their progenitors had lain a long time in the tombs, the *resurrection* day was but a little way off from their time. The loss of the body was a fearful loss. The possession of the human form as a dwelling place for the spirit, and the mastery it gave the possessor over every other organization, was, in their view, placed as a goal at the end of a long race. The preservation of the body intact was essential to a speedy resurrection; a partial or complete round through the lesser organizations was the penalty when the body was lost by transgression of the laws, civil or ecclesiastical. What they believed to have been the loss incurred by the unavoidable or accidental destruction of the body after death is left to conjecture; but it can reasonably be inferred that the origin of the worship of many of the beasts, birds and reptiles was based upon the supposition that the spirits of their honored dead, who by force of circumstances were deprived of sepulchres and the consequent destruction of their bodies, would immediately animate the body of a *dog* to guard their slumbers by night or to hunt and destroy noxious depredators by day. The "Ibis" was the enemy of the whole serpent race; the frog destroyed insects injurious to vegetation, and the crocodile was the scavenger of their great river and its lagoons. The lively remembrance of the constant care and labor of their parents for their protection and support when living, was a strong testimony to them; all their sympathies and affections would lead them to do them all the good they possibly could after death—for idleness and ease, here nor hereafter, formed no part of the expectations of the Egyptians; their heaven was utilitarian in character. The loss of their bodies precluded the possibility of their crossing the river Styx to the spiritual abode of all good Egyptians, for that happy land was held in special reservation for humanity; the human form and human attributes alone could enjoy the sweets of the great and endless future that lay beyond the banks of the fearful river that divided the natural from the spiritual life.

The best evidence that some of their low forms of worship arose from the supposition that unlucky spirits should animate the bodies of the animals named, is found in the fact that that custom was mostly confined to cities occupied by the military "caste." It was the unalterable law of Egypt a son could alone follow the occupation and position in life that his father held before him. A man belonging to the military "caste," his sons were destined for the army without exception. The uncertain vicissitudes of war rendered the military "caste" more liable to be deprived of sepulchres than any other "caste" in the land of Egypt. It was frequently the case that an army of Egyptian soldiers, when successful in a military raid, would return home loaded down with dogs, cats, monkeys and many other animals, either useful or entertaining, in preference to the richer spoils of war—each man who had lost a dear brother, father or grandfather in some previous expedition into the same country having been convinced by some preference shown to himself by some one of those animals that it was some dearly beloved relative in disguise.

The Drama.

THE MISSION OF THE DRAMA.

At the theatre, we are made to see and feel realities more than in real life we see and feel them. We meet them in life, but in the buzzing of the busy world around us, and in the crowd of our own concerns, we are not struck by them in their marked individualisms, nor affected with their experience. In the practical world we almost exclusively feel ourselves, are given over to commercial necessities, and domestic duties and perplexities crowd upon us. Enough most times are these to fill our daily page; but in books, and at the theatre, we are fain to slip from ourselves awhile to view the personalities that move around us daily. We live with them in fellowship there, feel their joys and sorrows and sympathize in their experience.

The stage is a great humanizer and a powerful preacher, when properly fulfilling its mission. We are in communion with humanity through it,—"one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"—and callous must be the heart that feels not the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind, and depraved, indeed, when it answers not to a noble sentiment, justifies not the good and condemns not the wrong. Very few are wicked or unjust in their sympathies with a play. The seducer likes not his own character there, the iron-hearted are sensible to more of nature's tenderness, society asks forgiveness of its victims and weeps for them. It may be somewhat heterodox in expression, but true it is in fact, that the world is more human,—sometimes more divine in the theatre than at the church.

What? Special pleadings for theatrical managers and their companies? Shall society make of them its divines and saints? Nay. Indeed, we are often struck with the hollowness of the stage, as far as the realities embodied in the performers are concerned, and never more than when they are impersonating any character where religion or much virtue is brought in. It is the mission of the drama in its integrity, and the stage as a secular pulpit, with the functions for great social good, that we would maintain and not the fitness of some of its exponents. It is true we often find among the profession much virtue; and there have trod the boards some of those wonderful transmigrative natures which we call genius. They are true dramatic poets; but from their training, and that erratic forcefulness of genius which bursts into a variety of directions, with about the same method that there is in Hamlet's madness, they write their impersonations not upon paper, but upon the stage. Such were Garrick, Kean and Booth of the past. They were of Shakspeare's brotherhood by nature, and what he created they have not *acted* but *been*. We associate with the poet a divine frenzy; but in none does it reach such intensity as in the dramatic poet. His work is the conception of characters; out of his own nature he creates numerous individualities, and, in the action and circumstances of his plays, makes them live, move and have a being. The author himself is no delineator of his persons, but his own transmigrating soul passes from one to the other, and fills them all in turn. So it is with such as Garrick, Kean and Booth; and sometimes, especially when under stimulants, their absolute loss of self in their impersonations reaches temporary madness. "Richard is himself again" when the spirits of the unreal pass out of him, and so are they themselves again, when their Richards have gone out of them.

We may claim for the drama an extraordinary mission, for it gives the highest manifestations of genius—the creation of many individualities, and not mere boquets of poetry. Even the epic poet deserves not to rank first, be he Homer himself, when a Shakspeare is in the field. Indeed the epic can not properly be said to have a mission at all, for though essentially dramatic in all its construction, and its very substance in the abundance of distinct and varying personalities, moving and acting in the progress of the plot, animating the whole poem with visible life, yet it has no broader sphere than the study, no larger audience

than the scholar. But the drama proper is the epic adapted to a public mission, and brought out in series,—made to live, move and have a tangible being on the stage, as to the poetic fancy the heroes of Homer have in the grand action of the Iliad. The drama, too, has secular functions, rivaling those of the church, as far as its influences over the masses are concerned. Where the ministers of the gospel cannot reach them, the theatre does, and therefore are theatres pernicious, and a national curse, when exercising themselves not for good. On the other hand, how much may they be made teachers of the people for moral and intellectual results, besides exerting over them a vast humanizing influence? Theatres often have larger audiences than our most popular congregational churches; and, instead of having one preacher, they have many preachers, making sermons for them. The one has a pulpit resembling a box, shutting in the minister from his congregation, and lifting him above them; the other has a pulpit representing the stage of life, and humanity is represented there. The stage is not above us, neither literally nor symbolically. We see ourselves there, and look upon the same world in miniature as that in which we verily live and move. And when the characters differ from ourselves, we know they fit others of the numerous lookers on; if they rise to a Richard, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, still we are in them in some degree. Aye, they excite us fearfully, because we are so much in them, and they in us, in their good and evil passions. From the pulpit, the masses too generally have to listen to abstract theology without life or soul. At the theatre they might not hear such good sermons, but they feel more powerful ones; they might be witnessing vicious performances, but it will touch them more than words of piety from holy men. And it is this fact—that the stage has such an extensive and powerful influence over the millions, who so much need moral and religious agencies to be brought to bear upon them—that should lead our powerful popular preachers to take up the question. They should insist upon the stage fulfilling its mission, or thunder against it. If managers will not give to the drama its proper functions, and the profession will not have regard for itself and society, seeing that they may be such instruments for good or evil, then let the public teachers, with burning words, fire the indignation of the public and force reform. This however applies abroad rather than at home.

Music.

NAPOLEON AND MUSIC.

We are told by Bourrienne, the school-fellow and private secretary of the emperor, that when anything went wrong or some disagreeable thought occupied him Napoleon was in the habit of entering his cabinet uttering a humming sort of noise most unmusical. In this mood he would seat himself by the writing table, poise himself in his chair and lean backwards. A hundred times, says his secretary, have I called out to him to beware of falling heels over head. In this dangerous position he would vent his ill humor against the right arm of his elbow-chair, cutting it with his penknife, which was of no other use to him.

But if the ear of the remoulder of empires was not attuned to sweet sounds it was to grand and solemn ones. The deep sonorous music of the big bells harmonized with the clear metallic tones of the leading and tenor bells, which doubtless reminded him of the booming of cannon and the sound of the martial trumpet for the charge, produced in him a singular effect. His sense of grandeur was touched, his soul charmed with the ringing tones by which cities are woke up to the alarm, as well as solemnly called to the worship of the Creator. In his walks a peal of village bells has often broken off the most serious conversations. He would stop with his companions, least the moving of their feet might cause him the loss of one of the sounds which charmed him, and he was inclined to be angry with Bourrienne for not experiencing the same emotion. On one occasion the influence was so powerful upon him that his voice trembled with feeling as he said, "That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne. I was then happy." The music of the bells had called up tender reminiscences of his school, before his life was tarnished by ambition, yet where he first vaguely dreamt of his empire to come. "The bells ceased," says his schoolfellow, "and he, resuming the current of gigantic reverie, would launch into futurity, encircle his head with a diadem and hurl kings from their thrones!" This belongs to the anecdotes of the First Consel, but it would be just as characteristic of Napoleon as the Emperor, for he ever had dreams of diadems to encircle his head and kings to hurl from their thrones, and a peal of bells was a charm to deepen, not break, his "gigantic reveries." Cathedral music would have produced the same effect on Napoleon; not, perhaps, in a courtly congregation, with the eyes of all upon him, for then he would have been self-possessed and cynical. But alone, or with a single companion in the temple of worship, with the solemn immensity of architecture around and above him, a sudden burst from the majestic organ, with a volume of cathedral music would have overwhelmed his soul into a state of awe, charming into repose his own grand tumults.

PRAISE IS WORSHIP.

Prayer is devotional exercise, preaching educational religion, but Praise alone is truly Worship. Undoubtedly prayer belongs to the first duties of man, and theological instruction is very essential, but praise is worship's purest language. The former, reaches after human elevation and protection, the latter rises to the soul's sublimest adoration for Deity. True, there is scarcely any comparison between Apostles and High Priests in ministerial importance, and *a choir of singers;* but praise to the Creator is a service in which, not only all the congregations of Zion, in every age, in every nation and in every world are supposed to join, but in which the High Priesthood of eternity, equally with the people, take their part. It constitutes a platform of a universal adoration, upon which men and angels represent a grand endless brotherhood: "Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, but all their joys are one."

Congregational singing, therefore, has more than a local institution, and the service of praise has an authority older than our mortality. It may be considered a passage of inspired *poetry*, but there is also a grand truth in the theme of Job, that the Morning Stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. Before we read of prayer, or doctrinal theology received a function to perform, the song of praise in heaven began. Creation also culminates with a similar service; for John heard in the consummation of redemption the heavens and the earth singing their new song of praise to the Lamb. The poet well strikes the endless theme when he says:

"My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

God would fulfill his grand designs, whether we prayed or not; and humanity would be blessed, whether we invoked blessings upon it or held our peace. But what an everlasting theology, and what a divine theme of worship we have in that little hymn?—

"Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
"Air with all its beams and showers,
"Heaven's infinite expanse,
"Ocean's resplendant countenance,
"All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love."

The voices of all the universe will swell that theme in choral music, illustrating how broadly congregational is the worship of praise to God, who is love, and whose ultimatum is peace on earth and good will among men.

Correspondence, Etc.

[Note.—Under this heading we insert small, unpretending compositions, that lay no special claim to literary ability, but which are sent with a desire to give variety and a home character to our columns.]

LINES TO ALBINA.

This little card on which is traced,
The image of a rose,
Was given me by one who shared
My joys and deepest woes.
It is a cherished, priceless gift,
A token dearly prized,
An emblem of the life of one
My heart has idolized.

I'll place it with my choicest books,
There shall it linger long,
And mark the place where I may gaze
On a fav'rite Author's song.
And when bright words, and noble thoughts
Kindle my soul with glow
I'll think my wife, of a sweeter rose
Than is traced on the card below.

Yes, dear to me are the little gifts
That richer men oft spurn.
They speak to me of the honest love
A humble life may earn
I will gather them up as flowers that bloom
Beside the pathway of life,
Leaves of affection, wafted from home
And kissed by the breath of a wife.

Washington. Keone.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

Continued.

ORGANIC QUALITY AS AFFECTING MENTALITY.

Man is a compound; he is not only mental, but also physical. Had he been purely a mental being, he would not have required a temporal body. Were we thoroughly conversant with the laws of our being, we would doubtless discover a perfect reciprocity in our mental and physical conditions. Physical organic quality affects mentality and is consequently indicative of character. In the vegetable as well as the Animal kingdom where power is manifested the organic quality is close, tough and strong, as instanced in the huge tree that rears aloft its outspreading load of heavy branches, the lion, the elephant, tiger etc., and so with any other quality as well as power. The shape of a person's head, other conditions not considered, is no criterion by which to correctly judge character. A man may have a very large head with the bumps in the intellectual region prominent and yet be a dunce; for as the brain is acknowledged to be the organ of the mind it may be flabby, porous or open in texture, and consequently sluggish and imbecile in action: hence a person with a much smaller head, but finer and heavier brain would far outshine him in mental activity and even power.

HOW TO KNOW THE QUALITY OF THE BRAIN.

The practised and keen discriminating eye can determine the quality of the brain from outward signs. Harmony reigns throughout in all the works of the Great Creator, and the most wonderful specimen of his infinite skill is man. What a glorious piece of mechanism he is! so perfect in all his parts. Happiness and glory are his ultimate destiny, and that will have been attained only when every power and faculty he possesses is, like a fine-toned instrument, attuned in perfect harmony; each performing its particular function or functions harmonizing with all the others.

If the texture of a person's hair be smooth, fine and silky and the skin is of a like quality the brain partakes of the same nature, and, with ordinary training, its manifestations will be of a correspondingly refined, tasteful and elegant kind. On the other hand, when the hair is tough, strong and wiry and the skin partakes more or less of the nature of cow-hide, the mental may be powerful but it will be lacking in that refined elegance so charming in all who possess it. The superior susceptibility, refinement, and taste in woman to those qualities displayed in man are manifested in her finer organic quality. There are all the different degrees of quality between the excellent and its opposite, which can only be determined by the studious keen and close observer; time and space will not admit of the writer elaborating the details of any department of the subject in hand.

THE TEMPERAMENTS.

To form a correct opinion of the mental qualities and capabilities of individuals it is necessary that the temperaments should be considered, of which there are three, namely: vital motive and mental. The motive is indicated by large and rather prominent bones and an abundance of fibrous, muscular substances in the system. Those in whom this temperament predominates are generally forcible characters; enterprising, active, daring and resolute. Those in whom the vital temperament predominates are inclined to corpulency, fat, generally good-humored, fond of good-living and can get along without much hard work. The mental temperament is indicated by too exclusive a tendency to purely intellectual pursuits in those in whom it predominates: such are generally slim, delicate and often consumptive. There are all the different degress of compound of the temperaments to be considered, and it takes the nicest discrimination to determine the amount of each. Blessed is he who possesses an equally balanced temperament, for he possesses the best facilities for becoming great, good, useful and consequently happy.

THE PUBLIC WANT.

ODDITIES AND HUMBUGS OF LIFE No. 2.

No one need be surprised that I found editors willing to shed their last drop (of ink) in special aid of the want so "long felt in *this* department," and which a special providence, with an eye to the general advancement of the universe, had undoubtedly raised them up to meet, when all our public institutions are based on an appreciation of some "great public wants." Railways are built, canals are dug, docks are laid out, to meet a great public want, at least that is all they are ever built for, according to prospectuses. The shareholders, of course, "want" nothing. The directors "want" nothing. The printer who gets up the prospectuses "wants nothing." "A public want" has swallowed up their souls and left them ready to die as directors on fifty dollars a day, or to languish out their existence in the painful reception of two hundred per cent. premiums. That the public may have its railways, its canals or its docks, they are willing to receive any dividend, however heavy, or fill any sinecure however useless. These facts are, or ought to be, a weighty rebuke to the argurers of the degeneracy of our species.

In further proof yet of the general tendency towards spontaneous benevolence, on the part of the prime movers in big things generally in the world, we cannot pass along without including in the list members of Parliament, or Congress, Prime Ministers, and Presidents. Was there ever one of these public martyrs to legislative honors that would have taken upon himself public distinction, "naturally so distasteful to him," but for "a deep sense of the requirements of his country." See how reluctantly they all go into office, and see how gladly they all leave it! The hope of some day retiring from public life is the only thing that supports them in their sufferings. The only reason why they do not all go into retirement at once is because they don't wish to destroy its chastity by taking their unworthy natures there too soon.

If there be not enough reckless benevolence in the various Parliaments, Congresses and Diets to save society, we have the military world to fall back upon. The number of immortal men, in every land, who, from time immemorial, have endured military rank, solely and entirely to save their country, and without the slightest reference to any honor or dignity to be obtained thereby, proves how alarmingly united mankind are on this question. Don't they die all the time for "glory?" and don't *that* always mean their country's, and not their own? Did any one ever die for a Colonelcy or a Major-Generalship? Never! The united histories of the world cannot prove such a case.

These multiplied evidences then, from the schoolmaster to the legislator, of the disposition of the world generally to throw itself away, and use itself up, in the meeting of "public wants," has gone far to convince Quiz that luckily he has found his way to one of the purest-minded of worlds ever destined to practise on benevolent principles; and to such an extent is he impressed with its self-sacrificing spirit, that he is convinced that nothing would ever have induced it to become a world at all, but the necessity it felt under of meeting some "great public want," long felt in this portion of the universe.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

There was a knock at the door of the music room, where the lovers still sat in conversation.

"Come in," responded Sir Walter Templar, and their master, the illustrious composer, entered.

"Ha! Spontini. Is it you?"

"Yes, child; and I suppose Spontini is no more welcome than any other rude intruder! Eh? But, Signor Walter, these love-gossipings are robbing us. They sprite away yourself and Terese from everyone but yourselves. Fie, fie, Signor! You rob me of my pupil and Rome of her star. It has been dark since she last flashed a blaze of triumph, and Rome clamors for her rising again."

"Now, now, Spontini, don't feign anger with us for what you yourself brought about. Did you not plan the whole? Did you not bring Terese to blaze the glory of her gifts on Rome to end in these love-gossipings? Did you not design and superintend her opera for the same purpose?" retorted Walter, banteringly.

"Oh, but I am angry, Signor Walter. I am very angry, child Yes, yes; it was Spontini who arranged it all, as you say; but do you think that I have no self-pride in my pupil's glory? You rob us all and steal from art to lavish on love. Fie, fie, Signor Walter! I say this is not fair."

"Do not scold us, Spontini," Walter said, conciliatory, "I suppose they have been teasing you for the re-engagement of Terese."

"Oh, 'tis well for you to hide and beat the hornet's nest about my head. Terese's great triumph at the close of her engagement provokes the fashionable mob for her re-appearing. I tell you, Signor Walter, Spontini has the hornet's nest about him. There is the opera house and a fashionable mob at this very moment besieging Spontini's quiet villa—Orsini, Baglioni, Cariati, this Sir Herbert Blakely and—and—I say 'tis not fair, Signor Walter, to rob me of my pupil—to rob me of my share of laurels from her triumphs, and then have me mobbed thus."

The gentle pupil stole up to the side of her illustrious master, and, taking his hand, winningly said:

"Dear *maestro*, I know you have cause to be angry with your pupil, though I think you are not. You are, perhaps, a little vexed that I have not signed the re-engagement. And then, after all your pains in my training—"

"Bah, child! Walter Templar has been your master as much as Spontini."

"But you have been Walter Templar's master, Spontini," interrupted the young nobleman, respectfully.

"You please me, that you acknowledge it, but, still, it is not fair, Signor Walter, to rob all from art to lavish on love."

"Do not envy us the poor time we have dreamed. It has been short enough, dear *maestro*. Oh! do not hurry me back to the stage. I have no heart for the public yet. I should fail—I am sure I should fail, just now. I have no heart to sing, Spontini," pleaded Terese.

"Tut, tut, child! I know. Signor Walter has shown me his uncle's letter. He will go to Sir Richard Courtney and explain to him. He shall say, 'I love Spontini's gifted pupil—the star of Rome. I love a child of genius,' he shall say, 'and I must wed her.' He shall show his uncle and mother how wrong these family matings are that link hands, not hearts. Sir Richard Courtney is a noble gentleman. I like his letter excellently well. Holy Mother! he is one of those whom nature has created with soul. They are very few, my children. Oh, yes, marble finely chiseled, I know. There is plenty of that, Signor. Bah, child! it has no soul. Sir Richard is a noble gentleman. He shall be convinced;—he shall say, 'I will not make those I love unhappy.'"

"God of my fathers grant it dear *maestro!*"

"And then, a child of genius, signor Walter! He shall be proud of my pupil, as a mate for his nephew. Genius is the mate for kings, Sir Walter, and your uncle shall say his nephew *must* marry Spontini's pupil. Spontini's honor is concerned. You are responsible to him, Signor. I took Terese as my ward as well as my pupil; for there was fire around the child. Spontini saw it. You have said, Signor Walter, you love my pupil. You must marry her whom you love."

"Press not so upon me, Spontini," Walter answered gravely. "You do not doubt me. Do not spur me when you know I need it not."

"Well, well, child, I do not doubt you. You will make my pupil your wife: that is, it—Holy Mother!—how these crosses in life perplex one!"

"If Walter Templar's will and influence can accomplish it without the betrayal of my family, be assured, Spontini, that Terese will be my wife, and proudly presented to my family and class as Lady Templar."

"Oh, Signor, Spontini is satisfied of that, or he would not have lent his countenance in the matter. And now, Signor Walter, be so good as to decide when my pupil shall shine in Rome again."

"You heard Terese's wish, Spontini."

"Bah! 'Tis your will and pleasure that decides for my pupil. Fie, fie! to think to cozen me, child. I must know, Signor Walter, when *you* have decided Terese shall shine again in Rome. I must take the answer to the Opera House which is beseiging Spontini's retirement; and these mobbing aristocrats must be driven from my door. Now, pray tell me, Signor Walter, when shall my pupil shine again in Rome?"

"Not until I have made her Lady Templar, my good Spontini."

"Holy Mother hear him! Not until Terese is Lady Templar; and then he would not let her sing upon the public stage, were all the crowned heads in the world to ask it. Heavens! how arrogant these aristocrats are! You glory in art, Signor Walter, and yet I know none haughtier in caste of aristocracy than you. Your wife never would sign the re-engagement that the manager has brought for the twentieth time for my pupil to sign. When shall she sign it, Signor, I say."

"Oh, dear, kind *maestro*," coaxed his gifted pupil, "let it be as Walter wishes. He goes to England directly. In a few weeks we shall know the result. As his wife, as you say, I should cease to be the *prima donna*; but, if I am never that then,—oh then, dear *maestro*, I will be all you wish me to be in devotion to art;—Terese will know no wedded life but that of art. One wish for this life to be her priestess;—one wish for the next," and she glanced her meaning with an expression of supreme love to meet the yearning soul that beamed in Walter Templar's dark, flashing eye.

"Nay, nay, child. Spontini does not wish it so. Holy Mother, must genius ever light her own funeral pile? Must her divine fires ever consume herself to give her glory to the world? Crucified! crucified! 'Tis the world's history. Crucified, ever crucified to wear the crown! Take her, Signor Walter. Make her your wife. Rob me of my pupil and Rome of her star. This crucifying would seal on her another ordination of gifts. 'Twould endow her with tragic powers. She should not only be a queen of song but a queen of tragedy But I will not have my pupil crucified. Let art loose her. Make her your wife, Signor Walter. I will not have my pupil crucified!"

The illustrious son of art left the presence of the lovers, bearing with him a tender and saddened spirit from his realization of the too general experience.

CHAPTER XX.

DONNA CLARA GARCIA.

The management of the Opera House was in a tempest of rage, the green-room in excitement and Donna Clara Garcia in ecstasy at the refusal of Terese to enter into a re-engagement.

"Ah!" said the re-throned *prima donna* to the gay dissolute Orsini, who had been the foremost cavalier in her train before the short reign of the new queen of song—

"Ah! Count, Signora Terese is wise to retire on a triumph and in the first plucking of her laurels. You pleasure-hunters are stupidly fickle. Count—ever must have something fresh—like children delighted only with new toys."

"Charming slanderer!" said the young noble, with his fascinating smile.

"The quality is not all the charm, though I own you are all monstrously fastidious from very satiety."

"It is not every lady, Signora, that can lend to slander such witchery as yourself."

"I tell you, Count, we must shine with never a cloud in our sky. O yes; and shine brighter and brighter, or our light soon wanes."

"Your shining, lady, was always unobscured."

"And yet, Sir Count, the coming of a sudden comet will bring the giddy world out of doors to point at as something wonderful. Then they forget their fixed stars. For a time, Count, only for a time, because they are fixed stars."

"You do us that justice, lady," observed Orsini, eagerly, for he was courting reconciliation.

"Flatter not your vanity, Signor Count. I was but doing justice to ourselves. We force the homage we receive. The society

is poor in its acknowledgments of merit, but rich in egotism. When it flatters self-vanity you note us."

"How flatter our vanity, Donna Clara? In what point is our egotism touched?"

"Why, Count, simply this: we shine—we please; the fashionable world only demands pleasure; we supply that demand and thus gratify its egotism. We shine, and when the world acknowledges it—generally forced by surprise at first—then your vanity stands patron to us. You make us by your favor."

"You are bitter, signorina."

"Perhaps so, Count. But I take the unction to my vanity that you have salved on yours. We make ourselves, dear Count. Rome has been at my feet too, and because Rome was there even the fastidious Orsini knelt," and the lady laughed a little rich laugh that fell in mockery on the ear of the gay courtier of the operatic queen.

"I swear by your matchless talents and beauty I have ever been at your feet, fair lady."

"Saving, my dear Orsini, when you rushed to throw yourself at the feet of the new *prima donna*. She was fresh, Count, but this fresh object of your gallantries was absolutely indifferent to the irresistible Orsini. I pity you. I do indeed pity you, believe me. What a dreadful shock your vanity must have sustained."

"You exaggerate, Signorina, a commonplace offering to an *artiste* certainly of excellent voice and talents. She forced the *prima donna*-ship of the house—by this freshness, if you please, which you say charms us," returned the Count, referring to her own eclipse by Terese to pass off his own ill-fated love passage with our heroine, upon which he was very sore. But he was unwise to further provoke the *prima donna*, who retorted stingingly:

"Indeed, my dear Count, you throw a new light upon the matter. A commonplace offering to an *artiste* of excellent voice and talents! How beautiful! Romantic simplicity! My dear Orsini, it is a very fitting view to take of your unfortunate love-making to this peasant girl whom Spontini has brought us."

"But you must admit, Donna Clara, that Terese *has* voice and talents."

You insult me, Count. Have you not said she forced the *prima donna*-ship of the house from *me*—Donna Clara Garcia! I acknowledge she has voice and talents of no mean order, or she would never have held *my* sceptre for a night. Heigho! I will grant her charm was freshness. Have I not held the throne more years than she has months?"

"Surely, then, Orsini among the crowd might applaud or throw a flower."

"Ah, my dear Count, love epistles and diamond coronets are not commonplace offerings. 'Tis said that Orsini was so madly in love with this peasant girl of excellent voice and talents that he would have made her his countess. Was that simply throwing the flower?"

Donna Garcia was relentless in pursuing her retaliation for his desertion of her in favor of a rival sister of art. He had been foremost in turning the public homage in Terese's favor and his passion and vanity so tantalized by her total indifference to all her noble courtiers that he had offered to make her Countess. To win that which many pursue and cannot reach—to catch in the chase the charming creature that flees away from us, what will a man of ardent nature not do? Surely to make a beautiful, gifted woman like Terese a Countess was not inconsistent even in Orsini.

The Count replied not to the last sting of the jealous and resentful Spanish lady, but he bit his lip till the blood came and was thankful for the opportune approach of a crowd of gallants to pay court to the reinstated queen of the opera house. She treated them now with coyness, now with sharp thrusts for the preference given her rival, but with fierce secret exultation at the return of the homage of the fashionable world. There was, however, one in that opera house whom Donna Clara Garcia did not thus treat. It was Farinelli, the *primo tenore*. Several times she exchanged with him a few words, and then there was in her a marvelous transformation from her haughty coquetry to one of gentleness and anxious desire. Donna Clara Garcia loved the foster-brother of the Hebrew maiden.

Orsini took Sir Herbert Blakely by the arm and led him aside, leaving the lady to his gay companions. The Englishman deemed the act an invitation to privy conference and silently waited for the Count to open.

"Well, Blakely?" queried the Italian. But the Englishman was too prudent to take the initiatory, and returned:

"Well, Orsini?"

The Count saw he had to shape the matter.

"Your countryman, Sir Herbert, has put us all *hors du combat*—again self-appropriated all."

"'Tis not courteous of him, is it Count? But you do not hold me responsible for my countryman, I hope."

"Don't play so shyly with the game, Blakely," returned the Italian, impatiently. "It needed not much sagacity to see that from the moment you discovered the identity of your young countrymen you changed your design to shield them. 'Twould have pleased you better to have seen them pinked with our sharp swords. I know you hate them, and especially this young fellow-pupil of Terese. Indeed I suspect you also fear him. Your reason is a secret I have no wish to pry into."

"Supposing I grant that I would not shield them," conceded the Englishman; "that is not sufficient cause for me to challenge my countrymen. We gave the first provocation—treated them as artists, haughtily commanded them from the presence of our gay company, and they were English noblemen and returned with spirit. We cannot challenge them for our own mistake, Count."

"Ah! but by heaven!" exclaimed the fiery Italian, "we have cause enough for quarrel with this fellow, especially now we find him of our own class. Has he not been a barrier around Terese, so that none could approach her, and the cause of the repulse and mortification of those who have attempted it?"

"I will not dispute such an authority as yourself on that point," said Sir Herbert, spurring on the rejected suitor to his own purpose.

"Our *prima donnas*," continued Orsini, "are public property; but he has made her his exclusively. By heaven, Blakely, I think we are all insulted, slighted, treated as nothings, by your haughty countryman and a coy peasant girl."

"Oh, Sir Walter Templar is haughty enough to do all he has done—treat us as though we were not, make his beautiful, gifted peasant girl as indifferent as himself, and bear her off from an admiring crowd in her moment of triumph."

"To make her his wife, think you, Sir Herbert."

"I think not, Count. He is betrothed to his cousin and I think I know him and his family well enough to answer that he will not betray them to marry a peasant girl *prima donna* No reflection on you, Orsini."

"I take it as none, Blakely. But will the coy bird consent to be his mistress? Refuse the title I was fool enough to offer her for that honor!"

"Why, Count, I thought you not such a novice in the tender passion. I told you I heard Farinelli say Terese's opera concealed her own history. Her youth, coyness, indifference to others—charms enough, I own, are all in his favor!"

The Englishman judged as a libertine, and there is too much ground for such a judgment, for the very virtues and trust of woman give the wand of power to the seducer's hand; but our hero was not of that class.

"I can tell you a secret, Count," he added, "which I suspect is the immediate cause of Terese refusing to re-engage with the management. Sir Walter Templar returns to England."

"Ah! And Terese goes with him?"

"A wager on it, Count, that Rome loses the *prima donna* for London to have her reign."

"I feel tempted to cross swords with your countryman," observed Orsini with the manner of one who was more than tempted—eager for the encounter.

"Oh! I shall not strike up your swords, Orsini."

"A duel may be some hindrance in his way, Blakely."

"Not unlikey, Count. We all know your reputation and skill as a swordsman," and then he added,

"If you wish, I think I can arrange it, Count."

"Ah! say you so?"

"There is in Rome a certain old ruined monastery that has for those young men a family reminiscence. The uncle of one and the father of the other in those old ruins made a compact of friendship."

"You seem well posted in their family history, Blakely."

"It has interested me to study it, Orsini. Well, those young Englishmen have been in the habit of visiting those ruins."

"And you think—By Jupiter! the very spot, if we can trace them there."

"My secretary informs me that for several days past the fellow pupil of Terese nightly visits the old ruins alone."

"Ah! then by the patron saint of that same old monastery, we will make his solitude agreeable," exclaimed the Italian, with fierce satisfaction.

Just then Farinelli rushed through the greenroom, flushed with passion and jealousy, yet with the marks of mental agony lining his face. The management had just informed him of the retirement of his foster-sister from the stage.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE TEMPTER'S NET.

Snap immediately followed the foster-brother, but with a mien so soft and unruffled that it disturbed not so much as the atmosphere. He of all the rest seemed the one who had not noticed Farinelli, and to all appearance was most uninterested in him. As for his leaving the green-room immediately after him, it could have been with no possible intent of following the singer, and then any one would have wagered against any odds that the snail-like Snap would never dream of keeping up with the excited Farinelli.

"A moment," said Sir Herbert hurriedly to Orsini, and he made after his mentor.

But it was more than five minutes before he could even overtake his secretary, who kept at a given distance that varied scarcely an inch from Farinelli; yet the singer dashed along with the steam of the boiling blood that gushed from his jealous heart. Seemingly however, Snap was walking easily along without effort, and none but a close observer, struck with the relative distance so exactly kept up between the two individuals, whose movements formed such contrast, would have thought the follower was walking with more than very common speed or imagined him to be following. Yet his steps were nearly as quick and certainly longer than the ones taken by Farinelli, for the appearance of slowness was not through a lack of rapid action, but in his soft, long-striding, regular-drawn-out undemonstrativeness. And thus it was with him in everything. He traveled faster and accomplished more than almost any other in what he undertook, for all his seeming slowness. Sir Herbert at length overtook him, well-nigh winded.

"Snap, I want a word with you."

"When I return, Sir Herbert," he smoothly answered, paying no more attention to his master. He was concentrating himself in one direction.

"I have learned that Templar is making arrangements to leave Rome in three days."

"Ah! that is important," Snap answered, but still no excitement, still no breaking in his even course, which was on—right on.

"I thought it might help you, Snap."

"It will."

"You are for bringing Farinelli to the point?"

"Yes. Now return to Orsini."

Sir Herbert did so and the mentor continued on, right on, long and even in his course; *undemonstrative in his manner.*

When Farinelli came within sight of Spontini's villa he slackened his pace, and his movements and actions became spasmodic. He had obeyed the same impulse that one does who mounts his horse under an agonized state of mind, and rides as though the very furies pursued and lashed him into wilder course. But the foster-brother was now near enough the spot that daily drew him under its fatal influence and less charged with his own electricity—near enough for the tantalizing torture to which he subjected himself. We are like the poor moth, ever fluttering around the flame that burns us. He seldom entered the beautiful villa where he would have been cordially welcomed and treated with sisterly affection by Terese; but the old confidence and companionship which existed between them when she was a girl and he plain Beppo—*her Beppo*—her champion—her slave—no longer existed. Now she was only his sister, who received him like a woman receiving affectionately her natural brother, but no more than a brother.

Often he would lean against some tree for hours, gazing forlornly on Spontini's Paradise in the distance, where dwelt with him his two pupils and young De Lacy. Sometimes he would brood over doubts of Sir Walter Templar making Terese his wife, and that even made his spirit fiercer than all beside. Often he scourged himself with wishes that she was his wife, and then he would find comfort in the imagination of a little Terese again dancing on his knee and then a fairy girl taking her mother's place and caressing him fondly as her own Beppo, as she had done before, or scolding him with gentleness and singing to him to drive away the evil spirit, until he sobbed again as when a boy—baptized unto repentance in his own tears; but even with this consolation there would come self-wailings that he should never know wife or child of his.

The foster-brother at length stopped and reclined against a tree exhausted, and wiped the perspiration from his brow—more the sweat of agony that his burning soul oozed out than from his hurried walk. Snap also had slackened his pace and for a moment lifted his hat from his over-heated temples; for even Snap could not "keep cool."

"Nothing to her—nothing to her now!" wailed the poor foster-brother. "The manager, the greenroom, the fashionable gossips all know of Terese before Beppo. No, I am not Beppo. I wear a better sounding name. When I was Beppo 'twas *her Beppo.* Then I was everything to her; nothing to her now—nothing to her now! Holy mother, I ask not to be her husband; I would have her Sir Walter Templar's wife, for she loves him, and I should be so happy. Beppo would be so happy to see her his wife."

But the hot tears that coursed down his face, burning furrows as they rolled, told how much of happiness there was to the foster-brother in the thought of her being the wife of another, but it also told how entire was his love that wished her another's for her happiness.

"But O! I ask to be what I once was—her Beppo—her slave!"

The tempter was near the distracted foster-brother! His coming was not harsh but mesmeric. The analetic Snap, like Mesmer and others recognized the subtle agencies of nature, and without comprehending in exact science used them. He had often observed the fascination he could throw around others and what a concentrated will had enabled him to exercise over the minds he sought to influence. The presence of a human being may be felt sometimes when not seen and by the side of one who sleeps affect the sleeper; every one has *felt* a hundred times others looking back at them and proven it by looking back themselves. So Snap now made his own presence felt and made it insinuating. The foster-brother partook something of the other's calmness and cynical spirit.

"Why has she rejected the *prima donna*-ship of Rome when she has just reached her first great triumph? What is she going to do? Where is she going to? Bah! I will ask the gossips of the city; for I know nothing of my foster-sister now."

"Shall I answer your question, my good Farinelli?"

The singer bounded from his reclining position from the tree, and his appearance and feelings were those of a man who thought the arch fiend had suddenly come to his elbow to answer him.

"I am flesh and blood, my good Farinelli."

The singer gradually became reconciled to the presence of the individual who was regarding him with a sympathetic and kindly smile. There was no sinister spirit manifested. Snap was scientific in his spirit. He was solving a problem. It was a human one; and he solved his problems in sympathy and not ill-nature.

"Shall I answer your question, my good Farinelli?" he repeated.

"Well, signor, if you can, though I like not your intrusion."

"Be not offended, Signor Farinelli. You are on a public road and were only oblivious to my approach because not sufficiently attentive to surrounding objects. I overheard your questions, and, as they were asked of the gossips of Rome, I proposed to answer them."

"No trifling with me, signor," broke in the singer impatiently, "Do so, I say, if you can."

"I can, my good signor. Your foster-sister is going to England."

"Ah! How know you?"

"Because I know that Sir Walter Templar returns to his native land."

"Yes, yes, signor, I know he does; but when?"

"Has not Terese refused to re-engage? But my information is more exact. In three days, my good Farinelli, he leaves Rome for England."

"Then my foster-sister goes with him. She is to be his wife, signor. Well, I am glad; but wish she had not left it to a stranger to tell me."

"Would she not have told you, my good Farinelli, were that the case?"

"Ah! what mean you, signor?" the foster-brother demanded, excitedly, for his assertion that Terese was to be our hero's wife was made more to hide his own misgivings than from assurance.

"During Sir Walter Templar's association with your foster-sister, have you never heard of a certain betrothal between him and his cousin?" asked the tempter, and then added, cynically, "Oh, I am foolish to ask. That of course has been hid."

"There you wrong Sir Walter Templar, signor. He has never hid it. I think he designs not wrong to my foster-sister, and, though I am not in their secrets, believe he will make her his wife. By Him who made me, if he designed dishonorably by her—Bah! I am babbling to a stranger. Good day, signor. I like not meddling in my foster-sister's affairs," he said, making away.

"Be not churlish, my good Farinelli. Read this letter. It will convince you that Sir Walter Templar is going direct to England to marry his cousin Eleanor Courtney. I like not my words to be challenged without giving demonstration:" and the secretary-mentor of Sir Herbert handed him Wortley's letter which he had with him for that purpose. The post-office stamps-both of England and Italy were on the back of the sheet; and it was evident to the agitated reader that it was a *bona fide* letter from a legal adviser to his client.

When the foster-brother had read the letter, he returned it, his countenance frightfully pale and haggard, his manner agitated, observing—

"Yes, Signor, I grant that is presumptive evidence that Sir Walter Templar is returning to England to marry his cousin."

"And your foster-sister?" querried the Tempter.

"I grant that I believe it will affect her happiness; but it is no evidence that she is going with him."

"Her refusal to sign the re-engagement," suggested the other.

"Has no reference to the letter I have read, Signor," answered the singer, trying to argue that down which troubled him so much.

"You reason well, my good Farinelli. That letter proves only what it refers to and no more; but shall I prove the other two points started, and something besides, which the foster-brother of Terese ought to prevent? Shall I make it clear to you, my good Farinelli?"

"Holy Mother, I hope you cannot."

"When I informed you that Sir Walter Templar was going to England and in three days would leave Rome, what conclusion did you jump at?" pursued the Tempter. "Why, that Terese had refused the re-engagement to go also: just what I concluded; for it is so relative."

"True, true: both coming together, it can have no other meaning," conceded the singer.

"Now the letter read proves not that, but it does something beyond it."

"Holy Mother!" the foster-brother exclaimed, fresh doubts rushing upon him at every step.

"You concluded, besides, that she was going to England to become his wife. That letter shows that his uncle has written for his return, that his family is making preparations for marriage, not to Terese, but to his cousin Eleanor Courtney."

"Yes, yes, Signor, I read it. Torture me not with its repetition. The letter tells no more."

"But I have made an addendum: Sir Walter Templar leaves Rome in three days. You will find it so."

"You have repeated that also, Signor."

"But the inference, my good Farinelli. He is going not to marry your foster-sister, but his cousin and betrothed."

"Well, well, go on!" and the tortured foster-brother, still forced on with eagerness, that which his jealous mind formed as the sequel, but which he ran from and towards with dismay.

"And yet we both agree that your foster-sister has refused the re-engagement at the opera house to go with or follow him to England. But still more certain, my good Farinelli, I heard Spontini intimate as much to the management in his embarrassed excuses for Terese. In fact, my good Farinelli, the composer was very agitated as though much troubled."

"Mother of God! Spontini himself cannot think my foster-sister is going as his mistress. The *maestro's* countenance was an assurance to me. O, if he doubts too— Holy Virgin! she is too good, too innocent, too pure for that. O! you know her not, Signor, or you would not conclude *that*."

And he who, when a boy, was *her* Beppo, wailed, and his manner was that of one who would have groveled at the Tempter's feet for proof that Terese would not become Sir Walter Templar's mistress.

"I will take *your* knowledge of her, my good Farinelli, not mine, as her standard," continued the Tempter, knowing the singer was completely under his influence. "And as for Sir Walter Templar, I know his character much better than you do. I have studied him as one of my problems."

"And you think not honorably of him, Signor?"

"Nay, nay, my good Farinelli. I have even a much higher opinion of him than you have. I measure him by a very high standard, but I temper my judgment with worldly wisdom and experience. You fully understand the meaning of sophistry, do you not?"

"I believe so, Signor," the other answered.

"Well, now, my good Farinelli, the sophistry of lovers is matchless. O Cupid is a blind god, believe me; and blindfolds all who submit to him; and if, when blinded, his victims wander into a labyrinth—"

"Holy Mother! I am lost, lost;—no finding the way out!" burst from the agonized soul of one who was hopelessly wandering in its windings and bewilderments.

"But that is not all, my good Farinelli. I was about to show you the lovers sophistry. They take for their motto, 'The union of hearts before the union of hands;'—a very good motto; and when the latter follows unexceptionable. But when the union of hands cannot follow, then comes the lovers sophistry: they lay down their own code of laws, excellent in the abstract but not sanctioned by society, pure in theory, but pernicious in practice."

"Mother of God! my foster-sister Sir Walter Templar's mistress!"

"Ah! my good Farinelli, you must not use such repulsive epithets as mistress and seducer."

"But they are the names, Signor. God! I shall go mad in looking at them, they are so repulsive."

"Have you never heard them till now? What, are you holier than the rest of us that they shock you so?"

"No, no; not until they touched my foster-sister did they seem so hideous."

"But, my good Farinelli, I said you must not use such repulsive names. They are not in the vocabulary of this lover's sophistry. It is wife and husband—wife and husband by holier, higher, diviner laws and sanctions than the formalities and cruel arrangements of society that link hands, not hearts."

"Yes, yes, I know that *is* the sophistry. Holy Virgin! watch over my foster-sister!"

"You have judged wrongly, Farinelli, believe me, in thinking your foster-sister safe, because she is pure and good and Sir Walter Templar honorable and noble in his nature. To me, this omens their fall. Why, my dear Signor, my philosophy is, that it is the best and not the worst part of humanity that err."

"O, Terese, I would we both had died before we saw him," still wailing from the tortured heart of the Beppo of happier days, and still the tempter pursued his subtle course.

"Now, my good Farinelli, your foster-sister is a child of genius; white as the lily in her innocence; trustful as woman's nature; but she is also trustful as the orphan who loves and finds father, mother, and her all—in the hands of that one like the plastic wax. Can you not see how much all this fits her for the union of hearts and wife by the higher laws?"

"Curse him! Oh, that my dagger was in his heart!"

"Nay, nay; Sir Walter Templar never will be a seducer. He will be Terese's husband. Himself of a poetic type, he is a fitting mate for her. He is just the man to break down the altars which the artificial, the selfish set up, and in their place establish those which nature's fitness ordains."

"Plausible fiend! 'tis mistress to me. Sooner would I see my foster-sister in her grave than Sir Walter Templar's mistress. Oh, I will plunge my dagger into his heart before she shall be that."

"Did I not just now say, my good Farinelli, that the lover's sophistry was excellent in theory but pernicious in practice!" unruffledly replied the tempter.

"Sooner see her in the grave!—in the grave sooner than that!" moaned the tempted soul.

"Yes she would be his mistress. I agree with you, and society would call her children illegitimate and nameless, except in the tell-tale slander of bearing their mother's name, Even at the best—not the worst, my good Farinelli—they would be in parentage outcast, blushing over the history of their mother, if they *knew* it, and concealing it from others as the children of the hangman would their parentage."

"I will kill him!"

"Do nothing rashly, my good Farinelli."

"I will kill him!"

"Prevent your foster-sister from becoming the mistress of Sir Walter Templar. Nothing more!"

"I will kill him!"

"Go to your foster-sister, and remonstrate with her against becoming his mistress."

"I will kill him!" was still the fierce response.

"Tell her how society, not how love, will view it."

"I will kill him! And now, Signor, leave me. We shall meet again. No more now. I think you mean well to me and my foster-sister; but I see you wish *him* out of *your* way, too. Be satisfied, Signor, I will kill him!"

The idea had taken such possession of the foster-brother's mind that it filled it, and the resolve calmed him and blunted his mental agony.

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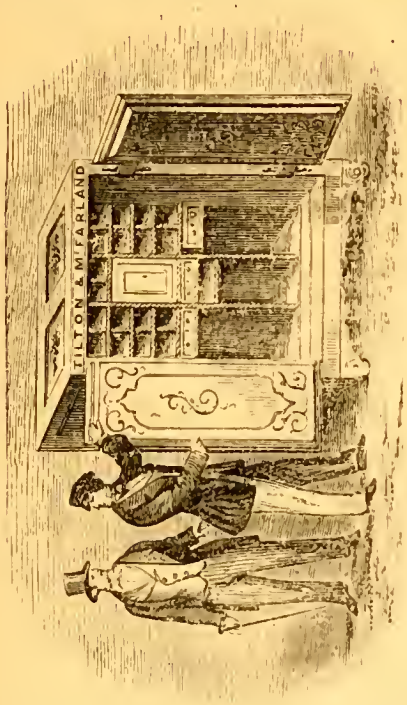

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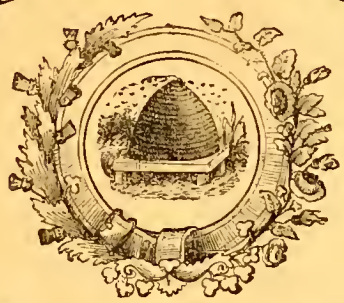

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No. 9] SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 3, 1869. [Vol. 3

A SONG.

I'll sing you a song, my love,
I'll sing you a song,
And it's all about the old summer times,
When the days were long.
It's all about the old sunny times,
When the flowers grew,
When we walked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sweet, my love
I'll sing it so sweet,
That you'll think of the pleasant scented hour
When we used to meet.
You'll think of the leafy laden band,
Where the blossoms blew,
When we talked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sad, my love,
I'll sing it so sad,
That you'll think my poor heart's full of pain,
When it's only glad.
You'll think that it's full of foolish pain
When it's only true
To the days when we walked by the linden-trees,
I and you.

A STORY OF EVENING SHADOWS.

It is a tale, this that I am about to tell, of good deeds revealed, of good instincts roused, of a good work done, and a good result attained, and all through Evening Shadows.

My story begins at the time, some years ago, when, as a single man, I was living in a narrow and rather crowded street in one of the old parts of London—one of those streets where very decent houses are mixed with much poorer ones—and in one of the best and cleanest of which I occupied two rooms; a bedroom and a sitting-room. Having at that time, as I have now, a great dread of noise while at work, I made use of the back room as my studio, sleeping in the front of the house, which was quiet at night but not in the daytime, by reason of the day traffic. My painting-room, then, was on the second floor, and at the back of the house, and as there was a street running at an acute angle to that in which I lived, and joining it only a few yards higher up, it will easily be understood that the backs of the houses in this slanting thoroughfare, which was called appropriately enough, Cross street, were in tolerably close proximity to my painting-room window. I have been thus exact in describing the topography of my place of abode, because then you will be better able to understand how it happened that my attention was directed to the circumstances which I am about to detail.

You will be able to understand how it was that, sitting, especially during the short days, as the dusk was beginning to fall, looking meditatively out of the window and thinking of my work, my attention would often be drawn, almost without my knowledge, to some of the windows in the slanting street which I have described, and how I found myself not unfrequently speculating about some of the inhabitants of the rooms which were separated from that in which I was sitting, by so small a space.

I augured the better of the occupants of the room opposite, from the fact that I could see through the lower panes of the window the leaves and branches of a great big fuchsia spread out fan-wise on a wooden frame. Other little contrivances and adornments there were about this poor casement, which, though of the cheapest and most twopenny order of decorative art, showed yet some love of the gentler side of things, and a wish to put a good face on poverty.

But it is, as I have already said, towards dusk and in the evening that my attention has been oftenest fixed on the window which I have been describing. It is then that, the room being lighted up, the shadows of things and persons within it are thrown upon the blind, with a clearness and distinctness which those who have never observed such matters would hardly credit. The shadows tell me, then, that the room is tenanted by a husband and wife, both young, I am certain. The man, as I gather from his position, and what I take to be the shadow of a tissue-paper screen, behind which he stoops over his labor, is a poor drudging engraver for whom the days are not long enough, sitting cramped up at his patient toil through many hours of the night. As I watch him, he will rise and stretch back his head to relieve the muscles of his neck, and then I see that the shadow thrown on the blind is that of a young figure, spare but well made. The light shows me also that he wears a beard; it is a very strong light indeed, and this makes me more sure than ever that he is an engraver. The shadow of his wife is there beside him—almost always. How she watches over and tends him, how she hangs over his chair, or kneels beside him! I had never, at the time I speak of, seen her, but I could not help fancying that she was pretty and good enough to light up a darker room than that in which she lives, and to make her husband's life of toil—if he can keep it up—not only bearable but delightful.

If he can keep it up—but can he? His shadow is all that I have seen of him, but it looks like the shadow of one in

delicate health. I never miss him from his place at night, and I can see the edge of his blind by which he works at his window all day. "If he sits drudging there," thought I, "he will surely, as is the case in all excess, defeat his own object and end in being disabled altogether."

It was not long before I began to fear that what I had apprehended had taken place. There came a day when the blind was not drawn up to let in the light on the engraver's work, but remained drawn down the whole day. It would be difficult to express how anxiously I longed for the evening, and the shadows which should tell me more.

That evening the light was burning in the room as usual, but the straight-edge of the engraver's blind was not seen cutting against it. There was the shadow of but one person, it was that of a woman, and as the figure which cast it moved so quietly about, I could make out that she was pouring out drugs and mixing the different compounds, wanted in a sick-room, by the light of the lamp. Sometimes she would pause in these occupations and look towards one end of the room, where I concluded the bed was placed; and sometimes I could even imagine, but this must have been pure fancy, that, looking still in the same direction, her lips would move at times, and that she was speaking. I could even see her tasting the food she was mixing, with her head a little on one side; altering and tasting it often before she carried it across the room to where, I felt sure, the sick man lay. So much will shadows tell.

From my front window I can see a long way up and down the street, even to that corner where the early breakfast depôt is found every morning—a poor stall enough, and driving a poor business, I should have thought; a business, however, in which I am so deeply interested that my first morning act is to go to the window and see if the poor old proprietor has got a customer—nay, once I put on a pilot-coat and a wideawake hat to appear in character, and purchased a cup of his coffee, which was a sound coffee enough, though a little gritty, and perhaps a thought weak. Enough of that. I can see to the coffee stall one way, and nearly as far the other, and at the back I command a bit of a court, two mewses and a half, and, by great dislocation of neck, a little scrap of Brewer-street, Golden-square. Now in all these regions which are continually under my eye, I have noticed one constantly pervading presence, one figure which comes upon the scene without fail every day in the year and at all conceivable hours. It is the figure of a tallish gentleman of about five-and-thirty, who stoops a little, has a very round back, wears spectacles, is always dressed in a buttoned black frock-coat, is always in a hurry, always expected anxiously at the houses he visits, and always followed to the door, on coming out again, by some who question him eagerly as he leaves them, and who seem to seek for comfort in his most inscrutable face. Of course I have not watched this gentleman's proceedings long, without coming to the conclusion that it is Mr. Cordial, the parish doctor, whose surgery in Great Pulteney-street I am so often in the habit of passing.

If there had been any previous doubt on my mind as to the state of things in the house opposite, it would at once have been put to flight when, on the day succeeding that evening on which I had watched the engraver's wife in her capacity of nurse, I caught a dark glimpse of this gentleman's head (rather a bald head for so young a man) at the window of the room opposite, which he had come to, to prepare some mixture or other.

"Now here," I thought to myself, "is a pretty business. This is just what I feared. Here is this poor fellow laid up, unable to work, and probably not only ill in body, but harrassed in mind by the consciousness that as long as he is ill, there can be no money coming in to supply the daily expenses which, however poorly they live, he and his wife must of necessity incur."

I thought over this matter, and turned it all sorts of ways, as people who are unlucky enough, or unwise enough, to live alone do turn and twist things, and was so haunted by the thought of what was going on in the room opposite, that in the course of the afternoon I was obliged to go out and take a long walk, in order to fill up the time that must necessarily intervene before the lamp would be lit, and the shadows thrown upon the blind. When I got back from that walk I was in such hot haste for such silent news as I might reasonably hope to gain, that I did not even stay to light my candle, but felt my way as well as I could across the room, and stationed myself at the window.

At first I thought that there were no shadows at all on the white glaring blind, except those of the poor bits of curtain and of the spreading out fuchsia before mentioned, but by-and-by, noticing a small and continually moving shadow mixed up with that of the curtain, and observing that it rose and fell regularly and quickly, I presently connected it with another mass of shade a little above it, and arrived at the conclusion that this last was thrown by a woman's head, and by the moving shadow by her hand, as it rose and fell in the action of working with the needle. It was not long before I found out that my hypothesis was well grounded; for a little while the shadow of the hand was still and that of the head was raised, as if the person whose silhouette lay thus upon the blind was in the act of listening—and then it rose, and I saw the well-known figure of the engraver's wife pass the light, and knew that she had moved towards that quarter of the room in which I had made up my mind that the bed with the sick man in it was placed.

During the greater part of that evening, as I watched, and my occupations were frequently interrupted that I might do so, I made out no shadow but that which I have just mentioned, But, at about nine o'clock, I saw another shadow pass before the blind, and as it was that of a man, I had for a moment the hope that it was cast by the invalid. It was only for a moment, another glance showed me that this person wore no beard, and that there was greater bulk of figure than would have been cast by the poor engraver. I soon concluded that it was the doctor; and if I had any doubt on this subject it was removed when I presently observed the workman-like angle of the elbow made by the shadow as it stood before the light, pouring something into what I suppose, from its size, must have been a teacup.

Twice a day, then. He was ill enough for the doctor to come to him twice a day.

My determination was taken as I made that reflection. I had got wrought up to a great state of interest and suspense about this case which I could hardly explain to myself. I felt a strange longing to know more of it, and I came to the resolution—it was like what might have been expected of a man half-cracked with living alone—that I would go out then and there, waylay the doctor as he came away from his patient, and ask him all about it.

I had lost some time in reflection, and when I looked hastily across before leaving my room I did not see any shadows on the blind, yet it was reasonable to suppose that I might still catch the doctor in the street; so out I rushed. Sure enough there was the doctor just coming out of No. 4, Cross street. How lucky I was to be in time!

I found the parish medical authority not very communicative or prone to take a very romantic view of sickness and suffering. He was a good sort of man enough, no doubt, but dry and matter-of-fact. He had seen so much of sickness and misery that he was used to it. He answered all

my questions, however, politely, though seeming a good deal surprised at them.

"He had just been visiting a sick man in that house, had he not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "he had. Bad case of low fever."

"Second floor—a married couple?" was my next inquiry.

Again an answer in the affirmative.

"Was it a case of great distress?"

"Yes, of very great distress."

"They have nothing to live upon but what the husband makes by his labor?" I asked.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"And he is laid up and unable to work."

"That is the state of the case," replied the doctor.

"Ah! thought so," said I. "Would you be kind enough, Doctor Cordial," I continued, "to take charge of this small sum" (it was a very small one) "for the benefit of these poor people—on no account mentioning how you came by it."

The doctor promised that he would, and I was just going to leave him, when I thought I would ask the poor fellow's name.

"His name is Adams;" said the doctor, and so we parted.

I now felt quite a sense of proprietorship in looking at my poor shadows opposite, and watched them more eagerly than ever. There was one action of the shadow, now unfortunately the only action to watch, which used to puzzle me not a little. The sick man's wife used all times to stand before the light, and, as it appeared to me, used to hold some article of clothing, or other piece of drapery, and examine it closely; sometimes I fancied that I could make the object out to be a shirt, or a coat, at another time a pair of trousers. After this she would disappear, and I always noticed that the lamp would then be turned down till its light was very low, and would remain so for a considerable period. I could not understand this at the time, though I did afterwards. She was testing the condition of different articles of clothing before taking them to the pawnbroker's.

And now I began to discover one of the bad results of my solitary life. Though I had given Doctor Cordial a small sum to go towards helping these poor people, it was quite impossible, in my straitened circumstances, that I could spare more. If I had resolutely kept my friends about me, there would have been somebody or other to whom I could apply in behalf of my poor shadows, while now it was impossible to do so.

Whilst I was engaged in turning all these things over in my mind, there came across it the memory of one individual to whom I really felt as if I should not mind applying in this difficulty.

This was a certain Mr. Pycroft, a copper-plate printer, with whom I had formerly had dealings. He was an old man, and it so happened that at one time in my life I had been in a position to do him a service, and had done it. There was something about his age, his position, and our former relations, which made me less shy of approaching him than I should have felt with any one else.

I remembered to have heard that some short time ago he had acted with great severity towards his eldest son, who, having contracted a marriage against his father's wishes, had been deprived of his share in the business, which he had formerly enjoyed, and left to make a living as well as he could by his own exertions. The fact is, that the old man had had a darling project of marrying his eldest son to a young girl whose father was a business connection of his own. The old copper-plate printer was not only thwarted in this, but was further outraged by his son's choice having fallen in a direction particularly distasteful to him for private reasons. I suspected also from what I had heard, that the conduct of the eldest son had been represented to his father as being violent and rebellious in no ordinary degree, had been made the worst of by the younger brother, who not only stepped into the lion's share of the business on his brother's removal, but himself contracted the marriage which his brother had declined. I could not help thinking when I heard the circumstances of the case that this younger son had had a great deal to do in poisoning the old man's mind with regard to his elder brother's conduct.

At all events, old Mr. Pycroft was the only person I could think of just now as likely to help my unfortunate shadows, and to him I determined to apply, but in a roundabout way.

It so happened that I had often promised my old acquaintance to show him a collection which I had of Rembrandt etchings, and it occurred to me that now was the time when these might come into play with great effect. So, making an excuse in relation to the matter of business which had formerly brought us together, I called on my old acquaintance, and, in the course of conversation, invited him, naming an evening, to come to my lodgings, and examine these curiosities, intimating that we would moisten that pleasing labor with a glass of brandy-and-water. Punctual to the time named Mr. Pycroft arrived, and we got through the first hour very comfortably, though I could not help feeling rather anxious about the success of my scheme.

After examining the etchings, Mr. Pycroft, over the second glass, began to rally me about living in such a labyrinth of streets, asking me if I did not find it dreadfully confined at the back.

"By-the-by," I said—and here I must own that I was guilty of some small amount of deception, for I spoke as if the matter in hand were of no sort of importance—"by-the-by, Mr. Pycroft, you wouldn't imagine how much recreation I derive from observing my neighbors in that very cross street which you find comes too near my windows."

"If you was to come out of this kind of solitary life," replied Mr. P., "you would have other things to amuse yourself with besides the goings on of a parcle of people whom you know nothing about."

"Now here, for instance," I went on, unmindful of the interruption, as I drew aside my own curtain and pointed out the window of the room occupied by my poor young couple—"here is a window which has revealed to me all sorts of interesting matter—enough to make a story out of almost, I can tell you."

"What, this window opposite? But do you mean to say, Mr. B., that you think it right to look into people's rooms like that?"

"I have scrupulously abstained from doing so," was my answer, "and have made all my observations with the blind down, as you see it now."

"With the blind down? But how could you make any observations with the blind down?"

"By means of the shadows of the occupants of the apartment," was my answer.

"Shadows?" cried Mr. Pycroft, obviously incredulous. "You don't mean to tell me that you could make out what was going on in that room by means of shadows on the blind?"

"Something of what goes on," I replied, "at any rate. Enough to interest me in the fortunes of those to whom the room belongs."

"Well, really Mr. B.! If I had it on any other testimony than your own I should have thought it simply impossible."

"Would you like to look for yourself?" I said. "I dare say something will take place behind the blind before long, which will give you an opportunity of testing the accuracy of what I have said."

"Well, without doubting that at all," replied my guest, "I really think I should."

Mr. Pycroft was sitting near the window, but my reading-lamp upon the table made the room rather too light for our observations. So I pushed the table away to the other end of the room, turned down the wick of the lamp and lowered the shade over it as well.

"Well," said Mr. Pycroft, "I see nothing at present but a white blind with a light behind it."

The shadow of the little wife's head was there in the corner by the curtain, and the shadow of the hand rose and fell as usual; but Mr. Pycroft had not such a practised eye as I had for detecting such matters. I pointed these out to my friend.

"I *do* see something bobbing up and down," he said, "now you mention it. But I should never have found it out without your help. Stop! there is a shadow now covering nearly the whole blind. What's that?"

"I suspect that is the shadow of the same person," was my answer. "She will probably go nearer the window and farther from the light presently, and then you will see."

In a minute or two the shadow appeared again, and this time not so large.

"I can make it out now," said my friend, "quite easily; it is the shadow of a woman. I can see the line of the waist and of the skirts of the dress."

"Can you make out the face at all?" I asked.

"Oh yes," answered Mr. P. "It is turned sideways, looking to the left there. She's gone now," he added in a moment.

In a few minutes her shadow was thrown again upon the blind.

"What's she about now?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Nay, you shall tell me," I answered.

"Well, she seems to have some small object in her hand which she is shaking."

"And now?" I asked again.

"I can't make out, her elbow seems raised—both hands are raised. No. I can't make out at all."

"I think she is pouring something out," said I.

"So she is, no doubt," answered my guest, who was evidently becoming much interested. "Stay," he continued, after a moment's pause, and looking at me quite anxiously as he spoke—"shaking, pouring—'to be well shaken before taken'—why, it must be medicine."

"I suspect it *is* medicine," was my answer.

"Is there some one ill, then?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Yes," I replied, "her husband."

"And did the shadow tell you that, too?"

"Yes, the shadow of her husband used to appear on the blind as often as hers, now I never see it. Exactly coincident with the disappearance of the husband's shadow has been the arrival of another shadow, which has been that of the parish doctor."

"And pray," asked Mr. Pycroft with the air of one whose credulity had been really too much tasked at last, "*may* I ask how you knew it to be the doctor's shadow?"

"Doctor Cordial has the roundest back you ever saw in your life," was my answer.

"Well, this is really very curious," ejaculated the old copper-plate printer, who was now evidently powerfully interested.

As we continued to look, the light was suddenly removed, and the room was left in darkness.

"What do you suppose has happened now?" inquired my companion.

"I suppose," was my answer, "that she has left the room for a short time. We shall see more presently; no doubt;" and almost as I spoke the light reappeared, and another shadow was in the room besides that of the little wife.

"The doctor?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"There," I cried, triumphantly, "you see how much may be discovered by shadows. You are expert already."

"He *has* a round back, certainly," said the old copper-plate printer.

The round-backed shadow now faded off softly in the direction towards which the profile of the little wife was turned so often. The white blind remained for some minutes shadowless.

"I suppose he is examining his patient now," said Mr. Pycroft; "here he is again," he added in another minute. The doctor, however, stood so near the light this time and so completely with his back towards us, that we were unable to determine what he was doing. This was, naturally, often the case with the shadows Much as one was able to make out, there was, of course, infinitely more, an explanation of which it was impossible even to guess at.

In a short time the round-backed shadow was joined by that of the sick man's wife, and then the two stood for some time in conversation; at least it was reasonable to suppose so.

"Giving her directions, I shouldn't wonder," said the copper-plate printer.

"Most likely," I answered.

"I wonder if he's *very* bad," said my companion. After this there was a pause. The two shadows continued standing by the table. At last, we both thought that the doctor's shadow appeared to give something to the shade of the engraver's wife, and immediately after, the light was removed as it had been before: it had been probably taken out on to the landing in order that the doctor might see his way down stairs.

"And so they're very poor," said Mr. Pycroft, as if talking to himself.

"They had nothing but what the husband could earn," I answered, "and he is wholly incapable of working, and will remain so probably for weeks to come."

The light had now reappeared in the room. The shadow of the little wife seemed to linger near the table after setting it down. Her figure was motionless for a considerable time, and then we noted that the head fell forward, and that the face was buried in the hands as if in an agony of silent grief.

We neither of us spoke, at the same moment I dropped the curtain of my own window which had been fastened back, for I felt that this was sorrow with which a spectator had no right to intermeddle.

Soon afterwards my old friend rose to go, and we spoke not another word on the matter. Just before I retired to rest, however, I looked out once more. The shadow of the little wife's head was in its usual place, and the shadow of her hand rose and fell as usual. She was at work again.

The next day, by an early post, I received a letter from Mr. Pycroft. He had been thinking a great deal, he said, of what he had seen the night before, and enclosed a little money, which he asked me to see applied to the benefit of the young couple in whose fortunes I had interested myself. He also begged me from time to time to let him have tidings of what "the shadows" were about.

I handed the money over to Dr. Cordial, asking him to apply it as might seem best to his judgment, but making no mention of who it came from. I asked him also to let me have news as frequently as possible of the condition of his patient. These I transmitted pretty nearly as often as I received them to the old copper-plate printer.

For some days there was not much to report, nor did the shadows tell me anything different from what they had before revealed. The poor engraver's shadow was still wanting, and

that of his little wife was either stationary or in the corner, when she did what she could to earn a little money with her needle, or else was seen flitting about the room in attendance on her sick husband. At length there came a time when the fever reached its crisis, and when it was clear, according to the doctor's report, that the sufferer must sink under it or recover. To make my story as short as possible, I will not dwell on the details of this period of suspense. The one quality of youth possessed by the patient, enabled his constitution to rally, and after this crisis in his disorder he began to mend.

And now a long convalescence followed, and a time arrived when one evening the shadow of a wasted figure moved slowly past the light, and I could guess as I watched it, and observed that it was accompanied by the well-known shadow of the little wife, that the sick man was moving from his bed to a chair by the fire.

Of course I made this advance known to my friend, the copper-plate printer, and kept him well acquainted with all the particulars of the gradual improvement in our invalid's health, even to the period when it was so far reëstablished that he was able at last to sit up for a certain number of hours every day at his engraving table, and work once more for his wife's support.

"They are very grateful," I said, when I made this announcement to my old acquaintance, "to the unknown friend who has assisted them from time to time throughout their trouble."

"Oh no, nonsense, nonsense; it's nothing, nothing at all—nothing at all," ejaculated the old fellow, trying to get away from the subject.

"And they are very anxious," I continued, resolutely, "to thank him personally, if he would but reveal himself and give them the opportunity."

"No, no, not for the world," was the answer; "oh dear no, impossible. Here, here's a little trifle extra just to set them going you know, because he mustn't work too much at first."

"And you won't let them see you?" I asked again.

"No, no, no, on no account," said the old boy. "I'll tell you what, though," he continued in a moment, "I should like to see *them*—see them as I did before—the shadows you know," he added. "I'll come and have a glass of brandy-and water with you some evening, and have a look at the shadows again."

I was obliged to be satisfied with this, and making an engagement with my old friend for an early day, I left him and went home.

The evening came, and with it an unusual amount of stir and bustle in the quiet room opposite. The figure of the little wife was continually flitting backwards and forwards in front of the light, as if she were engaged in smartening up the poor apartment. Hanging in the very middle of the window, and so close to the thin white blind that I could see it distinctly, there was a birdcage with a bird in it; and it was owing to the presence of this object that I had been chiefly able to form some idea of what my two friends opposite were like. When either of them approached the birdcage, as would sometimes happen, to give a chirp of encouragement to its occupant, I could see the profile of the person who did so as distinctly as one used to trace the silhouettes of the old black portraits which itinerant artists were wont to cut out at fairs. Except at such times as this, when the engraver or his wife stood thus near the window and far from the light, I could distinguish little but a shapeless mass; and when either of them approached the candle nearly, their shadows became so gigantic that the whole space of the window—an unusually large one—was completely darkened, even by one figure. I must repeat what I have said before, that the opportunities were very rare when I could make out what the shadows were about, and that in all cases in which I could detect such processes of mixing drinks, pouring out of medicines and the like, it was owing to the fact that some necessary object connected with the proceeding was placed on some articles of furniture which stood in or near the window.

Punctual to the appointed time, my old friend, the copper-plate printer, made his appearance, and his first question after the usual greeting had been exchanged was:

"Well, how are the shadows?"

I placed his chair in the old position and we both sat down.

The bustle and movement to which I have adverted as going on in the room opposite were noticeable still, and I had little doubt that the apartment was being "cleaned up," an impression to which additional force was soon given by the dawning on the scene of a thin, straight shadow, which I took to be a broomstick, and which was now brought into active service.

I must not omit to mention, that at the moment of a certain pause in the career of the broom, the figure of the poor engraver was thrown with great distinctness on the blind. He had come to the window to stick some object, probably a piece of groundsel, between the wires of the birdcage.

When this happened, I noticed a great change come over the countenance of my guest. He raised himself in his chair, and looking eagerly forward, said, in quite a strange tone of voice:

"What did you say was the name of these people?"

"Adams," was my answer.

"Adams—you are quite sure?"

"Quite," I replied. By this time the shadow had vanished again, but I remarked that for a considerable time Mr. Pycroft seemed absent and uncomfortable, and we had talked of many matters foreign to the subject I had at heart, before he again returned to the shadows.

"They seem quite enough now," said Mr. Pycroft at last.

"I dare say," I answered, "that the cleaning of the room is over, and that they have sat down to a bit of supper."

"Do you think so?" asked the copper-plate printer.

"I dare say that they have some little luxury, furnished by your liberality."

"Do you really think so?" said the old boy, who had a great idea of comfort. "What do you think they've got?" I wish the shadows would show us that!"

I darted at once at the opening which I saw here.

"The shadows will not show it," I said; "but why not go across and see it in substance? It would make their supper all the sweeter to them, I am sure."

The old gentleman had just finished a tumbler of hot grog. He was in high good humor, and as I finished speaking his eyes began to twinkle, and a latent smile developed itself about the corners of his mouth.

"It wouldn't be bad fun, would it?" he said. I wanted nothing more, and in another minute I had him on his legs, and we were on our way to No. 4.

A little girl was on the door-step with a pot of beer in her hand, and we had no sooner stopped before the house than she made known a want incidental to the lives of maidens who stand only three feet two inches in their stockings:

"Please, sir, will you ring the second bell from the top?"

"Second floor?" I said, as I complied; "that's where Mr. and Mrs. Adams live, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, and he's my father," said the young lady, who evidently looked upon the couple alluded to as one flesh. I thought it odd I had never seen this child's shadow on the blind.

"Well, I want to see him, then," I replied, "and so does this gentleman."

"Oh, but you can't, though," said the little girl, who, by the way, appeared to be a precocious shrew—"for father's at supper, and there's a fowl, and father's been ill, and you can't disturb him just as he's a little better—so that you can't."

"You just hold your tongue, miss, will you?" said a voice at this juncture, "and let me talk to the gentleman."

I looked up and saw that the door had been opened by a tall, gaunt-looking woman, with a large nose.

"Who did you please to want, sir?" she asked in a whining tone, which I disliked very much.

I told her briefly who we were, and the object of our visit.

"Oh, what a joyful surprise!" said the gaunt woman, whining as before in a manner infinitely offensive to me. "Get along up-stairs, Lizzy," she continued, addressing the child, and tell your father that the kind gentleman as assisted him in his illness is coming to see him; I'm his wife, kind gentlemen"—(*this* the shadow that I had interested myself in!)—"I'm his poor wife that nussed him through his illness, and—take care of the stairs, kind gentlemen—and this is the room, gentlemen; and here's a joyful surprise, James; the gentlemen that's been so kind all the time you've been ill; and be pleased to take a seat, gentlemen, and honor our poor room by sitting down in it."

I was thunderstruck. A little common-looking man was sitting at the table on which a smoking fowl, a bit of bacon and some potatoes had been placed. He bore the evident marks of recent illness, and rose with some effort at our entry. He resumed his seat, however, as I and my companion sat down. I took a chair, as I should have taken anything that was offered me in sheer surprise and bewilderment. I looked once more at the man's wife. What, was that the substance of the neat little shadow which I knew so well—that great gaunt sloping creature? Were shadows so deceptive as this? Would anybody tell me that my opposite neighbor could have had such a nose as I now saw, and that it would not have stood out in bold relief and left its mark upon my memory every time she approached the window?

The husband, too. That was not my poor engraver. He was an inoffensive man enough, as he sat there full of clumsy expressions of gratitude to my companion for the assistance accorded to him during his recent attack of fever. He was a harmless little man, no doubt. Not quite such a heavy blow as his wife; but still, he was not my engraver.

All this time, even while her husband was speaking, the gaunt woman kept up an under-current of gratitude of the slimiest description, to which the old gentleman answered not a word, for he seemed as little prepared for the real Mr. and Mrs. Adams by what he had seen of their shadows as I was. In short, beyond a few words of inquiry as to the state of the invalid's health, which I had managed to utter on first coming into the room, we had neither of us spoken a word.

Suddenly the tremendous idea entered my mind that there must be some mistake. I had been staring some time at the little girl, whom we originally met on the door-step, and who, to do her justice, returned the compliment with interest, when it struck me that her head came considerably above the window-sill, and that consequently, it was a most extraordinary thing that its shadow had never caught my attention. My eyes having, in the course of this comparison of the young lady with the window-sill, been directed towards this last part of the room, I next observed that there was no birdcage hanging in the window.

"Halloa!" I ejaculated, you've taken down the birdcage."

"Birdcage, sir?" whined the gaunt woman, deferentially?"

"We ain't got no birdcage," burst out the small child of the door-step, "nor never haven't had none—nor yet no bird neither.

"*Will* you hold your tongue, miss?" interrupted her mother.

There was an awkward pause. I looked again about the room, I looked at the woman, I looked at her husband—he had no beard, I now observed. I had, however, presence of mind enough not to ask after that missing appendage as I had done after the birdcage. I determined to make assurance doubly sure, and walking towards the window and pulling aside the blind, observed, as an excuse for looking out:

"I am afraid you must be a good deal choked up at the back with houses. Isn't that rather unwholesome?"

A voluble answer on the subject of confined lodgings, their advantages and disadvantages, followed, but I did not hear it. I was looking for my own window in the house opposite. I had left the lamp alight and the blind half drawn up. The window before me, exactly in front of that which I was looking from, was fastened up and secured with shutters. Stretching my neck, and glancing in a slanting direction towards the next of the opposite houses, I saw that the second-floor window was illuminated, and that the blind was half lowered.

"Your supper is getting cold," I said, coming back to the table, and exchanging a glance of meaning with my companion; "my friend and I only wished to come in and see how you were enjoying yourselves, and so now we will leave you to do better justice to the fowl than you could if we remained here."

So saying, and resisting all entreaties to stay and take a share of the good things, I made for the door, and was soon on the staircase, followed closely by Mr. Pycroft, who, speechless as long as we remained in the room, did nothing now but repeat, "Wrong people, eh?"—been feeding the wrong people, haven't we?" in a loud and perfectly audible whisper. The gaunt woman was, however, too loquacious herself to hear what was said, and during the time that she lighted us down the stairs, never ceased whining out her gratitude for a single moment.

When we got into the street, I turned round and looked my companion in the face.

"It is some comfort, at any rate," I said, "to think that you have been assisting people who were really in need of help, but it is evident that every penny of your bounty has gone to the family we have just left."

"And how do you account for the mistake?" asked my old friend.

"I can only conclude," was my answer, "that by a curious coincidence there have been two second-floor lodgers ill in two houses next door to each other; that after my seeing Dr. Cordial at the window opposite to mine, he had gone from the one house to the other; that he had had time to pay a short visit to the invalid we have just left; and that then I had met him coming away, as I thought, from attending on our poor shadows, but in reality from the deserving personage whose supper has been supplied by your benevolence."

"And the shadows?" gasped Mr. Pycroft, utterly aghast.

"Have, through my unfortunate mistake, not received a single shilling," was my answer.

Mr. Pycroft stared at me for some time in petrified amazement.

"We can never leave the thing like this," he said, at last. "Do you think you could be sure of the house *this* time?"

"I can understand your feeling some mistrust about it," I said, "but I own that I feel none myself. *This* is the house beyond a doubt." I looked up as I spoke at No. 5.

"Then let's bring the matter to a conclusion at once," said the old copper-plate printer, stoutly; and with that we actually rang at the second bell handle on the left hand door-post.

After the proper amount of delay, the door was opened by a slatternly woman.

"Second-floor back?" said I, in a mellifluous voice.

"Front," replied the slatternly woman, in rather an injured tone; "you should have rung the bell on the right door-post."

I begged pardon with all humility, and the slatternly woman relented a little.

"The two-pair-back's at home, I know," she said, "and if you're coming up, I may as well light you."

We availed ourselves of this offer, and, in a few seconds, we were on the second-floor landing. The slatternly woman pointed out the door at which we were to knock; and, opening her own, and letting out in so doing a blast of onions that almost made my eyes water, she disappeared into the refreshing vapour, and shut herself in with it.

My curiosity was now powerfully piqued, and I felt as if some great stake hinged upon the opening of the door at which we stood and knocked.

A clear, cheerful voice called to us to enter, and in another moment, we stood inside the room.

Two people, a man and a woman, occupied the apartment. One of them, the man, was at first hidden from view, but in the other, as she rose upon our entrance, I recognized at once the shadow with which I was so familiar.

The room was a great contrast to that which we had just left, which was tolerably well provided with furniture. This room was utterly bare, looking as if all the available objects had been removed, as probably they had, to be turned into money. A mattress and some bedding were on the floor at one end of the room. The table, and a couple of old chairs, were the only articles of furniture I could see. The engraver's lamp was on the table, and the materials for a very poor meal which the two had evidently just been cooking—a very little scrap of bacon and some boiled rice. The bird-cage was hanging in the window, if I had wanted any confirmation of my conviction that I had found my shadows at last.

Of course, all these things were taken in by me at a single glance, it being necessary that I should at once account for my visit and that of my friend. I had begun to do so in a few hurried words, when my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation from Mr. Pycroft, who had followed me. The second occupant of the room, whom we had at first seen but imperfectly, had now risen to his feet, and stood with the light full upon him, straining his eyes into the shade where my companion stood behind me. I turned hastily round, and met the stern gaze of my old friend.

"If this is a trick, Mr. Broadhead," he said, speaking very thickly, and with choking utterance, "I can tell you that it does you little credit."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in utter bewilderment.

"I mean that, if this has all been a planned thing to bring about a reconciliation between me and my son—"

"Your son?" I gasped.

"I can only say," continued Mr. Pycroft, "that it shall meet with the success it deserves."

He turned as he spoke and made for the door, but I was beforehand with him.

"Stay, Mr. Pycroft!" I cried. "If you choose to retain this feeling of animosity, which so illy becomes you, you must, but you shall not go away with a false impression of this matter, as far as I am concerned in it. I swear to you that your suspicions of me are false; that when we came to this room, I had no more idea of whom were its occupants than you had, and that I never knew your son was living in this abject misery; though, if I had, I would certainly have done my best to rouse you to a feeling of what, under such circumstances, you owe to one who bears your name."

Mr. Pycroft had glanced once searchingly towards me when I denied his imputation of having been concerned in a plot to trick him into a reconciliation, and now his eyes were directed towards the place where his son stood before him.

He was a fine manly-looking fellow; and as he stood there holding his wife's hand in his, and with the refining influence of recent illness showing on his worn but handsome face, I could not help feeling that surely this picture must complete the work which the shadows had so well begun.

"Look at them!" I said—"look at this room—look at that meal! Can you see such wretchedness and not be moved? If your son has displeased you, has he not suffered? If he has disobeyed, he has paid the penalty."

I looked in my companion's face, and I thought that I saw some shadow of compunction working there.

"Do not," I said, "let the sympathy which you bestowed upon the shadows be wanting for the realities which cast them."

The little wife at this moment left her husband's side, and, advancing to where we stood, laid her hand timidly on that of my old friend. I looked at him once more, and then, beckoning the poor engraver to his father's side, I passed quietly from the room, where I felt that my presence was no longer needed.

About an hour afterwards, I was sitting disconsolately in my room, reflecting on the loneliness of my own position, and rather envying my opposite neighbors, when I heard my own name shouted in a cheery voice from without.

I looked in the old direction, and saw my friend Mr. Pycroft standing at his son's open window.

"We want you to come over," said the old gentleman, "and spend what is left of the evening with us."

I assented gladly, and was just drawing in my head, when I heard myself called once more by name.

"And I say," said Mr. Pycroft, in a stage whisper, "as we are rather short of liquor here, perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing a bottle of brandy in your pocket; and if you happen to have such a thing as a lemon—"

In a few minutes I was sitting one of a comfortable party in the room opposite.

"Do you know what is one of the first things we intend to do now?" said the little wife, smiling as she looked at me.

"I have not the least idea," was my answer.

"Why, we are going to nail up the thickest curtain we can get, in order, to prevent our opposite neighbor from seeing what we are about whenever our lamp happens to be alight."

"You need not be afraid," I said; "and you may save yourself the trouble of putting up the curtain, for the opposite neighbor hopes henceforth to see so much of his new friends in their Substance, that he is not likely to trouble himself much more about—their Shadows."—[*Tom Tiddler's Ground.*

POWER OF A WORD.

A word—and smiles succeed to tears;
A word—and the torn heart is healed.
Strange that such precious balm should fall
From air-drawn sounds whispered from human lips.

Hermion.

MOHAMMED'S CHAMPIONS.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

For a time Mohammed confided his revelations to his own household, but at length the rumor got abroad that he pretended to be a prophet. This stirred up, at the very opening of his career, hostility from every side. His immediate kinsmen, of the line of Haschem, were powerful, prosperous, and identified with idolatry. They therefore considered their family disgraced in the person of Mohammed, and that he was placing them in humiliation at the feet of the rival branch of their tribe; while the rival line of Abb Schems took advantage of the opportunity, and raised the cry of heresy and impiety, to depose the line of Haschem from the guardianship of the sacred shrine of Arabia and the governorship of Mecca. Thus the matter became an issue of rival family interests, as well as one of a radical conflict between idolatry and the mission of this earnest image-smasher.

During the first three years of his prophetic career the number of Mohammed's converts did not exceed forty, and most of these were young persons, strangers, and slaves; and so thoroughly was the new sect outlawed, that its meetings were held in secret, either at the house of one of the disciples or in a cave near Mecca. Their meetings at length were discovered, a mob broke into the cavern, and a scuffle ensued, in which one of the assailants was wounded in the head by Saad, an armorer, who thenceforth became renowned as the first of the disciples who shed blood in the cause of Islam.

Mohammed afterward had a second vision, in which the angel Gabriel commanded him to arise and preach and magnify the Lord. Accordingly, in the fourth year of his religious or fanatical activity, he summoned the line of Haschem to meet him on the hill of Safa, in the vicinity of Mecca, that he might unfold to them matters of importance concerning their welfare. They assembled, and with them came his uncle Abu Lahab, a man of a proud spirit, who held his nephew in reproach for bringing disgrace upon his family. As soon as Mohammed commenced to make known to them his revelations, Abu Lahab started up in a great rage, reviling him for calling them on so idle an errand. Catching up a stone, he would have cast it at his nephew, but the Prophet turned upon him a withering glance, cursed the hand raised against him, and predicted his doom to the fire of Jehennam, with the assurance that his scoffing wife should bear the burden of thornes with which the fire would be kindled. This woman was the sister of Abu Sofian, the great rival of the line of Haschem, and though the son of Abu Lahab had doubly united him to his nephew by a marriage with Mohammed's youngest daughter, Abu Lahab betrayed his family and united with its rival. Enraged by the curse pronounced upon them, they immediately compelled their son to divorce his wife, who came weeping to her father; but she was soon consoled, by becoming the wife of her father's zealous disciple Othman, who in the number of Mohammed's successors ranks as the third Caliph in the rise of the vast Mohammedan empire.

Not discouraged, the Prophet called a second meeting of the Haschemites, and at this time announced in full the revelations which he had received, and the divine command to impart them to the chosen line of Haschem. "Oh, children of Abd al Montâlleb," cried the Prophet, "to you of all men has Allah vouchsafed these most precious gifts. In His name I offer you the blessings of this world, and endless joys hereafter. Who among you will share the burden of my offer? Who will be my brother, my lieutenant, my vizier?" For a space of time the assembled Haschemites were silent, some wondering, others smiling in derision, until the youthful Ali, starting up with enthusiasm, offered himself to his great cousin, who caught the generous youth in his arms, and pressing him to his bosom, cried out to the assembly, "Behold my brother, my vizier, my vicegerent! Let all listen so his words and obey him." The outburst of the stripling Ali was received with a shout of derision, and the Haschemites scoffingly told Abu Taleb that he must now pay obedience to his son; but notwithstanding their scorn, the youthful Ali afterward became one of the mightiest of men, and fourth Caliph of the Mohammedan empire.

Mohammed now began to preach in public. The hills of Safa and Kubeis were his chosen audience chambers, from which he thundered against the reign of idolatry. These places were well chosen, for they were sanctified in the minds of the children of Abraham's first-born, by traditions of Ishmael and his mother Hagar; and from these holy hills he sent forth a mighty proclamation that God had sent him to restore the "religion of Abraham." The Koreishites, enraged by his denunciation of their idolatry and the stiff-neckedness of themselves and their fathers in "the days of ignorance"—as the period prior to the Islam era is denominated—and, moreover, much alarmed by the spread of the new faith, urged Abu Taleb to silence his nephew, and at length threatened to exterminate Mohammed and his disciples. Abu Taleb hastened to entreat his nephew to forego his work. "Oh, my uncle," exclaimed this grand fanatic or prophet, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand and the moon on my left, yet until God shall command me, or shall take me hence, would I not depart from my purpose." Mohammed was retiring from the presence of his uncle with a dejected countenance, when Abu Taleb, struck with admiration, called him back, and declared that, preach what he might, he would never abandon him to his enemies; and Abu Taleb, as the representative of his line, forthwith bound the descendants of Haschem and Abd al Montâlleb to aid him in protecting him against the rest of the tribe of Koreish. They considered the new religion of their kinsman a dangerous heresy, but the strong family instinct of the Arabs prevailed, and the descendants—excepting his uncle Abu Lahab—of Haschem and Abd al Montâlleb consented to protect him.

About this time Mohammed was assailed and nearly strangled in the Caaba, but he was rescued by Abu Beker. He therefore deemed it wisdom to counsel those of his disciples who were not protected by powerful friends to fly from Mecca, for their lives were now in danger. He advised such to take refuge among the Nestorian Christians, and Othman Ibn Affan led a little band of the persecuted out of Mecca. The refugees were kindly received by the Nestorians, and others soon followed them. Meantime the Koreishites, finding Mohammed persistent in his work and daily making converts, passed a law of banishment against all who should embrace his faith, while he himself was forced to take refuge in the house of one of his disciples. Here he remained for a month. But his fame had spread abroad, and men from all parts of Arabia sought him in his retreat.

His powerful enemy Abu Jahl sought him and insulted and outraged him by personal violence. This was, however, avenged, and the circumstance was the indirect cause of bringing into the faith of Islam two of its mightiest champions. This outrage was told to his uncle Hamza, as he was returning from hunting, whereupon, in great ire, he marched with his bow unstrung into an assembly of Koreishites, where he found Abu Jahl boasting of his exploit; and Hamza smote him with a blow, wounding him in his head. The friends of the smitten man were in their turn about to

avenge him, but Abu Jahl, fearing the warlike Hamza, himself pacified them, and apologized for his conduct, urging as his excuse the apostacy of his nephew. "Well," retorted Hamza, fiercely, "I also do not believe in your gods of stone; can you compel me?" Forthwith he declared himself a believer in his nephew's mission, and took the oath of allegiance. Yet more important a convert even than the warlike Hamza was Abu Jahl's own nephew Omar, whose very walking-stick, it is said, struck more terror into beholders than any other man's sword. Omar, instigated by his uncle to avenge the blow dealt him by Hamza, promised to penetrate to the retreat of the Prophet and strike a poniard to his heart. He was on the way to execute his purpose, when he met a Koreishite friend, to whom he imparted his design. "Before you slay Mohammed, and draw upon yourself the vengeance of his relatives, see that your own are free from heresy," cautioned his friend, who had himself secretly embraced the faith. "Are any of mine guilty of backsliding?" demanded Omar. "Even so," was the reply. "Thy sister and her husband Seid." Omar, overwhelmed with astonishment, and beside himself with wrath, hastened to his sister's house, and surprised her and her husband reading the Koran. In his rage he struck Seid to the earth, and would have plunged his sword into his heart, but the wife interposed, and received a fierce blow in her face, which bathed it in blood. "Enemy of Allah," sobbed his sister, "dost thou strike me thus for believing in the only true God? In spite of thee and thy violence, I will persevere in the true faith. Yes, there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. And now, Omar, finish thy work." But Omar, struck by his sister's spirit, relented, and took his foot from her husband's breast. "Show me the writing," he said; but his sister refused to let him touch the sacred scroll until he had washed his hands. He opened the 20th chapter of the Koran, and read: "In the name of the most merciful God! We have not sent down the Koran to inflict misery on mankind, but as a monitor, to teach him to believe in the true God, the creator of the earth and the lofty heavens.

"The All-Merciful is enthroned on high; to Him belongeth whatsoever is in the heavens above and in the regions under the earth.

"Dost thou utter thy prayers with a loud voice? Know that there is no need. God knoweth the secrets of thy heart; yea, and that which is most hidden.

"Verily I am God; and there is none besides Me. Serve Me; serve none other. Offer up thy prayers to none but Me."

Omar, greatly moved by the new revelations, continued to read, and before he left his sister's house this fierce man of war was a penitent and firm believer in the Prophet, to whose retreat he hastened, and knocking, humbly craved admittance. "Come in, son of Khattab," answered the Prophet. "What bringest thee hither?" "I come to enroll my name among the believers of God and his Prophet," reverently replied the new convert.

No half-hearted manifestation of faith satisfied this proselyte. He desired to make his conversion most public, and prevailed on Mohammed to accompany him to the Caaba to perform openly the rites of Islamism. A procession of the faithful forthwith paraded the streets of Mecca, Hamza walking on the right hand and Omar on the left hand of the Prophet, to protect him from violence; and though the Koreishites viewed this demonstration with astonishment and dismay, none dared to interrupt it, for Hamza and Omar glared upon their enemies "like two lions that had been been robbed of their young." Next day, also, the fierce nephew of Abu Jahl went up to the holy shrine to pray, in defiance of the Koreishites, who, though they dared not to interfere in his worship, fell on another of the disciples who also went up to worship. Wrathful at this, Omar immediately sought his powerful uncle. "I renounce," said he, "thy protection. I will not be better off than my fellow-believers." This terrible military apostle of the Arabian prophet became the third successor of Mohammed, and under him the conquests of Egypt, Syria, and Persia were added to that of all Arabia.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO OMAHA.

BY QUIZ.

PREPARATORY.

Departure of two coaches at 4 p.m. loaded at the rate of nine passengers to one square yard of coach room—A confusion of legs and personal property to which the confusion of tongues was a cypher—A supper in a stable on the way—A splash, a tumble, and drag through the Weber bottoms — Twenty frantic rushes of aforesaid nine, including the writer, in vain endeavors to get out of a fifteen-inch window in order to balance up and keep the coach "on its legs"—An upset of companion coach containg four men and a young marriageable lady; marriageable lady being deposited on her feet with her head out of the upper-side window, and the balance of the passengers in positions too graceful to describe—Recovery of aforesaid performers to positions of ordinary life; and a deposit of both coach loads at eleven o'clock at night in the rain on the muddy but rich and alluvial soil of "Ogden switch."

Quiz wishes it to be distinctly understood here, that the above brief description of his journey to Ogden, is thus abbreviated simply out of pure love for the public and at his own expense—he being paid by the line. Considerations growing out of the support of a young and highly interesting family, however, now compel him to enter more into detail, even if the public do suffer in consequence. Besides, it is one of his maxims that philantrophy is always relished best in small doses.

One idea that strikes a visitor on his arrival in Ogden —especially if it has been raining hard for three days—is that nature used up a great deal of mud when she made it. Another idea is that there is a great deal of waste water there, which would be very useful in the sandy deserts of Arabia, if it could only be got there in the hot season. As to Quiz's experience in Ogden he is prepared to take oath before Justice Clinton that he jumped rain puddles on the side-walk, one night in the dark, till he gave up the performance in despair, and took to the streets. The greatest objection to these puddles, however, is that they disappear between the wet seasons and don't stop long enough to get trout in them; otherwise they might be turned to excellent account.

These muddy views it should be stated do not apply to "OGDEN ON THE BENCH." "Ogden on the Bench" may be said to be *above* anything of the kind. Perhaps on this account and to keep "Ogden on the Bench" from being influenced by the watery example of "Ogden in the Bottom," nature has arranged it that "Ogden on the Bench" is never permitted to see "Ogden in the bottom," until "Ogden on the Bench" puts on her thick-soled water-proof boots and goes down to pay it a visit. This argument about the influence of example is, however, unfortunately spoiled by the fact that dry and salubrious Ogden is equally invisible to Ogden the watery, who, one would naturally expect, ought always to have such a proper example before its eyes.

To refer back to the subject of roads, Quiz, having by the above reflections, worked himself up into a very proper condition for a nice comfortable grumble, must be permitted to deviate from the description of his journey and say that it is an unhappy fact peculiar to most western cities (including some in our own Territory), that roads generally *are* better made than side-walks. The only way that Quiz has of ac-

counting for this peculiarity is by supposing that a humane feeling led to the making of such streets more with a reference to the wants of the horses than the men. His view of the way of correcting this matter is by suggesting that in future all City Fathers be selected from men who are too poor to keep carriages, and having to use the side-walks themselves, will be very apt to give humanity the preference to horse-manity. But this is of little moment at present. As Quiz expects, in a few years, to run for Mayor of Ogden, unless the Railroad Shops are not built there, in which case he will fall back on some other city. He intends to secure all the ladies' votes by announcing as his platform —"Gravel side-walks; No more Puddles; and Dry Skirts." If "them sentiments" don't secure his election, he will, very properly, retire into private life disgusted with the world at large and leave the *Utah* Magazine to conduct its affairs single-handed. But to return to our journey.

A whistle—a shriek—a sound like ten thousand bushels of pea-nuts being crushed up, and the train arrives. A hub-bub—a rush—some snorting or hard breathing (very like a giant with a bad cold)—a few spasmodic jerks, and the train started, carrying Quiz to the region of the new Railroad Towns to take notes in passing for the benefit of humanity—at ten cents a line.

His first impression about these towns was that owing to the gravelly nature of the soil, the atmosphere was dry, every other house being a drinking saloon. This wonderful illustration of the effect of soil upon the human constitution is very remarkable. Another thing that struck him was that humanity in these regions has a very decided tendency towards the pockets. Every man he saw in them either had his hands in somebody else's pockets or else in his own. He only saw one disengaged man whose hands were out of his pockets, and he stood behind a crowd feeling, no doubt, ashamed of himself. Whether his pockets were sewed up, or his hands were two big to get into them is a point too nice to decide; but he seemed to feel his degraded position deeply. The principal occupation of the inhabitants of these canvass towns seems to be standing in rows and staring at the trains; after which they retire to talk over the event, until the next train arrives, when they turn out again, stand in a row and stare as before. Aside from this highly intellectual pursuit, the selection of titles sufficiently grand for their palatial residences must take up all their surplus energy and genius. Here you may find a "Granite Saloon," ten feet square, or thereabouts, and made of odd pieces of lumber. You will also gaze with wonder and delight upon that vast national structure—the "Empire Saloon"—which will on a pinch accommodate at least ten persons besides a table, two benches and a cooking stove—provided the aforesaid individuals be not too fat or too particular as to the disposal of their knees. Here also may be seen that world-renowned hotel—"The Tomkins House,"—which, being built half of clap-boards and half of canvass, is in every way a highly ventilated and salubrious abode; and should you be of a metaphysical turn of mind, you may turn the splendor of your genius on to that highly interesting but puzzling question, how two saloons, both of them the "Sole and *only* agent" for that delicious beverage "The cream of the Rocky Mountain Lager Beer," are found in one city and working amicably side by side.

Quiz closes this portion of his journey with the following brilliant and startling reflections:—What a sweet thing is human nature! No sooner is a Railroad town laid out, with a prospect of twenty poor devils going there to invest than four restaurant-keepers, six bar-keepers, a baker, a butcher and three store-keepers go there with no object in the world but to wait on them and make the place comfortable. But for this lovely principle in human nature, they might starve or go thirsty. But so wonderfully is everything arranged in the universe, that no sooner does any man want to buy than another man is ready to sell to him regardless of sacrifice. The attention of little boys in our public schools ought to be called to this wonderful "compensating principle" in nature.

The Drama.

THE MISSION OF THE DRAMA.

NUMBER TWO.

From the very rise of the English drama in Shakspeare's times, excepting in such honorable cases as Charles Kean, managers and actors have not conceived a very high mission for themselves nor aimed after anything exalted for social and moral good. Actors and actresses, though they have been itinerant enough, have been anything, in their motives and in the moral of their lives, but traveling elders. They have had a mission in their hands, but they have neither conceived it nor desired it to this day. It is true Shakspeare gave to them "the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, and show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The profession know their dramatic catechism better than many of us do the decalogue, but they follow not their Moses.

If the drama has fallen—if the profession has never been highly respected, and a general decline has come, with a contempt in the public mind for theatres, managers and actors are themselves to blame. Even after a long history, since the rise of the British drama, though they hold all the opportunities of a mission in their hand, and the very best literature in the English language—though they hold the book of Shakspeare, which has been classed next to the Bible in its dominion over those who speak the Saxon tongue, yet to this hour they persist in their suicidal course. They dare to offer us Mazeppa as a great draw, and everything that is "broad and showy" in its immorality, with all that is full of sensation and stage materialism, they catch at and play against the public as their best cards. How is it that they presume on society thus? Managers, whom the public have most to blame, would dare more, but they fear lest their balloons would burst. So they would, and will in a few years, unless there be a radical reform in their course and policy. Do they not see that the further they go on their *broad* and *showy* course, the broader and more showy they must become to be fresh and taking.

In consequence of this general contempt in the public mind for theatres and their managers, comes the cant that the drama is declining. Pshaw! The *drama* will never decline. It is as old as Greece, and in their adaptation to society, the dramatic functions are as old as man himself. There is in our nature a vast amount of dramatic element. Children abundantly illustrate this. They are nature's first dramatists and players. Every one has witnessed this in their "playing" schools, chapels, mothers and fathers, in fact every character or phase in their little world around, their plastic minds delight to reproduce. This illustrates how radical and universal is the dramatic instinct, and how much the drama is an institution of nature. This, too, is further manifested in the growth of civilization from the earliest ages. The first birth of poetry, and the primitive forms of literature, were dramatic in their elements and character, and thus even religion, in its first phases, is almost entirely ceremonial and theatrical. It is a divine drama rather than abstract theology. Instance the Catholic

religion, to the present day, which ever has and perhaps ever will have an immense influence over the human mind through its dramatic agencies, especially as manifested in its mass service. Nor is this merely true of the ignorant multitude. Those agencies take a tenacious hold of natures of the highest class, especially among a people with the plastic genius and character of the Italians. Indeed, Protestantism, as we understand it in Saxon-England and America, never could find an extensive mission in Italy. It is too abstract—too anti-dramatic in principle; for the Italians, though subtle in their intellects, are much like children in their natures, and like them can better *perform* religious services than realize a cold abstract theology. It was also the case with the Hebrews and all Asiatic nations. The Greeks, though they were philosophers—the first apostles of philosophy—were also the founders of the secular drama. The temple service of ancient Israel was exceedingly dramatic in character, rivaling even the Catholic church in this feature. Read the full description of the opening of Solomon's temple, from which is the following:

"Also the Levites, which were the singers . . . . . with their sons and brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets; . . . . . and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the Glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

And if it be true that Solomon was the Moses of Masonry and his temple of divine building the tabernacle of a universal religion and brotherhood, swallowing up the Mosaic economy like Christianity in a world-wide mission, it is further seen how much there is of performance and illustration of divinity — how much even religion is a divine drama.

Shall the world again adopt ceremonial faiths and religions of creeds and forms? Nay; let Christianity live most in spirit, and not in forms and creeds; nor would we have Protestantism lose its robust mission, which has struck down the theatrical enchantments of the church to reach a higher state.

All this but shows how dramatic is human nature even to its manifestations of religion and in its worship, for the drama is essentially performance and so is life.

Hence the powerful functions of the stage for good or evil. The secular drama is the world and life as we find them. It shows us what we are, what others are, and what human nature is as well as in its better phases what it should be. We are made reflective and chastened when the proper mission of the stage is brought to bear upon us. Let an intelligent society, then, recognize the mission of the drama and the stage, and redeem them. Demand of managers and the histrionic profession (which scarcely now deserves that name) that they make theatres teachers, humanizers and re-creators of the mental and physical vitality which the business and cares of the day have drawn from us. Give to the public, should be the demand, historical panoramas animated and illustrated with the spirit of their times, and with them give wholesome plays, comedies and the domestic drama. Let them throw down their profane altars and their brazen images and cast out their unwholesome things. Let them restore the pure dramatic faith and reinstate their apostolic writers with Shakspeare as the great high priest of their profession. If they do it not themselves, then let the voice of society be, cast them out! Reform, and give to the drama the functions of its mission.

Music.

OUR HOME COMPOSERS.

The musical editor, whom we expect by the first conveyance from the south, in writing to the office says: I have carefully reviewed the composition, "Do they pray for me at home." There is considerable merit contained in the musical subject, but the words are, in style, metre, poetical feet and sentiment, too much like the ballad, "Do they think of me at home." Our principal object in publishing music from home authors, especially in the case of our amateurs, is to stir up the creative powers of our own poets and musicians. For these reasons we have invited them to send us their compositions for publication; but we must have original music and poetry. We are willing to revise, correct and publish creative merit, but composers must study the rules of poetical and musical forms; and the musician must also become acquainted with progressive harmonizations, i.e., the relationship of harmonies and the preparation and resolution of discords that require such treatment.

Hints to Poets.—In connection with the subject of home authors and musical compositions, I would advise poets never to take a song or ballad for a pattern, for if they do they are almost sure to catch the spirit and style of the pattern, thereby causing non-originality. Hint second.—Those who have the talent for poetry should study, at least, a few of its rules, namely, metre, and the most efficient method of using the poetical feet, both separate and in mixture; for they may depend that the acquirement of such knowledge would not only add beauty to their inspirations, but would bring out all the originality that is required by genius. They must also avoid in simple forms for music-setting, the imperfection of displacing the feet in the second or following verses. Every line in all the verses should correspond in feet with the first. Although the practice of changing the position of feet does not alter the metre, it causes some difficulty to the amateur musician when reading music at sight, should three or more verses be printed under one set of notes. If the feet are changed, we find in one verse one note and one syllable, and in the next two syllables in the same position for this one note. In order to make it singable, the musical composer must add another note. On the other hand, should there be two syllables and two notes in the first verse and only one in the second, the slur must be used. This is perplexing to some readers, and in fact no musician is partial to the form. When all the verses are printed with the music under them, it is not noticed. We are quite aware that, to avoid this imperfection, more labor will be required to find suitable words. These remarks apply only to the *simple* forms. At some future opportunity I will again take up this subject.

The letter of the author of "Do They Pray for Me at Home," published in No. 4 of this volume, is an excellent epistle and his musical composition has much talent. The writer must try again and select *original* poetry. With a little study he will make a good composer, but I must be honest when reviewing compositions for publication.

I have also received the Magazine containing Master Daynes' anthem, "Praise Ye the Lord." It is a clever little thing, showing much genius and many mistakes. There are consecutive fifths in similar motion and in the most dangerous positions. Upon this subject musical authors write strongly and the errors which the talented youth has committed are worse in ecclesiastical music than in secular, because the style is so strict. There is also a doubled unison in two parts, and many other points which I have no time now to mention.

Both for the sake of the musical character of the Magazine and also to afford instruction to our home authors on the science of composition, on my arrival in the city I will review the musical pages of the Magazine, including the compositions from Professors Careless, Pratt and Thomas, as well as those from our amateur authors. The object will be for the benefit of those who are desirous of mastering the science and becoming musical composers, whether professional or amateur, and it must be remembered that no person can become truly a composer *without* mastering the science, at least so far as he uses its forms. It is not necessary for a musician to have solved all the problems of the science, but at least the simple forms and rudiments of composition must be understood before a man can even attempt musical authorship with safety. Indeed, if errors in music are published they must be corrected, for musical theory has no latitude and margin for errors. The composition is either correct or incorrect. Science in its fundamental rules is strict and receives *no* excuses. If Professors Careless, Pratt or Thomas permit their pieces to be published with errors of composition in them, I shall take the liberty to point them out, and shall take great pleasure in publishing any review of my own from some other pen. Our reviews will thus be rendered not depreciatory of the compositions, but mutually instructive.

ATTRACTIVENESS OF CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The *Christian Banner and Tract Journal* upon this subject says:

The attractiveness of congregational singing does not consist in its *cheapness*. Perhaps we should say it *ought* not to consist in this. Congregational singing that is practised because it is cheap, will be cheap singing. It requires a good choir that is willing to do its duty as a servant of the assembly in the matter of worship, and a good organ or other powerful instrument. It requires a liberal expenditure of time in congregational rehearsals.

The attractiveness of congregational singing does not consist in its carelessness, uncouthness or utter disregard of musical correctness, and correctness of pronunciation.

The attractiveness of congregational singing consists in its magnificent volume of sound. Call it noise if you please; but it is grand. Its very quantity buries up defects. It is only half-way congregational singing that offends the ear. What goes by this name is often little more than dispersed choir-singing, where the few who sing are separated from each other by the many who hear and criticise the several solitary performers; but when one great tide of music floods the whole assembly, drawing out the timid and covering up those who ought to be timid, then we are attracted, captivated.

Another attraction is the heartiness and sociality of congregational singing. For an assembly to read together is something; but how leaden is the ring of their voices till they strike together into a musical note, and then into a full and swelling harmony of notes! This brings them together in heart as well as voice. Can two sing together a hymn of praise, and have war in their hearts?

Here, then, is power to be used over the world for Christ. We want to draw the masses into our churches. Have we tried fairly the attractiveness of singing God's praise with the loud and hearty voice of the whole congregation? We have in this country, in Mr. Beecher's church, probably the finest model of congregational singing in the world; we have many other admirable examples of it; but we have, it seems to us, hardly begun to realize the attractiveness, to "those that are without," of this branch of the worship of God.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DUEL IN THE OLD MONASTERY.

In spite of all his efforts to throw it off, since the arrival of his uncle's letter, a presentiment of the approach of a night troubled and black in his life, had rested upon Sir Walter Templar. It came over him on the revelation of Terese's love, when he also found the everlasting chains that linked them together, but in the short interval of bliss that succeeded, he was numbed with ecstacy against the foreboding instinct within. But now again it ruled him. He felt the night of his life approaching, and it fascinated him horribly as the night of each day drew him by a kindred spell to the old ruined monastery. When there, he was in the very magic circle of superstition and family compacts, leaning against the broken altar where Sir Richard Courtney and Lord Frederick De Lacy, more than a quarter of a century before, took their vows of everlasting friendship and family union. No wonder that in such a place, with all the complications and crossings around him, he gave way to weird intuitions and dark forebodings of the future.

Approaching the old ruins, a figure, looking tall in statnre, glides along and, through the intangibleness of night, seems in physical substance thin as a cloud. A sable cloak is drawn tightly around him, and a broad slouched beaver, conceals his lean but prominent and sharply moulded face. His footstep awakes no echo to startle the sinister silence of the neighborhood, heightened by the gloom of a dark November night. 'Tis Snap. He is there first, for it is a policy with him to let nothing miscarry for lack of foresight and precautions. He is the master magician of the night, unseen to direct the whole—Satan's high priest to officiate in the ceremonies of the deed designed. The charm of superstitious associations resting upon Sir Walter Templar rests not over him. He is there to solve problems. They are human ones. If demons, ghostly monks or other incorporeal beings appeared, he would meet them in a scientific spirit and attempt to *solve them too*.

Approaching the old ruins next is the foster-brother of Terese. He is also muffled in a cloak with a hat slouched over his brow. Measured are his steps and firm, but it is evident that within the lava tides are raging, for his hand ever and anon seeks his side as if to clutch something beneath his cloak. He plants himself firmly in the ruins and leans against a marble column.

"Poor wretch!" said Snap to himself, as he observed him from his concealment. "Of all the teeming millions of human beings, there are at this moment only three in whom I am interested," mused the mentor sentimentally. "They are Templar, Farinelli and my old master's son. I am as indifferent to the rest as though they existed not. These three alone I feel for, care for. I wish I could give them a better solving, though. This stupid murdering—ugh!"

Just then the foster-brother started from the column against which he reclined and paced for a moment excitedly the marble floor, threw open his cloak, disencumbered his hand that held a long dagger in a convulsive grip of iron, and again planted himself firmly by the marble pillar.

"Ha!" said Snap, mentally, "he hears the long, strong, haughty step of Templar in the distance. The fellow comes as though he would challenge Fate herself with his coming."

The mentor was right. Sir Walter Templar was now approaching the monastery, his whole bearing haughty and imperious. It was his last night in Italy, and he came to a spot where a superstitious instinct and the associations of the place gathered a host of antagonistic fates against him: he came to wrestle with, and defy them. He was outside of love's gentleness now, and nought of caresses or drooping was in the temper of his spirit there.

March and countermarch, haughty and strong—to and fro in the aisle of those sombre ruins, like a fearless sentinel, strode Sir Walter Templar. His every step a proclamation of his presence—his every march up and down the aisle imperious defiance.

Several times the foster-brother stole towards him. On that marble floor the language of his footsteps was counter to that of our hero. In soundless utterance they spake,

> "Thou sure and firm-set earth
> Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
> The very stones prate of my whereabouts."

But as often as he approached he returned as stealthily back to his post abashed. He was no prowling assassin. "Withered murder" was but the horrid form into which the poor foster-brother, like the distracted Othello, was breathing the soul of sentiment.

Twice, as Templar unknowingly advanced towards him, he seemed resolved to meet him boldly and proclaim himself, and then for the strife between them. This he would have done, but the Magician of the night was there to rule him by his superior will.

Just as the foster-brother drew himself firmly up and was about to boldly confront his foe, charge him concerning his foster-sister, and force him to an encounter, the mentor's soft, solicitous "My good Farinelli!" was breathed into his ear.

The singer knew that voice in a moment, and though so unexpected it startled him not.

"Hist! Hear you not voices? They are coming this way, Farinelli."

"Ha!" ejaculated the foster-brother in an under tone.

"My good Farinelli, trust yourself to me."

And he took him by the hand and led him outside the monastery.

Farinelli's movements were noiseless with effort, but the mentor was noiseless without effort. His presence there was as strong in its noiseless expression, as Sir Walter Templar's was in emphasis.

"What do they here, Signor? Is all Rome summoned to witness? Well, let them. I'll strike him in the presence of Rome. My foster sister shall be saved. I will challenge him with the wrong designed her and strike him as I challenge. I will kill him, Signor. Why lead me here? My dagger would have found his heart ere now."

The desperate mood of the foster-brother, which had been partly worked up by the sense of the humiliation and abhorrence he felt in killing Templar as would the common assassin, suited not the purpose of the master mind that was leading his soul to the brink of its perdition. Though the subtle tempter had made it so apparent to the foster-brother that unless he struck down Sir Walter Templar, Terese would become his mistress, yet he himself was not so assured of that case. True, Sir Herbert thought so, and Orsini had readily accepted his view, but the Mentor was of a "learned spirit." Priest of Satan though he was, he had much more faith in humanity than many a theologian who makes man's innate depravity his cardinal doctrine. Moreover he had studied the character of Sir Walter Templar, and knew him.

"Let me return, Signor, I say," remonstrated the singer, trying restively to slip away from the soft firm hold that restrained him. But it was only soft when in repose, as though no grip of the Mentor held him; when he tried to break away then it waxed firm, tightening when the singer resisted, releasing as he relaxed.

"Nay, nay, my good Farinelli; be not rash."

"By my soul, Signor, if you loose not your hold I will strangle you."

"Strangle your enemy, not your friend, my good Farinelli; and that you may not fail, be not rash."

"While he lives my foster-sister is in danger, signor. If you are a friend, loose your hold and let me grapple with him."

"Well, go; but be not rash, my good Farinelli."

Snap relaxed his hold upon the foster-brother without altogether disengaging him, and returned to the monastery with him. The party whose clamorous voices had been heard was by this time inside the ruins. He knew they were Orsini and his companions, among whom was Sir Herbert Blakely, and that Farinelli would at least for a time be superseded.

The mentor's programme was all arranged. He had resolved that Orsini and his dissolute fiery companions should make the first attack on Templar. Theirs would be scientific. They would fight like gentlemen. Several of the party led on by Orsini had resolved to challenge the skill of Sir Walter Templar as a swordsman, upon the strength of his having once braved them. Snap took exquisite pleasure in anything cleverly done, and to see the mastery of Templar challenged and tested in a scientific manner, suited exactly his taste. Could he be solved thus,—well; if not, then the foster-brother's dagger; but he had resolved to save the poor fellow, if possible, from murder. He would fashion his evil to his taste, and ruffianly murder was *not* to his taste—it offended his intellect. If it was determined by his god, Necessity, that the foster-brother should kill, then he had doomed him to the damning deed, but if not, he would save him, and with his goodwill he might gain his foster-sister as reward for trusting him. He would scientifically cut and torture to kill or cure his patient, like a surgeon: but his very skill was a friendly guarantee that the best would be done for him.

As soon as they were inside the old monastery again, the men-

tor left the side of the foster-brother and sought Sir Herbert Blakely among the crowd of gallants who were gathering around Templar, as he stood near the broken altar, like Night, in his mood of haughty silence, waiting to know what meant their presence in such a place at such a time. He had recognized Orsini's voice and thought it might have meaning to himself.

Templar found himself surrounded with the identical crowd of gallants already introduced in their revels pledging Terese, the new and triumphant *prima donna*. One of them carried a flaming torch, the light of which he threw on the young Englishman.

"Ha! comrades, what have we here? An adventure found, by the mass!" exclaimed Orsini, as they gathered around Sir Walter.

"Some ghostly monk at service, Orsini, I'll wager," exclaimed another, insolently.

"It would seem so, for he is at his altar, and looking solemn and ghostly enough. Throw the light of the torch nearer, Count." said Orsini to the torch bearer.

"Nay, gallant friends, as I am a soldier, carry it not thus. 'Tis the young Englishman with whom we have already made an interesting acquaintance," remonstrated the Marquis of Baglioni, whom they called the Benedict.

Walter Templar had drawn his sword, planted himself with his back to the broken altar, and confronted the Italians with an air of supreme defiance. There was neither fear of their numbers, nor excitement at their presence in him, but a fierce spirit and instinct of antagonism that gave him by its very strength calmness and a feeling of mastery. They could not have found him in a better mood.

"Well, gentlemen—noble gentlemen!" he said at length, tauntingly, "commence your assault. Ay, come all together. Or do you intend to play the ruffian first, Count Orsini?"

The fiery Italian's sword leaped from its resting-place like a flash of lightning, while Templar, in calm defiance, stood on his guard.

"Nay, gentlemen, not thus," interposed the Benedict, and then addressing Sir Walter gallantly,

"On the honor of a soldier, signor, we come to fight you like gentlemen. When you were last in our presence you vaunted your skill as a swordsman. We are piqued to a test of it."

"You were insolent and threatening to me, signor, I beg you to remember, and I brook not such. Be pleased to take my re-assertion, if you come to give a like provocation," answered Templar.

"Signor, we must crave your pardon. We knew not you were of our class, and committed a mistake for which we apologise."

"Speak for yourself, Marquis; speak for yourself, Baglioni," shouted dissenting voices.

"I believe I am speaking for gentlemen; and if any of my gallant companions doubt that I am speaking for myself, on my honor as a soldier I shall take pleasure in settling that point."

"No dispute among ourselves, brave friends," said Sir Herbert. "It is due to my countryman. The Marquis is right."

"Baglioni is right," joined in Orsini. Let him speak in reason for us."

"Let the Benedict speak for us!" echoed the rest, for they were ashamed, when challenged upon the point, to outrage their own notions of the code of honor.

Sir Walter Templar, now that his *caste* had been discovered, and his identity since tacitly accepted by himself in society, was another man to be treated with than the unknown artist for whom they had first taken him. The Benedict again politely addressed him:

"Sir Walter Templar, allow my noble friends through me to apologise for our mistake; and at the same time to claim that, as we threatened you and you braved us, we come to mutual goodwill by crossing swords."

"Right willingly, Marquis; as many of you as wish it," replied Templar, relaxing from his haughty bearing to one of cordial politeness.

"On my honor, Sir Walter, I shall be proud to cross swords with you."

"I return your compliment, Marquis. Shall I have the honor of your sword first?"

"That claim is mine, Sir Walter," quickly put in Orsini. "You will remember, gallant friends, that the Englishman and myself were principals in the affair in question."

"Yes, yes; let Orsini take the lead," agreed the company, knowing both the skill and fiery courage of the Count, who was a famous duelist.

While the combatants were stripping for the contest, which the vindictive Orsini had resolved if possible to make fatal to his antagonist, but Templar merely to vanquish his, the others were choosing a place for the fight, and planting the torch so as to throw a clear and equal light upon the swordsmen.

"Orsini," whispered Sir Herbert Blakely aside, when all was ready, "Remember, you fight with one who has vanquished you several times already, braved you in public with his defiance, vanquished you, especially, in the case of the *prima donna*."

"I shall not play the fool, Blakely," the Italian hissed in his ear.

"Be cool, Orsini," returned Sir Herbert.

"Be marble, Count" added the mentor who was by Blakely's side to prompt if necessary.

"Templar is planted like an iron statue. Meet him as a marble one, Count."

"Thank you, my good friend, for your counsel," returned the Italian noble to the mentor, who, though he was known to be not a man of rank, was accepted in the character he sustained to Sir Herbert, and respected as a man of superior intellect and subtle wisdom.

"I like not the mood of Templar," observed Snap aside, when Orsini left them to open the combat.

"No; by the fiend, as you say, he is like an iron statue. I had calculated on his impulsive nature giving us some advantage."

"And yet," said the mentor, "that iron statue is just as full of force. It is the master antagonist. We have found him in a mood to meet and combat all opposed to him."

"Ready, Sir Walter," at this moment came from Orsini.

"Ah! their swords cross, Sir Herbert. Let us draw near them."

And the combatants commenced their sword-play which, unless Templar proved the master, was designed to be fatal to him.

They fought with equal skill and coolness. It was evident that as swordsmen they were well matched. The utmost elaborations of sword science were at the fingers' ends of each. Orsini was as cool as Templar, for he was *fighting*, and coolness is the discipline of the duelist—a cardinal point of his art; yet Walter fought with more than coolness. There was a conscious mastery in him, not emphasised at first, but to the analytic mentor, who loved to note the metaphysics of things, this consciousness of mastery was more certain because unemphasised at first. But this superiority, which none of the on-lookers, except Snap, could detect, was not in his superiority of skill as a swordsman. In that Orsini was decided, by all who were watching with interest the combatants, to be the young Englishman's equal at least; and excepting that there was power expressed in the large but well-chiseled hand and in the finely wrought steely fibres of the wrist, there seemed to be no advantage possessed by Sir Walter over his antagonist. Nor could this physical power, in such a scientific sword-match, avail much, for the Italian lacked nothing and his great practice gave him all the power of hand and wrist that their combat could require. Yet it was in this personal superiority, physical and metaphysical, of the young Englishman, that the mentor discerned the mastery. It was the superiority of Sir Walter Templar's *self* above Count Orsini's *self*—the superior individuality and nature of the one above the other. The philosophic Snap well knew that if they were equally matched in skill as swordsmen, then Templar was the master, for he could put *himself* into his sword. The mastery would then pass from the equality of sword-skill to their inequality of nature and character—equal as swordsmen, unequal as men. And thus it was.

For a long time they fought without either having shown the least advantage in the play. At first the simple aim of both was to test each other's skill and master each other's points. Orsini was the first to show the decided intentions of a duel, and from that moment the heart of his antagonist was the constant aim of his sword. But Templar was in no hurry, careful in his guards, confident in his defence. He had matched the swordsman; he was now mastering the man.

At length suddenly came a new phase in the combat. Both had mastered each other's sword theory, and were satisfied with their test; but Templar had mastered the man also, and from that point they were unequal. This was seen by the lookers-on but not understood, and Orsini felt something suddenly introduced that was new and eccentric. There was now more than sword theory brought into the play. Templar had inspiration in his nature, and he was now inspiring his sword with his genius.

The chief distinctive quality of Napoleon the Great was that he was one of the types of that same family to which belong the poet and the rest of the creative and intuitive natures. He wrote his epics not on paper, but on the battle-field and in the affairs of the great world. Like the poet he created his characters and called them marshals, princes, kings, and with them elaborated his stupendous compositions.

Thus was it now in some degree with Walter Templar; he was composing with his sword, and Orsini could no more match him than could the host of experienced generals stand against Napoleon with all their science of war. No longer was he the iron antagonist. Life and soul were in the combat; less of coolness and more of danger to each. He dashed to his *finale*. It was reached; Orsini's sword was conquered, and Templar's touched with light design the region of his antagonist's heart.

"Count Orsini, I have observed that your sword has constantly sought my heart with a design to kill. You failed. This is the first time that mine has sought yours, excepting for your points of play. My aim is reached. I give you your life, Sir Count, as my revenge."

"Insolent boaster!" hissed Orsini, palpitating with passion, "give me the privilege of my sword again, and kill me if you can. I claim it, signor. I will not have my life at your gift."

"You have no right to claim your sword again, Count Orsini."

"By my soul, but I have, signor. I demand my sword again, unless you are disposed to run me through in cold blood. I will not have my life at your hand," said Orsini, fiercely.

"And I refuse to fight you again of my free will, Count."

"By Satan, you shall, sir Englishman, or take the advantage that was yours. Fight me again and kill me if you can, as I will certainly do by you," he said savagely.

"Sir Count, I am no duelist. I will not, if I can help it, have the life-blood of a human being on my hands."

"Mawkish sentimentalist!" sneered the Italian, and then continued with concentrated hate, "It shall not save you from the alternative. Fight me again or kill me. You shall, though I have to strike you to provoke it."

"Carry it not thus, Orsini. On my honor as a soldier—"

"Your pardon, Marquis. One moment," interrupted Templar, and then he addressed his antagonist sternly:

"Now mark me, Count. I will give you the privilege of your sword again, if you persist; but as sure as there is a heaven above us, if you claim the hazard of my life again I will not take yours, but I will disfigure you for all your days to come."

Templar turned from Orsini to Baglioni and said:

"Marquis, I resign the affair into your hands as a man of honor."

"Orsini, you have nothing to complain of the Englishman. As I am a soldier his conduct to you is handsome. You have lost nothing of your reputation for skill. The saints defend us, I never saw such play. I should consider it no disgrace to be overmatched by Sir Walter Templar."

"Baglioni is right! The Marquis is right! The Benedict is right!" exclaimed the gallants with one accord.

Sir Herbert Blakely, seeing that Orsini dared not brave such emphatic opinion of his companions, even if he defied the disfigurement threatened, led him, beside himself with rage, away.

"Marquis, shall I have the honor of your sword next?" courteously asked Templar.

"Sir Walter, I shall be proud to fight with you," returned Baglioni, with delight.

The character of the Marquis Baglioni was generous, reckless, inclined to gay dissipation, but full of a sense of native honor. He loved his profession, and would sooner fight than leave it alone. He had no spleen against those he fought, had a contempt for a match with one who was not his equal, and as now would be in ecstacy to cross a superior sword.

The new combat now began, and was a fine display of swordsmanship. Neither sought each other's life, and when they had done each other's skill sufficient credit, Templar said:

"Marquis, I propose we end our play as equals. What say you?"

"On my honor, you are a right gallant fellow, signor. I have no doubt, had you played with me as you did with Orsini, I should have been beaten."

"You do yourself injustice, Marquis. I have fought you with all my skill, and you have equaled me."

"I can not believe that, signor. You have not fought me as you fought Orsini."

They were both right. Templar had fought the Marquis with all his skill, but he had not put his inspiration into his sword nor composed with his weapon for the grand *finale*—victory, for he willed not to humble his gallant, generous antagonist. Had not the Marquis matched him in sword-play, the advantage would have been Sir Walter's; but Baglioni and Orsini were counted the best swordsmen in Rome, and Templar never felt a disposition to conquer, only with those who thought to master him or stood against him in malicious enmity. So the combatants ended their fight as equals.

Those who had come out against the young Englishman with considerable ill-will, now flocked around him and shook him by the hand with mingled expressions of admiration and apology.

"Sir Walter Templar, I shall be proud to cultivate your acquaintance in a more social manner," said the Marquis.

"And I! and I! and I!" went round with acclamation from all excepting Orsini and Blakely, who had withdrawn.

"Gentlemen, I thank you with the cordiality of your own spirit; but I leave Rome to-morrow, and that is the reason why you found me here to-night, busy with my own thoughts and affairs."

"Sir Walter, we must beg your pardon, then, for our intrusion."

"Name it not, Marquis. It has diverted me."

"And to us, friends all, a most agreeable meeting. Eh, my brave companions?"

"Most interesting! Delightful! Right gallant!" and similar expressions from the company, was the reply to the Marquis.

"And now, my friends, let us relieve the Englishman of our intrusion. Sir Walter, should you visit Rome again, it will give me pleasure to meet you in our circle."

"So with us all! So with us all! Baglioni utters the sentiments of us all!"

And the gay, dashing young Italian nobles respectfully left the presence of Walter Templar. They were "*not all dross.*"

But Walter was not alone. Unseen—undreamt of, two still were with him in the sombre ruins of that old monastery. They were the foster-brother and the magician of the night—Snap, the mentor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRUSHED AND BLEEDING.

Unseen, the foster-brother had watched the combat between Templar and those who had come against him to battle with, and overwhelm him. At once he perceived that the meeting was designed on their part, so far as its hostile features were marked, and that, at least with Orsini, there was a determination to kill the young Englishman. Moreover, the presence of Blakely was a sufficient cue to direct conspiracy to that end, though evidently, from the conduct of the Marquis Baglioni and the rest of the young nobles, the conspiracy extended no farther than Orsini and Blakely. The others had merely a common hostility that imperiled life only in the ordinary sense of a duel, and the Marquis had manifested the reckless and generous gallantry of a soldier, with no malice in the fight. With the presence of the assailants Farinelli readily connected the mentor and himself, and saw that they were all actors in a regularly arranged drama, and that the master mind of the mentor was its author, and the rest of those engaged playing their parts in the dark; but whether Orsini was in the secret of the whole pre-arranged affair, or like himself, only partly so, he could not tell. As for himself, he was only acting his own part, without any reference to others, though he had perceived that he who tempted him had a secret desire for the removal of Templar; but the foster-brother had not known that even he would be at the old ruined monastery that night. Yet now, as he took in the scenes as they progressed and the characters as they came on, the mentor arose before him as the chief designer and master spirit that ruled the action against Sir Walter. Nor could he well fail to discern that his own attack on Templar had been restrained with the direct intention to remove his enemy by another instrument if possible. For this the foster-brother felt grateful, and an increase of confidence in the good-will of the mentor towards himself, though, to do Farinelli justice, he would have preferred to attack his rival himself, and strike the blow, as he in his jealous delusion conceived, for the honor of his foster-sister.

As Farinelli, from out the gloom that mantled the old monastery, hid in the ghastly obscurity made by the smoky glimmering of the torch, watched the combat between Templar and Orsini, a trembling came over him, and the chill of the cold, damp atmosphere around crept like a slimy creature through his blood. It was not fear that thus relaxed him from the intensity that had kept him impervious; but the very mastery of Templar, as it conquered Orsini, also by sympathy conquered him, and subdued the excitement that had toned him to his deed. He felt the imperial antagonism of Templar's superior self as much as Orsini, who was fighting with him. The keen remembrance of Walter's superiority over him years before at their first meeting, when as foster-brother Beppo he flew like a tiger at him, and was only saved from the rending lion by his gentle foster-sister, and the realization of how absolutely and without effort of rivalry Templar had mastered him in his dominion over his foster-sister, again subdued him. He feared not; still was he resolved upon an attack: but he felt he dared not challenge an open issue between himself

and Walter Templar, and risk upon his defeat the safety, as he considered, of his foster-sister. He abhorred to strike like a common assassin, but he dared not risk a defiant combat.

Walter Templar is leaning against the broken altar; his sword still unsheathed lying on the ground, and the voices of the gallants are dying in the distance. The mentor again is by the side of the foster brother, whose hand he grasps with a strong-nerved grip, and whispers in his ear:

"Be like a thunderbolt!"

The foster-brother was starting towards Templar with too much emphasis, which the mentor felt in the electric shock through the hand he griped.

"But thunder not, my good Farinelli, till you hurl your bolt!" he cautioned, releasing him to his purpose.

Again the foster-brother stole towards Templar with noiseless tread over the marble floor. Step by step, until his presence was near enough to be felt though not seen by Templar in the utter darkness around; for the moon, which had occasionally been peeping into the old ruins, now hid herself in "the blanket of the dark," and looked not upon the scene. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt hurled against the spot where he had marked that Walter stood—suddenly an unearthly voice rang in the old monastery:

"For my foster-sister!"

There was such a mixture of pathos, horror and vengeance in the cry that Templar took in its startlingness without its import, as he started from his reclining position to feel the pang of the sharp dagger in the bloody furrowed hand that turned its point from his heart. The wrist which he caught by instinct rather than design, was crushed as beneath a mailed hand, and the dagger fell ringing to the floor. But Farinelli was unconsious almost of the pain of his imprisoned wrist, in his great struggle and the intense spirit of deadly strife that made him like unto a demon. His left hand fiercely leapt at the throat of his rival—it was the grip of their first meeting—as he threw his whole weight upon him to bear him to the ground. But Templar was now terrible in his rage. He deemed his foe a common assassin set on by Orsini, and was no longer restrained by the courtesy of open and equal combat. Quick as lightning he changed the imprisoned wrist of Farinelli to his left hand, and with the bleeding one that had turned aside the dagger, gripped the wrist of the hand which held his throat, and then with all his might crushed it as in a vice, and with a wrench that tortured his foe he tore the paralyzed hand from his throat. A moment he held him thus, the hot breath of each scorching the other's face and both gathering all their strength to the issue. Suddenly he jerked down the arms of his assailant, pinioned them to their sides, and with main force caught him up and hurled him off, hissing with guttural fiereeness, "Assassin!"

No fierce response rung in the old ruins, for Templar's assailant fell at some distance from him, broken, bleeding and senseless.

Had Walter recognized the foster-brother, there would have been a far different termination. He would have protected himself, but would have held him powerless until he had undeceived him. Respect for the deep love of the poor fellow for his foster-sister would have disarmed resentment, for he was too confident in his dominion over Terese to feel rivalry. Had Farinelli boldly challenged him, he would have learned that Terese was to be Sir Walter Templar's wife, not his mistress—or perchance an unhappy sister to weep for and lavish a *brother's* love upon, but not to avenge.

The marble floor of the old monastery proclaimed the crushing fall of his foe, and he knew that he was senseless, perhaps dead, but, as he deemed him a common assassin, he felt neither humanity towards him nor further desire to hurt. Disgust not enmity he bestowed on his broken foe. It was too much for him to be the good Samaritan to an assassin. There was much of tenderness in Templar's nature, and his soul was full of poetry and sentiment, but there was in him also a haughty severity of character that made him as a strong expression of justice, not only against others but against himself as well. His life was struck at and he had crushed the striker, nor condescended to notice him further, but left him to the fate he had provoked. Thus he remained in ignorance that the foster-brother was his assailant.

Walter left the monastery in a spirit of gloomy reverie. It was his last night in Rome. On the morrow he designed to leave for his native land. That last night was an omnious one.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OLD JEW.

"Bolt the shutters, good Levi. Aye, be very certain you bolt them safely. 'Fast bind, fast find.' Caution, Levi, becomes our race."

Thus spoke an aged Hebrew, as he stood by his door with a flickering lamp, watching his man-servant securing his shop-windows, across which he bolted heavy iron bars.

"That is well, good Levi. I think no prowling Christian can break into the old Jew's dwelling."

"The Gentile dogs!" growled the man-servant.

"Wolves, good Levi, wolves. Such have I found them."

"The curse of our tribe be on them."

"Nay, good Levi, curse them not."

"Have they not blighted your life, my master?"

"Thou art right, good Levi. They have,—robbed me of my gold and sent my children into exile. Father Abraham, shall I ever find them? But curse not the Christian, Levi; 'tis the heritage of our race to suffer wrongs."

"Hark, my master," suddenly exclaimed the servant, as the old Jew was about to enter his door.

"Ha! groans. Some bloody business is abroad. In, in, good Levi," cried the old man, in affright, after listening for an instant.

"Footsteps are approaching, and the groans more distinct," returned the servant.

"In, in, good Levi. 'Tis some ruse to trap us. Let us secure the door. In, in."

"Help, help, old man!" cried a voice at this moment.

"Haste, Levi, close the door. Bar it quickly. They would rob us, murder us. The God of David be praised!" sighed the ancient, as his servant threw the iron bar across the massive door, which would have stood a long siege, ere it would have given way to admit an intruder.

"Help, help, old man!" again cried the voice from without. It was the voice of the mentor, who almost exhausted laid Farinelli down at the old Jew's door.

"Help, help, old man, for a wounded dog. No answer? Help for a wounded fellow-creature, then, old man. Help, I say, or I will beat humanity into your heathenish dwelling," continued Snap, with more wrath than was his wont, as he laid heavily on to the door with vigorous blows.

"What would you with the old Jew?' at length returned a tremulous voice through a small iron grating at the side, which seemed to have been made on purpose for cautious inquiries to untimely visitors.

"Open the door," commanded Snap, in answer.

"God of Jacob, would you break into my house? Come to-morrow, my son, come to-morrow. 'Tis past midnight. I can do no business till the morn."

"Nay, nay, father; 'tis a poor wounded fellow, and I can carry him no farther. No harm is designed to you."

"Father Abraham preserve us!" said the old Jew, as he unbarred the door, but threw not off the chain which still partly secured it.

"Fear not, old man, but let me bear my wounded friend into your dwelling. I too am a Jew. Bring your lamp to my face. See you not the stamp of our race upon me?"

"By the staff of Jacob, thou sayest truly! Thou art indeed of Israel. I took thee for a Gentile."

"The dogs," growled Levi from behind his master, who now with eagerness opened his door to admit the stranger.

"Come in, my son. Is thy wounded friend, too, a Hebrew!"

"Nay, father, but he is a fellow-creature as sure as you and I are Jews", replied Snap, as he bore Farinelli into the house.

Levi again secured the door; and then the venerable Hebrew led his visitor through a long dark passage into a back room of the house, where the wounded singer was laid upon a couch.

In the seeming accidents and chances of life there is ofttimes a fate, or what the reverent-minded more fitly call a providence. The rationale of that providence none can give,—the methods of that fate none can trace in its infinite detail. Yet there is no thinking person who cannot trace out some providence, some fate, some miscalled chance in his or her life, in which there is a wondrous method, as if invisible agencies were overruling all, according to a special design for each individual case. Is it wholly improbable, then, that the departed members of our own families—our grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers and mothers—work out a great deal of this individual providence?

Perhaps such had been the case in Snap's bearing the wounded singer to the house of the old Jew, for that venerable man was no less important a personage in our story than Isaac Ben Ammon, the grandfather of Terese, whose exile to Siberia we have before related.

But, supposing some member of that ghostly realm to have prompted Snap to bear the wounded Farinelli to old Isaac's abode, what has the mentor to do with Ben Ammon,—what with Terese, the Hebrew maiden?

We shall see.

Sunrise,—Glee.

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Tenor. *Allegretto.*

Alto 1. Sunrise on the hills! A flood of golden light! golden light! A thousand gushing rills reflect the glorious sight! the glorious

Treble.

Sun-rise on the hills night's veil is torn aside torn aside The welcome daylight fills creation far and wide far and

BASS. a flood of golden light A thousand

Night's veil is torn aside the welcome

sight the song of many a bird now echoes thro' the grove The song of many a bird now echoes through the grove And ev'rywhere is heard the

ech-oes through the grove echoes through the grove

ves - sel by the star no ves - sel by the star no

wide; No more the sailor steers his vessel by the star, No more the sailor steers his vessel by the star no hidden rock he fears the

sounds of joy and love! And ev'rywhere is heard the sounds of joy and love! The busy voice of day the peopled city fills; Up! up far, far a-

land is still a - far: no hidden rock he fears The land is still a-far. While whistling at his plow the earth the pesant tills The world's awak'g

Rall.

way 'Tis sunrise on the hills! Up, up! far, far a - way, 'Tis sun - rise on the hills, 'Tis sun - rise on the hills.

now, 'Tis sunrise on the hills! The world's awaking now, 'Tis sun - rise on the hi - - - - - - - - lls.

hills! 'Tis sun - rise on the hills.

Rall.

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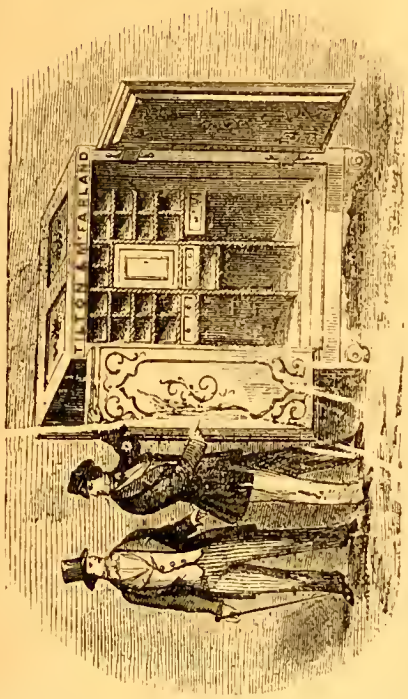

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REST.

BY C. F. BATES.

Inside thy hand lieth mine,
And my cheek is touching thine:
On thy shoulder is my head,
And no syllable is said.

Then flies Rest into my heart,
Stir thou not lest she should start:
Let me hear the lulling song
Of gentle bird away so long.

Keep me folded thus to thee,
Let thy breath a language be,
Yet nor speak nor stir, I pray,
Lest white bird Rest should fly away!

FLORETTE;

OR,

THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

WATCHING.

At noon when old Lucas came in from the castle-garden to dinner, he said: "Who can have done me that trick? The unbidden gardener has been at work again, laid off the beds well, levelled them well, and begun to set out a few flowers. Early as I came out, the work was finished, and the gardener invisible. I have watched the whole day, and yet discovered nothing. The matter is far from plain. He who works must do so by night, in the starlight.

Not until the evening, when she came with the pitcher to the Garenne fountain, did it occur to Florette, that the young prince might possibly be the gardener. For it was from this very direction that he had come in the morning from the garden to her window.

When the court returned from the fête at sundown, Henry had nothing more pleasant to do, than to ramble through the whole castle-garden. He came to the Garenne fountain and found there Florette's hat lying. He took it up; he pressed it to his breast; he kissed it. In the gathering darkness, he plucked the most beautiful flowers wherever he found them, fetched from the castle a pretty sky-blue ribbon, and wove the flowers into a sort of wreath around the hat. Then he slipped to the gardener's house. There the windows were closed. All slept. He hung the hat beside the window.

On the following morning, contrary to every custom of the house, and contrary to her usual habit, Florette had risen before sun-up. She had formed the firm resolve of doing her old father a pleasure, by discovering and betraying the nightly gardener. Besides, she was a little curious herself, although young girls usually are not in the least so. She had perhaps one more thought too, which she told no one, and therefore no one has a right to know.

When she had dressed in the quietest manner possible, and opened the window, she saw the hat with its sky-blue ribbon, and its wilderness of flowers about it. Now she was reminded that she had left her hat lying by the garden-fountain the evening before. She first smiled upon the flowers and the ribbons, then assumed a more serious look.

"Ah!" sighed she, "then he has been there before me. He has been here too already."

Whom she particularly meant by that *he* she said not.

She looked at the flowers just once more, loosened them, put them in a vessel of pure water, folded the sky-blue ribbon, and added to her otherwise simple dress. Then she mounted into the window, and from the window down upon the little bench, and from the bench to the ground. It is very true that the building was furnished with a regular house-door, but that was yet closed and could not be opened without a noise.

Then she went across the bridge and again remained irresolute. "I certainly came too late. Father says he only works by star-light, and already all the stars are set, and it is almost sun-rise. Already all the bushes are glowing with the morning red. I came too late." So thought she, and determined again to turn around, yet still kept going forwards from the banks of the Baize to the garden. She heard the splashing of the fountain. Already she saw the freshly laid out flower-beds around, through the thicket. Yes, with joyful alarm she caught sight of a spade, on the ground near one of the beds. "Then he cannot be far off, since his working implement is still here. He is not here himself, though, or I could see him plainly. Perhaps he has only gone to dig up flowers to transplant here. I will hide myself, I will watch for him." So thought Florette, and went softly, lightly through the dewy grass, behind a tall green wall of elm trees, through whose green foliage she could perceive, unobserved, everything that approached the Garenne fountain.

As she stood there in concealment her heart beat violently. For, if the morning wind sported gently with the leaves she believed she saw the movements of some one coming. And if a bird hopped about and fluttered away, she fancied she heard foot-steps. Her fears, however, all proved groundless.

for she saw nobody coming, no matter how sharply and attentively she kept her eyes on the watch.

THE SURPRISE.

Suddenly two hands were softly laid upon her eyes, and held them fast shut; but they were strange hands, not her own. The poor child was very much frightened. And a voice whispered in her ears: "Now guess, Florette, who is it?" She had already guessed. For as she attempted to draw away the strange hands, which came from behind, from before her eyes, she felt a ring upon the hand of a youth. She did not speak her thought though, but said, laughing. "I know you well. You are Jacqueline; and on this finger is the ring Lubin gave you."

"You are mistaken!" whispered the voice again behind her "And because you do not guess who I am, I have the right to punish you." And the lips which whispered this, pressed a kiss upon Florette's beautiful neck. She seemed very sensitive indeed under the punishment, for she suddenly tried to extricate herself. But she was so encircled that she could not move.

Seeing her efforts all in vain, she said: "Let me go, Minette, you bad girl. Now I know you. You will retaliate upon me my own jest, shutting your eyes three weeks ago, when you were in the height of your talk with Colos."

"Mistaken again!" whispered the voice once more, and again the voice altered, punishing with three kisses this time the soft, curved neck.

Florette shrank at each kiss, and begged for freedom, but obtained it not. Yet after all, she did not seem so very earnest in her wish, for why did she not name him who she knew it to be. It could only have been through some strange caprice, for pretty girls are sometimes very capricious.

She even invited the punishment a third time, by saying: "Then, it is nobody else but Rosina Valdes, the worst, most mischievous creature in the whole town and neighborhood, at whom I threw almonds yesterday, through the open window of her room, where she sat thinking, heaven knows, about whom. You were frightened at the shower of almonds were you not, and thought the sky was falling?"

"Far from the mark!" whispered the voice; and now the kisses falling upon the neck could not be counted; they followed each other like the almond shower described.

But in a trice, Florette had slipped from beneath the strange hands, and freed her little head from its imprisonment. She turned around. There stood Henry. There stood Florette. He smiled on her composedly. But she lifted her finger threateningly, although smiling bashfully, and said: "Could I have believed that you could have been so rude? One should beware of you, young sir."

Now he begged pardon for his presumption. Had he not done so, methinks the crime would have been already pardoned. But because he now sued for favor, she swiftly bethought herself, that no favor was due him.

At last the tears came into Florette's eyes so deeply did she feel herself aggrieved by his audacity, and her voice quivered mournfully, and seemed to be stifled by pain.

Notwithstanding, he spoke a great deal, and she spoke very little, doing nothing at all but listening to him: plucking every leaf from the nearest elm-bough, and piling high within her hands the torn off leaves.

When he saw all his trouble was in vain, he said: "Then, I shall go away, if the sight of me is so distasteful to you, fair Florette. Then I shall go away, if you are so inexorable, and know not how to pardon a jest. Then I shall go away, and never show myself before your face. Farewell! But let me not leave you without giving me the comfort of knowing that you are not angry'" sighed he, and he fell on his knee before her.

She looked kindly through her tears, upon the handsome youth, quite silent, but thoughtful. Then still kneeling, he bowed reverentially before her, with his hands folded. At this, she was forced to laugh herself, took both her hands full of leaves, scattered them over his head, so that he was quite hidden by them, and sprang away laughing aloud. He hastened after her. Now both were merry again. "Now just acknowledge to me alone," said Florette, "it is you who is forestalling my father in his office, and making a new garden here."

He willingly made confession. "When Florette comes to the fountain of Garenne," said he, "she shall think of me, whether she will or not. I will surround her there with the most beautiful flowers, which I can find or buy. Could I purchase all the joys of heaven, I would encircle her with them."

"Right graciously said," answered Florette. "But young sir, my father is not at all pleased with you. You spoil his garden for him, and transplant the flowers out of their season, so that they must die. You have not watered them once."

"If I only had a watering-pot!"

"You might have procured that, twenty paces from here, if you had taken the trouble, there, where the door in the cliff opens into the grotto."

Hereupon both sprang away, and soon found the watering can. One after the other, both watered the flowers, and took counsel together as to how the circle around the fountain might be improved.

Thus time sped, and Florette hastened to the cottage.

THE EVENING.

The prince now worked day by day as well as by night at his pleasure-garden. They allowed him that privilege. Lucas helped him. Florette was not missing, she went to and fro, gave good advice, and watered the freshly planted flowers in the evening. Even Queen Joanna came, and looked at her son's work. The king of France had little taste for it, still less the duke of Guise; so much the more, the prince of Bearn himself.

He had, indeed, in latter days, more varied, more showy, and more luxurious life; but never sweeter, than in the simplicity and repose of his glorious gardener's life; made so by the magic of first-love. Florette and Henry watched one another with all the ingenious delight of innocence. They played with one another like children; were confidential together, like brother and sister. They enjoyed the present, without questioning the future, and their harmless passion was conscious of no evil aim. Florette never thought that she had won the love of a Queen's son. She saw only, the strong, blooming, affectionate youth. He was her equal. In his gray doublet, in his simple dress, such as the country people wore, there was nothing to remind her of his prospects, or his future destiny. Henry, on the other side, troubled himself not about the great men or the beauties of the court. Compared with Florette, nothing else was beautiful to him; compared with his quiet delight in beholding her nothing else was great. His eye always rested upon her finely formed figure whilst he worked, and then his work was bad and never came to an end. But who could weary of admiring such charms? Each of her movements was lovely; each of her words full of unspeakable power.

One thing only was not right to either, namely, that the days in the garden were much shorter than those out of it. To lengthen them they must certainly call in the help of the evening. It is true, nothing could be done by moon and starlight, but then they could rest, and while resting talk and chat together.

"I come to the garden a little while after tea, about nine o'clock," said Henry, softly to Florette, whilst he knelt by her side, and set out plants. "And you, Florette?"

"My father is already in bed at that time," answered she.

"And you, Florette?" he whispered again, with looks of entreaty. She nodded her pretty head smilingly. "If it is a clear, bright evening."

About nine o'clock Henry was at the Garenne fountain. But the sky hung lowering over him. Florette was not there. "If it is a clear, bright evening!" said she. Now she will not come! thought he. Then there was a rustling in the thicket. Florette came, her water-pail on her head, to the fountain. To fortunate love it is always clear and bright. He took the pail. He thanked her, said a thousand tender words; they gladly forgot that the sky was not clear. It was clear in the breast of both.

Great drops of rain fell singly from heaven. They felt them not. The warm May-shower finally wet them through, and drove them for shelter to the grotto behind the Garenne fountain. They must have stood there, perhaps a half hour. They bore the little accident without vexation. As the moon broke through the clouds, they stepped forth hand in hand. Henry took the full water-pail upon his head. Florette walked by his side, leaning upon his arm. So they came to old Lucas' cottage. He was already asleep. Henry gave the pail to Florette, and she thanked him for his trouble. "Good-night, sweet Florette," whispered he. "Good night, dear friend," whispered she.

THE WET CAP.

The evening at the fountain did not seem to have been tedious to either. From henceforth, let the sky be clear or cloudy, they were never missing from there, about the ninth hour.

So flew by four weeks of the brightest spring. Every evening the prince bore home the water-pail of his beloved.

Florette's father observed not, that from the first evening his daughter took delight in making her customary walk to the spring so late. On the other hand, the wise Lagaucherie, at last became conscious that his royal pupil regularly vanished at a fixed hour, towards dusk, and that the upper part of his cap was always wet, let the weather be dry as it might. For a long while he could not unravel the mystery. The young prince never spoke of his actions; therefore Lagaucherie on his side, forbore to question him. Yet the affair struck him as very singular, and the wet cap of the young prince excited his curiosity.

To gratify this, he one evening stealthily followed the night-rambler. He followed him at such a distance, that he could not easily be discovered by him. He saw him at the spring of Garenne; he saw, likewise, a female form. Both vanished. Now, a part of the riddle was explained to the tutor.

Yet it remained a mystery, why the prince's cap should be made wet. He had already waited a long while. He crept closer and closer. He heard their whispers. Presently he saw the prince of Bearn, a bucket of water upon his head, and a young girl supported by his arm, took his way to the castle-gardener's cottage. The mentor shook his head thoughtfully. He secretly imparted his observations to the Queen. The mother was perplexed and indignant. She wished to give her son a serious lecture.

"No, gracious lady," said the wise Lagaucherie, no passion was ever killed by a lecture. Their charm is heightened by punishment and persecution; the torrent is only made to swell more mightily by obstructions opposed. Temptations are best conquered by flight. Passion is destroyed by depriving it of nutriment, or supplanting it by what is nobler.

So spoke Lagaucherie. The Queen concerted her measures with him, as she entirely coincided in his views. On the following morning, Lagaucherie approached the prince, and reminded him that the world now expected deeds from him: that he must perfect himself as a ruler; that, in conflict, whether with the reverses of fortune, or the inclinations of his own spirit, or with foes on the battle-field, he could have but one motto, which is the basis of all religion and all renown, viz: *Victory* or *death!*

After this introduction, in the most natural manner imaginable, Lagaucherie informed him that the Queen was to set forth the next day in company with the court, for the castle of Pau; that Henry was to remain there, only a short time in his birth-place, and then repair to Bayonne to be present at the conference of the King of France with the Queen of Spain.

Henry silently listened to these communications from his teacher. His countenance betrayed great embarrassment. Lagaucherie saw this plainly, but acted as if altogether unconscious of it. The Queen on her part, seconded Lagaucherie. She talked much of the brilliant assemblage at Bayonne; of the fêtes to take place there; of the renowned men whom Henry would meet there. What could Henry oppose?

His staying alone at Nerac was not to be thought of. How dare he ever hint that the meeting at the Garenne fountain was worth infinitely more to him than the kingly presence at Bayonne.

THE PARTING.

With the evening star in the heavens, the young prince stood by the fountain in the castle-garden. Florette hovered near. But when he announced to her the coming separation, she almost lost consciousness from pain.

"You forsake me now, Henry!" said she, sobbing. Now you will forget me. I am alone upon earth. Now that you, my dear life, flee, nothing is sweet for me but death."

"But," said he. "I flee not forever. I will come back. To whom do I belong but to you? I am no longer my own property, because I am yours now and forever. What should I remember, if I forget you? You are the soul of my brightest memories. If I forget you, may I forget breath itself!"

"Oh! Henry, you will return no more; or if you do return, you will no longer know Florette. I shall wither like the flower without the dew. You are my sun, how shall I survive when you have vanished?"

"No, Florette, you are happier than I. To you still remain the scenes of our happiness, to you this fountain, this garden. I shall live for you in all these flowers. But, to-morrow, when I have lost you, I shall be thrust out of paradise. While my companions hate and dread me, yours love you. Oh! how beautiful you are! Who could help loving you? Others will idolize you, and you will find some one more worthy of your love!"

So they spoke for a long while. Tears, promises, caresses, new doubts, new consolations followed each other, until the clock of the castle-tower called the prince away, and warned both to part.

Then Florette seized Henry's hand with earnestness and pressed it to her heart, and spoke: "Do you see this fountain of Garenne? There will you ever find me, always and forever as to-day! And, Henry, see, as this pours forth its unconquerable life, so is my love, Henry: I can cease to live but not to love. You will find me again, ever as to-day. Always there—always there!"

She fled. The youthful prince reeled through the castle-garden, sobbing and miserable.

THE MEETING AGAIN.

The distractions of the journey did his spirits good. He conquered the pain. The fifteen first months which followed that last moment at the Garenne fountain, filled his mind with other cares. In the tumult of party contentions, by which France was at that time torn, on her battle-fields, was unfolded the full extent of his activity, and his heroic mind, which afterwards won for him an imperishable name. Already had the young hero become the admiration of all the brave, and the noble ladies at the court of Catharine de Medicis consoled him, more than was conducive to Florette's peace of mind.

The lovely Florette heard of her lover's fame, and how all the world praised him. He was no longer the gardener, who planted flowers at her side; he was the warrior, who marched forth to earn laurels on the field of victory. She had only loved Henry; never the prince of Bearn. His dazzling transformation moved less her astonishment than her grief. Full well she knew how the beauties of the court laid siege to him, and how, only too flatteringly he gave heed now to one, now to another.

Florette had known and loved only one man in the world; this one was Henry. Now losing her faith in him, she lost faith in all mankind. But meanwhile her heart broke. What had happened and must happen, her reason had in vain foretold.

In one of his progresses, he came once again to Nerac. Then she saw the prince of Bearn once more strolling in the garden and thicket of Garenne, with the fair lady of Ayelle. She could not resist her desire to cross their path.

The countenance of Florette, which, although pale and suffering, was yet more beautiful in its sorrow, than ever in the hey-day of her joy, suddenly revived in the young prince all the remembrances of his first love. He became restless. The young lady at his side, the presence of the courtiers prevented him from yielding to his wishes. But on the following morning, when he saw old Lucas in the garden, he secretly hurried to the house. He found Florette alone. The too speedy return of her father prevented him from conversing long with her. He implored her for one short hour at the Garenne waters. She answered without raising her eyes from her work: "At eight o'clock this evening I shall be there."

He hurried away. He was again as in former days: his whole soul burned for Florette. He could hardly await the hour.

It was dark; the clock struck eight. Through the private gateway of the palace, in order to meet nobody; and by footpaths which he well knew, he repaired to the fountain, through the thicket. Arrived; his heart beat audibly. Florette had not yet appeared. He waited for a few minutes. The rustling of the leaves in the night breeze startled him joyfully more than once. Already he was extending his arms to fly towards her, to take her to his heart. But it was not she. Impatiently he went to and fro. Then he noticed, not far from the fountain, in the darkness, something white, like a portion of her dress. He hastened to it. It was a sheet of paper, beside the arrow, and the pierced rose. There was writing on the paper. The darkness of the night hindered him from reading it.

Shocked, uneasy, touched, he flies back to the castle, and sighs: "How? She comes not? She sends me back the arrow, because she no longer loves me?"

He read the writing—only these words: "I have promised you, you will find me again at the fountain. Probably you will go past without seeing me. Search better. You will certainly find me. You love me no more, therefore, for you I live no longer. Oh! my God, forgive!"

Henry guessed the meaning of these words. The palace resounded with his calls! They ran thither on hearing the prince's shouts. A few servants attended him with torches to the fountain of Garenne.

Why prolong the melancholy narration? The corpse of the beautiful maiden was found in the pool formed by the water of the spring. They buried her between two young trees.

The grief of the young prince was without bounds. Henry IV is to this day the idol of the French people. He accomplished great things. He experieneed, gained, and lost much. But a heart as pure and true and affectionate as the heart of Florette he never won again. And the painful remembrance of this angel never left him.

Such was the first love of Henry IV, such this only one. So loved he never again!

THE STRANGER.

BY BETTY PINE.

He sat alone on the banker's doorstep. His clothes were soiled, and his face weather-beaten. His dark eye was turned downwards. His was a countenance unlighted by hope or ambition.

The wind was blowing, and a cloud of dust obscured every object.

As I approached, he started to his feet as if some thought of recognition disturbed him. He seemed unwilling to meet the glance of eyes he had met in other days.

Could I pass him in silence? Nay, I could not; I bowed, spoke but a word and passed on.

When I returned, I saw him on the opposite side of the street at the door of a low restaurant, alone. Yes, alone. He seemed to feel no interest in the passers-by or the inmates of the house. A quick feeling of concern came into my heart. Was he hungry? Was he sorrowful? Why should his eyes be downward? Why should his acts betray the heaviness of despair? Had some act of passion planted remorse in his bosom? Why had he come hither? Why did he leave the golden shore, and the home where hearts were warm for him with love and sympathy?

I lay upon my bed, wakeful with the picture before me. The stranger sitting alone!

Alone! alone! O lonely sound;
'Tis like a deep and cureless wound,
That ever aches and ever bleeds
While on your life it slowly feeds,
Until the fount is dry.

The next day I saw him not, but hoped he would find me. "Perchance there is not a house he feels free to enter. He is too proud to beg, and I believe he would die of hunger rather than steal!" With feelings of this kind, I set out on the third day; and, after walking up and down, summoned courage to enter the restaurant. I did not find him there, but learned that he was without means to pay for *one meal.*

I left a note and came home praying that his feet might be directed to me.

Late in the afternoon, he came faint and weary; I prepared that he might bathe. I hastened the meal that he might be rfreshed.

I introduced him to my friends, and sought to throw him in the way of employment, and in a few days, his way lighted up and all went on well. We found in him wealth of thought, and rich stores of knowledge gained by application when others perhaps trifled with time and spent in folly their precious moments.

Salt Lake, May 15, 1869.

MOZART'S FIDDLE.

In the Josephstadt at Vienna, there lived, about forty years ago, a poor man who traded in all sorts of second-hand articles and curiosities. This man, whose name was Ruttler, was blessed with a numerous family, and the profits of his business were barely enough to provide for his wife and fourteen children, the oldest of whom was scarcely sixteen years of age. Nevertheless, in spite of his poverty, Ruttler was benevolent and obliging; and no one in trouble appealed to him in vain for his help and counsel.

Before Ruttler's shop a man passed every day, whose serious, thoughtful features excited respect and interest; he appeared to be suffering from an incurable illness; only, when he saw Ruttler's children, who always respectfully greeted him as he went by, as they played about in the streets, a smile passed over his colorless lips, and his gaze, directed toward heaven, seemed to implore for them an existence happier than his own.

Ruttler, too, had noticed the stranger; and, as he never lost an opportunity of serving a neighbor, he requested to be allowed to have a seat ready for him when he returned from his usual promenade. The sick man accepted the friendly offer, and every morning, Ruttler's children came out, bringing a chair for the stranger.

On Whit-Monday morning, the invalid returned earlier than usual from his walk, and Ruttler's children at once surrounded him with the news—"Dear sir, we have got such a pretty little sister born in the night." The stranger entered the shop to ask Ruttler how his wife was going on. The good man at once came out, and concluded his thanks with the words, "Yes, dear sir, this is now the fifteenth which the good God has sent us!"

"My good man, you have then much to care for; but have you already found a god-father?"

"No, sir; when one is poor, god-fathers are not so easily to be found. My other children's sponsors are neighbors, all poorer than I am."

"Call the girl Gabriel," said the stranger. "I will give her this name. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, which I will attend, and which I request you to provide." As Ruttler hesitated, he added, "Take it, take it; when you know more of me you will see that I am not unworthy to share your cares. But you can do me a service. I see there in your shop a violin; be so good as to bring it out to me. I have a happy thought, and must at once put it on paper."

Ruttler took down the violin from the hook and gave it into the stranger's hand, who soon drew such wonderful tones from it that the street was speedily filled with eager and curious listeners, and many persons driving by, whose ear recognized the great musician in these notes, stopped their carriages to enjoy the beautiful strains. But the invalid, absorbed in his melodies, did not heed the crowd which had assembled before Ruttler's shop.

When he had finished his piece, he wrote it down on a music-sheet, which he took from his pocket, and then said farewell to his new friends, leaving his address, with the request that they would let him know the day of the christening.

Several days passed away, and the invalid did not appear. The chair before Ruttler's door stood unoccupied.

Ruttler decided at last to go himself and inquire after his kind guest. He arrived at the house to which he had been directed. The door was hung with black. A coffin surrounded by burning tapers, a number of gentlemen who were crowding into the house as pall-bearers and mourners, made him guess the truth.

Here he learnt to his astonishment, that Mozart was to have been his daughter's godfather, and that this sad crowd had assembled to accompany the great man to the grave.

At *his* house, Mozart, sitting in *his* chair, had composed his glorious Requiem, his last Song of the Swan—his Funeral Hymn.

After Ruttler had paid the last honors to the great master, he returned home; but he was surprised to find his modest dwelling surrounded by a crowd of people, who, as it so often happens, first began to honor the great genius at the moment when he was taken from them.

This event brought Ruttler into so prominent notice, that his business became quite a flourishing one. He was able henceforth to make a good deal of money, to get situations for his children, and to pass his old age in comfort.

His youngest daughter he called Gabriel, as Mozart had wished; when she was sixteen he gave her the fiddle which Mozart had used a few days before his death. This violin was afterwards sold for four thousand florins ($2,800).

Ruttler would never part with the chair, though large sums of money were offered to him for it. He preserved it as a memorial of his poverty—as that which had led to his good fortune.—*Demorest's Young America.*

Correspondence, Etc.

We extract a little posie of good thoughts from a letter of Bishop Harrington's, which, although somewhat scattering, we think too good to be thrown away.

Mr. Editor:—May your praiseworthy publication meet with decided success, for, in my judgment, *it merits it.* Many pleasing reflections occupy the mind while partaking of your bill of fare. One or two that occur to me I will mention. When intelligent thinkers commit their cogitations to writing, embracing a variety of subjects, it reminds me of the saying of the Psalmist—"Deep calleth unto deep." Later inspiration has said—"Intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence," and again "Wisdom is justified of her children."

I make no pretensions to write or fathom deep things, but I like to read and ponder over them. In diversity, there is unity; in nature, wonderful harmonies; in intellectual development permeating benisons.

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens a shining frame,
> Their great original proclaim."

True, indeed, but does immensity, with all its vast designs and embellishments, its awful harmonies, the storm-clouds of the heavens answering to, and sympathising with, the storms below, which so terribly agitate the great deep, and which the waterspouts bear witness to, originate the idea of a God? Nay indeed, for without revelation man would never have found Him out. It is true that after the idea *is* conceived, nature and all things else bear testimony. Only "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God." For one I fully accord with the somewhat unpopular saying of a former apostle "by philosophy no man knows God."

It is generally admitted that a small part of mankind do the thinking for the race. Then how important that they should think rightly. I have often thought that a class of our fellow-men who claim to be philanthropists, were far from being benefactors of mankind, from the fact that under the guise of friendship they would rob us of our hope, make us believe we are orphans, no father in the heavens, no mother, no rational hope for the future, no fond assurance that if we die we shall live again; but rather give us the (to them)

brilliant prospect of a "No" to that (when properly considered) inspiring couplet:

"Shall spring ever visit this mouldering urn
Shall day ever dawn on the night of the grave?"

At some convenient time I would like a word or two with your Dramatic Editor. In my judgment he makes the drama the cause for much that is the effect of other causes; but opinions are private property. The unity of faith is to be attained, "for the just shall live by faith."

Fraternally yours,
L. E. Harrington,
American Fork.

We publish with especial readiness the last paragraph in the above letter. The conscientious expression of a difference of opinion is what we believe in, as the best possible way to arrive at truth on all questions. We shall as thankfully receive the Bishop's criticism as his kind expression of satisfaction with our labors. Progress and light is what we are after. It is only ignorance that fears to be questioned or set right.

THE DARKEST HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

When through the shades of life we pass,
And all seems dark above,
Let not unwelcome thoughts that rise
Wound the fond heart we love.

For soon the light will come again,—
The darkness be dispelled;
Oh, then, 'twill give us joy to know
Such thoughts have been withheld.

Look up and see the light that gleams
To guide us on our way,
When earth's drear night is darkest—then
'Tis never far from day.

So murmur not, because we have
The lights and shades to know.
Without them we could never learn
Celestial joys below!

W. S. G.

Salt Lake City, July 1, 1869.

AS PERTAINING TO SCIENCE IN UTAH.

We were pleased to note in the procession on Monday last, (5th July), a handsome and well designed car, as representative of our brethren the Engineers, Machinists and Founders of Utah, of which the following is a description:

"On the top of the arrangement was one of Judson's patent Governors for 10-horsepower engine; Model of Wood's self-raking Reaper, lent for the occasion by F. T. Perris, Esq., agent for Utah. Model of New Yorker self-raking Reaper, lent by Wm. Carr, Esq., agent for Utah. Small Turning Lathe, made by br. Pierpoint. One 'of Pickering's patent Governors for 10-horse power Engine. Ornamental Iron Casting (watch stand) by br. DeGray.

On the sides were—a pair of Type Molds, made by br. Z. Derrick; Square, Calipers, etc., made by br. J. Tuckfield; a Photograph of a two-horse engine (first made in Utah); large drawing of upper works of Steam Boat Engine, with a number of Cog Wheel and other Patterns, Wrenches, etc., made by br. Wm. J. Silver, filled in with Moulders' Tools, etc. Banners, etc., on poles. Smelting Furnace; Cupola Furnace, (Deseret Foundry); Drawing Instruments; Patterns; Locomotive."

Yours, etc.,
Wm. J. Silver.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

CAN THERE BE A CULMINATING CIVILIZATION?

In our estimation there can be no culmination to the eternal series of progressive attainments of which civilization is capable. There can be no culmination to man's course, or to the efforts of undying divinity that exists within him. Created, as man is, perfectly destitute of any inward sense of the possibility of death, or limit to his being, or powers, man's soul, long ere now, would have aspired to comprehend the universe of truth had not priestcraft—always terrified at the extent of his nature—held him back by the warnings of the wrath of the very God whose awakening he feels and of whose unlimited ambitions his whole being is the counterpart. Let but that spell be broken, and the fact, of the divine and eternal nature of man, be fully accepted in its stead, and under its inspiring influence, the highest civilization we now conceive of—come when it may—with all its gloriously combined results of the efforts of all previous ages, will prove but the lowest stage of a great new series, in connection with which mankind will travel as much higher still.

Such are our views of the future society. With us, man is viewed as an unlimited being, existing in an unlimited universe, surrounded unlimitedly with objects for his scrutiny and comprehension,—a deathless universe to be explored,—a deathless soul within him to explore it! No sense of limit to his capabilities within his soul; no evidence that there can ever be a time when there will be nothing more to learn indicated in the universe without. As it should be, man finds himself fitted in character to the universe in which he exists. Were he limited in his capabilities, or the universe in its resources, there would be a lack of fitness in the nature of things. As to intelligence in the abstract, we cannot conceive of intelligence, but, as deathless ever progressing intelligence, without pain. Supposing intelligence to be created—which we by no means affirm—for God to awaken into existence such intelligence as we possess, while it is in the least degree possible, that there can be any decay or limit to its active career, would amount to his creating the strong instincts of life to face the horrifying prospect of their own dissolution; thus, constituting himself, Creator and Destroyer of life and pleasure in the same act! But this never can be true! When the meanest promptings or wants of our physical being find themselves, without exception, elaborately supplied in the grand provisions of nature; the mightiest, the most intensified yearnings of our spirits, cannot, alone, be created for disappointment. The yearnings for endless life and progress, existing within us, must be true indications of the future that awaits us, or the million-fold evidences that exist of the invariable presence of suchdesires in the human soul, would be but so many evidences that the God of nature has lent himself, to convey a false anticipation to every heart, and to bear witness to a lie in every bosom. Inasmuch as Nature—as heard speaking in the hearts of the good and wise of all ages—cannot lie, the future of our race can only be truly read, in the light of the

boundless yearnings for knowledge that exist within us, side by side with the immensity of wisdom evidently for us to learn. Science and art, then, with us, can but have begun their day! As boundless and unexplorable as the universe itself, must be the sciences, that will in due order be sought out by the untiring energies of unclouded humanity. Give man only the same amount of progress he even now can make; assume his slowest rate of growth, and give him but ALL ETERNITY for his day of operations, and you have constituted him, comparatively, a God at once! A greater deity in the future, anyway, than our highest imaginations can conceive or language can convey. Assume then, better, and still better, conditions for his progress than now exist—as well we may—and the same eternal period for his development, and where have you prospectively landed him? And with him, where have you predicted the position of the race to which he belongs? In the very heart, if heart there be, to the infinite circle of the Divine Sciences of creative and beautifying power! Where the Great Universe is found yielding up its secrets one by one to his determined will; where ceaseless ages in their periods, come but to pour new tides of strength into his being, and open wide, and still wider doors, through which his enlarged vision may gaze astonished upon the majestic infinitudes of undiscovered science still without.

But, let us now come back to our own time—to the simplicities of to-day; what shall we say of them? This, that distant and immense as are the leadings of the road that will yet be traveled by mankind, we are on that road to-day, or on paths that lead to it! Immortal, expansive and divine, as necessarily will be, the sciences that will in due time reveal themselves, the simplest truths mankind have already made their own, are as immortal and divine as any that ever will be reached. All truths form but so many strata of a boundless series supporting, overlaying and interlocking each other and forming one grand and indissoluble whole. To be connected to any one truth, therefore, is to be in a sense connected to the whole, for the whole is then within our reach. We have, consequently, in any truth, we have ever learned, one end of a thread running through all the facts of universal life; and by following which, we may explore unlimitedly, the chambers of the palace of immensity. What we gain, therefore, in conceptive, inventive, or creative strength, to-day, however limited in extent it may be, is so much gained of the immensity of wisdom and capacity, which creates worlds and harmonizes universes. Even in all the small accomplishments that lie betwen the creation of a table, to the invention of a telegraph wire, we grasp faculties of Deity. Small as the draught may be, we drink of the "stream which makes glad the city of our God." However close to the shore, as yet, we sail, we are on an unlimited sea on whose boundless waters the revealing light of truth never sets,—as much *on* the sea, as archangels, or celestial beings of any order, who, eternal ages hence, left the shore, and turned their exploring eyes towards the exhaustless, but not incomprehensible mysteries ahead.

So much, then, allow us to assert, for the oneness of the truths we know, with the truths that ever have or ever will be known. As to the fitness of our nature for the deepest researches into the mighty volumes of undiscovered truth, we have the continual witness with us. We seem like a mine of jewelled thoughts when once the vein is struck, and such a mine, in fact, we are, for deity is hid within us waiting to be developed; while, on every hand outside, a living, palpitating universe of inspiration exists, waiting to take hold upon us, and connect our intelligence with the immensity of wisdom without. Then the Divine within our nature, answering to the divine whisperings without, like blaze answering to blaze, gladdens again! Like a mirror answers to the glances of the sun, and forms one radiant glory with the messengers of light, so, sunlike inspiration, glancing on any polished quality of our souls, wakens a glory there, and in that faculty of our being God is revealed. Thus we draw nigh to Him and whether we seek to appropriate to ourselves His wisdom manifested, in artistic, scientific, or so called sacred truths, He is always there answering to every call of our being for light or truth. Thus through eternal ages must it ever be; a boundless infinitude of truth ever present to answer the utmost requisitions of our infinite souls. Endless unfoldings of art and science, and still higher developments of social and sacred truths must, therefore, needs take place; and endlessly our race must rise, from "culminating civilization" to "culminating civilization," and that without end.

IMPERIALISM IN AMERICA.

As illustrative of some remarks by Elder John Taylor made on "the 4th," with reference to the insane idea of imperialism in America, we quote the following from the Boston *Investigator:*

Every ism, however insane, whether religious or political, has its organ, as well as its adherents. No absurd conceit can be presented to the public without meeting with some favor. The proofs of this are as abundant as sand in the desert. The latest example of this is a movement in New York in favor of imperialism.

The seventh clause of the seventh section of the first article of the National Constitution declares in defining the power of Congress: "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State."

Something over a year ago, numerously signed petitions had been sent to Congressmen, praying for the repeal of this clause. The main reason assigned was that the public debt presented this issue: Either imperialism or repudiation. No attention was paid to these petitions. The next move of this class of fanatics was to start a newspaper. Several repudiation organs have been started, why should not the opposite extremists have their organ? They have lately commenced the publication of one in New York city, and it is entitled the Imperialist.

The advocates of imperialism, as well as all other opponents of liberal institutions are but blind moles working in the dark. The whole genius of the age tends to liberty and the overthrow of despotism. Trouble and difficulty may attend our young republic, but it is only for awhile. Instead of ever seeing America disrobed of her cap and mantle of liberty, we look with perfect assurance to the time when she shall be, not in theory alone, but in fact, the model republic of the world—a great center around which the yet to be republics of the earth shall be grouped.

> "For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though often lost, is ever won."

An age in which Russian serfs are liberated; in which old dynasties like Spain are changing to meet the popular voice; in which men foresee even monarchial England itself sliding towards Republicanism, is a curious one in which to talk of imperialism to the Great Republic.

OPENING OF THE MOHAMMEDAN DISPENSATION.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

In the twelfth year of Mohammed's prophetship he published the revelation of his famous night journey to the seven heavens. At first, it was too much even for the credulity of his disciples, and some of them left him; but Abu Becker timely vouched for the Prophet's veracity; and his prompt testimony to the truth of the night vision turned again the wavering faith, and raised the credit of Mohammed as the favorite Apostle of God to a towering pinnacle. It is thought that this hit of the Prophet was a bold stroke of policy. Says Mr. Sale, in his preliminary discourse to his translation of the Koran, "I am apt to think this fiction, notwithstanding its extravagance, was one of the most artful contrivances Mohammed ever put in practice,and what chiefly contributed to the raising of his reputation to that great height to which it afterward attained."

The star of Mohammed's mission was now rising; his enemies, by their very warfare against the faithful, were fast rolling the wheel of empire toward him; and their rejection of the new revelation was but preparing the way for the epoch of his military apostleship! He had reached the period of his prophetic career most famous for its results. It is called the "Accepted Year," in which, among other notable events, stands foremost the immortalized "Hegira," or the Flight, whence dates the Mohammedan era. First, in the order of remarkable events, came twelve citizens of Medina on pilgrimage to Mecca, who, hearing the prophet preach, received the word and swore allegience and obedience to him. These were honored with the title of "The Defenders." Returning to Medina, they brought others into the faith, and soon after seventy-three more converts from that city came to enroll themselves under his banner; and these on Mount Akaba took the oath pertaining to the gospel of the sword. "If," said they, "we be slain in thy cause, what shall be our reward?" "Paradise!" answered the Prophet. "Then," said they, "stretch forth thy right hand," and he did so. They then took the oath, and swore that they would defend and uphold the Prophet and his cause. Thus began that mighty military organization which in its growth built up a vast empire, and for centuries, against the chivalry of Christendom, contended even for the dominion of the world.

Up to this important period the "kingdom of God," as represented in Mohammed's mission, had not received its perfect organization, for according to the very genius of Islamism, the apostleship is the power of God ordained to bear off the kingdom. Notwithstanding, therefore, that unto the Christ of Ishmael's seed it was given to build it up by the might of the sword, he, like the Christ from the chosen seed of Isaac, now called twelve apostles; and thus endowed, Mohammed's dispensation was fairly opened.

Mohammed's "kingdom of God," being now once more perfectly set up upon the earth, by the choosing of twelve apostles, the Prophet sent away "The Defenders," and counseled the residue of his disciples to take their flight to Medina; But the Prophet, with Abu Beker and Ali, remained behind in his beloved native city, not having, he said, as yet divine permission to leave Mecca. This exodus of his followers alarmed the rival branch of the Koreishites; for since the day that the twelve pilgrims took the oath on Mount Akaba, so great had been the success of Islamism in Medina, that this chosen city was now ready to welcome the Prophet as its divine lawgiver and sovereign. His enemies in Mecca, fearful lest his new allies should proselyte other powerful tribes, and return to avenge the cause of their prophet, resolved to interrupt the flight of Mohammed and at once put him to death. They accordingly held a council, in which his assassination was formally arranged by the chief men of the city; but scarcely was the conspiracy against him conceived ere it was known to the Prophet, professedly revealed to him by the angel Gabriel, who now ordered him to take his flight to Medina.

Thereupon, "to amuse his enemies," he directed Ali to lie down in his place, and wrap himself in his green cloak, which he did; and Mohammed escaped miraculously, as they pretend, to Abu Beker's house, unperceived by the conspirators, who had already assembled at the Prophet's door. They, in the meantime, looking through the crevice, and seeing Ali, whom they took to be the Prophet himself, asleep, continued watching there till morning, thus giving Mohammed the advantage of escape. At length, bursting in the door, they rushed toward the sleeper, when Ali started up and confronted them. Amazed, they demanded, "Where is Mohammed?" "I know not," replied Ali, sternly, and walked forth, none venturing to molest him.

Abu Beker and the Prophet took refuge in a cave at Mount Thor, where they arrived at dawn of day. Scarce were they in when they heard the sound of pursuit. "Our pursuers," said the apprehensive Abu Beker, "are many, and we are but two." "Be not grieved," replied the grand enthusiast, "there is a third, even God himself. He will defend us." In this cave they remained three days, according to tradition, preserved by another miracle, after which they set out for Medina, taking a by-road. But they had not journeyed far before they were overtaken by a troop of horse, and Abu Beker was again dismayed. The comforting word was still, "Be not troubled; God is with us!" As the Koreishite leader overtook Mohammed, his horse fell, and the Prophet taking advantage of the incident, spoke to him with such words of power and authority that the stern warrior was awed, and entreating forgiveness turned back his troop. The fugitives continued their journey until they arrived at a little village two miles from Medina, where they remained four days, in which time there gathered to him the refugees of Mecca, and a little host of auxiliaries, among whom was a warrior chief with seventy followers of the tribe of Salram, who forthwith made profession of faith.

On the morning of the Moslem Sabbath, after the service of prayers and a sermon from the prophet, he mounted his camel and set forth for the chosen city, the troop of horse attending him as guards, and his disciples from Mecca took turns in holding a canopy of palm leaves over his head. By his side rode Abu Beker. "Oh, apostle of God!" cried the Salram chief, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard." So he unfolded his turban, and, tying it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the Prophet. "Thus," says Washington Irving, "did Mohammed enter Medina more as a conqueror than an exile seeking an asylum."

New dispensations have ever found their crowning opportunities made by the force of the action against them, as though an overruling power worked in harmony from opposite sides. The Egyptian bondage brought forth the exodus of the chosen people—the exodus the nationality of Israel. So also from the flight of the Arabian fanatic grew up the Mohammedan empire.

He now boldly proclaimed his military apostleship, and empowered his followers to make war upon the idolaters, and build up the kingdom of God by the sword. There was a new revelation—a second seal of his dispensation opened. "The sword," exclaimed the Prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; *a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms*, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are

forgiven; at the day of judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim."

The first of Mohammed's victories was won in the second year of the Hegira, in the Valley of Beder, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by his great enemy, Abu Sofian. The forces of the Prophet consisted of only 319 men, while that of the enemy numbered nearly 1,000; notwithstanding, he put them to flight, killing seventy of the principal Koreish, and taking as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men.

In the Koran this battle is immortalized, and the victory of the little band of the faithful ascribed to the presence of the angel Gabriel. Nor less fortunate was the spoil taken from the enemy of the whole caravan, consisting of 6,000 camels, richly laden, from Syria. With this spoil he possessed the means of present reward for his followers, while to the warlike tribes of Arabia the promise of the future was most fascinating, and soon a formidable host flocked to his standard.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF EGYPT.

It is estimated that the catacombs of Egypt contain four hundred and fifty millions of embalmed human bodies. What a burlesque upon their conception of a *literal* resurrection and re-use of this old worn-out tabernacle, previous to its mouldering into dust, is the fact that, to-day, the barbarous Arabs, whose progenitors were a constant source of annoyance and dread to them when living, should now use their sacred remains for fuel, with which to cook their food and make their camp-fires and beacons throughout their chilly night vigils. The bituminous substance with which they were embalmed rendering them very inflamable, and making them far better fuel than "buffalo chips."

This worship of the beasts of the higher order, was based upon the supposition that the lesser deities, whose duty it was not only to protect but to serve man, were tabernacled in the most noble specimens of the animal creation. The bull was the motive power of Egypt, he drew the plow, hauled the cart, pumped their water to a higher elevation; at death his flesh was good for food and his hide was useful for arts. The cow was then, as now, queen of the dairy and a source of joy to the juveniles of the whole land. The great and ruling deities of day and night were too far removed and had far too much to do to preside in person over the *minute* affairs of human life. Some divine offshoots of those great divinities were supposed to be with them always in the forms of the most noble and useful of the animal creation. The spirit of the chief god of Egypt clothed himself with the body of a bull. The god Apis was the titular divinity of the whole land.

THE PRIESTS.

The priesthood of Egypt was a great power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself. The priests were supposed, by the sacredness of their calling, to be always in direct communication with the gods. They held the power to bless and curse in this life and possessed the keys that unlocked or closed the gate of the unseen world. They were repositories and expounders of the laws—their rebuke filled kings with dismay—their favors rendered the possession of the throne secure to the occupant. The theology they taught their people was unmistakably the lowest and most contemptible of that believed in by any of the nations of antiquity. The living representatives of their numerous duties covered the whole range of animal, reptile and insect life. Earth, air and water were drawn upon for tabernacles for their divinities. They taught the people of different sections or provinces of the land the worship of deities of different and sometimes of directly opposite characteristics: While the *canine* race were animated by the spirit of the lesser deities, in one province; the animals of *feline* type predominated in another. The worshipers of the canine divinities had as great contempt and dislike for the devotees of the feline deities as the dog has for the cat. The inhabitants of one city would eat each other in times of famine rather than kill a dog for food. The dweller in another province would endure the most horrible tortures in defence of a cat; the worshipers of the feline deities would destroy every dog they could lay their hands upon,—the worshipers of dogs were irreconcilably hostile to the cat. This to the casual reader may seem incredible; but let it be remembered that "the unity of the faith" would be of small use to a people who worshiped an infinity of gods. The sectional worship of deities of sectional types and callings prevented unity of thought and unity of action, and worked wonders in behalf of a sacerdotal dispensation. It was only in respect to the worship of Osiris and Isis (the sun and moon) and the big bull that there was any agreement in the religious faith of the people of the whole land. Extreme gravity of deportment and deep and profound mystery in all that pertained to the inner worship of the temples of their nobles and deities held the people in awe and did the priests good service in the absence of brains.

THE SOCIAL CODE

Of Egypt was, probably, better calculated to hold a people together in perpetuity and hold them in slavish obedience to the king (the governers of provinces and the magistrates of cities, who, in their turn, were made equally subservient to the priesthood) than that of any of the social compacts that the world has ever yet received. It was equally well calculated to build up and sustain the most perfect system of agriculture and the highest possible development of the mechanic arts attained to by any of the nations of antiquity. It was ordained, by laws as old as the establishment of the commonwealth, that each "caste," or order of society, should maintain an unalterable and never-varying social status. The descendants of a king were forever royal; of a noble, forever noble; the sons of soldiers must confine themselves to the arts of war in all time; the sons of the husbandman must forever till the soil; the sons of the workers in each branch of mechanism must perpetuate the calling and trade of his fathers forever. No excellence, no extraordinary development of individual talent, could ever lift a man out of the "caste" he was born in. Who cannot see that this social organization, based on a social code like that of the Egyptians, would transmit from posterity, from age to age, a power and skill in the manipulation of the elements used in the various trades and occupations of life greater than could be attained by any other system, all things being equal. The ruins of the temples of Upper Egypt and the pyramids and obelisks of Middle and Lower Egypt have been the wonder and delight of the lovers of the marvelous and beautiful in all ages.

The manner of living, in occupation, food, dress, religious observances and social recreations, were all regulated by unalterable laws; new or additional observances might be ingrafted upon old ones, but the old could never be abrogated. Age after age multiplied rules and regulations for their conduct in this life and the mode of entrance into the life that is unseen. Unquestioning obedience to the king, honor to the priesthood, and worship of the gods was the only passport to the Elysian abode in heaven.

The Nile or some canal that everywhere ramified the land, represented the river Styx, when sepulchre was sought for their friends, notice had to be given the priests and magistrates of the fact, upon the banks of the nearest canal or river; those grand functionaries met the funeral cortege, and sat in judgment on the dead; if it could be proved by the mouth of two witnesses that he or she had ever disobeyed the king or his representatives, dishonored the priests or blasphemed the gods, to pass the canal and find sepulchre was forbidden—emblematical of the certain failure of the individual, when he reached the banks of the great and fearful river Styx. The catacombs that everywhere honey-comb the rocky heights of Egypt would never have been excavated, or if hewn out would never have been tenanted by the bodies of dead Egyptians, had it not been for the force and power of that old adage, *that it is not safe to throw stones when one lives in a glass house himself*—kings, priests, magistrates and commoners, being conscious that they in their time would need the forbearance of society—when seeking sepulchres—were not hard to please, and believed it dangerous to be too critical.

THE MARITAL RELATIONS

And family organizations of the Egyptians were at the base of the whole social policy—and did more towards establishing and perpetuating the social institutions of Egypt than all other influences combined. The wife owed implicit and unquestioned obedience to the husband; the children owed their lives and all that they received to the affection and care of their parents—perfect obedience to paternal authority was enforced by the laws. A son or daughter would never take a seat in presence of father or mother until bidden to do so. Habitual disregard to parental authority was punished with death. The division of the population into "castes," and the impossibility of intermarriage between the "castes," rendered it necessary that as few barriers should exist in the marriage of relations as possible—the marriage of brothers with sisters was not only permitted but encouraged. The familiar intercourse of the sexes in their family relations, unchecked by those restraints imposed by religious faith, were prolific of all the evils of the most unlimited sexual license, as brothers and sisters destined to become husbands and wives to each at probity, were more than likely to anticipate their nuptial privileges. Therefore virtue, as understood by the people of this age, was unknown in Egypt.

The Drama.

MACBETH AND DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his review of the play of Macbeth, says:

> This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and the solemnity, grandeur and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

This is correct, and the only part of the Doctor's remarks upon the play worthy a masterly reviewer. How meagre and wide of the mark is his next paragraph:

> The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts, which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

Is, then, the subject of the play of Macbeth the danger of ambition? Has all its splendid fiction, solemn grandeur, and variety of action merely evolved this as the great illustration of Shakspeare's masterpiece? To say that Macbeth was ambitious, is critically next to nothing; or that a wicked ambition is dangerous, is still more puerile in nice discrimination of review. Now, in Richard, the ambition of a very incarnate Satan, and his greatness of character in the likeness of his physical malformation, with the weaving of circumstances in keeping therewith, form the subject and shaping of the play. Othello, again (at his very mention) brings up to us the most famous illustrated character of jealousy; while Lear is the rarest gem of tragedy set in the ingratitude of daughters. "The danger of ambition is well described," is the Doctor's remark upon the complex theme of the play of Macbeth. If all the splendid efforts of that noble work were merely to illustrate ambition, then Richard has stolen from Macbeth his subject.

The grand subject of the tragedy of Macbeth is the illustration of the evil agencies of the world working out their dramas among mortals. This is an epic theme. In it we have something more than a gorgeous dramatic portraiture of character; and it is this epic subject, so masterly handled, that constitutes the play before us a masterpiece.

It is not Macbeth; it is the supernatural agencies that hold the drama. This shows the epic quality and method; a play superior in its essence and theme to the character and action of its chief human personage! The evil agencies of the world leading a soul, great in its twinship of good and evil, to its ruin through ambition—a ruling passion in great men—was the theme that Shakspeare was about to illustrate when he gave his supernatural powers the opening of the play, and made them call up Macbeth into the body of their drama. But this is not all. The subject has a vast bearing beyond the individual Macbeth. It takes in all mankind; and we have a grand illustration of the mighty theme of supernatural powers working out their dramas among nations and mortals in general. The view of the *dark* sides of this stupendous subject—the blended drama of our mortality and immortality—successfully illustrated in actual performance, and we have the whole. The sun-side is the other half which, though not brought out, is in the prophecy of the theme. We have the whole in substance. Night illustrates Day as much as Day does itself; and more strikingly are we impressed with the two great ordinances of nature when Night reigns.

The human mind is pregnant from the very birth with the twin ordinances of Day and Night in our mortal-immortal drama of life. Another moment and the twin shall be born, and the Day and Night of two worlds—which are but two halves of one birth—shall be fairly revealed before us. Thus it has been for six thousand years, and we are never more than that one brief moment from the delivery. Divines and poets have, in a long illustrious train, taken their turns at the bed-side of mother Mortality, to help on the other birth; and Shakspeare is chief among them there—and among poets none has helped the birth as much as he. At last he reaches the culmination of the capacity of genius, and gives us in an *acting* play the great drama performed between the beings of two worlds. All is made literal to the audience, and the natural and supernatural blended into the harmony of one great action—that harmony made more sonorous and unique by the very demoniac discords of the play. Yet Dr. Johnson saw in this matchless dramatic achievement no grander design than the necessity which Shakspeare felt "to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions." Dr. Johnson did not understand Shakspeare's great work, nor was his robust but rude mind capable of appreciating so fine and subtile a composition in which the metaphysics of our two worlds are crowded. The Doctor has brought down a very epic fiction into his circle of a ghost story, or the telling of fortunes by the tea-cup.

Music.

MUSIC EXAMPLES.

SIMPLE DUPLEX AND TRIPLEX FORMS AND THEIR HARMONIC ENDINGS.

FORMS.—The most simple forms of the duplex and triplex, are used in Psalmodic productions. By way of example, we will select the common and the long metre. Two periods are used in the duplex and three in the triplex, completing one movement in each form. In the common metre, there are eight syllables in the first line and six in the second; the third and fourth are the same. Eight syllables constructed in common poetical feet will require a musical section of four bars. The six syllables, a contracted section of three, making in all seven bars of music in each period, and two divisions in the movement.

In the long metre, there are eight syllables in each of the four lines, requiring two four-bar sections in the first period; also the same constructed divisions in the last. With a verse having eight lines, this form has to be extended to four periods, but notwithstanding the four divisions, the form is not changed: "O my Father, thou that dwellest," is an example.

The most simple form of the little triplex is constructed on a six-line verse. An example may be found in No. 8 of the Latter Day Saints Psalmody: "Away with our fears, the glad morning appears."

This, however, is not a six-line verse, but the author has constructed a period by a repetition of the last two lines, making three periods, and the triplex form. The simple triplex, as well as the duplex, has an extended form, for, when a twelve-line verse is selected, six periods are required. But although there are six principal divisions in the verse, the form is still the same, having but one capital movement.

The D. C. triplex was explained in No. 1 of the Magazine.

HARMONIC ENDINGS IN THE ABOVE FORMS.—In composing periods constructed to admit a sequence of thirds and sixths does not only confine the progression of the bass to the *tonic* and *dominant*, but causes also the period-endings to be of very little variety. The period-endings have to be governed by the melody in a great measure, and is most likely to fall on a semi or full cadence on the *tonic* or *dominant*. But when the melody is so constructed that the bass and inner parts can move at pleasure, then the endings are not only various, but they produce an immense effect by the mixture of the different forms of ancient and modern harmonizations. The ancient chorals have beautiful and singular endings by a similar mixture of forms, but in modern Psalmody, vocal duettos, trios and four-part songs, the choral mixture of endings would not be popular in the present day, so we must be content with methods now used by composers, which are similar to the following order:

When we finish a first section by a modulation to the *dominant* of the primitive key with a full cadence, a varied ending can be obtained by closing the second period with a semi-finish on the fifth of the *tonic*. In the third section should the sixth suspend the fifth in the melody, the semi-cadence or close on the *dominant*, could be repeated. The fourth section being the last in the two-period form, a perfect and satisfactory ending must be on the *tonic*.

ANOTHER FORM OF ENDINGS IN THE LITTLE DUPLEX.—Should we be led by the melody to close the first section on the tonic, then a modulation to the dominant of the primitive key with a perfect cadence or close, would be a good and various ending.

The next section should be a semi-cadence on the key note, followed by a perfect close in that key, and finish the last period.

ENDINGS IN THE EXTENDED DUPLEX.—The following are the ones used in "O my Father," to be found on page 13 of Latter Day Saints' Psalmody. First period on the dominant; second, a modulation to that key. Third, a modulation of the dominant of the relative minor. Fourth, semi-cadence on the fifth of the key note, and an adjunctive section added to form a final close on the tonic. Endings used in the little triplex by the Editor in the Latter Day Saints' Psalmody. First period, a perfect cadence on the tonic. Second, a modulation to the dominant. Third, a perfect cadence on the key note.

EXTENDED TRIPLEX HAVING SIX PERIODS.—First period, a semi-close on the fifth of the key note. Second, perfect cadence on the tonic. Third, a semi-cadence on the dominant of the relative minor. Fourth, a modulation to the fifth of the relative minor; or the third period could end with a semi-cadence on the dominant-major of primitive key, and close the fourth period with a modulation to the fifth of the key note. Fifth period, a semi-close on the major-dominant and the sixth and last period a full close on the tonic major.

A variety of other harmonic endings by a close study of composition and experience in the styles of different ages, can be effected. In our next, we will briefly explain the use of harmonic forms of combination for the student's guide. When in the city, we will resume the subject assisted by notation-examples

THE ARION PIANOFORTE.—While East we visited the establishment of Messrs. Covell & Co., the proprietors of the beautiful instrument advertised in this week's issue, and were extremely gratified by an inspection of its varied improvements. We were exceedingly charmed by its purity of tone as well as by its power and capacity. Its outside finish is also exquisite. Take it altogether we should say that it is one of the finest instruments now in the musical market. Before purchasing elsewhere we advise our friends to give us a call on the subject.

THE OBJECT OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

BY W. M. COWLEY.

For what purpose were animals and vegetables created? To serve the ends of man? I suppose the Almighty had a more definite purpose in their creation. We read that He made nothing in vain; but what millions upon millions of animal and vegetable identities have lived, died, and decayed into mould. Now, can we suppose that the Supreme Being had no other end in view than the temporary use of man?

Let us see from what source animal and vegetable life derive the greater part of their substance. It is from the atmosphere—the oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen. The modest flower, the towering pine, the worm, and man have their mission appointed in this transformation of gaseous matter into solid.

Does not this show conclusively a purpose in their existence?

When one form of life ceases, another takes its place, going on in the same endless line. Not only one body does each identity produce, but a continuous process is going on, always to this same end.

Who has not read Leibig's experiment on the willow? From whence came the solid wood? there being no loss in the soil from which it was produced. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that it was transformed from the atmosphere by the laboratory existing within the twig.

How can we, taking this view of the matter, help looking upon every herb and animal as being our brother and sister, working for the great object of universal existence? Each adding its atom to the immense work. From the granite floor to the summits of the towering peaks, these same operations are ever going on.

But are the forms that we see with the naked eye the only co-workers in Nature's changes? Not by any means. *Not* by the help of the most powerful microscope is the smallest animal or vegetable form discovered. There are some so small that "millions could exist on the point of a pin." The blood of animals and the juice of vegetables are the medium in which myriads of other animals and vegetables exist. Life is certainly but a compound of other living creatures, of which it is as difficult to find the end in its minuteness, as it is to find on the other hand the greatness and extremity of the planetary systems.

When in the round of things mineral life has completed its course, vegetable and animal life spring therefrom, in its turn to be followed by human life. What results from this? eternal life and transformation?

When our globe was young the atmosphere which surrounded it was more charged with carbon and oxygen. The animals and vegetables of antediluvian ages were "huge monsters" compared with these of the present day. They grew larger simply because the elements were more favorable to their growth—more food material was present; and also greater warmth, on account of the greater density of the elements. Men lived to a greater age in olden times, and grew to gigantic proportions. Why? Simply because the materials of physical life were more conducive to this end.

From the time when the "hosts of heaven sang together" at the laying of the foundation of our globe, to the present day, has this great system of endless change been in progress. Change upon change, transformation upon transformation has been going on, always from the coarser to the finer. In the history of *our* race, bodily magnitude has given way to spiritual power. Thus from the days of the creation to the present, man has become more angelic—more Godlike—more suited to inhabit a celestial sphere—a spiritual abode.

Our Home Humorists.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO OMAHA.

BY QUIZ.

Can any one explain the tendency of eggs and salt bacon at all stopping places for stages or railway trains in Utah? Is there some mysterious but wonderfully productive process by which they are produced in such localities, that they meet you at every meal, stare you out of countenance whichever way you look for something to eat, and obtrude upon your very dreams? One would think that they grew in hills like corn; or that every animal on the farm, from the oxen down, was taken off from every other kind of work to manufacture them. It is true that this staple article of "station-house" diet is sometimes varied by salt bacon and eggs; and at other times by no bacon at all—a variation which—as it destroys the monotony of things—is, of course, very pleasing to travelers. But change or no change, eggs are omnipresent. One of the sweetest reminiscences a traveler carries with him from the Rocky Mountains, to come over him when in distant lands, in his hours of solitude, is the flavor of eggs. This class of fare, it is true, subsides as you leave Echo Canyon, but there is an atmosphere of eggs, yea, even unto Bryan.

Perhaps some day, a great philosopher will arise to explain the mysterious fact that where eggs leave off on this journey, a barren and sterile road sets in. As long as eggs abound, you have cultivation or romantic scenery, but—mournful fact as it is—it must be stated that, as soon as you leave eggs, you plunge into barrenness and desolation. This to Quiz's mind is a great argument in favor of eggs. It is therefore very much to the discredit of Cheyenne and Laramie to say that at these stopping places, you sometimes have to ask for eggs before you get them. There is not a proper minded Hen anywhere but what will join with us in saying that such places can never come to any good. On the other hand, at these points, they bore you with two or three kinds of meat, try your patience with vegetables and afflict you with pastry—eggs appearing only as omelettes; but eggs and fried bacon in their proper position as the staff of life, appear no more until you sniff them again on your return, in the breezes of the Rocky Mountains.

To come to the scenery of the road, after passing Echo, it will take a panorama to do it justice. Quiz has taken some pen and ink sketches which he intends, at a future period, to employ some great artist to elaborate. He would submit his views to Ottinger, but in all probability they would make him *Savage*, and mix up things in that firm too much; but he can describe it so that an imaginative mind can see it at a glance. Take a dirty white white-wash brush that has fraternized too familiarly with a pot of green paint; dip it in some clay and make a long smudge. This will represent about three hundred miles of the road in the spring. For a fall picture, you must wash out the green, and take up more dirty whiting and clay and you have the thing complete. There are great advantages on this kind of a route to a tourist. You can put your head out of the window and take one intense stare; draw in your head again, close your eyes and sing, "Of thee I'm fondly dreaming." You need not look out any more—you know all about it. You can go to sleep for a hundred miles and awake up thoroughly convinced that the train has not moved an inch—the same dirty white-wash mountains; the same eternal fields of clay, and smudge of sickly green; the same scooped-out look to the country everywhere, as though the ancient giants had been spooning out the plains into holes and throwing the dirt at each other. You will find it a splendid way of getting to sleep to try and discuss with yourself how such a country ever got there. If you have a profound brain like Quiz, you will come to the conclusion that the most reasonable proposition is, that, when the Rocky Mountains and valleys west of them were made, it took all the rocks and decent earth to make them, while the sand and clay were all thrown this side.

When we get to Laramie plains, the scene changes from one monotony to another—but a little better one of the two. Everlasting fields of green in spring, and of brown in autumn—relieved only by distant ridges of sand and boulders; then more fields of green and more low hills of sand and boulders, apparently forever. One great beauty of this journey is that a splendid panorama of a half a thousand miles can be made on a yard of canvass one foot wide, that will show every object of interest on the road. Other routes compel you to keep looking out and wear you to death with sight seeing. Not so with this. After leaving Echo all you have to do is to look out twice, once at Bitter Creek and once at Laramie—and you have it all. Take a dose of laudanum sufficient to sleep you till you get to Omaha, and wake up refreshed and blest. And here, after all, comes in the greatest benefit of this sort of road; for all the repose and surplus strength you have gained on your journey you will imperatively need to enable you to combat the fifty enterprising touters—all anxious to baggage you,—omnibus you,—sleep you, or eat you—who anxiously await your arrival in this young and enterprising city—and in whose tender hands Quiz philanthropically leaves you and the subject together.

Gems from the Poets.

LIKENESS OF SLEEP TO DEATH.

How sweet alive in living death to lie
And without dying, ah! how sweet to die.

[*Martial.*

AN EVENING SCENE.

They looked up into the sky whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They heard the waters' splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Touch but the chords and woman's heart is strung,
Like precious pearls hid in a miser's store,
Virtues and self-devotion both are found.—[*Old Play.*

POESY OF THE HEART.

There's poesy in every human heart,
'Tis part and parcel of our very being;
We may not breathe without it—may not move—
The veriest clown that whistles at the plow
Intuitively feels its sovereign power,
And owns its beauties though his voice be mute.

* * * * * *

Oh! there are those that never jingled rhymes,
Nor threw ideas into polished verse,
Have had their moments of poetic bliss,
And not a few possessed of scattered thoughts,
A richer mine than many a "child of song."

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE LOCKET.

"Who is this man, and how came you with him, my son?" asked Isaac Ben Ammon. "Who assaulted him? Father Abraham, but it is a ghastly sight!"

"Never mind particulars now. Let us dress his wounds first," observed Snap, in reply, with his usual self-possession. He possessed much surgical skill among his other scientific acquirements, and science is cool and passionless. The wounded singer was now his patient.

"Thou art right, my son; first dress his wounds. A ghastly sight, indeed. His face and head are bathed in blood."

"I must examine the skull to find if there be a fracture; and if so, whether serious or not," observed the man of science, as he took off his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves for surgical business, with the confidence of a professional.

"Water and a sponge," he continued.

"Haste, Levi; water and a sponge," directed the master of the house; and, when it was brought, he added:

"Go call Rebecca thy mother hither, good Levi. Tell her we need her assistance, with bandages and medicines."

"Good, my master," said Levi, as he hurried away.

"Rebecca is a skillful nurse, my friend. Father Abraham, but these are ugly wounds."

"But not so serious as I deemed," replied the mentor. "The skull is not fractured."

"The God of Jacob be praised for that, Benjamin. Didst thou not say thy name was Benjamin?" queried the ancient, less, however, from curiosity than from absent-mindedness that dwelt upon a familiar name.

"Nay, I said it not, father," answered Snap, as he clipped from the singer's head matted locks around the wound, with a small pair of scissors, from a case of instruments which he took from his breast pocket.

"Nay, I said not that my name was Benjamin. Judah is my name," he added.

"Judah! Thou bearest a goodly name, my son," observed the ancient.

"Yet it is so long since I was called by it, that it sounds a stranger to me, father."

"Yes; Judah *is* a royal name, my son," mused the old man.

"So said my mother, Judith," the other observed.

"Thy mother's name was Judith, didst thou say?"

"It was."

"Judith was my sister's name. It is now thirty years ago—aye more—thirty-three years ago since I saw my sister Judith. We parted in Russia—"

"In Russia!" interrupted Snap, with eager interest, but still cutting the hair away and bathing the wound.

"In Russia, Judah. Wast ever there? 'Tis a land of cruelty. Oh Benjamin, my son, my son!" and the old man seemed for a moment overpowered with the memory of the past, from which, however, he started, and tenderly contemplated the wounded stranger.

"Is he dangerously hurt?" he asked. "The cut is less ugly now the blood is cleaned away. Thy hand, Judah, is gentle as a woman's."

"The hurt is not serious, though the cut is deep," replied he who had given his name as Judah.

"But I fear some limb is broken," he continued, as he ripped up the sleeve of the singer's doublet.

"Alas!" responded the old man.

"No, 'tis but the collar-bone dislocated," Snap remarked.

"God is merciful," said the Jew.

"Your door was timely opened, father," returned the man of science, as he rested for a moment from his operation.

"It is never closed against the needy, Judah. But I took you at first for a midnight prowler."

Just then old Rebecca entered, followed by her son, Levi.

"Ha! Rebecca, it is one of our tribe. His friend is hurt nigh unto death. Light us to my bed-room. The stranger shall be given my own bed. The Jew is not a dog. Father Abraham, my own sufferings have taught me the lesson of humanity. Oh Benjamin, my son, my son!"

With these words, the venerable man passed out of the room, following Snap, who bore in his arms the senseless Farinelli.

Having laid the singer on the bed of the master of the house, the mentor skillfully dressed the wound in the head and set the collar-bone with the assistance of Rebecca and her son. After an hour thus spent, the men left Farinelli in the hands of the old nurse and returned to the parlor. The old Jew then gave orders to Levi to prepare breakfast for the stranger whom for a while he left alone.

"Here is a locket which I took from Farinelli's breast," observed the mentor to himself. "Now, I'll be sworn, 'tis a portrait of his foster-sister. Poor fool, I pity him. To love a woman! A slave of passion, a victim of jealousy! 'Tis the romance of folly. I find pleasure only in philosophy. Here is the spring which opens the locket. Now I never loved any one in my life, but my master and his son; no, not even my—Why, it is the portrait of a little girl."

Snap contemplated the picture which he held in his hand for several minutes with an eager scrutiny as intense as though he had been solving a scientific problem. Gradually a shade of softness stole over his hard, passionless countenance; the cynical expression habitually there died away, and a deep, love-light crept up into his dark, Jewish eye, as from a hidden soul within, which till now had slept beneath a veil.

"Where have I seen this angel-face before? In some dream? And yet there is a reminiscence in this face which is not all a dream. This picture troubles me as if the spirit of some departed one were in the inanimate, and fain would speak to me. Bah, I am growing superstitious."

And the mentor tossed the locket upon the table, seated himself in the old Jew's arm-chair and drew it near the fire. But ere five minutes had passed, he returned to the table and again contemplated the locket as earnestly as before.

"Yes, it *is* the likeness of my sister Rachel. I have solved the problem," observed he with a sigh of relief.

"It *is* my sister Rachel; my mother left her in Russia with my uncle Isaac. My little sister Rachel was the only mortal I ever loved, excepting the general and his son. Pshaw! they are no exception. Men are only animals whose instincts make them kin. Their selfish interests and necessities bind them—nothing more. But my sister Rachel, I remember as an angel, such as we sometimes fancy are waiting to welcome the good above. Bah, that is but a dream of folly. I am giving way to superstitious nonsense. Angels are myths. We cannot *solve* the problem of a hereafter, and therefore the subject is unworthy our thoughts. Science alone becomes investigation, for that is the only Book of Revelation. Yet my sister Rachel is to me an angel at this moment, notwithstanding. How her innocent face moves me!"

And the sceptic kissed the picture, while a tear glistened in his eye.

"Yes," he murmured, "even I have some heart left. The memory of my sister Rachel—"

"Rachel, Rachel!" exclaimed the old Jew, entering, and interrupting the reverie, "Who spoke of Rachel?"

My sister's name was Rachel. Father, is not this the face of an angel?"

"God of Abraham! 'Tis *my* Rachel—Rachel Ben Ammon! How didst thou *come* by this?"

"Thy name—thy name, old man?" questioned Judah excitedly, instead of replying.

"My name, my son, is Isaac Ben Ammon."

"Then there *is* a Providence!" returned Judah. "I must own a Providence in this night's meeting!"

"What meanest thou, Judah?"

"That I am less an infidel," replied the sceptic.

"Believest thou not in the God of our fathers, Judah?"

"I think to-night that the God of Abraham was not a myth," was the answer.

"I know He was not, Judah," observed the venerable Hebrew.

"Yes, I *think* He was not," said the sceptic. "I would that I could *solve* it."

"But that picture? Give it *me*," broke in Isaac Ben Ammon. "'Tis mine. Where didst thou find it, Judah? Nay, my son, withhold it not. 'Tis mine beyond all doubt. Thou wouldst not withhold from the old man the likeness of his child?"

"It is the likeness of my sister Rachel. I am the son of Judith and nephew of Isaac Ben Ammon!"

"Thou, Judith's son?"

"Even so."

"God of Abraham, I thank thee!" said the ancient.

"This picture is *our* Rachel's then," he added.

"I know not," Judah replied, "but that it is the likeness of my sister Rachel, I am assured. The rest I must solve."

"Where found you it?"

"On the person of Farinelli."

"The wounded stranger?"

"Even so."

"Yes, 'tis Rachel's face, indeed. And my son Benjamin—what of him?"

"I nothing know, uncle, of Benjamin, excepting that he married my sister."

"Father Abraham, shall I ever find my lost children? moaned the old man.

"Know you nothing, uncle, of his fate and that of Rachel, my sister?"

"Naught, Judah, beyond a dreadful ordeal through which he barely passed with life. Oh Benjamin, my son—my son!"

"Be comforted, uncle. If living, I will find him and my sister, Rachel."

"Yes, yes, good Judah," said the venerable Hebrew, with kindled hope. "Thou art young Judah. Thou wilt find Benjamin and his bride. I am sure thou canst. He must be living, Judah. It is impossible that he can be no more among the living. Thou wilt find them, my son. Swear to me by my fathers' God that thou wilt find them. Promise the old man, Judah, oh promise him, that you will search the earth to restore to him his son and thy sister—thy sister, Rachel, also."

"If he is with the living, I *will* restore him to you, my uncle. And now let us sit down to breakfast. Then take a draught which I will prepare, for you need repose. To-morrow you shall awake refreshed and strong, and I will listen to your history since you parted from young Benjamin. 'Twill help me in my search for him."

"And I had nearly turned thee from my doors, Judah. Father Abraham, pardon me."

"There *is* a Providence in this night's meeting, uncle Isaac. Sceptic as I have been, I say again I own a Providence in this. It is our own individual experience that brings us into the state of faith."

"The God of our fathers be praised!" responded Isaac Ben Ammon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISAAC BEN AMMON'S STORY.

It was in the afternoon succeeding the events related in our last chapter. The aged Hebrew was seated in an arm-chair of antique fashion. His Jewish gaberdine fastened by a rich girdle, hung loosely about his venerable form. On his finger he wore a massive diamond ring which would have been a fitting ransom for a prince. His features were noble; his countenance pale and elongated, and his white beard which reached to his bosom, gave him a most patriarchal appearance.

On the opposite side sat his nephew, whom we have known by the *sobriquet* of Snap, and by the more classical one of the Mentor. In future, in his associations with his Hebrew relatives, we shall call him by his proper name, Judah Nathans.

"Uncle Isaac," observed Judah, as the old man was about to commence his story "if you are not equal to the task leave it till to-morrow."

"Nay, nephew."

"But you look pale and agitated, Uncle Isaac."

"I am well, Judah—as well as I am wont to be."

"Yet you suffer! I read your history written on your countenance. The intensity of your feelings have drained your life, Uncle. You must throw off this weight of care."

Alas! alas! Judah, you know not what to say. Since the merciless officers of the Czar gave the youthful Benjamin to the dreadful torture of the knout—Oh Father Abraham, the memory of it kills me—I have often, Judah, mentally suffered the agonies which my stripling son endured in that awful hour. Not even did my own personal calamities—the loss of fortune and banishment to Siberia, equal what I have borne in anguish for my Benjamin."

"Dwell not upon it, Uncle Isaac."

"Alas! alas, Judah But I will tell my story in its order."

"Uncle, I listen."

"Your mother was my only sister," began Isaac Ben Ammon. "She was two years younger than myself—no more; for though my form is bowed and the white locks on my forehead as scant leaves on the autumn tree, yet is my age but sixty-seven. My grandsire lived until he was ninety-seven; and scarcely then seemed older than I."

"Yet, your form in youth, Uncle Isaac, must have been like the stately oak."

Alas! Judah! it is now like the oak stricken by the thunderbolt. I had a frame of iron, but suffering has bowed it to the earth."

"Your mother and myself," resumed the old man, after a moment's pause, "grew to maturity. We were happy. I entered into the calling of our race, and thrived as did our father Jacob, when he kept the flocks of Laban, for the blessing of our father's God was with me. I thought not of coming woe. The calamities which in ages past fell upon the chosen people because of their transgressions were as a dispensation of judgments over. My own prosperity seemed to me a bright prophecy of future blessings to Israel."

"Thus it ever is, when we ourselves are blessed," observed his philosophical nephew.

"I grew an enthusiast," continued the patriarch, "for I was devoted to the God and religion of our fathers. I deemed the time had come to favor Israel; for in the nations of Europe the sons of our antique race were rising in political as well as commercial power. I saw the destiny of nations passing into their hands; monarchs courted them; the commerce of the world pulsated at their will; the finance of governments were secretly controled by the house of Judah. To my ardent mind it seemed that the day had nearly come for the jubilee of our return to be proclaimed to our nation. Say unto the daughter of Zion, thy transgressions are blotted out. Return and rebuild with marble the ancient city. Beautify her Temple with gold and precious stones. In fancy, I heard the voice of our Messiah proclaim it to our people with more than the wondrous charm of the ram's horns which our priests blew when the walls of Jericho fell."

"Dreams, Uncle Isaac, dreams," interrupted his nephew.

"Believest thou not, Nephew, that Jacob shall again be a mighty nation?"

"Jacob was never so blessed, Uncle Isaac, as in the captivity which led him into every land. Israel was never so great a nation as now."

"What sayest thou, Judah?" asked the patriarch with astonishment.

"Of old," observed his nephew in reply "our people were but as busy ants in a tiny sand-hill Hardly worth the name of a nation —they were but a large family which generations had multiplied."

"It was the promise to Abraham. Our seed were to be as the stars in the firmament," observed the venerable Hebrew, reverently.

"All that our people have ever been in race they are to-day; but now, as you yourself have said, they hold empires in their hand. In their glory as a separate nation, ever under David and Solomon, they merely shared in common with the gentiles their little Palastine. Their dispersion was a blessing; their restoration—a dream, Uncle Isaac—a long-cherished dream, but still a dream."

"What, Judah; believest thou not that the covenant will be restored and Israel gathered to the land which God gave to our father Abraham?"

"Pardon me, Uncle; I interrupt your story."

Judah saw that his uncle was still an enthusiast. The venerable Hebrew continued:

"When your mother had reached the age of eighteen, she married Levi, your father. She loved her husband; but I—well, no matter, Judah, of that."

"You did not approve of my mother's choice, Uncle Isaac?"

"I said not so much, Judah, as that I did not approve."

"The truth offends me not, Uncle."

"Well, Nephew, to confess the truth, your father was not *thrifty*."

Isaac Ben Ammon said this as though he was admitting against his brother-in-law a cardinal sin. He "*was not thrifty*." All of the Jew was crowded in the sentence.

"Levi was of a strange mind," continued the old man, "and loved not commerce. Science was his delight. But there is no thrift in it, Judah. Yet knowledge is very good. Solomon was wise beyond all men, but commerce, Judah, best becomes the genius of our race."

"I believe, uncle, I inherit my father's sins. I admire Solomon more than Jacob."

"Now mark me, nephew," continued the uncle. "Levi Nathans increased not like Jacob in this world's substance; a family grew up around my sister. You were her first-born; Rachel, my Benjamin's bride, her youngest child. Levi and Judeth with their family went to England, what more of sons or daughters were born to them there I know not."

"I will some other time supply their history. Suffice now that my parents are dead as I told you, and of all the family I alone am left. The pestilence swept all away but me."

"Alas, alas!" said Isaac Ben Ammon. "The scourge fell not alone on me. What am I that I should murmur."

"Resume your story, uncle."

"As you have learned, Judah, since we met last night your sister Rachel, whom your parents left with me, became the bride

of young Benjamin. He was my only offspring. How happy the union of Benjamin and Rachel made his mother Sarah and myself you well can fancy."

"I can, uncle Isaac."

"But one evil day, Judah, I was induced to loan money to the conspiring nobles of Russia, for they told me that prince Nicholas desired the throne. They told me that this daring prince would carry out the intentions of Peter the Great, and among the rest redeem the Holy Land and break up the Ottoman empire. I was tempted, for I deemed that this would lead to the return of the Jews. Alas, Judah, the result was my own exile and my tender boy was given to the torture of the knout. I cannot dwell upon that day."

Overpowered by his emotions the old man broke off for a few moments, but then continued.

"Sarah, my wife, died of a broken heart, and my children fled, designing to go to Italy. But their fate since I know not. Father Abraham, shall I ever find my children?"

"How came you from Siberia, uncle? Did you escape or did Nicholas on his ascension recall you?" asked Judah, to draw the old man from his unpleasant memories.

"For ten years, Judah, I was an exile in Siberia, and then the Czar granted my petition for pardon. I returned to Russia and was graciously received by Nicholas. Not the most distant reference was made to his favor of the old conspiracy, for he fain would hide the indiscretion of his youth. Indeed, he affected to pity me on the assumption of my innocence, treating the conspiracy as a thing which never had any real existence. His brother Alexander, he said, had been misled by his ministers and betrayed by false tales. The advantage was that the nobles to whom I had loaned my monies redeemed their obligations with a fair interest which, to do them justice, was willingly rendered. Thus I was restored to more than my lost wealth."

"That indeed was handsome in the Czar," observed the nephew.

"Yes," replied Isaac Ben Ammon, "Nicholas of Russia is magnanimous, though his will is of iron, and his vengeance fearful when aroused."

"Did you continue in Russia, uncle?" interrogated his listener.

"For five years I did," was the reply, "and I sent my agents the world over to search for my son and his wife; but they found them not. At length one of my agents traced them to Italy; but the circumstances were so obscure that nothing certain could be discovered."

"In Italy," observed Judah, making a mental note. "There is a link to the likeness of my sister Rachel, found on the wounded singer. Go on, uncle."

"I then gathered together my wealth and resolved to make Italy my home. It was the land to which my Benjamin had fled, and where he had been was sanctified to my anxious heart. I came to Rome, and to occupy my mind continued in the calling of our race, though with but little ambition. Since that time I have traveled through all the cities of Italy to find my son, but in vain, until Providence sent you to my doors last night with the wounded stranger upon whose person you found the picture of your sister Rachel, not a trace of my children could I discover. But oh, Judah, we have found it at last. The God of Jacob, whose faith prevailed, has not sent that angel's face to us in vain."

"It is strange," murmured the Mentor. "Yes it is, uncle, a very strange coincidence that the lost links of our family were found together last night. I am less a sceptic than I was."

"You think that likeness will discover more—you think so good Judah?" eagerly queried the old man.

"Yes, uncle, I think so. But how came Farinelli with it? What connection can he have had with my sister Rachel?" Surely he is not her son? No, he is too old for that. I cannot make it out. I must solve the problem of his connection with that picture."

At this moment old Rebecca entered in excitement, and informed her master that the wounded man was delerious. She had left him with her son Levi, she said, who could only with difficulty hold him in his bed.

"Let us go to him, uncle. I will administer a sleeping draught. I would not have him die without revealing the secret of that picture."

"Nor I," said Isaac. "Half my wealth I would give to save his live to reveal that secret "

And they hurried to the room of the wounded singer, whom they found in the state reported. He seemed to half recognize the Mentor as he entered, for he became still more furious.

"Give me my foster-sister," he cried, stretching his arms widely to Judah.

"Terese, leave me not for him. He would destroy you body and soul. He does not love you as Beppo loves you. Curse him, curse him. No, Terese, forgive me. I will not curse him if you will not forsake your foster-brother for the false English noble. Ha! the villian takes her from me to bear her to England. He will make her his mistress. Let me after him."

"Who is this Terese, good Judah, that the young man's fancy conjures up?"

"I know not, uncle, more than that she is his foster-sister, and the *prima donna* which has of late been winning triumphs in Rome.

The singer laid exhausted, and Judah stood contemplating him in deep thought. An idea seemed to have struck him and he was finding its connection.

"Yes," he said at length, exultingly, "I have found it."

"What have you found, nephew?"

"The missing link, uncle."

"In what and where?"

"In your granddaughter."

"My granddaughter! God of Abraham, what mean you, Judah?"

"Mark, uncle!" and he took from his pocket the locket and held it before the eyes of Farinelli, who savagely clutched it, thrust it in his bosom and pressing it to his heart murmured "Terese, Terese."

The old Jew understood it all in a moment, and he sunk upon his knees and exclaimed:

"God of Abraham, I thank thee. I have found the child of Rachel and Benjamin. Oh, where are they?" and he hid his face in his hands.

The Mentor, not unmoved, yet still in a scientific mood, looked on with the satisfaction of one who had solved a problem, not one whose faith had received a revelation. His own acuteness had found it out.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE JEWESS AND HER UNCLE.

"Signor Spontini, is your pupil at home?" inquired Judah Nathans of the composer who had answered the knock at the door of his villa, situated on the outskirts of Rome.

"She is, signor," was the reply.

"Can I see her, signor?"

"She is within," the *maestro* said with some embarrassment, seeming neither to invite the stranger into his villa nor to refuse an entrance.

"I am glad that Terese is at home," Judah replied, thus leaving the composer no alternative between a refusal or an admission."

"What name shall I give, signor?"

"Judah Nathans."

"I would you had not called to-day, signor, for my pupil is in trouble."

"I am very sorry," was the sympathetic rejoinder.

"Her foster-brother is missing."

"I have news of him."

"Indeed! Are you known to my adopted child?"

"I knew her mother."

"Her mother? You astonish me."

"Her mother was my sister," said Judah.

"Holy Virgin! Terese's mother your sister!" exclaimed Spontini.

"Rachel, her mother, was truly my sister."

"This is wonderful."

"Her grandsire, Isaac Ben Ammon, is waiting to fold Terese to his heart," continued Judah.

"Isaac Ben Ammon is her grandsire. This is wonderful news, wonderful news, signor," replied the composer excitedly. "Walk in, signor. My pupil must know of this at once. I hope you are not deceived. It would be cruel to trifle with the poor child."

"Startle her not, Signor Spontini," observed her uncle with cautious solicitude.

"You are right, signor. My pupil is already afflicted concerning the absence of her foster-brother."

"Say that I bring news of him. The rest I will gently break to her."

"Yes, it is best so. This will be a surprise indeed. I hope you do not intend to take her from me. Holy Virgin, I would Sir Walter Templar was here."

Her uncle thought differently, but he followed the musician without reply

"Here is a friend, Terese, who brings us intelligence of Farinelli," said Spontini, as they entered the room where the Hebrew maiden sat looking from the window, her thoughts divided between anxiety for her foster-brother, and uncertain dreams of her departed lover.

One moment the beautiful Jewess would in her trustful fancy picture the future bright as the great love of Walter could make it if she became his bride.

"Yes, Providence will overrule all for the best," she murmured. "His family will release him from his betrothal. Eleanor herself will insist upon it when she knows how dearly he loves me."

But then at the next moment came the uncertainty, and the longing to know the worst or be confirmed in the assurance which her lover breathed into her ear as they parted, and sealed with a prolonged, passionate kiss upon her lips, as though he feared, in spite of his assurance, that their parting would be forever.

With each reaction from her hopefulness came an anxiety for her foster-brother, and the thoughts of what had become of him. She knew somewhat of his jealousy, for she had marked it, and perhaps the indistinct association in her mind of Walter and Farinelli as rivals, so constantly brought the two up together in her reverie that afternoon. It might have been, too, because intuitive natures like that of the Jewess *sense* the hidden circumstances which are approaching them, and by their prescient instincts foreshadow phases of their lives yet to be revealed. Hence we often think of persons who are nearing us, and forebode events which immediately manifest themselves.

In this *en rapport* state of mind Spontini and her uncle found Terese, and when the *maestro* as he entered observed:

"Here is a friend, Terese, who brings intelligence of Farinelli," the maiden started to her feet and came towards them with the eagerness of one who expected some message of deepest moment.

"Oh, signor, where *is* my foster-brother? What news have you for me? Tell me, I beseech you."

But her uncle, instead of making a direct reply, bent upon the maiden a long gaze of tenderest interest. Fain would he have folded her to his heart as he did his little sister Rachel when he left her in Russia. Not to that heart had he pressed a creature in love since that day; for as a boy he was made churlish by ill-treatment, as a man cynical by his intellectual scepticism of the genuineness of human affections. He deemed that self-interest and passion governed the action of mortals, and to the potency of evil he gave too large an influence in the affairs of life. But he himself was a proof that the world is "not all dross," as he stood with his tender gaze bent upon his niece, and a yearning in his heart to fold her there.

Terese, not understanding the meaning of the stranger's manner, and thinking it had exclusive reference to Farinelli, after the moment's silence, laying her hand impulsively upon his arm, said:

"In mercy, signor, keep me not in this suspense. What *has* become of my foster-brother?"

"Be not alarmed, gentle maiden," her uncle replied, affectionately. "No serious harm has happened."

"But harm *has* happened to him. Oh tell me the worst, signor, Oh tell me the worst. Keep me not in suspense."

"I have told you the worst, my child, in saying that harm has happened. Be seated; compose yourself and I will tell you all."

Terese took her seat as desired, and her uncle and Spontini followed her example.

"My child," began her uncle, "your foster-brother has been wounded, but not seriously. 'Tis but a bruise. I will answer for his speedy recovery. I deceive you not, lady. I *could not* deceive you, my child."

The maiden thought the stranger's tender words were those of sympathy, and evinced no surprise thereat.

"How came my poor foster-brother hurt?" she asked.

"In an encounter two nights ago with some unknown man," was the reply.

"I cannot tell you the particulars, my child."

"It is strange."

"Suffice it maiden, that coming upon the scene, I rescued him and bore him to a house where he received surgical skill and nursing."

"Is he still there?"

"Yes."

"I will go to him. We will go at once, good Spontini. Order our cariage, *maestro*, while I hasten to attire."

"Nay, nay, my child," said her uncle. "Your foster-brother is in good hands. I have not yet communicated all."

"I listen, signor," observed Terese, resuming her seat.

"We found a small locket on the person of your foster-brother. It was the picture of a child—a little maiden some eight years of age I should suppose."

"'Tis the picture of myself."

"He wore it next his heart," continued her as yet unknown uncle.

"My foster-brother ever loved me," observed the maiden with a blush.

"It is the picture of my sister," said Judah.

"No, signor stranger. That cannot be. It is the picture of myself. I know my foster-brother wears it. It cannot be another picture than mine. If you knew Beppo as I do, you would say so too."

The slight touch of woman's jealousy manifested that Terese was not altogether unconscious of her foster-brother's hopeless love.

"I am right, my child. 'Tis the likeness of my sister Rachel."

"My *mother's* name was Rachel," observed the Jewess, startled.

"And your father's name was Benjamin, the only son of Isaac Ben Ammon?"

"It was. But how know you my history, signor?"

"You mother was my sister; I am Judah, her eldest brother. Rachel, Rachel, my niece—for to me you are Rachel—I see your mother in you—Rachel, my little one, will you not come to your uncle Judah's arms?"

And the cynic, the infidel, the man of evil as he classed himself, opened his arms, and Terese obeying her impulse, was clasped to his heart with a fervent embrace; and as her uncle kissed her, a tear glistened in his dark eye so usually passionless, but passionless from a nature subdued. Spontini looked on and doubted not the relationship between Judah Nathans and Terese Ben Ammon.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps everyone else
As busy as birds on the wing:
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toils she endures—
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin,
You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
And nicely-swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors—O yes,
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring:
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
Alas, I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing:
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting:
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green.
But she's such a fidgety thing.

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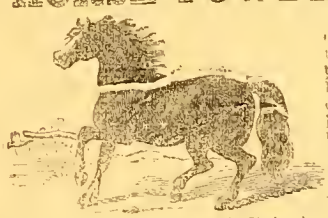

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ARION PIANOFORTE

GRANDS AND GRAND SQUARES,

7⅓ OCTAVES

The "ARION" is the very best Piano for the Great West, because it stands in tune longer than any other Piano. It requires no repairing or regulating; shipping any distance, or dampness does not affect them.

WHY?

It commences where the "First Premium" Makers stop, and upon the most improved Modern scale makes four patented improvements; which make the Arion more simple, yet stronger; increasing its volume and beauty of tone, while rendering the instrument more enduring.

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First. The patent *Arion* Reversed Wooden Agraffe Bridge, which retains all the purity of tone only found in a wooden bridge (the rest whereon the strings lay), and obtains all the solid prolonged strength of tone of the metal Agraffe, without that acute metalic noise which the metal Agraffe develops by use.

Secondly, The Patent *Arion* Compound Wrest-Plank, which holds the tuning pins, is six thicknesses of hard maple, the grain of each layer runs in a different direction. The advantages are, the 20 tons strain of the strings cannot split our *Arion* wrest-plank, as frequently happens in other Pianos, and when people say "*My Piano won't stand in tune*," all other makers must use the single wrest plank with the grain running only one way.

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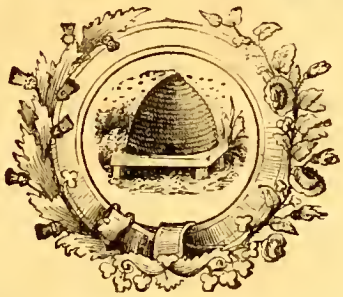
NO. 11, JULY 17, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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No. 11] SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 17, 1869 [Vol. 3

THY SPIRIT MOVETH BY MY SIDE.

By Roscoe Monigan.

Thy spirit moveth by my side
In thought, where'er I be;
Nor time nor absence can divide
My soul, O love, from thee.

And now, though parted—far away,
My dear one, as of yore—
My *mind* beholds thee day by day—
I love thee more and more.

The music of thy gentle voice,
The sweet smile in thine eye,
Still bid me in my grief rejoice,
With hope that cannot die.

I prize thy fondness far above
All joys I e'er have known;
O, take the sceptre, dearest love,
And make my heart thy throne.

THE SIGNAL-MAN.

"Halloa! Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But, I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then, there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train, had passed me and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him re-furling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough, zig-zag descending path notched out: which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with he which had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the ziz zag descent, to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the railroad and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way, only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, that it had an earthy deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly awakened interest in

these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Dont you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), Yes.

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes. I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labor—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here—if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between these high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did chose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence), perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed, he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth: as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once, he had to stand without the door, and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face towards the little bell when it did NOT ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I when I rose to leave him: "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If you ever make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show you my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry 'Halloa! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect——"

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have!"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I

walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zig-zag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?" "By all means, sir." "Good night, then, and here's my hand." "Good night, sir, and here's mine." With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me.'

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence: "For God's sake clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel," said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again, faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways 'All well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proven it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires."

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:

"Within six hours after the Appearance; the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress his mind. But, it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at that door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more, I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time:

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it, just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the Danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?",

He repeated if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way!"

Then, he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell——"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and if I am a living man, it did NOT ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But *I* heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It WAS there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the Danger-light. There, was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There, were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly towards the same spot.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter of course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question, What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging, somewhere on the Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of *me*. What can *I* do!"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work:—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home'? If it came, on those two occasions, only to show that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signalman on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was, to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all questions of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty, must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post as the night advanced, began to make larger demands on his attention; and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor, did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

But, what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me, to his superiors in the Company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signalman's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me, passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had

come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signalman killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"O! how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel:

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the Engine-Driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate Signalman had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, the gesticulation he had imitated.

Our Home Humorists.

ORATORY MADE EASY.

AN ESSAY, BY JINGO & CO.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to deliver a stump-speech, most text books will inform you that the first requisite is to have something to say. This is undoubtedly a grand mistake. All the stirring stump-speeches of the day are made by men who have nothing upon their minds—who, being called upon, *quite unexpectedly*, are consequently utterly *unprepared*,—always come to listen.

Much depends upon a proper commencement. There are two kinds of commencement—the independent or first speaker's commencement and the dependent, or subsequent speaker's commencement. A very good form of commencement in either case is as follows: "I rise before you." This is a more comprehensive sentence than it would at first appear. I, signifies the speaker. Rise, indicates that he has considerable get up to him, etc. You must avoid too violent gestures in your speaking. We heard of a minister who "danged 'the innards' out of sixteen bibles in three months." The principal objection to this style is that it is rather hard on the American Bible Society, otherwise it has a tendency to keep the audience awake. Should you run short of ideas, you can repeat what you have said, simply by prefixing the remark "as I said before." Or you can repeat the same idea in different words. Or can say, "Taking this view of the subject," "but to continue," etc. Should you still be short of ideas, you can deliberately take a drink of water. This, if properly managed, can be made to fill a full minute. Many of our most brilliant ideas have been suggested simply by blowing the nose. A good preparation for stump-speaking is successful pleading at the *bar*.

The mention of the words, Irishman, nigger, dog, etc., in connection with short anecdotes invariably has a happy effect, the countenance of the intelligent public expands—once get their mouths open you can insert anything you choose. If your voice should be harsh use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which can be obtained in limited quantity at the Drug Store of W. S. Godbe, any day between the hours of eight a.m. and twelve p.m. If indistinct, use Walker's Vinegar Bitters. We never knew any one to die as long as he could worry down Vinegar Bitters.

Although we have here condensed matter, sufficient to fill a folio volume, yet the subject seems inexhaustible. There are five different styles of speaking, each of which admits of ten or twelve subdivisions: viz, the *Impulsive*, *Expulsive*, *Compulsive*, *Discursive*, and *Explosive* styles. For instance, the style of the minister who "danged the innards out of sixteen Bibles in three months" may be termed a mild form of the explosive, which may be considered the acme of oratorical eminence. Poetry sometimes has a very good effect if properly introduced.

Before concluding, we would say that the following latin phrases should never be omitted in a well constructed stump-speech: viz: "Magna est viritas et prevalibet." "Kats narrawap," "Simmilia similibus curanter," "ubet your life," etc.

More anon.

Gems from the Poets.

THE NEEDED PRESENCE.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
  And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
  Above the frequent feudal towers,
Though green leaves lift their walls of gray,
  And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
  Look o'er the vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing wants these banks of Rhine,—
  Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

Byron's Childe Harold.

BETTER.

Better a little labor
  Than overrest;
Better a pleasant neighbor
  Than tedious guest;
Better the funeral shroud
  With hope behind it,
Than light within the cloud
  That silver-lined it.

Better a sea of light
  When morn has crowned it,
Than all the stars of night;—
  Its spells around it:
Better a life sublime
  Unshrined in story,
Than one gew-gawed by Time
  And bruit with glory.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.
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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

PLAIN TALKS ON THE SCIENCES.

FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

No. 1.

Under this heading we shall endeavor to give a plain view of some of the sciences. We shall give no minutiæ, or details of laws or rules, but just such general facts as a non-studious man can keep in his mind; and such as every man and woman should be acquainted with to enable them to converse intelligently in society. Our first talk will be on Astronomy.

In the good old times it was naturally enough supposed by mankind, that they lived on a flat earth; for who could have supposed that there were men on the underneath side of the globe, sticking to the surface with their heads in the air and their legs pointing towards their own? Or who could have been expected to have believed that every night their own heads were pointing to an opposite portion of the heavens to that which, in the day time, was immediately above them?

The fact, however, that men could commence sailing in what was nearly a straight line, and instead of finding the edge of the earth and tumbling over, keep sailing straight on, and yet come back to the place from whence they started, without their ever having had to turn around to get there, soon convinced our ancestors that if the earth was not round, it was so much like it that they could not tell the difference.

Perhaps one of the very simplest and most self-evident proofs of the roundness of the earth, and one which everybody can get at, consists in the fact that whenever an eclipse of the moon takes place, which is caused by the earth getting between the sun and the moon, the shadow of the earth is thrown right upon the moon's face. There it is to be seen by everybody, a clear round shadow. Now, as square objects have never been known to throw round shadows,—not even in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," we need search but little further for proof that we live on an enormous round ball, walking all over it like flies on the surface of a ceiling.

Another thing very hard for our ancestors to imagine, was, that, whereas the sun and the stars were seen visibly to rise above our horizon and go right over it, descending on the opposite side, that, in fact, they really did no such thing, but that it was themselves that did the rolling, while the sun and stars stood still. Just as the youth who, for the first time, starts on a railway car, or a steamboat, finds it hard to imagine that the trees and the houses are not all in motion and flying past him; while in reality they are stationary and he is speeding along.

A very simple argument, but one which is not original here, will show anyone what a grand piece of absurdity the rolling of the mighty universe of worlds around this earth to warm and illuminate it would be, when the same object could be gained by letting them rest and turning around the surface of this little fraction of a globe instead. It would be about as sensible as for a man who wanted to roast a chicken, who should at an enormous expense contrive a kitchen and fire-place which should revolve around the chicken in order to cook it, instead of keeping kitchen and fire-place in their places and turning around the chicken itself.

As soon as mankind began to discover a few little facts like these respecting the earth they lived on, their thoughts naturally turned to the great universe of which they had every reason to believe our earth was but a shining point.

No sooner did they discover that this earth was but a satellite of the great sun, than they discovered that we were only one of a number of similar globes, which, like a family of sons and daughters, revolved around the sun as a central grandpapa. Some of these globes, they discovered, circled around the old gentleman, closer home and nearer to him than ourselves, while others performed their journeys around his presence, away out in space and much further off.

Such of these globes as belong to our family, or to our solar system, as it is called, can be distinguished from others in the heavens by the fact that they burn with a dead flat light, while the stars, which are supposed to be all grandfathers of systems in their own right—each with their own retinue of worlds to do them homage, shine with a brilliant twinkling and more lustrous light, as such venerable head centers very properly should.

In process of time, from these ideas, men's minds went out to the thought, that if this world and a number of others revolved around the sun, in all probability the sun itself with the whole of his family revolved around a still larger center, while that in turn with its suns and worlds revolved around a greater centre still, and so on, worlds without end.

And thus, in this way, if in no other, men's minds began to open to the glory, beauty and order of the vast universe of which we form a part.

"MORMONISM" AND THE QUESTION OF MAN'S DIVINITY.

As the faith of the people of Utah is considered by many to be an unintellectual scheme, appealing only to the sensual and material instincts of mankind, we have concluded to present occasionally a few thoughts showing wherein it not only finds its corroborations in science, but appeals to the noblest instincts of our nature.

It will yet be found that the greatest evidence that can be given of the divinity of any principle, is that it finds its response in the highest instincts of the human breast. There is greater evidence to the truly cultivated mind in corroboration of this kind, than in all the Bibles that were ever written or all the miracles that were ever wrought.

There is an inward testimony written within us by a divine hand, of what we are and of what we are destined to be, to which all outward creeds must conform, or they are false. Take, for instance, this very question concerning our origin and destiny. What kind of a creed do we need on this subject, to be in harmony with the inward testimony of our own beings; what kind of a faith to be as grand as our own souls?

On this subject we assert that, to truly feed such a great and unbounded nature as man's, a religion is required whose views of the origin and destiny of his spirit shall be as exalted and unbounded as the immensity of his desires. Man needs a religion capable of explaining the affinity of his soul with the majestic and the eternal,—one that can also explain

why a type of the attributes of Deity is found within him, and tell how it is that such restless and insatiable ambitions are implanted within his nature.

Now, "Mormonism" meets this demand in the great principle which first and foremost it has taught to the world of the divine origin and eternal character of the powers of man.

From the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith we learn the great and glorious fact that all men and women, without exception, are sons and daughters begotten unto the living God, from whom these high attributes have been derived: hence their wide and insatiable character.

Thus we learn the simplifying fact that all the creative, acquisitive, and governing powers with which we operate continually on a small scale, are but counterparts of powers which the Creator, in the vast range of his almighty movements, calls into action above, and that they are germs and buddings of his Divinity seeking to unfold itself: hence the wonderful variety and scope of such powers. Thus we learn that every true affection of the heart, every natural ambition every yearning or striving of the spirit is an impulse of that lofty nature we have received from Him, and that all are eternal and inseparable attributes of our endless being, capable of being, and intended to be, infinitely and boundlessly expanded and developed, under the guidance of the Almighty, until the Great Father is glorified and reproduced in the perfections of the hearts, minds, and persons of His children; and, consequently, the reason why, wherever human foot has trod, these impulses and ambitions are found expanding their force within the human breast.

Here, then, are principles that present us with views concerning man's origin and destiny in harmony with the utmost soarings or strides of his being after knowledge or power—principles worthy of that which he feels and knows himself to be; here, the key to the mystery of man's endowment with the varied powers that make him so great a type of Deity.

Looking around upon this world—looking back upon man's history, scriptural or "profane," how simplified and intelligible, in this light, does all appear!

Because man has had infused into him the germ of His qualities who is above all, therefore he is independent in his character. He laughs at prison walls, and dares the martyr's flame to rob him of his *will*, and, therefore, he soars ever after the beautiful, the holy and the true.

Because man is divine in his origin, and has come forth from the Author of creative power, and is necessarily imbued with a love for the mighty and the supreme, his soul is stirred by any of the great manifestations of his Father's hand in the natural world.

Gloriously does the doctrine of the divine origin of man lift the barriers of darkness from around about our path and destiny, while together to its proof comes rushing from manifold points a scattered mass of testimony. It is seen in the sublime conceptions, the huge efforts, and the glories of six thousand years. It is heard also in the responses of the human soul, and found corroborated in the divine teachings of remote and separate ages.

Yes, the divine origin of man is written in every breast—is seen in the untiring qualities of the mind, ever crying, "On, on to new conquests, new honors, new discoveries, and new means for gratification." It was heard in the declaration by man of his own immortality ere the voice of Jesus was heard upon the earth, and it was corroborated, carried on, and glorified in his principles and promises when he appeared.

This principle, then, is our natural food. It alone of all creeds concerning our origin, is in full harmony with the vastness and sweep of our powers and aspirations: hence it alone is worthy of us. So natural, so sweet, so good, so true does it come to us, that we feel it belongs to us as light belongs to our eyes, and was meant for us as much as the juice of the grape for our lips.

In other words, this grand principle meets our proposition; it is calculated to satisfy, develop, brighten, and make glorious the powers of man's spirit, and thus produces proof that it was, and is, a heaven-born truth, sent for man by the same God, who made the earth for our feet, and light for our grateful eyes.

Correspondence, Etc.

Thomas Bradshaw, Wellsville.—We have received some patriotic verses from our old friend, the most of which will, perhaps, better suit a future occasion. The following verse is a very correct picture of the future of our Zion:—

"The blending of hearts and affections in one,
Our interest in common, our selfishness gone;
Each trying in good his brother to vie;—
Can anything equal it under the sky?
'Tis God in each movement, each thought and each plan;
'Tis Deity shining refulgent in man.

Anon.—There are several good points in your little piece, but the lines are very unequal, and some of the expressions unpoetical. It would be much improved with a little care.

William Tell and the Arrow.—In reference to the story of William Tell and Swiss liberty, we copy the following fragment from a note by our friend, Jabez Woodard, whose Swiss antecedents are pretty well known.

"William Tell is said to have shot the first arrow for Swiss liberty. It is, however, more certain that Gertrude, the wife of a farmer, gave the first impulse to union against the Austrian oppressor. When her husband and others shrunk from the dangers of the enterprise and the power of the foe. She forgot the timidity of her sex, and exclaimed—'Be men and trust in heaven.' And it is remarkable that as long as the Swiss knelt in their ranks and prayed before the battle, they were uniformly victorious."

The story of the apple and the arrow, has, of late, been consigned to rest with a number of other delightful fables. It is like the story of the words—'Up, guards, and at them,' and the field of Waterloo, for so many years so popularly ascribed to the Duke of Wellington, but which the old duke denied ever having used in his life. After any remarkable event is over, there are always imaginative minds which delight to clothe it with an air of romance and heroism. We should not be surprised, if, at the great day, when shall be revealed to mankind the true history of their race, all histories—even to that of Jesus himself—be found to be touched up a little for purposes of effect by over-zealous friends. It will probably not be a hundred years before scenes which never occurred in this world, will be ascribed to leading men who have been and are figuring among ourselves. It s human nature.

Received.—Four pieces: "Why," and "Welcome to Summer," by Jno. Burrows: "Sweet Home," by A. Dalrymple. Music, "Wait, my Darling, Wait," by Professor Thomas. Correspondence, Geo. Halliday. Etc.

NOTICE.

To all our Friends: We shall endeavor to send out to our country subscribers, with this and following numbers, free copies of the Magazine, which we trust they will be kind enough to lend to as many of their friends and neighbors as possible. We are sparing no expense to make the Magazine worthy of Utah; and although we shall not complain if we do not realize a cent of profit for a year or two, still we shall be grateful to all who seek to alleviate our burden by increasing the circulation. As the *Daily Telegraph* said lately, the Magazine is no commercial speculation. It is published solely in the interest of progress in Utah. Every friend can help this cause and lighten our burdens wonderfully by getting us each one subscriber. Who will do it?

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

The career of Mohammed was thenceforth one of conquest. The pagan tribes, who would not peacefully be converted from their idolatry, he subdued with the sword, and they in their turn became valiant in the "cause of the Lord," proving that the military gospel was the one most adapted to the character of the children of Ishmael, and even consonant with the patriarchal blessing and covenant pertaining to Abraham's firstborn.

In the seventh year of the Hegira, Mohammed assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the monarchs around. The emperor of Persia treated the embassy sent to him with supreme contempt, for which the Prophet launched against him the divine wrath, predicting the overthrow of the haughty Persian empire by the conquering arms of the faithful. In the next year, Mohammed appeared suddenly at the gates of Mecca with 10,000 men, before the troops of that city had even been apprised of his departure from Medina. They had no choice left but immediate surrender or destruction; and thus at length was humbled the powerful race from whence the Prophet himself had sprung, and the city of his nativity, which had rejected his message and cast him out. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the great tribe of the Koreish, was rapidly followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remote tribes, until he became master of all Arabia. Having brought all the tribes into one powerful union, and given birth to an Arabian empire, he made gigantic preparations for the conquest of Syria and Persia; but his vast purposes were destined to be fulfilled by his successors, for his own life was now drawing to a close.

In the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed set forth on a solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, as the last act of his life and ministry upon earth. He was accompanied by all his wives, and 90,000 pilgrims. With his own hands he sacrificed sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life. He also shaved his head and scattered the hair among the multitude, which they piously gathered up, to the smallest hair, and treasured as holy relics. He closed the solemnity with his last revelation, pronounced by the "Spirit of the Lord" through the medium of his prophet. Henceforth, "wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me; this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion." Finally, as supreme pontiff or Imam, Mohammed dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence this pilgrimage is called "The Farewell."

Mohammed returned to Medina, and died, in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and in the sixty-third year of his age, having accomplished during his lifetime, in the work of religious empire-founding, more than any before him; and in less than ten years after his death, under Omar, his second successor, was completed the conquest of Egypt, Syria, and Persia, the vast Mohammedan empire established, and Islamism dominant over nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere.

It has been the habit of Christian writers to stigmatize Mohammed as "the great false prophet" and as an anti-Christ; but in this age of liberal views, even sound believers in the divine mission of the Christ, from chosen Isaac's seed, can afford to do justice to the great prophet who sprang from the loins of his brother Ishmael. Heterodox philosophers, on their side, will class the whole race of prophets and apostles together, and view them simply as marvelous psychological and sociological problems. They will treat the genuine of this peculiar order as rare types of beings whose visionary and inspirative natures saw empires in their own fervid minds. Out of such as these new civilizations and empires have grown; and it has ever been found in the course of nations that when the old empires have been rapidly passing through their states of decay, and the world needed a new impulse, then human giants have risen with their peculiar dispensations.

What shall we say of this wonderful man and his mission? This: if there be a God, then must that God, of *necessity*, be in all the world's great issues. Surely, then, into the hands of Mohammed, Providence committed one of the greatest of those issues.

In Mohammed and his mission, there is a genuine assumption of the Abrahamic covenant claimed by a descendant of the eldest son of the "Father of the Faithful;" and unless we give due weight to this fact and its workings in the mind of this great representative of the line of Abraham's firstborn, we shall make discordant that which is in itself grandly harmonious. "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed," was the covenant made to the "Father of the Faithful;" and Mohammed claimed his portion thereof. Yet did the Arabian prophet magnanimously give unto the seed of Isaac the principal succession in the sacred prophetic line, affirming that, though it was latent in the race of Ishmael, the gift of prophecy, with the holy apostleship, was not vouchsafed to any of his seed until he (Mohammed), the last of the Prophets, came, while from Isaac had sprung a long succession of prophets to carry on the Abrahamic dispensations.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy of the life of the man utterly rejects the popular notions of Mohammed. He believes that "the rude message he delivered was a real one withal—an earnest, confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanity and simulacrum; a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself." He discerns in him a rugged, deep-hearted son of the wilderness—"one of those who can not but be in earnest—whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere." "From of old a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue, glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer." At length, Carlyle thinks, the answer came in his own grand conception, that "there is one God in and over all."

With this annunciation, made by his own soul, he became possessed with the spirit of a mission to establish in Arabia the truth that there is but one God. That there was a deity in Mohammed's life working out one of the world-issues seems to be Mr. Carlyle's opinion. "Are we to suppose," he asks, "that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this, which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died? I, for my part, can not form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this great world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here." Accordingly, he holds that Mohammed's dispensation was legitimate and successful, advancing the nations which received it from their state of idolatry to a higher stage of civilization, and to the faith of One God.

We will close our article with a description of the Prophet, from Washington Irving:

"Mohammed, according to accounts handed down by tradition from his cotemporaries, was of middle stature, square built, and sinewy, with large hands and feet. In his youth, he was uncommonly strong and vigorous: in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped, and well set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, broad at the temples, and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which nearly met, a mouth large and flexible, indicating eloquence; very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair, which waved without a curl on his shoulders, and a long and very full beard.

"His deportment in general was calm and equable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified, though he is said to have possessed a smile of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs, and in his excited and enthusiastic moments there was a glow and radiance in his countenance which his disciples magnified into the supernatural light of prophecy.

"His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and an inventive genius. Owing but little to education, he had quickened and informed his mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of religion current in his day or handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologues so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and his eloquence was aided by a voice musical and sonorous. He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of fasts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel—the ostentation of a petty mind; neither was his simplicity affected, but the result of a real disregard to distinction from so trivial a source. His garments were sometimes of wool, sometimes of the striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the angels, and in arranging it he let one end hang down his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore it. * * He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, 'Mohammed the messenger of God.' He was scrupulous as to personal cleanliness, and observed frequent ablutions. * * 'There are two things in this world,' he would say, 'which delight me, women and perfumes. These two things delight my eyes and render me more fervent in devotion.' It is said that when in the presence of a beautiful female, he was continually smoothing his brow and adjusting his hair as if anxious to appear to advantage. In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak with equity, and was beloved by the common people."

A DISCOURSE ON PEOPLE'S NAMES.

Surnames were first introduced into England by the Normans, and were adopted by the English nobility soon after the Conquest. Centuries passed, however, before the use of them became general. The surnames of the gentry can hardly be traced further back than the middle of the twelfth century, about which time, according to Camden, it began to be thought essential that persons of rank should bear some designation in addition to their baptismal names. Among the homelier classes this necessity was felt much later, and the process was much slower, and with them hereditary surnames were not permanently adopted before the era of the Reformation; indeed, in the more retired parts of the country, and notably among the wealthy families of Yorkshire, hereditary names were unknown as late as the seventeenth century.

The first form of the *supra nomen*, or added name, seems to have been surnames for *son*—among the Normans; *Fitz*, as *Fit Herbert*, the son of Herbert; among the Scotch, *Mac*, as *Macdonald*, the son of Donald. The Irish chose the grandson, for which the Irish equivalent is *O*, as *O'Neal*, Neal's grandson, *O'Brien*, Brien's grandson. It was quite natural, as it was inevitable, that the example set by the lordly Normans, and their congeners Irish and Scotch, should find imitators. The Welsh followed suit (unless, indeed, as they pretend, they originated the practice), and carried out the principle still further, bearing in their surnames something like a complete table of descent—as, for instance, in the name *Griffith-ap-Evan—ap-Morgan—ap-Fluellen—ap-Shenkin—ap-Shone*—(ap, signifying son,) Griffith, son of Evan, son of Morgan, son of Fluellen, son of Jenkins, son of Jones. The Russians follow a like practice at the present day—as *Petro Ivanovitz*, Peter, son of John. Modern English names ending in *son*, generally denote a middle or plebeian class; and such seems too have been the opinion of Beau Brummel, who having accepted an invitation to dine with a Mr. Jackson, while apologising to the hostess for coming late, called her Mrs. Thomson. When informed of his mistake, he coolly replied, "Oh, it's all the same, you know—Jackson, Johnson, Thomson, Dickson, and that sort of thing!"

At the introduction of Christianity among the northerns, the Christian names were sometimes conferred in a rather summary manner. Persons of note—leaders, captains, chiefs, and men or woman of local celebrity or consideration, had each his own name given to him at baptism; but, on the other hand, the rank-and-file soldiers and the common people were often baptised in squads or battalions, all the subjects of one baptismal ceremony taking the same name. Thus there would be, among the converts of a single day, one squad of Peters, another of Thomases, a third of Johns, and so on. This must have led to no small confusion, as the new converts would naturally pride themselves on their new names, and it must have tended to the more general adoption of surnames for the sake of distinction. Although the rich often derived their surnames from the property or estates they possessed—as Clifford, Pevensey, Hastings—or from some chivalric or heraldic insignia, or some renowned exploit—it is plain the mass of the people could not do so. A vast number of the first surnames common in Britain were, it is evident, taken from the trades or callings of those who bore them—a fact which explains the prevalence of such names at the present time as Smith, Baker, Carpenter, Carter, etc. At a later period, when surnames were becoming hereditary, these designations no longer described the callings of their owners. Other surnames were derived from some personal peculiarity, as Gaunt, Barebones, Longshanks, Crookshanks; and others again from some personal quality, as Swift, Strong, Bold, etc.; while not a few, it would appear originated in character and habits, as Craven, Coward, Stalker, Slasher, Blower.

But whatever may have been the origin of the numerous surnames to which a special significance can be attached, it is pretty clear that such *quasi* distinctive appellations were all too few as the population went on increasing, and the fashion for hereditary names extended, and when in course of time, others of an arbitrary character had to be adopted,

to which no sort of significance could be attached, but which yet served perfectly well every purpose for which distinctive names are required. Very many English names at the present day are of this latter class, having no imaginable reference to any property or peculiarity of the persons to whom, for generations past, they have appertained. Many of them are the names of colors, as Black, Brown, Green, etc.; many are the names of plants, many more of animals, others of minerals, and others again are adjectives expressive of some quality by no means applicable to the owners of them, or even to human beings at all. There are a crowd of common names, moreover, which suggest no idea to the mind, apart from the idea of Mr. Cox, or Mr. Sims, or Mr. Sykes, or Mr. Anybody, whose special property they are. It is possible, however, to make a grand mistake in considering this subject too hastily, seeing that there are a good number of names common enough, and at first blush having no apparent significance, which are yet mere corruptions of old names full of meaning: such are Sandys, from Alexander; Clowes, from Clovis; Snooks, from Sevenoaks, and a multitude of others whose derivation is more or less obvious. The corruption of names, from whatever causes, seems destined to go on, and many causes may be cited as tending in this direction—not the least being the preference for brevity and a sarcastic kind of raciness which is a characteristic of the lower and industrial classes. Names which retain their integrity so long as those who bear them are well to do in the world, are very apt to become clipped, transformed, and even travestied, when their owners have got down in the world. We may quote some examples of names thus transformed; for instance, the honorable name of *Bethune*, has degenerated to *Beeton; De Vere;* has become *Weir*; *De Ballassize*, has passed into *Belshes; D'Aeth*, is changed to *Death; De Comyn*, to *Cumming*. Old Welsh names have to do duty as modern English ones; thus *Price* comes from *Ap-Rice*, *Prichard* from *Ap-Richard*, *Pugh* from *Ap-Hugh*, *Bowen* from *Ap-Owen*.

In the selection of Christian names there has been quite a revolution within the memory of middle-aged persons. A generation back the habit of English parents was to call their children by the names they bore themselves, or which were born by relatives or sponsors, which were generally simple names familiar to every one, and mostly taken from the Old or New Testament worthies. At the present time that practice seems to be rather the exception, the rising generation bearing a new class of patronymics consisting of the surnames of celebrated persons who have shone as authors, statesmen, philanthropists, patriots, or who in some other respects have been men of mark. We have not yet got to the length of bestowing half-a-dozen or more Christian names on a child, as is the fashion in Spain and other southern countries; nor do we much delight in classical additions to vulgar surnames. We should not think the homeliness of Blogg compensated by a conjunction with Mithridates, or that Grubb would be rendered illustrious if coupled with Sardanapalus; nor are we as yet charmed with the euphony of Hannibal Chollop or Apollonius Rhodius Weggs.

Everybody familiar with the interior of working establishments must have noticed the almost universal practice in such places of using sobriquets or nicknames. In such resorts long names get wonderfully abbreviated; names hard to pronounce have others substituted for them; and any workman with any personal peculiarity will be dubbed with a new name derived from it. The strangest liberties in nomenclature are sometimes taken through ignorance. The books of a bankrupt beerhouse-keeper having to pass under examination, presented a series of entries utterly bewildering to the accountant. Not only were the names of the debtors variously transformed, but not a few of them were inventions —a kind of shorthand intelligible only to the writer. Accounts had to be made out against Stumpy, Dot-and-go, Jaws, Nosey, Dirty Mug, One-eyed Man, and a number of others characteristically designated, but whose real names were evidently unknown to the creditor.

In some places where the population is limited the hereditary surnames will be very few, owing to the fact that a few families have gone on multiplying from generation to generation, and have admitted no strangers to their community—a state of things, however, which was more common a century back than it is now or is ever likely to be again. In Wales, for instance, small towns and villages were found in which, among a population of hundreds, the only families would be the Morgans, Williamses, and Evanses; while others boasted only of the names of Griffiths, Rice, and Jenkins. The same thing is recorded of Scotland at an earlier period, when, it is said, two or three names sufficed for a whole township of fisher-folk. A writer in "Blackwood" gives the following anecdote. In one of the Buchan fishing villages a stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked, "Could you tell me f'ar Sanny Fite lives?"

"Filk Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Sanny Fite."

"Filk Muckle Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Lang Sanny Fite."

"Filk Muckle Lang Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang-gleyed Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger.

"Oh! it's Goup the lift ye're seekin'," cried the girl, "and fat for no dinna ye speer for the man by his richet name at ance?"

But even at the present day, though surnames are various and abundant, it does not follow that they will be in use among the owners of them. The fact seems to be that in some places they are so little used as to be at times forgotten by those to whom they belong. It is said that in Staffordshire, in our own times, clergymen have been known to send home a wedding party in despair after a vain attempt to get from bride or bridegroom a sound by way of a name. In the English Colliery districts every man has a nickname by which he is known, and to which he readily responds, while it may be that no one knows his real name. A story is related of a lawyer's clerk who had to serve process on a collier, and whose real name was duly entered in the document. After a good deal of inquiry, being unable to find the man, the clerk was about to abandon the search, when a young lass, compassionating his anxiety, offered to assist him. "Oy say, Bullyed," she called to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?" The bullhead was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "Loo-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed could not answer either. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg), Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Cockeye, and Pigtail were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbors on the shoulder, she exclaimed, "Hoot! whoy he means moy feyther!" Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried, "You shouldn axed for Ode Blackbird!"

The question has been often mooted, has a man the right to abandon his family and hereditary name, and take another? though that question, it is plain, does not much trouble the laboring classes. There may be sufficient reason why a man should wish to change his name—not the least of which is the fact that some names still in use have a repulsive or offensive significance—so that words are constantly pronounced as surnames which otherwise would never be

suffered to pass the lips. The law does not often give its sanction to a change of name unless the applicant can show that such change is necessary to his inheriting property, or can prove that he is descended from a family of the name he wishes to assume. On the other hand, any man may change his name, if he likes, without troubling the law at all; the law having no power to prevent it, still, if a man who has changed his name has to take action in a suit at law he might perhaps find it necessary to resume his discarded designation.

Music.

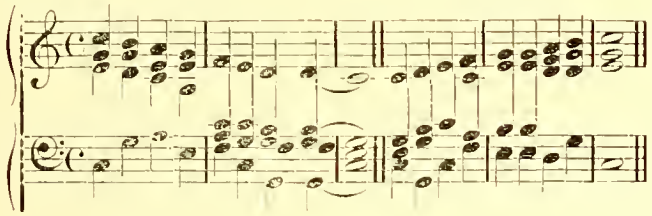
ANCIENT AND MODERN HARMONIES.

In composing music suitable to the requirements of the people we must consider their knowledge in the art, and their wants, rather than attend to our own peculiar views, or self-conceit. Should the people be learned in the profound depths of musical science, let them have classical music, if we are competent to produce such compositions as the grand and sublime Oratorio, or other great works of a similar character. But if they are not skilled in the intricacies of the science, let them have what they can understand and appreciate, and by a consistent progression we shall eventually lead them to the point we so much desire.

We will repeat what we have before observed, that the best music suited to our present wants is the quartetto, glee, trio, duetto, and ballad for our practiced vocalists for concerts. The pieces for the piano, organ and orchestra, can be of a more classical character. For the choristers, anthems and four-part songs, for entertainments, and for public worship, psalmody and anthems also. But by-and-by with patience and perseverance our principal singers and choral body, will be enabled by study, to luxuriate in the charms of the Oratorio and the Opera. For the present we want to encourage our home composers to the study of musical science; and the simple forms and simple harmonies are the best to start with. With this view we intend to assist them all we can to study compositions scientifically, that they may be enabled to throw away ear harmonizations and arrangeaccording to rule.

In composing anthems, or psalmody—it the words are grand and sublime—the most appropriate harmonies would be the ancient forms. We will give a notation example of the scale of descending and ascending with combinations of this character. In the two following examples the student will find no other harmonies in the ascending or descending scale but the major and minor triads, excepting on the close of example one, where the dominant seventh is used at the end.

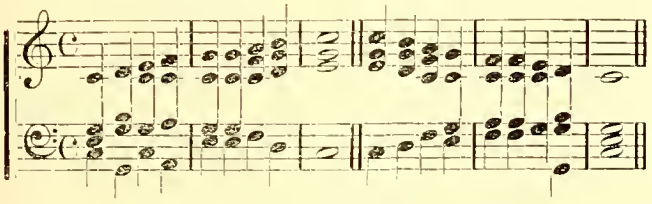
EXAMPLE 1. EXAMPLE 2.



These harmonies are well adapted for sublime psalmody, and for solid anthems more especially when we select ancient poetry; the psalms of David, for instance. We often meet with such combinations in the writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These are dates when some of the best anthems and psalms were composed.

However, the above combinations are somewhat too strict and formal for light music; moreover it would not agree with the popular method adopted by modern authors to employ the fundamental note in the bass in every chord of the scale; but, for the style of music we have named, much effect is produced by admitting such harmonies. In music of a light character the repetition of *triads* would be much relieved by the inversions of those harmonies, especially in accompanying the fourth and fifth degrees ascending; and in the descending scale, the third, fifth and seventh may be harmorized with inverted chords also.

4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 7th. 6th. 5th. 3d.



The student will here observe that the fourth is used at the endings of the first example without preparation, which is allowed, but in starting the second, it is prepared by entering as the fifth in the first harmony of that example.

There are many other methods of employing the *triads*, and their inversions besides those named in the above examples—and effectually too—without appealing to so many compound harmonies now in use by modern composers; notwithstanding, some of the music of the present day would not be so effective without their introduction; but the styles we have endeavored to explain do not require that strain for startling effect, therefore it is unwise to admit such harmonies into simply constructed compositions. We have been led to this opinion by the study of similar music created by the brains, and written by the pens of great authors.

We have said enough on harmonies for the student's first lesson, but on some future occasion we will again take up the subject and go farther into the science. We must, however—before closing the third and last article of this series—point out one or two rules to guide the student from errors so prevalent to young composers when progressing with what is termed common chords or harmonious *triads*.

Scientific authors have strictly forbidden the use of consecutive perfect fifths and octaves in similar motion, and without doubt the rule has originated from the laws of euphony. The most uncultivated ear can discover there is something wrong, although the ear cannot define the cause.

Dramatic.—Those who have read Dickens' inimitable portraiture of sweet little Nell, the elfish Quilp and romantic and effulgent Dick Swiveler, had a treat in the portraiture of the unapproachable Lotta, and her valuable aids, Messrs. Chaplin and Saville, on Monday evening last. Of Lotta it may be truly said that the words versatility of talent convey no adequate idea to the mind of the almost incomprehensible skill with which she alternately renders the childish grace of Little Nell, side by side with the uncouth gestures and antics of the half-starved little "marchioness." So extreme is this transition that, we believe, few in the theater realized, for a time, that these strangely contrastive characters were being rendered by one and the same actress.

Of Mr. Chaplin's Quilp, it is but justice to say that so graphic was the impersonation that nothing but its fidelity to the revolting conception of the author and dramatist, prevented its being received with tumultuous applause. Mr. Saville's Swiveler was the spontaneous, airy and imaginative Dick, we have known ever since, in our childhood, we first took little Nell and her associates to our heart.

Mrs. De Bar—no mean actress in her line,—as well as the rest of the company, rendered effective aid.

SWITZERLAND.

Tune:—"Think not when you gather to Zion."

O land of the lake and the mountain,
Thou land of the Rhine and the Rhone!
And many a clear gushing fountain,
That springs from the Alps of thy throne!
There's nought 'mid the earth like thy story,
Where children of freedom have fought!
Thou canst boast of thine ages of glory,
The work that thy chieftains have wrought.

The blood of thy bravest is flowing,
'Mid forms of the manly around,
Where vineyards and gardens are growing
Or hills, with the Ice-lake are crown'd.
And noble are Liberty's daughters,
Though rocked 'mid the pines by the storm;
While pure as the springs of thy waters,
Their bosoms with friendship are warm.

They whisper of trusting in heaven;
Their swords they would gird on again,
Like times when the war-cry had riven
The links of the Austrian chain.
O Race of the Mighty be fearless,
When Zion's blest trumpet shall call;
Though homes of the despots be cheerless,
Thy covenant children ne'er fall.

Who shielded thee oft in the ages,
When darkness hung over the world,
Will blazon thy name on its pages
When truth has its banner unfurled;—
Who made thee a beacon to nations,
Will make thee so thousand times more,
A gem of His wondrous creations,
Till sorrow and sighing are o'er.

Jabez Woodard.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAMILY LINKS.

Terese pillowed her head for the space of a few minutes on her Uncle Judah's breast and wept. He was the first of her family that she had ever met, for, as our readers have learned, her mother Rachel died in giving her birth, and her father Benjamin preceded her to the grave. The orphan daughter of Israel had often felt the yearning of nature for that mother whom she had never known—often wept over the cruel torture of her youthful father, whose history she dwelt upon as that of a martyr of her race. She had gathered the history of her parents from her foster-mother, and it was cherished as a sacred subject. It was so much in keeping with the painful record of her tribe, in their dispersion among the gentiles, that she viewed it in the light of an episode thereof. The curse of the house of Judah, her parents had borne;—the calamities of her people touched her own heart. Yet she looked upon the experience of her race as an inheritance in which her father's family had but shared with the rest of his brethren. It was heaven's justice, to be reverently received as a mixture in the cup with its abundant mercy. She kissed the rod of Israel's God, who had only beaten his children to bring them unto Christ: for thus she had been taught by the good Catholic priest who had educated her. Before Walter Templar came, as the ruler of her life and thoughts, this had been the subject upon which she had dwelt; since her love for him grew up in her heart, a new phase had come over her life. Woman's fate—for love is the woman's fate—and the artist's career superseded the old themes; but now as she hung around her uncle's neck, nestled to the heart of the first of her family, whom she had ever met, the old subject of her race, and her parents' history, came back in that brief five minutes in lightning thoughts—a volume of memories opened afresh. The departure of her lover and her distress for her foster-brother, all tended to increase the intensities of those moments in which the orphan Hebrew Maiden was pillowed on her uncle's heart.

And of Judah Nathans? Was not that emotional five minutes also an epoch in his life? Aye, that cynic—that intellectual sensualist—that man of an evil nature—evil because that nature had not received the germinations of good, he was in that five minutes "born again;" not that he was spiritually a "new creature"—not that he was recreated in the image of a divine goodness, but he was "born again" more than at first the type of "Not All Dross!" The old love of his boyhood for his little sister Rachel, and the new love of his mature manhood, now germinating in his nature for that sister's orphan child, wrought this transformation in Judah Nathans, alias Snap, alias Sir Herbert Blakely's mentor. But our readers must not expect to find him in future what is denominated in sectarian parlance, the "converted man." He is still the cynic—still the intellectual devotee—still what would be considered impious in his intellectuality; but human affections *now possess his heart* while an evil spirit *rules his mind.*

"Enough, enough! Rachel my child," said Judah, placing his niece on her elegant lounge, and seating himself by her side.

"Dry those beautiful eyes, Rachel, my gentle one, and let your mother's brother talk to you awhile, and then we will hasten to the side of your foster-brother. I see Spontini has left us to order your carriage."

"Yes, Uncle Judah, we will converse as long as you desire. But my name is not Rachel. Terese is my name."

"I know, child, you are so called at Rome: but to me, you are Rachel. I know of one—a venerable patriarch—were he with us now, who would name you as I do—Rachel."

"It is of my grandfather you speak, Uncle Judah, is it not?" inquired the maiden. "But my grandfather, he is dead long ago; that is, I have deemed him long since dead."

"But you *know* not, Rachel, that he is dead?" observed her uncle.

"No!" she answered musingly; "I *know* not that my grandfather is dead, but for years, I have thus concluded."

"Perhaps he may be still among the living."

"True, Uncle, he may be."

"And we yet may find him, Rachel."

"I think not. I dare not hope as much as that my grandfather still lives."

"But there is one subject upon which you can inform me, Rachel," observed her uncle.

"I anticipate—oh, I anticipate it."

"Your mother?"

"Alas, alas, Uncle Judah, she is not of earth, now."

"I feared as much," he said with emotion.

"My poor mother died in giving birth to me."

"And your father—Rachel?"

"He was a martyr. He died one month before my mother's gentle spirit fled to heaven to met him. Oh, my father—oh my angel mother!" and the orphan wept again.

"Here is Spontini, Rachel. Dry your tears, my child."

"The carriage is waiting at the door, Terese," observed Spontini, as he entered the room.

"We will now to your foster-brother. Rachel, you have something more to learn, to-day, which will please you much," said Judah, persisting in calling our heroine by the Jewish name of her mother.

"I will not be more than two or three minutes dressing, Uncle Judah. I suppose it is of my other uncles and aunts you have to tell me. I would that dear Grandfather Isaac were among them. 'Twould be such a joyful day, would it not? *Maestro*," she continued to Spontini, "you will accompany us, will you not?"

"I will, Terese."

The maiden hastened to dress, and then her uncle, directing the coachman, took the Jewess to the house of Isaac Ben Ammon, where she found a still greater surprise.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RIVALS AND THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

"Rachel, this is the house of the venerable Hebrew," observed Judah Nathans, as the carriage stopped at Isaac Ben Ammon's door.

"'Tis a dismal abode," answered his niece.

"Yet, Rachel, its owner is a good old man. He is very wealthy too, notwithstanding there is no magnificence displayed to sight. But within, child, you shall see a palace. 'Tis the habits of our people to make no display. Hard experience has taught them prudence. Ha! I see the good old man at the window watching us."

By this time, they had alighted from the carriage, and they entered the seemingly humble dwelling of Isaac Ben Ammon. But we will go before them to the sick-chamber of the singer Farinelli.

The room was darkened, yet there was enough light to give a mellow vision of the scene within.

A picture of the personages, for there was a subject for the painter's brush. A woman and a man—a love and a love unreturned! It was the scene of that sick-chamber that day. And more than one such subject was to appear in the drama of life to be presented in that sick-chamber. And more than a love and a love requited. A jealousy and a rival—a hope and the vision of a hope;—a new awakened dream and the dark shadows of a dream, Yet there was also a brighter scene—the meeting of the Patriarch and his grandchild; but there were shadows even in that; they pointed to the future between Walter Templar and Terese.

In that darkened sick-roon, in the house of Isaac Ben Ammon, there were two women, at the moment when Terese and her uncle Judah alighted from the carriage and entered the house. One was an old woman—the Jewess Rebecca, who had been attending Farinelli as his nurse; the other was Donna Clara Garcia, the re-instated *prima donna*, whom we have already met in the Green Room of the Opera House. She was a daughter of Spain. Her person revealed more of majesty than that of her rival, the Jewess, who, for a period had made Rome forget its former favorite. She was also beautiful, passionate, jealous. Her age was twenty-seven. At twenty-seven a woman reaches the very ripeness of her maturity. Her passions are intense, her yearning for love impatient, yet in character, she has become much a "woman of the world." There is no longer the artlessness and reserve of maidenhood, nor the lightness of the girl, that trifles with her own affections and the affections of others, without designing wrong. At twenty-seven, she is a woman of purpose; her love means mating; her jealousy is that of the tigress; her revenge is deadly to her rival and scarcely less deadly to the object of her love. Take this as a sketch of Donna Clara Garcia.

Donna Garcia was a superb singer. Her voice was a contra-alto. For years she had charmed the musical world, and, until the advent of Terese, no rival *artiste* had taken the scepter from her hand as the queen of song. She was also gifted with great tragic powers, and her impersonations were such manifestations of passion, as often to move an audience into a temporary delirium through their sympathies with the actress.

When Terese burst upon the musical world at Rome, Donna Clara Garcia was absolutely astounded to see her triumphantly take the scepter, which she herself had held, and her old admirers worshiping at her rival's feet. At first, she treated the Hebrew Maiden with contempt, and deemed it but a passing caprice, which carried her votaries from her to worship at another shrine. But this she soon discovered was not the case; and she was, moreover, brought to confess to herself that in richness Terese's voice rivaled hers, though it did not in magnificence and compass. There too was a beautiful charm of naturalness about Terese, and a purity and innocence which captivated the heart. The Jewess was not so great an actress as the Spanish lady, nor did she manifest her tragic powers. But the tragic impersonation, and display of passions were no novelty, while the touches of nature and the purity of tone of the our heroine afforded a new charm to the musical world at Rome.

Under ordinary circumstances, Donna Clara Garcia would have taken but little notice of the singer Farinelli; but as she soon discovered his love for Terese, her own passions became kindled for the *primo tenore*, and she looked upon our heroine as her rival in love and art. Thus it is with woman; she desires that which another possesses, while she passes by that which is within her reach. So also it is with man; but woman is more the child of feeling than man; her affections overrule her reason and make her the victim of her own heart. In her love woman is supremely unselfish, and even the "woman of the world" is a sacrifice upon the altar. So was it in the case of Donna Clara Garcia in that sick chamber that afternoon.

Donna Clara was on her knees beside the bed of Farinelli. She had forcibly taken his hand; she was weeping; the hot tears burnt that hand which reluctantly allowed itself to be taken by force. Farinelli was pillowed up in his bed; he looked weary of the scene; he seemed anxious for the coming of some one whom he expected; he was eager to end a painful interview which oppressed him. The old Jewess sat in her chair and looked on demurely. As a woman she sympathized in the case, for she understood it; but she heartily wished the *prima donna* gone. She knew the granddaughter of her master was coming, and the expected meeting was too sacred for strange eyes.

"Farinelli, tell me who wounded you? I will hunt him to the death," said Donna Clara fiercely between her sobs.

"My hurt is not serious, signorina," he answered. "Distress not yourself in the affair. 'Twas but a personal quarel in which I was worsted."

"But you are hurt seriously," said the lady. "See how pale and haggard you are."

"My friends distress themselves unnecessarily," he observed.

"Oh Farinelli, think you that it is friendship alone which brings me to your bedside? I heard that you were wounded. I feared you were dying. I threw aside all reserve and came. Oh Farinelli, pity me! The woman who would die for you implores your pity."

"Signorina, you have it But I am not deserving so much concern."

"Farinelli, you do not misunderstand me."

"Donna Clara, I do understand you. I am grateful. But this interview is distressing to us both. I cannot but feel deeply for you: I too have been wounded, tortured to agony—despair. Curse him! Pardon me signorina, I know not what I say. I have been delirious, and my wild dreams haunt me."

"And curse *her!*" muttered the *prima donna* to herself; and then she observed, passionately:

"Despair not, Farinelli. Cast her from your heart. Ah! I know too well to whom you refer; but she cannot—never will love you as I love you!"

"My God—my God! How the thought that Terese will never love me tortures me. It burns into my heart. But I will follow him to the ends of the earth, and kill him yet, ere she shall become his mistress."

"Whose mistress shall my master's grandchild be?' broke in old Rebecca. "Rachel will be no man's mistress. She will marry one of her own tribe."

"Good nurse, I spoke not of any grandchild of your master. I know not Rachel. See you not, Donna Clara, that in our ravings we are imprudent?"

"Heaven preserve me, I was all unconscious of any presence but our own," and the *prima donna* again burst into tears.

Donna Clara had been betrayed that afternoon, by the state of the man whom she secretly loved, her previous fears that he was wounded to the death; and her pent up feelings of love and jealousy carried her away to an avowal which, on the stage, would have been in perfect keeping with her character of *prima donna*. In the torrent of her emotions she had confessed what she had not designed; and now she wept in shame not alone over the avowal, but also over her unrequited affections, and the witness of it by another.

"Lady, some one approaches!" said Rebecca, rising.

Donna Clara in a moment was upon her feet, her eyes were dried, and she drew herself up as a tragic queen.

Her rival entered!

"Signorina Terese," said Donna Clara, with assumed calmness, though there was a fire in her heart—"Signorina Terese, your foster-brother has been wounded. I called to see if he was dangerously hurt. They said he was nigh unto death. But be not alarmed. The nurse informs me that his hurt is but slight. I cannot stay longer, for there is a rehearsal this afternoon. I sing to-night. You will be in your box of course, to witness my triumph."

And the *prima donna* swept from the room haughtily, with a look of hate at her rival, and a glance of ineffable love and yearning towards Farinelli, as she passed out of the chamber, leaving Terese with her foster-brother, who sank, exhausted with his emotions, back upon his pillow.

Terese now also knelt by the bed-side of the singer, but her place there seemed more becoming, for she was his foster-sister. He had nursed her in his arms a thousand times, and she had slept upon his bosom in her infancy; for, until the time she had grown to be quite a girl, day and night they had been inseparable. As we have seen in her history, after she had passed into maidenhood, more than the companionship of brother and sister existed between them. As a beloved sister, then, she entered the chamber and knelt at the bedside of the singer. It was very natural, now that Walter Templar was gone, to make a transition back to the days of her girlhood, and the dear companionship with brother Beppo. This, very likely, would not have been the case, in such a decided manner, had not the mysterious circumstances of Farinelli's absence and the news of his wounded state so soon have followed the departure of Walter; but the excitement of the circumstances altogether threw her back to the companionship of her foster-brother, as though it had never been broken.

"Beppo, dear Beppo," she said, "are you hurt much? Tell me, are you hurt much, dear Beppo? My uncle Judah says your wounds are not serious. Are you in much pain, dear Beppo?"

The singer noticed not that Terese had named an uncle. Another fact covered all the rest. He thought not of his hurt, of his pain, of his jealousy, nor of Donna Clara. Terese had called him by the old, familiar name of Beppo. How pleasant it sounded to his ear,—how much of charm in the voice that uttered it!

"Ha! Call me Beppo—call me Beppo, dear Terese. 'Tis so long since you called me your own Beppo, I thought I should never hear that name from your lips again. Yes, call me Beppo, as you did before *he* came!"

"Beppo—brother Beppo," said Terese, somewhat reproachfully.

"Forgive me, dear Terese. But *he* robbed me of the companionship of my sister. You know that we were always together until he came. 'Twas hard to lose you altogether. I have been so unhappy," said the poor fellow, with that pathetic lament which strong men give way to in a weakened state of body and mind. The strong are more readily brought down than the fragile sex. Woman suffers long, and bears sickness with the patience of a martyr; but a few days of physical prostration will reduce robust men to the state of children.

"I have been so unhappy, Terese, since Walter Templar came, and took my pet sister from me," continued the poor fellow, as he smoothed the jet locks of his foster-sister.

"Naughty Beppo," she returned, just as she would have done in by-gone days.

"But I am happy now, for you call me Beppo again."

"I will always call you Beppo, if you wish it."

"Yes, always call me so;—always call me Beppo—*your* Beppo, as you did long, long ago. Oh, it seems so long, so very long ago,—an age. It is an age since you called me *your* Beppo, till now."

"Why, brother Beppo, it is but four years ago. It has been very short to me."

"Ha! that is because you loved Walter Templar," said her foster-brother, with a burst of jealousy.

The maiden blushed, but did not chide.

"But to me, Terese, it has been an age—an age of torture."

"You must not talk so, and then I will be your pet sister again, and you shall be my dear *brother* Beppo," observed the maiden, with woman's tact, designing to draw him back to their old relations of brother and sister; for, as we have said, she had found out the secret of Farinelli's heart, since she had discovered the secret of her own. Love is a great revelator!

But this sudden return of familiar tenderness of Terese to her foster-brother had an effect not desired by the maiden. It was not oil upon the fire, as jealousy would have been: it was balm to a wound which she could never heal, without a broken heart from her own disappointment. But it soothed the pain of another heart, and deceived with the feeling that this heart was healed—quite healed. Terese was to "Beppo" as of old; and *hope* sprung up in his breast, which it had been well for all had it not germinated. How much of unhappiness in the future that hope which had sprung up in Farinelli's breast brought to Terese.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MEETING WITH THE GRANDFATHER.

Judah Nathans entered the room and found his neice still by the bedside of Farinelli. The old woman had gone to attend her master and to learn from him concerning his granddaughter. She was eager for the revelation, which she saw had not yet been made.

"Ha, uncle Judah!" Terese exclaimed, and then to Farinelli, "Brother Beppo, what a glad surprise I have for you! This is my uncle, Judah, my dear mother's eldest brother."

"Signor, this is impossible!" said Farinelli, somewhat suspiciously.

"Indeed, my friend, it is not," Judah returned, noticing the suspicion, but not offended thereat. "I *am* her mother's brother."

"But how made you the discovery? 'Tis very recent, Signor."

"Yet not the less a *bona fide* discovery. You yourself was the cause of it."

"I?" replied the singer, incredulously.

"Even you, Farinelli. You supplied me with the evidence."

"When and how, Signor? I do not understand."

"When I dressed your wounds, my friend."

"You speak in riddles, Signor."

"You wear a locket in your bosom, my good Farinelli."

"Well?" said the other, with a blush on his pale countenance, and a frown, for he liked not the discovery of his secret by prying eyes.

"It bears the face of a little girl."

"It does, Signor."

"That child face is that of my sister Rachel."

"'Tis false!" replied the singer, passionately, his jealousy aroused again, with a startled fear that some other claimant was come to steal Terese from him, just as he had won her back again. "'Tis false. It is the picture of my foster-sister!"

"Yet, my good Farinelli, not less the picture of her mother, my sister Rachel."

"Yes, Terese *is* like her mother,—so *my* mother has often said. And her name *was* Rachel." The singer was half convinced, but not fully, for his jealousy was on the alert.

"It is true Brother Beppo," said Terese. "This is, indeed, my uncle Judah."

"It is true!" responded old Rebecca, who had been at the door eagerly listening for the revelation, which *she* knew was directly to be followed by another, even to the surprise of the maiden, as well as her foster-brother. "It *is* true, young man, that the locket round your neck bears the likeness of Rachel Ben Ammon."

"That *was* her mother's name." he replied.

"When Rachel Ben Ammon was a child, I nursed her, young man. You wear her image around your neck. And there stands Rachel Ben Ammon herself in her child."

"You my mother's nurse?" exclaimed the maiden, throwing her arms around the old woman's neck.

"It is true!" said Levi, who had entered behind his mother; "Rachel was my playmate."

"It is true!" responded an aged man, who now came in with Spontini, for they had been anxiously waiting without. "It is true, child. My arms, even before her own father's, held your mother Rachel, the wife of Isaac Ben Ammon's son."

As the last speaker entered and addressed her, Terese became agitated, and she fixed her eyes upon him in appeal, for she felt all had not been told her. Here was something more than her uncle Judah had told her, and the venerable appearance of the Jew made a startling impression upon her. The emotion that the patriarch manifested—the deep love and yearning with which he gazed upon her, with the reverent manner of Spontini towards the aged Hebrew whom he supported, overwhelmed the maiden, and had it not been for the arm of her uncle at that moment, she would have staggered and fallen; for the distress and emotions of the last few days had exhausted her. She felt her relation with that venerable man before her.

"Rachel, my child, do you not feel who it is that speaks to you?"

"Grandfather Isaac! Oh it *is*. I feel it is my grandfather Isaac," and she sprang into the old man's arms and fainted on his bosom.

We will pass over the scene in Isaac Ben Ammon's house, after Terese threw herself into the arms of her grandfather. The saddened joy of that meeting, we will leave the imagination of our readers to appreciate. The old Jew had found his granddaughter; but he learned at the same time that his children, Benjamin and Rachel, had long been numbered with the inhabitants of a better world. It was a heavy stroke to the old man's heart. In a brief hour, the realities had dispersed the hopeful dreams of twenty-one years, of meeting again in this life the dear ones who had been so cruelly separated from him. But he was not left disconsolate, for he had found his granddaughter. A new love sprang up in his heart; the venerable Hebrew had still something to live for; the care of his interesting grandchild now devolved upon him, for Spontini resigned Terese to Isaac Ben Ammon's charge.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ALLIANCE.

It is the morning after the events related in the last chapter and again we invite our readers to the chamber of Farinelli. The singer has been blessed with a refreshing night's sleep, and hopeful dreams have visited him during nature's repose of body and mind. The maiden's uncle had manifested marked good will towards him and the aged Hebrew had said to him, "My son, you shall be to me as Rachel's brother," for the grandfather persisted in calling our heroine by the beloved name of her mother.

The uncle, Judah Nathans, entered Farinelli's room.

"Ha! my good friend," he said, "so you dressed this morning. Still feeble, I see, yet much improved. That arm of yours will need some care. You should not have been up to-day."

"I was disgusted with the bed, Signor, and impatient to be in action, but the nurse has so pillowed me in your uncle's huge arm chair that I seem as much in bed as yesterday."

"And much more comfortable, eh? Am I not right, Farinelli?"

"To confess the truth, I am, for I had a good night's sleep."

"And pleasing dreams? So, so. My niece, I see, is a better doctor than her uncle, in your case," observed Judah, pleasantly.

"Yes, Signor Nathans, for I am glad that my foster-sister has found her family."

"And that they are disposed to consider you as one of themselves?" added Judah.

Farinelli bent his head in reply, and became all attention to be the listener, for he had already learned enough of Sir Herbert's mentor to know that there was always purpose in the man.

"My good friend," said Judah Nathans, whom we shall no longer call Snap, though Sir Herbert will be allowed to name him thus.

"My good friend," he repeated as he ensconsed himself in old Rebecca's chair. "I told you last night that I should invite your ear to a conversation, to-day, that would interest you."

"You did, Signor Nathans; and I am prepared to listen."

"'Tis well, my good Farinelli. Now answer me truthfully."

"Go on, Signor."

"You love my niece."

"Signor Nathans!"

"Always speaks the *truth*, my good Farinelli;—always speak also to the point."

"Well, Signor?"

"Answer me truthfully, my friend," said Judah, kindly; "'twill be wise;—'tis always *wise* to speak the truth. Now, I am not good, but I have found it always *wise* to be truthful. Answer me upon your soul's honor;—do you love my niece."

"As my own life—a thousand times more than my own life. I would give that life a thousand times for my foster-sister's sake."

"There, that is enough, my good Farinelli," interrupted the uncle. "Your simple word was enough. I do not like protestations, but I have some little evidence that yours are genuine. In fact I had *solved* that problem before asking the question, I only needed your admission that we might talk from that point to the purpose. You love my niece?"

"I do."

"There is my hand, Farinelli, as a pledge of alliance between her mother's brother and yourself. It has never failed, those who have *trusted* in me.

The foster-brother took the proffered hand with an impulse of pleasure, for Terese seemed nearer to him in her uncle's alliance.

"And now, let me discourse to you upon this subject methodically," continued the mentor, "and, in my own peculiar style—that of *truth*. I say not that it is always that of good, nor always of good intentions, but it is of truth, *when the truth is the wisdom*.

The style pleases me, for it is so uncommon. Men generally lie both in their evil and their good intentions. I have reversed the method, finding truth as potent for evil as for good."

"Well, Signor," observed his listener.

"You think I am not to the point, Farinelli. You err. When I first sought you, it was with evil design. Do you see a method? I now seek you with good design. Do you not *know* that I am telling you the truth."

"I do."

"So you see I *was* to the point, for you do not doubt me, you trust me."

"I do not doubt you; I trust you," was the reply.

"Be it always thus, and I could *not* have an evil intent against you."

"I believe you, for you are a strange man, and your intentions now are evidently good to me."

"Yes, Farinelli; they are and ever shall be as long as your fidelity and devotion to my sister Rachel's child equals that of the past. She has told her grandfather and myself all about you from your boyhood—how you nursed her, how you protected her, how you loved her."

"Bless her—bless her!" said the poor fellow, as a tear stole down his cheek for he was weak from bodily and mental suffering.

"Farinelli," Judah continued, "the Hebrew race are not ungrateful. Ingratitude is not their sin. True, their instincts of humanity have been reversed by generations of sufferings and the fierce scorn of the Christian nations. The hate of the Gentiles have generated hate in us. Our affections have grown inward—our sympathies become exclusive We love not, because we have not been loved; trust not, because we have not been trusted; overreach and are merciless, because we have been overreached and have found no mercy. But the Hebrews have been true to themselves, true to their God and the ancient covenants. Ingratitude, say, is not the sin of my race."

"Your remarks, Signor, point to the fostering care and love of my mother and myself for Terese. She was no burden to us, Signor, but a blessing."

"Your love and care for my sister Rachel's child pays not *my* debt. I am grateful to you. She shall pay the debt herself, if her uncle Judah can so arrange it for her good.

"God bless you, Signor."

"Oh, never mind that, my dear Farinelli," observed the cynic, and then he continued.

"When I sought you first, it was because my master's interests required the removal of your rival, Sir Walter Templar, from his path."

"Curse him!" said Farinelli, with something of his old jealousy.

"Nay, that is not wise; solve him, my good friend; solve him."

"But how? I listen, Signor."

"Sir Herbert's interests, as I observed, required that Sir Walter Templar should be removed. I pledged his father, on his death-bed, that I would stand by his son and work out a certain purpose. General Blakely took me when a boy from a miserly uncle of mine. The General was kind to me and trusted me. Some day I will tell you my history. Well, I have kept my word to my old master, because he *trusted* me, and I resolved to remove Sir Walter Templar from necessity."

"And you found me a ready instrument for your purpose."

"Right, Farinelli. You also desired Sir Walter Templar's removal. I discovered the secret of love for Rachel's child, though I knew not then her relationship to me. You had long brooded over the probability of her becoming the victim of her love for him. Now, I confess I have confidence in your rival's honor. I do not think he would do my niece a wrong."

"What, would you give her to him?" broke in the jealous foster-brother.

"Have I, then, not given my pledge to you?"

"Pardon me, Signor," returned the singer, and Judah continued—

"Farinelli, I see no happy solution for her on that side. Moreover, Sir Herbert's business will not allow me to become Sir Walter Templar's ally."

"Do you really think that Walter Templar would make Terese his bride. Had I not forboded wrong intended to her I would not have attempted to take his life. I would not have my foster-sister unhappy, much less would I be the cause thereof. Holy Mother, I would not have her sacrificed. Better, a thousand times better that my heart should be tortured for ever than hers know a pang of my causing. Terese loves him. O God, Terese loves him I know, and if it is to be a choice between her becoming the honored bride of Sir Walter Templar, a happy mother; or broken-hearted that she might be mine, let her be *his*, Signor Nathans, let her be his though it should break my own heart!"

The devoted foster-brother had again relapsed into his old mood of despair. His passion was mixed with "dross" or it would not have been human; but as touching a desire for the happiness of Terese his love was supremely unselfish. Its depth and intensity overcame even the desire of possession.

"By my patron, St. Lucifer, I honor you, Farinelli," observed the uncle, with evident satisfaction.

"I would give my soul for *her*, Signor Nathans," the singer returned mournfully. And he would have done it willingly.

"Pooh! pooh! my good friend we don't barter our souls to any fiend to purchase another's happiness. Indeed, I know not if we have anything of the kind for traffic. I have not solved this problem of soul yet. At any rate, my friend, keep your soul for a gift to my niece, for upon my honor, were I the fiend I would not purchase the part of it which is not hers."

"There is no such part, Signor Nathans, that is not hers."

"By all means, Farinelli, let her keep thy soul. The child will make a good guardian angel to thee."

"Such she has ever been."

"You asked me just now, if I thought Sir Walter Templar would make my niece his wife. Of that I am not certain, though I am persuaded of his desire to do so."

"Thank God! then, I am not his assassin!"

"But my good friend, though your rival would, if it depended on him alone, make my niece his wife, there is a betrothal with his cousin Eleanor in the way."

"I am aware of the fact signor, as you know, for you urged that upon me to show the danger of my foster-sister falling a victim to her love."

"Which I should not have done had I known that she was Isaac Ben Ammon's granddaughter."

"Is the danger less on that account?"

"*Am I not her uncle? Is she not my sister Rachel's child?*" interrogated Judah with a certain quiet fierceness which made Farinelli shudder. As we have before observed, the Mentor's speech was in his *non-emphasis*. It told how terrible a man Judah Nathans was when his god, Necessity, prompted him. This peculiarity is noticable, more or less in all scientific men. For instance, how coolly your true surgeon dissects a body,—how pitlessly he amputates a limb.

"There is no fear now," continued Judah, "of Rachel's child becoming Sir Walter Templar's mistress, for I am her uncle. If *I* but touched the hem of his garment with that intent, Sir Walter Templar *would die. Science kills as the lightning kills.*"

Again Farinelli shuddered.

"But my friend the case stands as before. I know what these family bonds of England's proud aristocracy are. They will not be broken. Signor Spontini tells me that both my niece and Sir Walter will sacrifice themselves, rather than violate the family compact. Their hope is that Sir Richard Courtney and his daughter will themselves revoke the engagement."

"Think you they will?" inquired the foster-brother anxiously.

"There is another barrier now," said Judah."

"Another barrier?"

"Rachel's child has found her grandfather. The Jews are more exclusive in marriage than even the English aristocracy. My uncle will not give his grandchild to a Chistian nobleman."

AN AFRICAN LOVE SONG.

Oh, Ebony Queen of my bosom arise,
And lighten the gloom with the whites of your eyes;
Oh, come to your lover—but light as you pass
Be your foot on the ground as the dew on the grass,
For rouse Gogo your brother, or father Nongpaw,
And they'd certainly kill me, and eat me up raw.

Wah, boori cio!
Wooria bangaree bo!

If you will not consent to take me for a hub
I must tenderly strike on your head with a club,
Till your scruples give way, and your bashfulness ends,
And I carry you senseless away to my friends,
Who—supposing by chance that too hard I have struck—
Will dine of you, deeply lamenting my luck.

Wah, boori cio!
Wooria bangaree bo! [Fun.

"The Streamlet."

(DUETTO FOR TWO SOPRANOS.)

WORDS FROM THE LONDON JOURNAL. MUSIC BY PROF. JOHN TULLIDGE.

Clerita Con Grazia.

VOICE.

1. Ov - er the peb - bles the stream-let is leap - ing, Laugh-ing and dane-ing and fling-ing its spray;
2. Ov - er the wil - low the lark is a - ris - ing, Fill - ing the air with me - lo - di - ous sounds;
3. Ov-er the whole is the hand which is guid-ing Worlds in their cours-es and birds in their flight;

PIANO.

Clerita Con Grazia.

Grace-ful-ly turn-ing, and curv-ing, and sweep-ing, See the king-fish-er is wing-ing its way. Ov-er the stream-let the
Notes full of joy-ful-ness, songs so sur-pris-ing, Join-ing the murmuring brook on the ground. Ov-er the lark are the

Each in the lim-it as-signed its a-bid-ing, Each having sources of joy-ous de-light.

wil-low is bend-ing, Dark are the waves as they rip-ple and rise, Now in the shad-ow their
flee-cy clouds skim-ming, And where the stream-let runs smooth-ly and clear, They are re-fleet-ed as

voic - es are blend - ing, They are re - joic - ing a - gain to the skies. *D. C.*
if they were swim - ming Through the limp wa - ters in play - ful car - eer.

D. C.

The words for D. C. in the last verse are under Mezzo Soprano.

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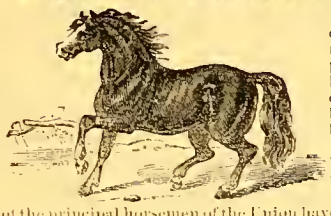

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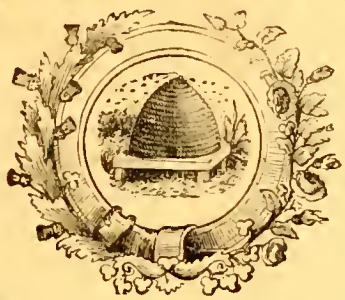

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REASONS FOR RISIBILITIES.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may—
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeams wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue—
Then should I be a graver man:
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can
And merry while I may.

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad—
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should then be sad;
But since the angels' wings are white,
And e'en the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor gladness clad in gray—
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may.

I've seen a bishop dance and reel,
And a sinner fast and pray—
A knave at top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away.
Wine I have seen your grave ones quaff,
Might set our fleet afloat:
But I have never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So, coz, I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may.

MY SON'S WIFE AN ACTRESS!

OR;

FACTS AND PREJUDICES.

Hannah and I had a great deal to do, for it was baking day, and in those days you couldn't buy what you needed, were you ever so lazy, but must make it all with your own hands and your mind; and say what you like, it isn't only needful for folks that write and speak and preach to have brains, for a cake that's made without thinking won't be apt to rise light; and what looking bosoms would there be to shirts if the ironer was wool-gathering? The more brains both mistress and maid have, the better goes the house-keeping.

That day we were at it hard, and I was just putting my gingerbread into the oven, when the door opened and in walked my son Daniel, giving me a start, for he never came home at that hour. Steady he, like his father before him, who good man was at his work with sunrise, and never left it till sundown.

Hannah gave such a jump that she overset the cup of beaten eggs that she had in her hands, and I burnt my knuckles against the oven door as I turned.

"What brings you home, Dan?" asked I. "You're well I hope?"

"Never better," says he.

"What?" says I.

"I've begged a holiday," says he.

"To idle in?" asked I, a little cross.

He laughed a little silly laugh, like a shamed child, and blushed red as he said:

"No mother, to be married in."

I thought it was a pure joke.

"Now who will you have?" said I.

"I've chosen her," said he.

And his face looked earnest.

Hannah sat down flat on the floor.

"He means it mother," said she. "Sure as I live, he means it."

"I've meant it a good while," says Dan, and there wasn't another word said for ten minutes. I think we were listening to the clock—for one, I never heard it tick so loud—and it seemed to say, like some old woman in trouble, going over the same thing again and again:

"Dan's going to marry. Dan's going to marry."

"Well," says I, after a while, with a great sigh, "you must expect your grandfathers to die and your boys to marry. Both of 'em are blows, but they must be submitted to. But dear me; to think how I've cared for you, and kept you; never a button gone, or a hole in heel or toe. I hope 'twill be so always; but I don't know. The time will come, perhaps, when you'll miss your mammy."

"Miss you, mother," says Dan. "I hope I'll never do that. Tiny wants a mother as well as I."

"What's her name?" says I.

"Christine," says he.

"Let's call her that," says I. "No good in baby names. I never was called aught but Margaret."

He laughed. Then says he.

"Come, Hannah, dress in your best. You and mother must see us married."

"Baking day!" says I.

"But think of Dan, with no one near him, so lonesome," says Hannah.

"Well," says I, "let's hear who you are going to marry, that will make some difference." Somehow I never felt so stern to my boy.

Says he turning the color of my double pinks, on the window sill:

"She's beautiful. Her eyes are blue and her hair pure gold."

"Beauty is only skin deep," says I, "what kind of a girl is she? Good?"

"Good as an angel." said he.

I couldn't help making a face.

"Who is she?" said I.

"A girl—young lady," says he.

Says I, "Stick to the girl until you are a gentleman."

"We're all alike in this country," says he.

"My English ideas can't understand it so," says I. "You're a tradesman."

"Well, well," says he, "let that drop. My wife will be suited."

"What do her folks say?" asked I.

"She has none," said he.

"Is she rich?"

"No."

"Then she earns her living?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Honestly," he said at last.

"How? is she out at service? I don't say I'd be angry at that."

"At service!" cried Dan, "with her lily-white hands and lady like look. No, mother, she——"

He stopped again and swallowed the word.

"What?" asked I, in a kind of shriek.

"Well, she's an actress."

I wonder I did not die. I gave a groan and Hannah ran for the camphor.

"You've killed your mother, Dan," says she. "She'll never get over it! I don't think I shall myself. *An Actress!*"

Between the grief and the camphor I came near suffocating, but found breath at last.

"Dan," says I, "was it for this I whipped you till you knew the Shorter Catechism by heart? Was it for this I've prayed for you and took you to meeting, and kept you like wax. 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' is out of the Bible, but it hasn't proved true this time. I must have gone wrong somehow. I let you read the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain on a Sunday, and let you off the tenth chapter of Genesis when you couldn't learn it. I don't know what else I've done that you should marry an actress."

"She'll not play after she is my wife," said he.

But that made no difference. I felt that I would die of shame.

"Go to your wedding?" says I; "not I nor your decent sister. Just keep your wife a day or two, until I get a place as housekeeper somewhere, and Hannah goes to her aunt to learn dress-making, and you'll be rid of us; for if you marry her, neither of us will live with you if we starved for going."

And Hannah said the same, though she cried heartily over it. And so, in the end, we went, and Daniel and I had quarreled woefully; and there were all my things—the tins I had kept so bright, and the wooden-ware I'd scoured, and the furniture I'd rubbed until it was like a looking-glass, left for *an actress* to do what she chose with. I used to lie awake o'nights thinking of my lovely tea set, and wondering whether the bold thing had cracked the milk jug yet, and how many of the plates were gone.

I hadn't seen her—I didn't want to; I knew what she was: a painted thing with a pinched waist, and no good in her face or heart. And to think that my Dan should get such a one!—my Dan!

The place I got was with a widower out of town. A young man with a troop of noisy children. Always making a muss and never quiet, and I was wild with them. Then it was damp as well, and a lonesome place—enough to give you the blues. And Hannah wrote that she hated dress-making and could never earn her salt, and wished we had stayed with Dan, and I was worried and chilled and heated, and finally taken down with the rheumatism. I hid it as long as I could, but my pains grew bad, and my limbs were swollen and red as beets, and at last, I gave up and went to bed. And my master, a little weak-chested gentleman, with a kind of helpless look in his eyes, came to talk with me.

"You're very ill, Mrs. Munday," says he.

"I'm afraid I am, sir," says I.

Then he rubbed his hands and coughed.

"If Mrs. Chester were living," said he, "you should stay here until you were well—but you know how it is. There is no one to do anything. The children will kill themselves, I expect, and Bridget has set fire to the house and put whiting in the biscuit instead of saleratus. Where shall I address—to whom shall I write? Your friends must come for you."

"Send me to the hospital," says I, "and I'm sorry to have troubled you so. You're none too comfortable, at best."

"Thank you," said he, with tears in his eyes. "Mrs. Chester was such a manager, it does seem hard."

And then he went and did just what I'd rather have died than done—sent for Daniel, quite unknown to me."

That night he came into the room with his wife. She was pretty—no denying that—and then I cried out:

"No; go away Dan; I want nothing to do with you nor that bold actress wife of yours. Send me to a hospital."

And he flushed red, and looked at me as if he might take me at my word. But she put her hand—a kid glove on it, the extravagance—and, says she, whispering, but I heard her:

"She's your mother, Dan. Do your duty."

"I'll not have you insulted," said he.

"I don't mind a hasty word," said she, "and from an old woman."

"I was angry, but I couldn't say much, and they took me home."

I was glad I was in the bed-room so I couldn't see how the kitchen had got. I'd rather been taken to my grave, and so I made no secret of my hate for her, but (as I thought then) she was a sly one to keep her feelings to herself. The doctor came and I was well nursed and grew better. Not a kind word had I said to them, and I'd forbid Hannah to come into the house unless to my dead bed.

As soon as I was well, Mr. Chester would have me back, and I said I'd go a dozen times a day. I meant it too, but before the time came, a great hogshead had rolled down a hatchway upon Dan, and there he lay between life and death, with this wife of his bending over him like a crushed lily. Oh, she was pretty—like a doll—flesh and blood were never so like wax. Don't think I liked her better for that.

So, now, all my anger was gone toward Dan, and I must nurse him instead of going to Mr. Chester's again; and my money was gone, and there was very little in Dan's purse. She knew nothing of economy, that actress wife of his, and what could we do but go to the poorhouse I couldn't tell. I was fit for no hard work yet.

"She came to me one day, with her bonnet on, says she:

"Will you watch Dan awhile? I am going out."

"Go where you like," says I. "I'll care for my son; I always have."

She gave me a look, but never a word, and went.

After that I saw her studying hard on bits of paper, like a girl at her lesson, and she went out almost every day. I used to hate her for it and wouldn't keep a cup of tea warm for her even. I guessed she was going back to her old ways, and one night she told me so.

Dan had been getting worse and worse all the time up to now, and we had to sit up with him at nights and watch him. First one and then the other took their turns at sitting up with him, giving him one kind of medicine and then another, rubbing him with all kinds of ointments and salves, and poulticing the place where the hogshead first struck him when it rolled down the hatchway. He was very feverish sometimes, and his mind wandered a little bit very often, and when thus wandering, he was bent upon reconciling me to his "actress wife." But I paid no more attention to that, so hardened was my heart against *her*, than I would to the ravings of a madman. Wasn't it cruel of me? But I couldn't help it, I was so prejudiced.

One night when I was going to sit up with Dan, she came to me all dressed up, as if she was going out somewhere, and motioned for me to come to her from the bedside where I was sitting. I went to her and she put her head down to mine and her mouth close to my ear, so as not to let Dan hear her.

"Please leave the door unlatched," she said, "I'm going to play to-night, and don't tell Dan, mother."

She never called me mother before, and I looked at her.

"Is this a time to play?" says I, "your husband at death's door."

"No," said she, and broke down like a child. "No," but I've done it before when I've suffered as much, and he must have medicines and food, and there's the rent—"

"You mean to work for that," says I.

"What else?" asked she, and she went.

It was like seeing one go into a pit of fire, for somehow I began to think there was a bit of good in her.

It was weak of me to pity her.

No doubt she enjoyed herself, and I did. And she thanked me, too; and took my place with Dan until daylight came. He thought she'd been asleep, and she never told him.

From that night it began—my liking of her, I mean. I saw her at her study. Hard at work over words longer than those in the catechism. I saw her slaving over dresses which she altered to save expense. I saw her go out "to rehearsal," she called it, rain or shine. I saw her come home from the play, looking like a ghost, when she had washed the rouge away; I heard her praying for Dan better prayers than I could have made myself. I knew, actress or not, that she was working herself to death, and I grew tender of her. Tender as if she'd been a girl of my own.

At last, when my poor boy was well enough to sit up, though it would be weeks before he could walk yet, if he ever did, and knew what she had done,—and oh, it was wonderful—the rent paid and the doctor, and none of us starved, all by her work it was—I'd come to know, instead of an idle life, that acting was just about the hardest any one could live.

Would you believe, I used to go after her, I, a Baptist, from the time I felt concerned, and then I wasn't sixteen, to the day when I was sixty, I, going to a playhouse to fetch home an actress! It was like going to a place I'll give no name to, lest I should be taken for one that uses bad language, but the girl I took under my arm was, as Dan had said long ago, as much like an angel as could be.

When it rained I took my umbrella, and one day an honest man, a carpenter, I think, seeing me early and in a damp place said:

"That's not good for your rheumatiz, old lady."

"Come," said he, "I'll show you where you can see the play while you wait."

"I see a play!" I screamed. "Why I'd think myself too wicked to live."

He laughed.

"Your daughter-in law acts," said he.

"Not my fault," said I, old feeling creeping back.

"Well," said he, "now you see her, there is no great harm, as well wait in as outside."

"Perhaps," said I, and somehow he got me in, and I saw the end of the play; for the matter of that they had on bonnets, the ladies in the boxes, and acted respectable as they might act in meeting, and on the stage there was a house, and a woods and a sky; painted he said, the carpenter, but I thought them real, and she, Christine, opened a door and came out. She was saying something as if she meant it, and the words were good, and she was sweet and beautiful as anything I ever saw, in her pretty white dress, and I forgot the whole, but I was in a flutter between laughing and crying before it was over. And I heard a stamping like thunder.

"What is it?" I asked. "The house ain't on fire?"

"It's applause," said he, "they like her and her playing. Well they may."

"Old lady," said he, "Whatever bad you've been used to think of actresses, don't think it of your daughter-in-law. Nobody else ever did. Since she came a little lonesome orphan to play small parts, there hasn't been one wicked enough to say a wicked thing in her hearing. She's as pure and true as she looks, and don't be prejudiced against her, old lady."

"I'm not," I said with a sob.

"Good for you," said he.

And as I looked, there she stood courtesying to the people who applauded her; and I—a Baptist. Well, no matter, I up with my umbrella and pegged away applauding her, the loudest and hardest of 'em. And the pretty thing looked and caught my eye, and smiled as bright as a sunbeam, and it was at me—her husband's old mother and not at the whiskerando in yellow kids and eye-glass, though he thought so, that my dear girl smiled as I pegged away with my umbrella, the tears pouring down my cheeks like rain. And, look ye, 'twant the actress I applauded so much as the dear good woman I'd seen study to learn her part when she needed sleep, stitch so over her handsome-looking dress to save a little, the good true woman working her young life away almost for her husband and the cross old thing who had insulted her so often; the woman that, actress or not, was honest, and earnest, and pure, as I knew now from my inmost soul. And I was a deal more of a Christian as I sat there than I'd often been in church, not to compare the places, and I trust to be forgiven.

I tucked her under my own arm with a kiss that night, and took her home to Dan, and I sat down with his hand in one of mine and Tiny's in the other, and emptied my heart. If I couldn't, I think it would have burst.

My dear girl understood me, and we were mother and daughter from that day. And she set me, that thought so much of myself, an example, that girl did. Trusting more, and no matter how dark the cloud looked, seeing God's sunlight behind them, and working, and praying, until the struggle was over and

Dan well again, hearty as ever, thank heaven. The doctor called it a miracle. Perhaps it was, for isn't it a miracle that He should answer our poor prayer—as I knew he answered ours—for Tiny's sake.

Dan is a rich man now, and his wife never acts, and though Hannah is well married, I shall end my days with my daughter Tiny. She was so glad to get rid of her acting business; because she hated the spirit of the play-house; and the rest of the folks were a drinking set; and the theater used to seem to her like a whited sepulcher. But it was play or starve with the poor orphan child; and luckily she was so good that even the theater could not spoil her for which I thank an overruling Providence.

A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A CANADIAN FARMER'S WIFE.

"Hadn't you better leave the door unfastened, Ellen?" said my husband, as I turned the key in the lock, then dropped it into my pocket.

"I don't know," I said, doubtfully; then, after a moment's hesitation, "No, I think it had better be fastened. The children might get out and run down to the gate at the foot of the meadow to play, and it is but a step from there to the creek, you know."

He made no reply, but stooped down and looked at some part of the harness with a slightly perplexed air.

"What is the matter now?" I said, with some asperity.

The truth is, my husband belonged to that numerous class of individuals whose motto is, never to do to-day what they can put off until to-morrow; while I, on the contrary, was prompt and decided. With me to will and to do were synonymous, and I had little mercy for such a failing.

"I fancy this little piece of twine will bring us through this time, but I will certainly mend it to-morrow," he replied, as I climbed into the clumsy, old-fashioned phaeton.

The harness being adjusted to his satisfaction, if not to mine, he seated himself beside me; and nodding a last good-bye to the little faces pressed against the window-pane, we drove off.

Our cottage was situated in the little valley lying to the south-west of what was at that time the village of Lanoy, in Canada. A hill of considerable height stood between us and the village, on our side a verdure-crowned, gently rising slope, on the other a more abrupt descent, with a rather circuitous road winding past little cottages and farm-houses of more or less pretension.

Our present errand was to the shop, to which we carried our produce as it accumulated from time to time, and received in exchange groceries, clothes, etc. Our present load consisted in part of a basket of eggs; consequently we were obliged to drive rather more slowly than usual. I left, as I had often done before, the younger children to the care of Grace, who, though but eight years old, had a mind far in advance of her years, and who was never more pleased than when entrusted with some similar duty or responsibility. I charged her not to take the baby from the cradle, but to rock him gently to sleep if he wakened, or, if he would not sleep, to amuse him with his playthings until our return.

It was a lovely day in the latter part of September, copious showers of rain had alternated with mid-summer's suns, and the freshness of the verdure was still undimmed. It was scarcely yet time for the "sere and yellow leaf," though the maples had hung out their golden banners, as if to try the effect of contrast with the living green of the other forest trees. The birds still sang cheerily as they fluttered to and fro in the hedgerows; and numerous little ground squirrels skimmed along the fence-rails, dropped suddenly, and disappeared mysteriously.

Old Whitey ambled along after his usual monotonous fashion; and we soon reached our destination. I had a number of articles to purchase and examine, as well as the merits of a new churn to discuss; and, just as we had settled all to our satisfaction, a neighbor whom we had not seen for some time came in, which detained us still longer, so that when we turned our horse's head homeward, I saw with some surprise, as well as a slight feeling of alarm, that the sun had already set, and the soft gray of twilight was stealing up the valley. Our load was a pretty heavy one, my husband having purchased several agricultural implements, of no great weight individually, but collectively making no small load for one horse; so that though we were necessarily anxious to get home, we were obliged still to drive moderately, particularly as the road was not only hilly, but rough.

Chatting upon the various little items of gossip which we had heard, we drove on till we had nearly reached the top of the hill, when, turning to make some remark to my husband, I saw a change come over his face, which struck me with a sudden terror. He was pale as a corpse.

"Look!" he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, pointing in the direction of our home.

My heart gave a sudden bound, then fell, like a lump of lead, in my bosom. A cloud of thick, dense smoke, distinctly defined against the clear sky beyond, rose above the tree-tops. I tried to speak, but I could not utter a word. At last I said, steadying my voice, "I think it must be Morrison's. Isn't it to the left of our house?"

"No!" he said, quickly, as he seized his whip, and urged old Whitey to his utmost speed. "Don't you remember that when we are at the top of the hill the smoke from our chimney rises just over the centre of that little group of cedars?"

Alas! I did remember; and as he spoke we reached the summit, and saw enough to change our fears to certainty. Neither spoke; but each turned and looked at the other with quivering lips and dilating eyes.

"My heavens! and I had locked them in." I was fairly beside myself, frantic with terror. I felt as if I must leap from the vehicle and fly to their rescue. Old Whitey seemed to understand that life or death depended upon his efforts, and he exerted himself nobly. On we flew, down the hill, dashing through the stony little brook that crossed the road, over the tumble-down bridge, whose rotten boards rattled and started up from their places, past the hedgerows, that looked like one continuous mass of flying green; past the little cottages, with the startled children staring from the doors, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but to rescue our darlings. I buried my face in my hands, and rocked to and fro in my seat almost bereft of reason, as I thought of the scene which might be awaiting us. Imagination conjured up all the dreadful tales I had heard or read, to add to my horror. Once only I raised my head, and saw, or fancied I saw, slender tongues of flame cleaving the mass of smoke, which had by this time increased fearfully in volume and density.

At last, after what seemed an age, but was in reality only a few minutes, we reached the bottom of the lane which led to our cottage. The angle was a sharp one, and we turned with such speed as to send the hind wheels of the old phaeton spinning high in the air. How I got out I never knew. I am sure I did not wait for the horse to be stopped. Rushing to the door, I threw myself against it with such force as to break it in. The room was full of smoke; but as the

opening door dissipated it a little, I saw that it was empty. Then, suffocated by the smoke, and overpowered by excitement, I fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in the house of a neighbor, with the children all about me, pretty well frightened, of course, but entirely unhurt. How the fire originated was a mystery which we never could unravel. Grace, sitting with her back to the stove, and with her attention entirely absorbed by the pictures in the family Bible, did not see it until Rover, the Newfoundland dog, who had been before quietly dozing by her side, attracted her notice by his evident uneasiness; after which he sprang through the window, fortunately taking the whole sash bodily with him, and, running at full speed to the nearest house, soon returned with some of its inmates. Grace, in the meantime, after letting down the two elder children through the window, which was only about four feet from the ground, took the baby from the cradle, and was preparing to follow when the neighbors arrived. The house being old, and built, as such houses usually are, of the most combustible materials, notwithstanding all efforts, soon became a smoking ruin.

Rover and Old Whitey lived to a good old age, and were ever afterwards held in affectionate remembrance for their services on that occasion.

One evening, about a year afterwards, as we sat in our new house, built on the site of the old one, but more commodious and comfortable in every respect, I remarked "that the fire had benefitted us in at least one way, for unless the old house had been actually consumed, we should never have had the new one."

"I have felt the benefit of it in another way," said my husband, gravely; "it has taught me never to put off doing anything which should be done at once until a 'more convenient season.' If the harness had given way on that day, where I mended it so slightly before we started, though it would not have interfered with the safety of the children, it would have added tenfold to our anxiety, because it would have delayed our reaching them. I made a vow then that if we were permitted to reach home without accident, I would use my utmost endeavors to overcome the habit of procrastination; and I think you will allow that I have been pretty successful, so that, in more than one respect, we have reason to regard that as a 'memorable ride.'"

EDUCATION.

Whatever may be your habits of industry—whatever may be your desire to obtain property—whatever you may do to render your circumstances easy and independent, unless some portion of your time is appropriated to the acquisition of knowledge, your castle of happiness must fall to the ground. Even the desire of obtaining it discovers a liberal mind, as it is connected with many accomplishments and virtues. Though your course of life should not lead you to study, yet the cause of education always promotes proper employment to a well disposed mind.

Virtue itself is only fostered by an improvement of the sensibilities, and in the absence of this ineffable trait, all the riches of this world are incompetent to render any one happy. Therefore, considering these circumstances, would it not be well to incorporate in your system of business the appropriation of a small part of your time to the useful improvement of the mind? Would you not thereby be duly enabled to appreciate the sources of happiness which a beneficent Creator has conferred?

The object and end of our existence is happiness, and it cannot be accelerated unless we call to our aid the assistance of our education.

TO EVANGELINE.

BY EMILY G. TEASDALE.

The winds blow freely from their secret home,
And whisperings soft and low unto me come:
The blooming summer now is gone, and fast
The leaves are falling by the Northern blast.
They image sorrow to the care-worn soul:
They fall, and fade, and die, but not the whole:
There is a life in their decay, and soon
With rolling months will smile again like noon,
As if they did delight to gladden man,
And whisper to his weary heart again.

Hope! mortal hope! shake off thy doubt and fear,
An hour of life and joy will come to cheer:
A germ of life immortal is at thy heart,
And into immortality 'twill start,
Though it may droop, and fade, and die, yet still
The spirit of eternal power will fill
The heart with energy again, and time
Shall see thy spirit risen from pale decay,
In fragrance blooming in a better clime:
A glorious hope in that ne'er-setting day.

And like this hope, and like those stars which shed
Light, peace and joy upon the sailor's head,
Who wayward driven by unpitying winds,
His hope at last in some safe harbor finds,
Rise! loved one, rise! and to my heart reply,
Bringing sweet hope and joy as light on high:
Bearing the beauty and the love most dear
To my sad heart, and dry the falling tear:
Since all that hope or dreams can tell,
Within thy being, I have found to dwell.

Or glows in summer skies, above, beneath,
Or goes into the heart with music's softest breath,
Or dwells in heaven's own climes of grand or fair,
Whate'er the spirit yearns for tenderest there,
Which by a thought, or tone, or look that steals
Within the heart, and there its love reveals:
Draws out the soul in feeling so divine,
That truth, and heaven declare that thou art mine.

There is a heart within this bosom beating,
A spirit yearning for our spirits meeting,
A power of which who knows the charm to me!
Its thrilling memory when I think of thee!
And even now the heart in tears will melt,
The more 'twas silent—then the deeper felt!

Where is that hand I've held within my own?
The heart I loved, and it was mine alone;
Where is that brow I've pressed with many a kiss?
And eye that spoke to me such untold bliss?
That, while my spirit gazed and tongue was still,
My heart drank joy and rapture to the fill,—
Joy that a God would not disdain to feel,
For, coupled with this mortal heart, 'twas real.

Rise! Eva, rise! appear unto my heart,
The sweetest vision life can e'er impart,
Flower of immortal love! hope of my soul,
While time and ages shall incessant roll.
'Round thee my fancy shapes a dream of love,
And weaves for thee all which my heart will prove,
And soaring ever, while all virtues live,
Shall seek for thee the riches heaven can give.

And whether in the sunny noon of time,
Or twilight of my life in any clime:
Or happier far when this fair world of ours
Hath numbered out its full of trying hours,
And beams like heaven with happy myriads here,
For high, bright beauty, gloriously clear,
I would be near thee, all thy soul could need
And love thee with heart-feeling none exceed,
In glowing visions in the earth or air,
Where'er my footsteps roam, where'er I see,
The first, the last, the dearest and most fair,
Into my heart and soul, my Eva, thee!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS MANAGER, W. SHIRES.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

A NEW KIND OF CALVINISM;

OR,

HOW FAR ARE MEN FREE AGENTS?

We have been requested by a valued correspondent to write on the subject of "man's free agency," as he says that himself and a number of others are interested in the question. It appears to him that a man's decision to accept the Gospel, or do any kind of good, instead of rejecting it and doing evil, is the result of forces and influences existing within the man, which control the will. As we have, at various times, thought out what might be said on our correspondent's view of the question, we will, without attempting to dictate any doctrine, state some of the evidences which lie on that side of the question of free agency, and leave such as are interested in the matter to judge for themselves.

Before doing this we will say that we have arrived at an age of the world when old creeds are passing away, and men dare to think and speak on every subject. We have reached a period when the human mind is seeking for a sure foothold on every great question. To get at this, there is no frame of mind so safe and proper as that which questions everything but that which it has sounded to the bottom. On this principle of man's free agency many new conceptions and thoughts may be presented.

As disputed by our grandfathers, the question of man's free agency simply amounted to this,—are mankind forced to go to heaven or hell unless they choose? Of course, when this question was put everybody had in their minds the supposition of some arbitrary personal God who had sufficient power to send mankind to either locality, and consequently all independent souls came quickly to the conclusion that as the idea of specially creating some people for damnation and making favorites of the rest was too repulsive to think of, man must be a free agent to choose his own future—especially as there could be no justice in a God who rewarded people who did not deserve it, nor any real happiness in being rewarded unless one knew he had merited it.

The above arguments, it is clear, are very sound so far as they go. It is evident that no one can successfully defend the idea of mankind being decreed to a fixed fate at the will of some arbitrary being who assigns His creatures to happiness or misery just because He chooses to do so. But there is no necessity when combating free agency to suppose any arbitrary God acting in this horrible way. Mankind may not be free agents—not because any great Being wishes it to be so,—but because according to the eternal laws of nature it cannot be otherwise. It is easy enough to suppose that nature, acting according to her own unalterable principles of wisdom and of love, may have brought all beings into existence with equal capacities for perfection, but at the time of their birth with greater or less tendencies to good, according to the conditions under which they are produced; just as trees, fruits and flowers, differ in their size, flavor and beauty according to their parentage, their cultivation, or the soil out of which they are obtained. This view of the case shows, indeed, that some men, owing to circumstances, may possess greater tendencies to good than their fellows, and to that extent be good without their free agency, but it assigns to all men a blissful future in due time; and does away with the idea of some monstrous Personage who creates men for good or ill according to His caprice and will. It takes for granted—that under the influence of irresistible forces which control the universe—all men, no matter how good or evil they may be at present, *owing to the experiences through which they are passing*, are coming out of the darkness into the light with greater or less rapidity. If one man, owing to the influence of more happy surroundings exerted upon him before or since his birth, be more filled with tendencies to good than his fellows, there is no injustice in this, because there is no favoritism in the matter—it is the result of laws which nature herself cannot control. Besides, if one man be influenced by higher impulses than his fellows, it is for their good as well as his own; for no man can possess more of God in his soul than his fellows without their being benefited by contact with him. God, like the sun, cannot shine through any individual, without he shines for all.

One thing, at least, may be said in favor of these views, and that is, that if it be true that mankind are dependent on their birth and surroundings for so much of love and desire for good as they may possess, our "Mormon" doctrine of the utility of a superior parentage, and the necessity of a better regulation of the marriage relations amongst mankind is brought into grand relief; for it shows that, of necessity, heavenly marriages produce heavenly children, and, therefore, that the marriage relations must lay at the root of all the misery and degradation or the happiness and progress of mankind.

In order to place our readers in a position to see the whole of this view of free agency, what human experience itself says on the subject, has also to be stated. It is in the experience of many that long before they were capable of deciding for good or evil on their own agency—long before they had any clear conception of the difference between one and the other, they can remember that they found themselves instinctively seeking after God without knowing why. Going into corners and praying to Him—not because they had any reason for doing so, because their reason was not exercised in the matter at that time, but just because they loved to do it—because they had a desire to do so—much on the same principle that young ducks go straight to the water. Again, many who have examined their own natures, hold that they possess strong impulses which incline them to good, which impulses, they assert, are the result of no agency of theirs; especially as they could not get rid of them if they wanted to, and could only suppress them with pain and violation of their whole nature.

As to what would be the results to the world, supposing this view was generally adopted, it is but just to say, that it would naturally incline mankind to a loving consideration for the weaknesses and follies of each other. Of necessity, it would make every believer in it feel that if they possess any good, they are what they are, through the tender mercies of a loving God, and all the rest of mankind are the same. All are where the wisdom of Omnipotence has brought them. All are marching up the ladder of life as fast as their condition will permit. So far as this idea goes, we will say that it would at least be a very pleasant doctrine to have true if we could make it so, for it would kill bigotry and fanaticism with one blow. It would enable us to love all men just where they are, because we should feel that although they are not half as loveable as they will be, they are where nature in her eternal movements has brought them.

It will, perhaps, be very sagely asserted on this subject, that the above is a very beautiful doctrine, except in one point, and that is, that it is not true. This, of course, is likely enough, and will be equally clear to us all when the reasons are given.

As far as the usual arguments for free agency are concerned, they are before our correspondent; we need not recapitulate them here, he is familiar with them already. To meet his inquiries, as well as those of his friends, and the public at large, we have stated part of what may be said on the other side. We make no decision on the matter. It is one of those questions which every man must decide by the light within him, and by his own experience. Such ideas will meet all thinking people, sooner or later, anyway, if they only think far enough; and they may just as well think about them to-day, and put them to flight if false, as at any other period. On the other hand, if there is a grain of truth in them, that grain belongs to our "Mormonism," for which cause we present them for examination.

In closing, we will say to all persons, on this and all other subjects: dare to think, and think freely. Never be afraid of the foolish saying that, perhaps you "will think so far that you may not be able to think your way back again." *It is only those who think but seldom who are in danger of not finding their way back;* just as little boys who seldom go from home are in danger of being lost on the very next street. Do not be afraid, either, that the truth will be endangered by your thinking. Depend upon it, the truth can take care of itself. It can stand inspection, and rough handling, if necessary. If not, it is not that glorious thing we have taken it to be, and we may as well be without it as with it.

BIG MOONS AND LITTLE ONES.

OR PLAIN TALK ON THE SCIENCES.

No. 11.

One of the delusions that a great many people labor under, is that there is but one globe in the universe that goes through such changes as our moon does. It would very much surprise such people could they watch some of the planets through a telescope, and discover that they go through all the phases of the moon from new to full. This is a fact that can be easily demonstrated. Even our earth does the same. To other worlds she looks at one time like a small new moon, appearing only as a faint streak of light; from this she increases gradually till she shines like a full round face, after which she again wanes till she disappears.

Living in a dark world like this, it will be a great comfort to many of our readers when we tell them that things are not half as black as they look, for there has been a new moon every night since the moon was made. "How," says one, "can that be? We only see a full moon every twenty-eight days!" It will perhaps only increase the puzzle when we assert, that it can be for the same reason that there has been a new moon, a half moon and a three-quarter moon *all shining at once*, every night since the moon began its career.

Suppose that a great ball, say twenty feet in diameter, was hung up in our streets opposite the City Hall, on a dark night; and suppose that a great mass of light was turned on to its southern side, from the windows of the Hall. To all persons on the south of the city it would look like a round full moon. Persons standing west of it near the Theatre would only see a thin edge of the illuminated side, and they would say that it resembled a new moon. Again, people north of the ball—or those living on the bench—being unable to see any of the illuminated side would say that was all nonsense, for to them it looked like no moon at all.

Just in this way our moon is hung up in the heavens, and being shone upon, only it has the sun to illuminate it instead of the City Hall window. Except when the earth gets exactly between the sun and the moon and cuts off the light, one side of the moon is always illuminated—always shining like a full moon. All that is necessary to have a full moon any night is simply to get opposite to it so that you can see it. As the moon passes round and round our globe, about once every month we get squarely opposite her illuminated face, when, as we can then see the whole of the side that is lighted up, we say that it is full moon. By-and-by passing on her great journey the moon gets a little on one side of us, and as we can't see quite so much of her bright side as we did we say "the moon is waning." It is nothing of the kind. It is still shining with a full round face of light, only we have passed a little to the right or left and cannot see the whole of it. Again the moon passes on around us, her illuminated face getting further and further out of sight, until, finally, it has disappeared from our view altogether; and we say, "there is no moon to-night;" simply because the dark side is turned towards us while its glorified face is shining away bright as ever, only looking in another direction. Could we at such times take a flight of a few hundred thousand miles till we stood just in a line between the moon and the sun we should discover our delusion at once. Could we still further follow the moon in its wanderings so as always to occupy the same kind of a position we could have full moon all the time. On the other hand, could we fly fast enough to go entirely round the moon in one night, we could have every change of the moon from new to full between the setting and the rising of the sun.

If this is true of one globe like the moon, it must, of course, be true of all bodies like our earth, that get their light from a central luminary by revolving around it. No body of this kind can be illuminated except on one of its sides at one time. To all intelligences who are opposite these illuminated sides they will, of course, look like full moons. To those who are sideways to the illuminated face they will look like new moons; while to those who are entirely behind the bright side they will be totally invisible, and seem to have disappeared.

As many of the planets are attended upon by a variety of moons to illuminate their nights, each of which, of course, go through all the changes we have referred to, as well as going through all these phases themselves, our solar system must be full of "Little moons and big ones," shining away every night visible to somebody, and which would be visible to us did we only go where we could see them.

FREE COPIES—READ THIS!

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS: We shall endeavor to send out to our country subscribers, with this and following numbers, free copies of the Magazine, which we hope they will be kind enough to lend to as many of their friends and neighbors as possible. We are sparing no expense to make the Magazine worthy of Utah; and although we shall not complain if we do not realize a cent of profit for a year or two, still we shall be grateful to all who seek to alleviate our burden by increasing the circulation. As the *Daily Telegraph* said lately, the Magazine is no commercial speculation. It is published solely in the interest of progress in Utah. Every friend can help this cause and lighten our burdens wonderfully by getting us each one subscriber. Who will do it?

FRANCE AND ITS FOUNDERS.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

France next comes in to play her part in the great drama of empires, Charlemagne was, in the world's history, what Julius Cæsar or Constantine was before him. An epic is in the very name of each, and they are also as historical links in the grand series. But, before taking up the biography of the family of Charlemagne, let us briefly sketch the founding of the French Nation.

Among the barbarians, who poured into Europe early in the Christian era, breaking up the Roman empire and changing the face of the world, were a people known by the name of Franks. They were of the great Teutonic family, and originally settled on the Lower Rhine and Weser. In their resistance to the Roman power they acquired their name (free-men). They were a confederation rather than a people. Under the name of Franks, Germans of every race composed the best troops of the Roman armies. They invaded Gaul as early as the year 254, during the reign of the Roman emperor Gallienus. They arose to importance in the empire and resisted the irruptions of others of the barbarians into Gaul, and, in 406, they opposed, though unsuccessfully, the great invasion of the Burgundians, Suevi, and Vandals. Of this invasion Gibbon says, "This memorable passage of the Suevi, the Vandals, the Alani and the Burgundians, who never afterwards retreated, may be considered as the fall of the Roman empire in the countries beyond the Alps; and the barriers, which had so long separated the savage and the civilized nations of the earth, were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground."

But, in our views of the Providence revealed in history, we have not dated this great remodeling of the world as from a "*fatal moment.*"

About the year 486, a tribe of the Franks, under Clovis, invaded Gaul and defeated the Roman governor. This Clovis became the founder of the first French dynasty. At this time, however, he was only chief of a petty tribe of the Franks of Tournai, but numerous bands of Suevi, under the designation of All-men (Alemanni), threatening to pass the Rhine, the various tribes of the Franks flew to arms to oppose their passage, and, as usual, they united under their bravest chieftain, who happened at the time to be Clovis, During the battle which followed, this famous founder of the French nation vowed to worship the god of his wife Clotilda if he gained the victory. This Clotilda was a Christian and the niece of the king of the Burgundians. Clovis, her pagan husband, did gain the day, embraced Christianity according to his vow, and three thousand of his warriors followed his example.

This important conversion of the warlike pagans caused great joy among the clergy of Gaul, and from that time the Christian hierarchy began to look upon the Franks as the germ of a new empire to give to Christ the dominion. St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne. wrote to Clovis—"When thou fightest it is to us that victory is due." And St. Remigius in commenting upon his baptism said, "Sicamber, bow meekly thy head; adore what thou hast burnt, burn what thou hast adored."

In the case of the founder of the French nation we have a striking parallel with that of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. The cross gave to each empire, and they were raised up to give the Church dominion. The Roman empire had once fitted the providence of the world, but Constantine and his successors had, by removing the seat of government to Constantinople, turned the grand problem back upon the East, when destiny had designed its march upon the West. The sequel showed the dominion was ordained to pass from the emperors of the East, and the representation of the future Christendom from the hands of the successors of Constantine. But the French nation was to arise at this juncture to take the place of the Roman empire, and Charlemagne was brought up in his order in the divine drama, to consolidate a christendom which has stood till the present day. But when he came, Constantinople and Rome were divorced, and out of this division between the Popes and the eastern emperors, which we shall notice hereafter, grew the Greek and Latin churches. And thus we see, at every step, even when in the very chaos of the world, the harmonies of God's movements and the opportune comings of the great characters and revolutions of history.

In the rising of the French nation as a christian power, the unity of the church was brought down and society moulded into more modern states of civilization. The bishops of the Church, filled with the idea of that unity, sanctioned the acts of Clovis when he cut off the lines of the other petty kings of the Franks to establish the general supremacy of his own dynasty over his rising nation. Says Gregory of Tours: "He succeeded in everything, because he walked with his heart upright before God." We mark these treacheries of kings—we note these pious sophistries of priests, but we also reverently say that out of evil the Great God brings forth good to mankind—out of barbaric chaos He moulds better civilizations.

The dynasty of Clovis continued for several centuries, building up the French nation and the barbarians who overran Europe were leavened by the rude mission of Christianity, for rude it was in those fierce days. The Saxons were among the most stubborn of the Pagans, whom the French, ("the first sons of the Church") for generations, sought to subdue; but Charlemagne ultimately completed their conversion with his mighty sword. Of the great drama performed in Christendom in the sixth and seventh centuries a historian thus writes:—

"The priest, in fact, was now king. The Church had silently made her way in the midst of the tumult of barbaric invasions, which had threatened universal destruction; and strong, patient and industrious, she had so grasped the new body politic as thoroughly to interfuse herself with it. Early abandoning speculation for action, she had rejected the bold theories of Pelagianism, and adjourned the great question of human liberty. The savage conquerors of the empire required to have not liberty but submission preached to them, to induce them to bow their necks to the yoke of civilization and the Church. The Church, coming in the place of the municipal government, left the city at the approach of the barbarians, and issued forth as arbiter betwixt them and the conquered. Once beyond the walls, she took up her abode in the country. Daughter of the city, she yet perceived that the city was not all in all. She created rural bishops, extended her saving protection to all, and shielded even those she did not command with the protecting sign of the tonsure. She became one immense asylum: an asylum for the conquered, for the Romans, for the serfs of the Romans. The latter rushed by crowds into the Church, which, more than once, was obliged to close her doors upon them—there would have been none left to till the land. No less was she an asylum for the conquerors; who sought in her bosom a retreat from the disorders of barbarian life, and from their own passions and violence, from which they suffered equally with the conquered. Thus serfs rose to the priesthood, the sons of kings and dukes sank to be bishops, and great and little met in Jesus Christ. At the same time the land was diverted from profane uses by the vast endowments which were showered on the men of peace, on the poor, on the slave. What they had taken, that the barbarians gave. They found that they had conquered for the Church. So was a right destiny fulfilled."

This passage from the French historian (M. Michelet), is a graphic picture of the great remodeling of Europe, during the periods from Constantine to Charlemagne. And just here, in our historical encyclopædia, let us indulge in a thought on the "great apostacy of the Christian church"

from that standard of excellence and divinity, represented in Jesus and his spiritual mission.

In opening the Latter Day dispensation, we elders of Zion have made this "great apostacy" one of our most important subjects of discourse. Upon no subject, perhaps, have we exhausted so much eloquence. We have been right; the Church *did* apostatize from its spirituality, and the kingdom of Heaven became very much the kingdoms of this world, even as the kingdoms of this world are, in turn, destined to become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. In those ages there was a night of civilization. They were indeed the dark ages. Arabia, not Christendom, represented civilization then; Mohammed, not Christ, was the light of the world. Even writers who attempt to deny this yet confess it. Say the famous Chambers Brothers, in their "Information for the People:"—

"Perhaps the obligations of modern Europe to Arabia at this time have been overstated; but it is not to be denied that learning, almost totally excluded and extinct in Europe during the eighth and ninth centuries, found an asylum here. It has been a matter of dispute how the tastes of these fierce Arabians became thus first directed. They probably owed it to the Greeks: but it is certain that what they got they returned with interest. We are said to derive our present arithmetical figures from this strange people; and geometry, astronomy, and alchemy were their favorite pursuits. The graces of light literature were not neglected, as is shown by the 'One Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments,' a production of this period, which still continues to solace the hours of childhood and old age among ourselves, and attest the extent of fancy and the variety of genius of those that gave it birth. Haroun al Raschid, who flourished in the beginning of the ninth century, is celebrated as a second Augustus. He was contemporary with Charlemagne, and communications of a friendly nature are said to have passed between them."

Thus we see not only an apostasy in Christianity, but also a departure from the comparatively high state of civilization, represented in the polished Greek and the imperial Roman. From Europe civilization fled to take refuge in Arabia, and not until the rise of the new Western empire from Charlemagne, did Europe begin again to take lead in the world's destiny. After him came the Saxon Alfred, and then England, as well as France, Italy and Germany, bounded into the new phases of civilization. But, while we note these ages of apostasy and night, let us philosophically consider the pit of races from which Christendom has been taken, and we shall find that those who to-day represent the Christian nations, have not gone back, but have advanced—not apostatized but have rather put on the beautiful garments of civilized man. Historical examples are better than theological views. Let our readers call to mind the play of Ingomar and his tribe of barbarians, which they have seen represented on the Salt Lake City stage. They were the Alemanni, a type of the people who overran Europe, breaking up the Roman empire. Now, let it be remembered, that from such races and out of such barbaric states, as the play of Ingomar presents, civilized Europe and America of to-day have sprung. Is it not wonderful that, from such a wilderness of humanity, Christianity has built up nationalities rivaling those of Greece and Rome—erecting a glorious fabric of civilization that culminates all which have gone before? A new world has been literally created out of the barbaric chaos of Europe that succeeded the fall of the Roman empire. Has not Christ then performed well his work of empire-founding, from our barbarian forefathers, who almost, to the very days of Charlemagne, emperor of the Franks, much resembled our American Indians? His work has always been "a marvellous work and a wonder" and now when his national superstructures are built up he has given a new dispensation through Joseph Smith to prepare the way for the establishment of Zion in all the earth! But first, like as our Apostles, High Priests and Seventies in Utah have gone into the adobie yards and kanyons to build up this Zion, so the Church of old went into the adobie yards of the human race to build up Christendom. All things considered is not the work passably fair?

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

GREECE.

Greek historians in the compilation of the traditions of their progenitors, have pretty well succeeded in impressing upon the world, as facts, the conceptions of their own fervid imaginations. To establish Greece as the "hub" of the universe, and her leading men as the heroes of the world, appears to have been the chief aim of the older Greek historians.

LYCURGUS AND HIS LAWS.

Whom they have endeavored to immortalize as the great law-giver of Sparta, is a very mythical personage. Some historians contend that he was contemporary with "Iphitus, the King of the Elis," who is *supposed* to have established the Olympic games," as early as six hundred and sixty years before Christ. Other historians assert that he was contemporary with Homer. Another rises up and says that there were two personages of that name—ages intervening between the birth and death of the one and the other. Even the parentage of one or both of them is a matter of contest. All admit that no record was ever made of his laws until five hundred years after they were ordained—oral tradition being the only method of transmission in use in those early days.

Troubadors, minstrels and poets, were the first compilers of tradition in every land. What would the world have ever known of Troy and her sad history, had it not been for Homer and his Iliad. The ideal world is the home of the facts. How often has the artful minstrel fed the vanity of a powerful chief by making, in his song, a hero of some chuckleheaded progenitor, whose only excellence, perhaps, was founded upon an irresistible self-will, with brute force enough to make it effective, by moving everything upon the principles of Dutch navigation—"main strength and awkwardness."

The fertility of the Greek mind is finely illustrated in Xenophon's biography of Cyrus, the Persian hero. Rasselas was not more successful in his discovery of the happy valley than was Xenophon in his conceptions of a perfect man. Who, that has once witnessed the growth of a rumor in its journey from Salt Lake City to Ogden, would place implicit faith in the compilation of oral traditions that had been handed down from father to son, or from mother to daughter, for over five hundred years?

A man named Lycurgus, or a genius of his order with some other name, undoubtedly once flourished in Sparta. He was unquestionably a man far in advance of the age in which he lived; great in mental endowments, and gifted with a masterful spirit. One who left the impress of his genius on society, through a rude social code that was well suited to the needs of a rude and warlike people. But who is so simple as to believe that *the laws* forming the social code of Sparta at the time when *authentic* history began to be recorded, were the laws ordained by Lycurgus five hundred years before, and handed down by oral tradition intact? How much more reasonable to suppose that the prevailing social code of Sparta at the time when authentic history records and immortalizes them, was the result of the experience of ages; and that the old code had been vamped, revamped and changed, to meet new circumstances in later

times; that the laws of Sparta at the date of authentic history were ordained by the Spartans of that age, and based only on the rude customs and habits of their progenitors. The fact is, the social code of Sparta in force at the time Greek historians recorded them, was an established reflex of the character, the manners and customs of the Spartans of that age.

Now, let us examine into the character of that famous code, and see if we can determine as to the extent to which the Spartans had advanced in the refinements of civilized life.

A vigorous young Spartan in search of a wife seized upon the damsel of his choice by night, and carried her off with violence. His interviews with her for months after this rude introduction were conducted with the utmost secrecy. Cunning and stealth characterized all their intercourse, until the wife was near her confinement. Should the wife at any time prefer the secret embraces of a favorite lover, the husband was subject to ridicule if he made a fuss about it. Upon the birth of a child it was immediately taken from the arms of its mother and carried before the judges and wiseacres of the tribe for examination. If it was strong, healthful and endowed with symmetry of form, it was preserved and adopted by the tribe, but if it proved to be a weakly specimen of humanity it was thrown into a deep pit as worthless carrion—it was deemed unfit to live. Girls were left to the care of their mothers. The boys were entrusted to maternal control for the first few years of their life, after which they ate at the public tables, and lived in the society of the men, almost exclusively. To prevent the men becoming too much attached to home and its pleasures, and to place a barrier to the increase of the influence of the wife, it was ordained that the men should eat at public tables, and at night retire to their homes without lights. King Agis upon his return from one of his warlike expeditions, upon which he was eminently successful, had a desire to dine in company with his wife at home, and besought the "Polemarchs," or masters of the public tables, for the privilege of doing so, and was refused. The highest excellence in a youth was to be able to steal without discovery, and to hide successfully. That no young damsel should ever be able by the character of her dress to hide any personal defect or deformity, it was required of them that they should attend the public amusements from time to time in a state of perfect nudity, and dance before the public; that the youths, their future husbands, might be able to judge of their comparative excellence of form, and athletic proportions. The art of padding was evidently not developed in those days.

The checks upon the intercourse of the sexes were so few, that a renowned Spartan warrior, when questioned by a serious inquirer, declared it to be impossible to commit adultery in Sparta,—there were no laws defining what adultery consisted of. The slave market of Sparta was always kept well supplied by captives taken in their warlike expeditions.

No Spartan ever toiled with his hands—labor was degrading. The products of the labor of their women and slaves supported them. Men of Spartan blood were trained to endure the fatigues and hardships of war by a frugal diet and athletic sports. A dogged resolution, and a total absence of the sense of fear, were considered to be the noblest characteristics in a man born to be a soldier. To turn one's back upon enemies, however numerous, was not permitted by the Spartan military law. A man must die in his tracks—with his face to his enemy, rather than yield or run away.

The power of their kings was merely nominal, the Senate shared in all the powers of government, and both king and parliament were held in check by the "Ephori" anindividual elected by the suffrage of the people. Every man of Spartan blood was a freeman.

The Spartan civil polity, as well as that of all the estate of Greece, was essentially democratic in character. Rude and undeveloped as it was, it was the first step in advance toward the dethronement of kings, who ruled by divine right without the will of the governed. To go over the whole ground of Grecian history is not our purpose. Nor is it necessary to do so to carry out our design in showing "How the world has grown." Sparta was the chief for a time of the many petty governments that divided and segregated the Grecian nationality, and prevented her from conquering the world, and leaving her impress, in indelible characters upon its future history.

Progress is written by the Divine hand on the front of the history of the human race. As soon as old nationalities settle down, become fixed, and run in grooves, younger and more vigorous nationalities spring up, overturn the old and engraft upon their roots new and more advanced forms of political and social life.

Thus has it ever been and thus must it ever be until "that which is perfect has come," and the world, not as nationalities, but as a whole, shall move onward and upward through unending ages.

The Drama.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

MACBETH MEDIUMISTIC.

Pass now to the type and character of Macbeth, and see the essence and theme of this epic drama unfolded in his action and person. He is *born* of the subject, and is not the *parent to* it. He is the chief *instrument* in the hands of the superhuman powers. He is a medium—a clairvoyant in his metaphysics; and from the time that he makes his *entree* to the close of his action, he is under the *influence*, and a son of supernatural solicitude. The potent managers of the play bring him on by their charms.

[*Enter* Macbeth *and* Banquo.]

Macb.—So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Banq.—How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?

Then follow the predictions of the witches concerning Macbeth's advancement:

1 *Witch.*—All hail, Macbeth! all hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 *Witch.*—All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.*—All hail, Macbeth, that shall be king hereafter.

It is *temptation*, not ambition.

Banq.—Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?

Macbeth did not *fear* to be ambitious; did not fear to challenge immortal powers; did not fear to call them "black and midnight hags;" but he feared himself—feared the whirlpool of *temptation* into which he was hurled, like the archangel cast down from heaven upon the burning lake, lost and confounded by the fall; feared the direful warfare of the mighty elements of good and evil opening now their storm upon his soul. A moment, and the fiend need stay no longer to pursue their theme. Temptation has the mastery. More eager than they is he to open the matter farther.

Macb.—Stay, you imperfect speakers; tell me more.

Follow the subtle working of temptation in the mind of our hero.

Macb.—Your children shall be kings.
Banq.—You shall be king.

Then the arrival of the king's messengers, who hail Macbeth "thane of Cawdor."

Banq.—What, can the devil speak true?

But in Macbeth it has not this direct working; it takes the subtler method of doubt to reach the ecstasy of conviction. Banquo doubts not the strange greeting from the king, but is directly on his guard with, "What, can the devil speak true?"

Macbeth challenges the truth, to be more fully convinced.

The thane of Cawdor lives? Why do you dress me in borrow'd robes?

The fact confirmed by circumstance, the theme of temptation continues.

Mach.—Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. * * *
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

See how much better Banquo understood the subject than did Dr. Johnson:

Banq.—That, trusted home,
Might yet, enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Is this a commentary on ambition or on the great subject of human temptation? It is Shakspeare that thus interprets himself. He knew his theme. Out of this subject our immortal poet has worked more sermons for the pulpit than from any other of his plays, not excepting Hamlet. It also gave him the opportunity for some of his finest metaphysical touches, and in no play have we nobler passages than in that of Macbeth. He is more of the divine and moralist even than the dreamy, philosophical Dane, for he has more of the subject to be illustrated in his life. He holds their best argument—the warfare of the good and the evil—the great play of man's soul passing through the fire of life's temptation. Here is a fine characteristic passage, which we beg to quote, to follow our dramatic master's great moral strain:

Mach.— Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. * * * *
This supernatural soliciting
Can not be ill; can not be good;—if ill
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Here is murder already conceived, and the ecstasy of fear, that makes his "seated heart knock at his ribs against the use of nature," is the fear lest Macbeth will vanquish Macbeth and lose his own soul in his victory.

Music.

MADAME ALBONI.

When Madame Alboni was in Berlin, the director of the theater "Della Scala," in Mailand, resolved to engage her for a week or two. He accordingly set out post-haste for Berlin. In a village near Innsbruck, some part of the carriage was broken, and our "Impressario" was obliged, much against his will, to halt. In a very ill humor, he set out for a promenade through the village, while the smith was repairing the coach. Sauntering listlessly along, he suddenly heard singing—and such singing! Never had he heard so sweet, so clear, so heavenly a voice. For a while transfixed with astonishment, he at length approached the house, and soon found himself in the presence of the songstress. She was a handsome Tyrolese maiden of uncommon grace and dignity, and was entertaining three children who were intently listening to her.

He apologised for his intrusion, and begged to know if the Fraulein understood music, or if what he had just heard was mere natural talent. She replied that she understood music. The director immediately drew from his pocket some sheets of "La fille du Regiment," which he chanced to have with him, and requested her to sing a few passages.

The Tyrolienne smiled and complied, with as much good nature as talent and ability. The director was enraptured.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, "I was on my way to Berlin to make an engagement with Mme. Alboni, the great European celebrity; but I have found you, and I will go no farther. Alboni could suit me no better than you do. I offer you two thousand francs per night, and engage you for twelve representations."

"And how much had you offered Mademoiselle Alboni?"

"Madame Alboni! Oh, that is different; I should have given her at least five thousand francs. But Mademoiselle, bethink you, she has an unrivaled name and fame, while you are yet wholly unknown."

"Yet you told me a moment ago that Mme. Alboni could suit you no better than I. I am then entitled to the same salary that you intended for her."

"That is impossible, Mademoiselle. Will you accept three thousand francs?"

"No."

"Four thousand?"

"No."

"Then, Mademoiselle, adieu. I can give no more; for as you are entirely unknown, I risk everything—you nothing. You might make your fortune and that of your family. You refuse to do so. Adieu."

The director reached Berlin and inquired for Madame Alboni. He was told that she was still in the country, where she had been spending the summer with her foster-sister.

"Where?"

"In Tyrol."

"In Tyrol! At what place?"

"In N——, two hours' ride from Innsbruck."

"I am ruined?"

Returning, he sought his peasant maiden. "Madame!" he cried, "you are no longer unknown. You have played me a fine trick!"

"I! Listen, Monsieur director; you now know me; but as you were this morning so unwise as to resign me for the peasant maiden, I now decline entering into any engagement with you."

The director was in despair. He fell at her feet, but Alboni did not relent until after the most earnest solicitation and the promise of six thousand francs per night.

She accompanied him to Mailand, and after two weeks' labor, the children of her foster-sister received from her a gift of twelve thousand francs.

BENEVOLENT HUMBUGS.

ODDITIES AND HUMBUGS OF LIFE.—NO. 3.

THE BODGERS FAMILY.

With a "bird's eye view" we have scanned some of the public characters and institutions of society, and found them distressingly anxious in some form or other, to be offered up for public good. In confirmation of this view—so cheering to philanthropists generally—Quiz hastens to present a few personal illustrations. The classes he wishes now to present are, however, those who exert their benevolent propensities, not so much in the meeting of "public wants," as in yielding to the irrepressible tendency of their natures to hunt up worthy objects for their distinguished patronage and care, whom it is the special business of their lives to "bring out;" alongside of which delightful peculiarity, they generally possess a fertile genius, the strength of which is generally devoted to the search for objects on which to use the unemployed labor and talent they find wasting around them. This they persist in doing regardless of the loss they must personally sustain in the neglect of their own more precious abilities. They sweetly pass along, simply devoted to the "bringing out" of other people. What if they generally discover that the best way to develop talent is to employ it on some trifling necessities of their own? It is simply an illustration of the profusion with which excellencies are crowded into some natures. They possess in graceful union the qualities requisite for developing talent and wisely using it at the same time! For the first illustration of these beneficent specimens of humanity, as in the case of the meeters of "great public wants"—Quiz goes back to his earliest impressions.

He remembers in those distant times, among other abilities—which it is, of course, entirely unnecessary for him to say he possessed in immense variety—the possession of a highly finished taste in carpentery. It may be as well to add here—as the rage for building in these parts is strong—that he don't like the "taste" now, so no one need call on him on that account! But, he remembers when the taste *was* strong on him, that on sundry occasions and under the impression that he was adding to the splendor of the universe generally, he produced in a style, the beauty of which it is utterly useless for him to attempt to describe, a variety of highly useful articles. Particularly does he remember producing in unimaginable perfection a rain water-butt lid, a stool with three legs and a rolling-pin of unheard-of dimensions. He also remembers, about the same time, rearing in strict architectural proportions, *four* posts in miscellaneous positions, and then covering the spaces between them with laths placed cross-ways, in a diamond form; the whole being intended to convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a summer-house of sumptuously beautiful proportion and illimitable decoration.

As might be naturally supposed—in fact precisely as Quiz supposed—the fame of so much genius spread in various directions. So many were the eulogies that were visited on his wonderful ingenuity, that he found it necessary, to seriously contemplate on what terms, when he grew up, the world at large might expect to have the benefit of so much skill and ability.

Doctor David Bodgers was at that time among his admirers. He had a sweet way of sitting down by Quiz's side and patting his head, and saying he was a very smart boy indeed, only he ought to practice further! He would like to see a boy of his abilities try something on a larger scale. He had a garden that he would let him operate upon—and charge him nothing! He might come when he liked; and then he could see his (Bodgers') trees and his books. He had a "splendid new plane" too, he would let him use! (think of that), and he wanted badly to give him a glass of ginger beer.

Invited to so much glory, he went enthusiastically, of course, and found the small job for which he was to receive two pennyworth of beer, a trifling item of about three weeks duration—merely the lining of all Bodgers' garden walks with various-sized strips of wood, designed—to the ignorant and unenlightened mind—to represent borders of various formations. Quiz remembers well how he accomplished this job, how he was sick of it long before he was through—how he wanted to give it up and couldn't—Bodgers kept praising him so much, how he received his glass of ginger beer, and how he left at last, overwhelmed with glory, of course, and the conviction that he was—"sold;" and how he ever after treasured up Doctor David Bodgers in his heart of hearts as humbug No. 1.

The above affecting circumstances were not Quiz's last experience with Dr. Bodgers. He has a painfully clear recollection of a vast number of small jobs into which he was decoyed by the same worthy. Whenever in later years Bodgers grew conversational, or closely confidential, or requested him to help himself to a peppermint drop from one of his glasses, he knew what was coming. As sure as death, if he accepted the peppermint drop, was he "gone under," and could no more refuse Bodgers anything after that, than if Bodgers and interesting family had all died on his account. Hence, when he saw a sweet smile on Bodgers' face, and heard him begin, "my dear boy, I'm sure you must be tired. Do come into my study and sit down," a faintness of spirit always came over him. And furthermore, when Bodgers, with a delicate allusion to his superior judgment, put a pencil into his hand, and asked him to give a mere sketch—any thing would do—of the best possible form for a new room over Bodgers' study—to be approached in some frightfully unnatural manner—through a coal cellar and over a larder, and under a passage—a clean whole day's work at least, like a lamb he went to the slaughter—but unlike a lamb—he vowed to write the natural history of all the Bodgerses before he died. Strong as is his wish to fulfill this singularly pious determination at this present moment, this brief illustration of the Bodger family must suffice for the present. They will be easily recognized when we say that cheap benevolence, in fact—"peppermint-drop benevolence"—is their motto! Getting work for nothing—thoughts for nothing, ideas for nothing, and doing it all, as men that confer a favor, is their specialty. Behold them in their benevolence? They stand ready at a moment's warning to employ all the unused labor or ability of the world in their service, without troubling the owners thereof with the smallest consideration in the way of pay. And mark you, this special beauty of the Bodgers family—you shall never work for them in the least degree, unpaid as of course you will be—but they will convince you that you are most specially and mightily ministering to your own glory and happiness thereby.

ORIGIN OF "BOGUS."—In the year 1837 there appeared in the Western and South-Western States a person calling himself Borghese—pronounced Borgus or *Bogus*—who drew large numbers of fictitious cheques, notes and bills of exchange upon the principal bankers and traders, and succeeded in swindling the public out of large sums. His operations were so extensive, and the distrust caused in all commercial circles were so great when his forgeries were discovered, that it became a common phrase in the South-West, and from thence spread over the whole Union, to describe any doubtful commercial paper or forged note as *bogus*. The word took and was speedily applied to distinguish anything of doubtful origin.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER SELLS HIS SOUL.

It was three weeks after the interview related in the last chapter, between Farinelli and Judah Nathans. By this time, the singer had become nearly convalescent; but he had not yet left his room. His recovery had not been so rapid as the mentor had at first expected, for the excited state of his mind and his intense musical studies to place himself on an equality with Terese, had much undermined his vigorous constitution, and his wounds brought a re-action. But it was in the course beneficial, for his very sickness repaired his wasted nature, now the fires which had consumed him had gone out and hope had awakened in his heart.

Terese had received a letter from Sir Walter Templar. The intelligence which it brought was as yet unknown to her family. She had gone to visit Spontini. Her love was a matter upon which she had maintained some reserve with her grandfather, because of the uncertainty of the issue of Walter's communications with his family. But, on the receipt of her letter, she had asked permission to spend the day with Spontini. Her grandfather had also been reserved upon the important subject of her alliance with our hero, because he had formed hopes not in accordance with those of his granddaughter. A long consultation had been held between Isaac Ben Ammon and his nephew Judah, after which the latter sought Farinelli.

"My friend," said Judah, as he entered the chamber of the foster-brother, "I have a little matter to arrange with you before my departure for England in the morning."

"Go you to England, Signor Nathans?"

"I do."

"On what business?"

"Partly on my own, partly on the concerns of my niece. She has received this morning a letter from Sir Walter Templar."

"If he designs to make her his wife, then, as I have repeatedly so said, I will not stand in the way of my foster-sister's happiness."

"My dear Farinelli, I have told you that my uncle Isaac never will consent for his grandchild to wed a Christian nobleman and lose in her the caste of his race."

"Never, Judah, never!" observed the venerable Hebrew, who entered at that moment, and heard the last remark of his nephew.

"Never must the descendants of Isaac Ben Ammon be outcast from the God and religion of his forefathers. That would be the curse fallen upon Israel again. It would send my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Oh, then, where do I stand!" exclaimed Farinelli in despair.

"My son, become a Jew," replied the old man.

"A Jew!" said Farinelli with a start.

"Yes, my son, adopt the religion of the Hebrews. Jehovah is the true God,—the seed of Abraham, the children of the covenant: Moses is the Great Lawgiver, not the Nazarine. The Prophet of the Christians was not the Messiah of Israel. He was not the Shiloh in whose hands was the scepter of Judah. He reigned not upon the throne of David. The Messiah has yet to come to redeem Israel."

"I am sorely tried!" said the singer.

"My good Farinelli, you told me that you would give your soul for my niece."

"True."

"You are asked but to change the *form* of your religion. A trifle, a trifle, my dear Farinelli," said the sceptic.

"Judah! Treat not thus lightly the subject," observed Isaac Ben Ammon.

"In whom is your religion embodied, my good Farinelli?" continued Judah, not noticing his uncle's remonstrance.

"Too well you know, Signor Nathans!"

"But answer, my friend, direct."

One word answered it. A single name confessed the idolatry! "Terese!"

"It is well. Sir Walter Templar cannot bow to the necessity. You do," said the philosophic Judah.

"Embrace the religion of the Hebrews," added Isaac Ben Ammon, "and my granddaughter shall be your wife. Your children will then be brought up in the Hebrew faith. My race will not then die out of the congregation of Israel."

"Terese!" again responded the foster-brother, as though he would blot out all names with hers. To his imagination, he had, in the response, given his *soul* for her he loved with such idolatry. What more could a devoted Catholic than to consent to become a Jew?

"My son," said Isaac Ben Ammon, "as the husband of my Rachel's child, you will share with her my vast wealth."

"Right, uncle," observed Judah, "*Justice is the best policy, as truth is the highest wisdom.* He has loved Rachel's child longest and best, for he gives his soul for her."

"Nay, Judah, he but turns his face to the God of Abraham."

"It is the same to him, Uncle. But our conditions are met. And now let me inform you, my good Farinelli, that I go immediately to England. My uncle, Reuben Nathans is dead, and I am his heir. This, my uncle Isaac has told me. He has left to me half a million of English money. Rachel's child is my heiress. We are not *ungrateful*, Farinelli. Sir Walter Templar must now learn the *will of my family!*" This he said with a haughty spirit which would have matched even that of Sir Walter Templar himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIR RICHARD COURTNEY AND HIS FAMILY.

Sir Richard Courtney, who, with his dying friend De Lacy, opened our story, must be again introduced to our readers. Sir Richard, this afternoon, is surrounded by his entire family, for Walter Templar and Frederick De Lacy are at Courtney House once more. Walter had, this day, received letters from Italy informing him of the discovery of Terese's grandfather and her uncle Judah. The second letter, dated three days after the first, brought the news that her uncle had departed from Italy for England with the intention of calling upon Walter's family. This intelligence had been communicated by Spontini, who wrote in behalf of his beloved pupil. Reference was made to the epistle received the day before the departure of Judah, bearing the first assurance of hopes from Walter, which had been hastily dispatched on his arrival in England. Spontini said that he had himself related to the grandfather and uncle the story of the association and love of our hero and heroine, but that he could not fully understand their views upon the subject. He thought, however, that their reticence was in consequence of the uncertainty touching the views of Sir Walter's family; and as he was answered by the grandfather that Judah intended to communicate personally with the Courtney family upon the matter, he had not pressed for further explanation. The uncle, therefore, Spontini said, might be expected to call at Courtney House, at any moment after the receipt of this news. Accompanying the letters of the illustrious composer, was one of a more personal and tender character from Terese herself. It was upon the subject of these letters that Sir Richard Courtney and his family were in consultation this afternoon; and as we have found them together, we will describe to our readers that family scene and the circumstances of the case in which we hope they are as intensely interested as ourselves.

It is now twenty years since we first introduced Sir Richard Courtney at the bedside of his dying friend, Lord Frederick De Lacy. The baronet is about fifty years of age; and is a type of the "Fine old English Gentleman of the Olden times." His appearance was very stately; and more so this afternoon from the benignant gravity of his countenance.

Sir Walter Templar, on his arrival at Courtney House, had, as soon as propriety would permit, assembled his relatives together in family council, much as we find them this afternoon. He then related to them the entire history of his associations with Terese; and, finally the confession of their mutual love. That afternoon presented a very similar scene and was very much in harmony in its circumstances with that on which we have taken the opportunity of again introducing Sir Richard Courtney and his family. While relating the story of himself and our heroine, and dwelling upon the betrothal of himself and cousin, Walter Templar felt as in a solemn family council of his race, with Eleanor his betrothed present. He protested against nothing, he amend all which his family had done. He simply brought in a new fact. It was the mutual love of Terese and himself. There is a logic of feelings, and the logic of facts; and the logic of feelings ruled Sir Richard's family. Walter won all by his simple conscientiousness and strict honor, which laid the whole case at the feet of his betrothed and her father. They decided not against, but *for* him and his love.

What had, on the occasion of the first family council, upon the important matter of the love of Terese and Walter versus the betrothal of Walter and Eleanor, made the case so clearly acceptable was the fact that Walter had from the first concealed nothing

of the history of his associations with Terese, excepting the sequel of his love which he had hastened from Italy to lay before them. In that non-concealment, his family were committed to the whole.

Sir Richard Courtney, after the death of his young wife and dear friend, Lord Frederick De Lacy, lived the life of a recluse, though not a misanthrope. He was of a poetic mind; he delighted in books and loved the classical dreams of kindred souls. He was pre-eminently an idealist, though by no means an *impractical* man, which is too generally made identical with the type—*idealist*. Sir Richard was, by nature, a statesman, but possessing a noble name and fortune, and being highly conscientious, the circumstances of his life had made him a classical dreamer, rather than a politician. But he was not a dried-up book worm—the *dreamer* expresses his type. He possessed an embalmed youth—embalmed by love and friendship—embalmed by the very death of his wife and friend, in the rosy days of his manhood. He had in consequence of his dreaming, been as blind as Walter and Terese to the real state of their case, until the afternoon when his nephew laid it before his family with a new light. The boylike episode of making a protegé of a gifted orphan Hebrew child, Sir Richard deemed a beautiful romance that touched his own poetic nature, and brought back his own youth when he and his friend, in their tour in Italy, were just as likely as his nephew and his friend's son to have embodied in their lives just such an incident. And then the romance was shared between him and young De Lacy, with Spontini, a prince of art, as the guardian of the gifted child of art.

Lady Templar, who is the next personage to be considered in the scene, was very much like her brother and like him. Also she was married only to the partner of her early love. Since the death of Walter's father, Sir Edmund Templar.

She has shared with his uncle Courtney in all the duties and associations of his life—shared in parental love and guardianship to the offspring of the Courtneys, the Templars, and the De Lacys that nestled in her ancestral home. With these dear links of association to wed her to the recluse life of her brother—a lover of the beautiful, a votary of literature, the tutoress of the artistic instincts of his cousin Eleanor, she had looked upon her son's association with art and genius in Italy—the modern cradle of art—much in the same light as his uncle.

Eleanor Courtney is the next personage in the scene which must command our attention. She was tall and queenly-looking. Her person was of the Norman, not the Saxon type. Her nose was prominent, but finely chiseled, indicating strength and intellect. We name this mark of her face, because it was that which first struck the attention of an observer on an introduction to her, but as you looked into her face for an examination, you saw a clear, noble countenance altogether and a lofty brow, moulded as for a diadem. It was clearly the imperial face; and you was struck not so much by the conception of beauty as you gazed upon her, as of pure, exalted character. She was a woman to be loved—to be worshipped; but you would not have found a crowd of butterflies in her train. She would have been insensible to their butterfly adorations; and, indeed, utterly unconscious thereof, unless brought to her sense in the offensive form. She was therefore altogether the reverse of the coquette, and in nothing that a vain and selfish woman takes delight in, did ever Eleanor Courtney take ought of delight. Yet she was not cold and passionless in her nature, much less heartless. A woman without heart—a woman without deep or tender sensibilities, is more utterly selfish than a man of the same character; but all that a lofty and a supremely unselfish woman could be, was Eleanor Courtney. Yet she possessed not so much the *tender* sensibilities as the *deep* and forceful. Like her father and cousin Walter, she was the embodiment of intensity, though exquisite, in her intellectual nature being of the pure poetic type; but there was more of the lofty character and inspiration of a psalmist David than a rich luxuriant, though somewhat weedy Byron. It was this intensity of nature which made Eleanor Courtney the very reverse of the coquette. She did not, from her own nature, comprehend *insincerity*, which goes so largely into the compound of an artificial woman of the world, and also to constitute the plumaged charmer who delights in vanities and adulations from the very emptiness, not fullness of their natures. There are an imperious class of woman who in the plenitude of youthful powers glory in humbling the lords of creation to the dust at their feet, as though the humiliation of the manly sex gave to them supreme triumph; there are coquettes, because their vanity and sex are largely gratified by the flatteries and homage of the opposite sex. To neither of these classes did Eleanor Courtney belong; but, if there may be said to have been in her a tendency to either side, it was more to the imperious class. This lofty, sincere and intense nature of Eleanor had kept her to this moment not only an excellent example of what a betrothed maiden ought to have been, but also actually "fancy-free." Shakspeare's matchless eulogy would not have been inappropriate to Eleanor Courtney:

> "That very time, I saw (but thou could'st not,
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
> And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts!
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chase beams of the wat'ry moon:
> And the imperial vot'ress passed on
> In maiden meditation fancy-free."

We have been thus particular in describing Eleanor Courtney for though she has not come much personally into the action of our story, so much of its subject is controled by her, and so many of its issues directly or indirectly grow out of her Her cousin Walter, as he had designed in Italy, and, as arranged between him and Terese had first laid before Eleanor the entire case of his love without reserve and submitted it entirely into her hands. To say that the maiden listened to his tale with stoical indifference or without a startled surprise would be incorrect. But she was not pained nor angry, much less offended with her cousin Walter. She was deeply concerned both for him and Terese, while she strongly felt her own responsibility in the case.

"Walter, my brother," she said when he had told her all, "Walter, my *brother*," she repeated with designed emphasis, "We must immediately inform papa of this."

"But, oh! my sister, my dear considerate sister, I am unspeakably pained when I reflect what a shock my uncle Courtney's family designs will receive by the revelation which I have just made to you. My uncle and mother will feel it in its practical family bearings more than either you or I can, for, with us, it is a matter of sentiment chiefly; with them, both sentiment and family legislation, in which my dead father and the lamented De Lacy took also their part."

"Yes, *brother* Walter, I know it—feel it all: yet my father and your mother must be immediately informed thereof. The peace of mind of both of us demand this and the arrangements which have already been made for the double union of myself and Alice still render the explanation more imperative."

"Which I am equally as anxious as yourself, dear Eleanor, to make, this very day; but I shrink from paining my revered uncle, and, in a moment, scattering to the winds all his past and long-cherished hopes and dreams."

"Still, dear Walter, it must be done, and done this very day. I, myself, will prepare your mother. And now, brother Walter, let us end the subject between us exclusively; you go and arrange with my father for a family council and I will to your mother for the same purpose. God bless you, dear Walter, and bring to pass all that you and Terese desire. I will be your sister Eleanor and her sister also. There, now, don't look so grave and sad. You remind me too much, just now, of that gloomy ancestor of ours, Sir Godfrey Courtney, whose sad haughty look always gives me a cold shiver, when I visit the picture gallery of our race. You know the tradition that there was some dark, terrible passage in his life, which was all besides very noble and stainless."

"But is there not a resemblance, Eleanor, just now, in reality, between me and him, in my thus betraying my family?"

"Why, how now, Walter? When did you betray us. Have you sinned, then, because you did not fall in love with my poor self? Fie! fie! Walter, you must not so humble me, by the thought that you have betrayed us by your love for Terese, nor so wrong yourself. There, now, away, Walter. But, first, sir, you may kiss me as a brother should his eldest sister and counselor. That is well!" added the maiden, returning his kiss upon his brow, as his sister would have done. "And now, dear Walter, we understand each other."

"God bless and reward you, my noble Eleanor," replied Walter in a voice of deep emotion, and then he hurried from the room.

This touch upon the past will not only illustrate the character of Eleanor Courtney, but also give a view of the canceling of the betrothal, and bring us up to the afternoon on which the family sat in what we will consider their second council, caused by the arrival of letters from Italy, bringing the great news that Terese had found her grandfather and uncle, and that the letter might be expected, to call at Courtney House at any moment.

On this afternoon, in the family scene before us, we have seated near Eleanor Courtney, Frederick De Lacy, and their splendid contrast was as apparent as that which we have noted between Walter and Frederick. They looked a noble pair—a very noble pair, and a very fitting pair to mate. Any thoughtful person

present, whose mind had previously been directed to the subject, could not well have helped reflecting that Frederick De Lacy and Eleanor Courtney should have been mated, and not Walter and Eleanor. If with either of the sisters, Walter should have been paired with his younger cousin, Alice Courtney, which brings us to a description of that maiden, who in that scene, that afternoon, is seated near her cousin Walter Templar.

Though she is sitting near her cousin Walter, Alice has timidly placed herself somewhat in the background. Indeed, there is apparent in her much of the timidity of the fawn. She is very unlike her imperial sister Eleanor, but much like her gentle mother who died almost as soon as Alice was born. There is much of the tone spiritual in her which would incline one to believe that, like her mother, she was not long for this world. There seems to be no strong affinity between her and Frederick De Lacy. Indeed this timid hiding near her cousin Walter rather shows that her affinity is towards him, though he is unconscious of any towards her, for Terese now engrosses all his thoughts.

Alice does not, however, experience much concern for her sister Eleanor, whom she has more than once this afternoon confessed to herself ought to have been mated with Frederick De Lacy, and not to her. As for herself, the gentle Alice feels a poor forlorn maiden, whose chief concern is about Walter and Terese, whom she hopes will love him as much as—well she does not quite word that part of the case, for just at such points she feels a fluttering in her heart and her eyes fill with tears.

Our readers must please imagine the conversations this afternoon upon the news from Italy in keeping with what has been said, and start into a new development which just now comes in with Sir Richard's servant entering and announcing—

"Mr. Judah Nathans!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN MUST NOT MATE.

The announcing of Judah Nathans created quite a sensation in the family circle of Sir Richard Courtney. Walter Templar immediately arose and met his visitor, cordially extending his hand, which Judah as cordially took.

"Terese's uncle, I presume, sir?" observed Walter.

"I am, Sir Walter, the uncle of Terese, the granddaughter of Isaac Ben Ammon."

"You are welcome, Mr. Nathans. This is my uncle, Sir Richard Courtney."

"We are glad to meet you, sir," said the noble baronet, also rising and shaking hands with his visitor.

"This is my sister Lady Templar; these my daughters, Eleanor and Alice; this young gentleman, Lord Frederick De Lacy."

"Sir Richard Courtney, I am gratified in meeting a family whose character is so deserving of respect as your own."

"My dear sir, I fear you flatter us," said the baronet with a smile.

"Nay, Sir Richard, I always speak the truth."

"We cannot dispute such a point, Mr. Nathans. But pray be seated. You are timely arrived. My nephew, Sir Walter Templar, has just been reading letters from Signor Spontini, in which he informs us that his pupil has found her grandfather and uncle. His second letter, received by the same post, brought the news that you had departed from Italy on business to England, a portion of which concerned relations between my nephew Sir Walter and your niece. Your visit, therefore, Mr. Nathans is not altogether a surprise, but none the less welcome."

"I am glad this news has arrived before me, Sir Richard," observed Terese's uncle; "for it relieves me of some embarrassment."

"It will, perhaps, farther help us in our family consultation—for such I consider it—to explain to you that my nephew has informed us fully of his attachment towards your niece, and honorably laid the entire case, with its interesting circumstances, before his family, for our united ajudication."

"'Twas worthy of my own tribe," said Judah, who, sceptic though he was, had a high opinion of his race.

"And of my nephew," observed Sir Richard proudly, for he loved our hero, if possible, more than ever, notwithstanding his severe disappointment.

"Sir Walter, an alliance with you would not have dishonored a daughter of the ancient people."

Our hero bowed his acknowledgment, and Sir Richard continued; for the family case Walter very properly resigned to his uncle to conduct on his behalf, and Judah Nathans on the part of Terese.

"Sir Walter has also told us, Mr. Nathans, that your excellent niece was equally just, touching his betrothal with my daughter Eleanor, and that they parted pledged, upon the stake of their own happiness, to commit their case to the honor and justice of the family. They preferred to sacrifice themselves, rather than dishonor a sacred betrothal or sacrifice another."

At this point Eleanor Courtney blushed, but not in confusion.

"The case, therefore, Mr. Nathans, must be determined by the conscience and honor of the family, and not the interested affections of the young folks."

"I am very glad of this, Sir Richard," observed Judah.

Courtney then concluded his statement by adding:

"This recent discovery, of the grandsire and uncle of Terese Ben Ammon, has extended the subject, and brought into the council your side. You have opportunely arrived as its representative. The case is a family case, and not a personal one; both sides are now in court, and it awaits their mutual adjudication."

Sir Richard Courtney had ended. The uncle of our heroine did clearly understand how the case stood; for he perceived that the baronet, with his nice sense of propriety, had simply stated it without the slightest allusion to any foregone decision, if any such had been made. If previously to the receipt of the late news the matter had been settled by Sir Walter's family either way, it was now evidently regarded by Sir Richard as a suspended case. He had not presumed on the assumption of a decision, until the newly-found relatives had been brought into the family counseling. Judah saw, therefore, that he was expected next to represent his side, that the adjustment might be clearly mutual. The delicate consideration of the baronet pleased him.

"I presume Sir Richard Courtney and his family have resolved to honor the betrothal," observed the uncle of Terese.

"Yes, Mr. Nathans, they have thus resolved, my family never break their engagements."

"I thought so, Sir Richard."

"But they have cancelled that betrothal."

"Indeed," said Judah, for he expected it not.

"That which as a family we did, as a family we have undone. Yet, Mr. Nathans, you are not involved in that part of the case; that is simply our action, and involves you in no obligations."

"And did you, then, Sir Richard, willingly consent to this?"

"Certainly, Mr. Nathans. I own that the love of Walter for your niece broke a dream of years, but I willingly consented under the circumstances to cancel the betrothal."

"Your nobleness makes me more human, Sir Richard, for I perceive that the world 'is not all dross.'"

"I could not be less just than my nephew has been. Had he violated his betrothal, and outraged my daughter's feelings, I would never have forgiven him——"

"Father!" gently remonstrated his daughter. It was *not Eleanor the betrothed*, but Alice, who spoke.

"Well, well, Alice, I did not exactly mean that I would not have forgiven your cousin. But, Mr. Nathans," he continued to his visitor, "Sir Walter Templar has so long been my pride that had he dishonored his family, he must have fell in my esteem."

"And justly fell," said the man of strange contradictions of good and evil.

"And could I have taken advantage of my nephew's nobleness, I should fall from my own esteem," added Courtney.

"You are a just man, Sir Richard. I am not good, but I love justice." Judah could not allow the truth for himself to pass, without qualifying it with the assertion that he was, nevertheless, *not good*.

"I say, Sir Richard, you are a *just* man."

"And being so, or like yourself, loving justice, I have revoked the betrothal and consented to the union between my nephew and your niece. The maiden's grandsire and uncle, however, have since come into the consideration They must speak for her. You have now, sir, the phase of the case, as far as Richard Courtney is concerned."

"And Lady Templar?" queried Judah

"Has decided with her brother," she answered.

"And Eleanor Courtney?"

"Has also decided as her aunt, Walter's mother, would have done, when she bore the name of Eleanor Courtney," said the betrothed with proud satisfaction.

"Right, my dear Eleanor, your aunt would have done as you have." And Walter's mother kissed her niece fondly, as though she had been her mother.

"Mr. Nathans," here observed Sir Richard, "my daughter Eleanor was the first to resign her cousin Walter, and to insist upon his union with Terese. She has proffered to change characters at the altar, and give the bride away."

"I have solved a new problem," mused Judah, falling into one of his usual scientific reflections. "I have found a just family. Our Father Abraham would not have plead in vain had Sir Richard Courtney dwelt of old in Sodom."

"I fear, sir," said the gentle Alice, "that I should not have acted as nobly as my sister Eleanor." A tear stole down the maiden's cheek, she knew not why, a fluttering was in her tender heart, which she could not understand, but she glanced at her cousin Walter. Was love for him germinating in her heart? Cupid is very perverse. He is an unwise deity, and ever falling into trouble.

"Sir Richard Courtney," began Judah Nathans, after a few moments pause, which he had spent in deep but rapid reflections, "I am really embarrassed with this interesting case. I deemed my problem a solved one, but find it otherwise. But for the justice and generosity of your family, the case would have terminated as Terese's grandfather and myself had supposed it would. But now—to confess the truth—I *am* embarrassed."

"You did not expect, Mr. Nathans, that we would have consented to this union?" inquired Sir Richard, himself now somewhat puzzled, while his family showed signs of deep anxiety, for they saw that some difficulty was in the way still.

"I did not expect your consent to the union of Sir Walter with my niece," was the answer.

"And it is not satisfactory to you, sir?" said the baronet, somewhat offended, for the concession seemed to be all on his side.

"Quite the reverse, Sir Richard Courtney. I am uncommonly satisfied. It is no small matter for a proud family of the ancient nobility of England to forget their exclusive caste, and stoop to an alliance with a daughter of the despised people."

"Mr. Nathans, we shall feel honored, not disgraced by that alliance," observed Eleanor, the betrothed, with a blush. "Pardon a maiden for speaking in the case. But, as I stand in a very peculiar relation, it may not be out of place for me to say that I shall henceforth look upon Terese as a very dear sister."

Alice Courtney wept again, but hid her tears.

"Young lady," replied Judah, "you are a very noble creature. I would that all women were like *you*, and all men like your father."

"Sir," observed Walter Templar, at this point, with much agitation, there is some important matter which you withhold from us. Terese has not changed by the discovery of her relations? No, that is impossible. Is aught wrong with her? Speak, sir, in mercy, speak; for I forbode some ill."

"My niece is unchanged."

"And our union, you say, is satisfactory to her grandfather and yourself?"

"Sir Walter Templar, the *Christian noble and the Jewess cannot mate!* Religion is a barrier higher than betrothals. What can cancel *its* covenants? How can the Jews and the Christians marry and become one people, when they are divided both by the barriers of religion and race?"

Judah spoke with a solemn earnestness; for his heart as well as his philosophy was interested deeply.

"My God, my God, I expected not this!" exclaimed Sir Walter in anguish of soul.

"O Walter, Walter!" said Eleanor the betrothed, in a voice of powerful sympathy.

"My son, my son!" moaned Lady Templar.

"The will of God be done!" reverently added Sir Richard Courtney.

"Amen!" said the infidel, Judah Nathans, much moved by the distress

Alice Courtney was silent, but she wept afresh. A tear stole down the cheek of Frederick De Lacy, but he was also silent.

There was not a person present who did not in a moment realize what an awful barrier a cardinal division of religions, like that of the Jews and Christians, having each their peculiar covenant, and what an awful barrier a radical separation of races, enjoined by those two unreconciled covenants had suddenly come between the Christian noble and the Hebrew Maiden.

"Mr. Nathans," said Sir Richard Courtney, breaking the troubled silence which had succeeded, "I perceive that this matter has assumed a very solemn form, which till now none on the side of my family had considered."

"I hope, Sir Richard, you are not offended with me for presenting it to you."

"No, Mr. Nathans; pained—unspeakably pained, but not offended. The case is now one of conscience, of religion, of race. It is above our reach. You have spoken my own judgment, the Christian noble cannot marry the Jewess!"

"My God, my God!" again burst from the agonized heart of Walter Templar.

"Oh Walter, Walter!" again said Eleanor.

"My son my son!" again moaned Lady Templar.

Alice Courtney still wept.

Sir Richard, like all of the English nobility fifty years ago, was a High Churchman, and though he had, in his justice and generosity, sunk his caste of aristocracy, to admit a Jewess into his family, was now as much overruled by his religion as was Isaac Ben Ammon himself. This Judah readily perceived; and though he himself was not in the abstract influenced by sectarian prejudices, he was by that of race, which has so long kept his people from an alliance in marriage with the Gentiles.

"Sir Richard Courtney," he resumed, "I am myself in much a sceptic, and not governed by the antagonism of creeds. Nature made mankind one great family, but national distinctions have divided them, color marked them into tribes, though of one common species, churches separated them still more, covenants bound them, which must not be broken. I am a philosopher and sweep all this away, but a man of the world, and, therefore, accept the world as it is, for I cannot reconstruct it."

"Sir, the wisdom of experience is on your side, 'The Christian cannot marry the Jewess.'" Courtney dwelt upon that point, as though the impossibility shut out from his mind all other views.

"I grant, were I alone in question," continued Judah, "I should waive all such considerations; but there is a venerable man, who to-day is as much a son of Judah, as was David when he established his throne in Zion. That old man still dreams of the restoration of the covenant and the return of the ancient people.

"I will not bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," observed Sir Walter Templar, mournfully.

"Which, Sir Walter, you would do, were you to take from him his grandchild. Terese is the last branch directly of his race. To break her off from her tribe would, to Isaac Ben Ammon's mind, sever that last branch of his loins from the House of Israel, and leave him in his offspring unnumbered with his people."

"I will not bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!" repeated our hero.

"As your wife, Sir Walter, my niece would become a Christian, in more than name, and your offspring would be brought up in the Christian faith."

"I found her an orphan, and fate made her a Christian, but that is all reversed, for she has met her grandfather. She is indeed a Jewess now," mournfully replied our hero.

"Sir Richard Courtney, I will retire. This interview is painful, but I carry with me a deep reverence for your family." And Judah arose to depart.

"Mr. Nathans, I ask the favor of a visit to-morrow. I will write to Terese and release her from our pledged faith. It is hard, sir, but it is my duty."

"Right, my dear Walter," observed Sir Richard, "and may God in his Providence bring good out of evil."

Judah Nathans departed a better man than he had ever been in his life before; and the family separated, for they were all troubled by the events of that day. Walter Templar stole into the park to find solitude and vent for his thoughts; Alice Courtney sought him to comfort his wounded spirit, but Walter was not to be comforted. Alice still wept: Eleanor the betrothed retired to her chamber to pray for her afflicted cousin; the mother still moaned "My son, my son!"

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She wore on her finger one delicate ring,
It was I who placed it so;
Softly and sweetly my song she would sing;
We were only cousins, you know.

We parted, and for a few short years
I begged she would not forego
Her faithful vow; she promised in tears;
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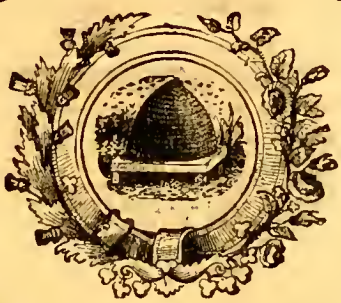
In Addition to an Original Serial Story.

NO. 13, JULY 31, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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MEMORY DEAR.

MUSINGS AT THE DESK.

I sit at my desk in a dream to-day—
  There's nothing to do, for business is slack—
So I think of the days that have passed away,
  And which memory kindly to me brings back.

Memory dear, memory true,
  O what a debt I owe to you!
For recalling thoughts to my fancy clear—
  Thoughts of the days I hold so dear.

How softly you bring to my mind those hours,
  When I watched the hills in the sunshine bright:
And lay on the grass, and plucked the flowers,
  That gladdened the fields with shadow and light.

Shadow and light, shadow and light!
  All of my life you have checkered with change,
Making its pathway sober and bright,
  While I trace it with fancies fantastic and strange.

Checkered with change since the day when I lay
  Dreaming, and plucking the flowers and grass;
As I listened to hear what the breeze would say—
  The soft summer breeze from the mountain pass.

Soft summer breeze, soft summer breeze!
  Sympathy sweet in your touch I feel:
Fanning my brow from the fresh green trees,
  As down from the hill-tops you silently steal.

Down from the hill-tops so hazy you come,
  Bring me perfume of blossoms so sweet;
Odors of harebells, far off from the hum,
  The bustle of men, and the dust of the street.

Thus I sit at my desk, and dream over the past,
  Nor do I repine for the years that are gone;
Though age is advancing, and pleasures fly fast,
  Sweet memory, thou canst renew them like dawn.

Memory dear, memory true,
  O what a debt I owe to you!
For bringing back, to my fancy clear,
  Thoughts of the days I hold so dear.

JANET'S EXPERIENCE.

Janet sat dreaming on the lower step of the broad, low-roofed porch, with her chin resting on one brown little hand, and a misty depth of light in her clear gray eyes—dreaming, as girls of eighteen will dream, of a future, far off and radiant, that somehow never resolves itself into the present—a to-morrow that never becomes to-day!

The old clock on the kitchen shelf had just struck four—the afternoon sunshine was showering down, in a sort of golden spray, through the low boughs of the great old cherry-tree, where the "red ox-hearts" hung like jeweled pendants, and the busy brown robins fluttered in and out, and orange-belted bees kept up a low, murmurous hum, like breakers, far out on the sea of the sunny air.

She was a rosy little lass, this heroine of ours, with round cheeks where the crimson of perfect health glowed through a veil of sunburn, and a dimpled mouth red and fragrant as a clove pink—a genuine country girl, as unconsciously graceful in all her movements as the silver-green wheat now rippling in the summer breeze. Not an orthodox beauty, but a very lovely, loveable little personage as she sat there in her brown gingham dress and ruffled white apron, with her sun-bonnet on the porch-floor beside her.

Of what was she musing? The old, old subject of every reverie—the old refrain to every song—*him!* For Janet Roydon was in love—or, at all events, she fancied she was, and it is wonderful how completely Fancy will sometimes assume the throne of Reality.

As she sat there smiling to herself, with drooping lashes and fleeting rose-shadows on her cheek, a firm, quick foot-step sounded on the garden path, where long sprays of spicy sweet-brier trailed, and double rows of currant-bushes hung full of ruby-sparkling fringes in the level sunbeams—Thorne Millington's step.

"Janet," he said, pleadingly, "will you walk up Crag Hill with me this afternoon? The young people of the village are all going, and you see how delightful the weather is. Come, Janet, it is so long since you walked with me!"

No—Janet wouldn't. Thorne Millington looked hurt.

"Why not?"

"I don't know that I am obliged to render a reason for every action of my life. It is too warm; besides I am tired."

Thorne looked at her with a mournful, incredulous gravity in his dark eyes.

"You would not have answered me so once, Janet."

Janet tossed her pretty little satin-smooth head until the hair-pins trembled among its braids.

"I suppose I am free to select my own mode of speech, Thorne Millington."

"Free? Yes, Janet, since you *wish* to be free."

Janet was silent. Apparently she was intently comparing the stripes on two blades of ribbon-grass that hung over the wooden step at her side, but Millington was not so easily repulsed. We cling with wondrous tenacity to life, and to

Thorne the love that had grown up in his heart for pretty, willful Janet Roydon was something stronger and better than life.

"Why don't you say at once that you are expecting your fine city lover?" he questioned, somewhat bitterly. Janet lifted her head, blushing and indignant.

"Thorne, you are going too far. You have no right to catechise me so."

"Have I not, Janet?" he questioned in tones when the sharp pain seemed to pierce through the words.

"Certainly you have not."

"Well—I will intrude no longer. I see that your thoughts and mind are elsewhere."

He paused a moment, perhaps hoping that Janet might speak a word to detain him. But she did not; and the next moment she was alone in the yellow glow of the afternoon sunshine.

It might have been five minutes—it might have been ten—that she sat there counting ribbon grass blades, and listening to the drowsy hum of bees and insects; and then there was another click of the little wicket gate—another footstep ringing clearly on the gravel path.

(Ah! if Thorne Millington could have seen the upflushing of her cheek, the brightening sparkle of her eyes now, he would have fallen more hopelessly into the clutches of the "green-eyed monster" than he already was—and that was, to say the least of it, quite unnecessary.)

"Janet! My little wild rose! All alone?"

He *was* handsome, with his black, flashing eyes, and his silky rings of dark shining hair, and his white, shapely hands, as he came up to her with a caressing familiarity of voice and manner that bespoke no uncertainty as to his reception.

"Oh, Sydney, I'm so glad you happened to come this afternoon! Uncle and aunt are gone out."

"Come, that's lucky," said Mr Sydney Fairfax, establishing himself on the lower step at her feet, and possessing himself of one of her hands with a sort of easy gallantry that "told" fearfully against the respectful reverence in which Thorne Millington was wont to hold the wayward beauty.

"They are *so* cross," pouted Janet.

"The old Vandals!" interjected Mr Fairfax.

"Because, you know," went on Janet, "they like Thorne Millington—"

"Speaks very badly for their taste," said Fairfax. Janet laughed and colored.

"But, Sydney, it makes it very bad for *me*. I am very miserable, and when you are gone—"

"Don't fret, *mia cara;* I shall come back to claim you so soon, and then they may scold the ends of their tongues off! There; smile again, my little Queen of Hearts. I don't like to see the least shadow eclipsing the light of those eyes."

And Janet did "smile again," somehow in the glamour of his presence she forget all the questions she had meant to ask—the explanation that should have been demanded.

At length he rose up to depart.

"I have lingered too long already, Janet; but I could not bear to tell you that I am going back to New York to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?"

Sydney Fairfax would have been more than mortal had he not been gratified with the unconscious flattery conveyed in Janet's paling cheek and dilated eyes! And, striving to sooth her, he almost forgot, for the time being, that he was playing a part.

It was nearly a week afterward, when aunt Thyrza Roydon—the kindest soul in the world, but a little prejudiced and opinionated withal, as your kind souls often are—brought her knitting work into the porch where Janet sat, idly pulling the honey-suckle cups apart.

"Child, what *are* you dreaming about?"

"Nothing!" answered the girl, a little petulantly.

"You've grown so shiftless of late! Do go up stairs and bring down your new calico; you might just as well run up the breadths as to be doing nothing!"

"I am not in a hurry for the dress, aunt!"

"Then finish altering my brown foulard."

"I don't feel like it, aunt!"

Mrs. Roydon eyed her niece keenly through her silver-rimmed spectacles.

"Janet! what on earth ails you?"

"Nothing, aunt!"

"And what's the reason Thorne Millington don't come here any more?"

"I am not Thorne Millington's keeper, Aunt Thyrza," answered Janet, with spirit.

Mrs. Roydon was about to require an explanation in full from her capricious niece, when her impending torrent of words was checked by the appearance of Uncle Matthew coming up the walk.

"I've been to the post-office," quoth Uncle Matthew, fanning himself with the wide brim of his straw-hat; "and here's a letter for Janet, with the New York post-mark. Who's it from, my girl?" as Janet caught it from his hand, reddening and paling alternately.

"It's—it's from Mr. Fairfax!"

"From Mr. Fairfax, eh?" Uncle Matthew's brows contracted gloomily. "And it's for that good-for-nothing puppy you've thrown Thorne Millington over, eh? Give me back the letter, Janet; let me return it to him. I don't like *my* girl to be corresponding with such as he!"

But Janet held tightly on to the precious missive.

"It's *my* letter, Uncle Matthew! and you must not speak so slightingly of Mr. Fairfax. I am engaged to him!"

Aunt Thyrza dropped her knitting-work. Uncle Matthew stared.

"This won't do, Janet; you must give him up! Why, what do we know of him? A mere city adventurer; while Thorne Millington—"

"I'm tired of hearing of Thorne Millington!" interrupted Janet, trying desperately to keep back the indignant tears, "and I will not give Sydney up!"

"Janet!"

"No! I will *never* give him up!"

"Then you must give *us* up, child," said the old man, gravely; "I will be obeyed."

Janet ran up to her own room, flushed and sobbing, to read her precious letter. Oh, if Sydney could but know how she was tyrannized over! and in her secret soul Janet resolved to break these bonds.

Presently she came down stairs again, with red eye sand resolutely compressed lips. Uncle Matthew and Aunt Thyrza looked up as she entered; they had evidently been talking about her in her absence.

"You are not going to answer that letter, Janet?" said her uncle; "Milo Fielding tells me that your Mr. Fairfax—"

"I will not listen to a word against him, Uncle Matthew," interposed Janet biting her lip to keep back even more rebellious words. "I shall certainly answer that letter."

"Then you are no niece of mine, Janet!"

"Janet—child—listen to reason," urged Aunt Thyrza, anxiously. But Janet would listen to nothing. She went out into the garden, and so through the rustling corn-fields to the road that led to the village post-office.

And the next morning, when Aunt Thyrza went up stairs

to call Janet down to breakfast, her little white-draped room was tenantless—the bird had taken wing!

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Aunt Thyrza, with uplifted hands. "Matthew! Matthew! Come up stairs, quick! She's been and gone and eloped."

At the same moment Janet Roydon, in a cozy corner seat in the express train, watched the flying landscape, and wondered, with throbbing heart, what Sydney Fairfax would say to her—how he would receive her! Was it not just possible that she had done an unwise thing in thus resenting a harsh word or two from the kind old uncle who had sheltered and guarded her all her life! But the irrevocable step was taken; it was too late now to return until she returned as Sydney Fairfax's wife! Janet grew rosy beneath her brown veil as she thought of the possibility.

New York! What a very Babel of sounding uproar, of dusty tumult it seemed to our little country-bred damsel, as she emerged from the covered dépôt into the brilliant street.

"Carriage, m'm! carriage!"

"Yes," said Janet, timidly. "I want to go to No. 815 Mayduke Street."

"All right, m'm!" cried the hackman, banging the door of his vehicle upon his half-terrified "fare," and driving recklessly down the street. Janet drew a long breath, partly of apprehension, partly of relief. Yes, it was too late to go back now.

"Here you are, m'm!"

Janet started from her reverie as the John sprang from his seat and opened the door.

"Is *this* Mayduke street?"

"Yes, m'm—No. 815."

It was no balconied mansion of brown stone, draped with wisteria, as Mr. Fairfax had so often described his home—no wide street, glittering with stately equipages, as she had been led to suppose, but a tall red-brick house, with wide-open door, through which you caught a glimpse of bare floors and carpetless stairs, in a narrow, foul-smelling street, where children played in the gutters, and fifth-rate grocery stores displayed their wares!

She paid the hackman—an exhorbitant price, of course—and dismissed him, entering the house with a sinking heart and hesitating footstep.

A coarse-looking woman met her in the hall.

"Does Mr. Fairfax live here?" asked Janet.

"Mr. Fairfax? Are you one of his friends?" demanded the woman.

Janet colored in spite of herself, but before she could frame an appropriate answer in her confusion; the woman went on.

"Sydney Fairfax—Algernon Ryder—Fitz-Albyn Clare. Call him any name you please, they all belong to him; and a precious scoundrel he is; took up for counterfeiting only last night, and his poor wife—"

"His *wife!*"

"Yes. If she hadn't been down sick through his neglect and brutality I'd ha' turned her out o' doors; for *my* house has always been a respectable one, and not a red cent of his board have I ever seen! I knew he was a scamp, mind you, because he—"

"Stop! There must surely be some mistake!"

"If it's Sydney Fairfax you're wanting to see, there's no mistake, more's the pity. Was you wantin' to see his wife? She has been goin' out of one fit and into another ever since six o'clock this morning!"

But Janet turned away with a chill shudder at her heart. How near she had come to the brink of her own ruin! Married—and a counterfeiter at that! She remembered how confidingly she had "lent" him her little savings—only fifty odd dollars—"just for a day or two—an unexpected emergency!" But it was not for the money she cared, only—

With difficulty she repressed her tears of keen mortification in the presence of that hard-faced woman.

"No," she said, abruptly. "My business was with Mr. Fairfax, and since he's not here I will go back!"

The afternoon express was just starting when Janet, pale, weary, and jaded, entered one of the rear cars. She glanced hesitatingly along the rows of seats, there was but one empty, and the other half nearest the window was occupied by a gentleman. There was no help for it, however, and she advanced, timidly.

"Is this seat engaged, Sir?"

As the gentleman, with prompt courtesy, rose to give her the place nearest the open window, Janet started involuntarily; it was Thorne Millington!

In the same instant he recognized her.

"Janet!" His voice altered in its intonation from the first accent of eager interest to a cold, unimpassioned tone, such as he might have addressed to any stranger who had casually crossed his path. It cut Janet to the heart.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Roydon," he said, ceremoniously, lifting his hat. "I will find another seat."

He was turning away when Janet laid her hand tremulously on his arm.

"Please, Thorne, don't go away from me, she faltered. "I am so lonely, and—and—"

Her voice died away into a faint fluttering sort of sob. Thorne Millington turned back again with a strange, but unpleasant tumult at his heart. Somehow, the words seemed to bear a sweet significance far beyond their ordinary import.

"Janet, you know I never should have gone away from you if you yourself had not banished me. But tell me how it happens that you are here and alone."

And Janet told him. All pride, all resentment, all stubborn secretiveness, had died out of her poor wounded heart; and the strength and shelter of Thorne Millington's manly presence seemed the sweetest of all refuges.

He made no comment whatever on her story. There was, in his nature, that loyal instinct of chivalrous nobleness that led him scrupulously to abstain from the very semblance of triumphing over a fallen foe. But when, at length, she concluded by once more exclaiming, "Oh, I am so glad you are here, Thorne!" he said, "Do you really mean it Janet?"

"Oh, Thorne, I do! I do!"

"I will not leave you again, Janet," he said, tenderly, taking her cold hand in his own. "I will stay by your side all my life long now."

And Janet's up-lifted eyes, heavy and dewy, yet full of a sweet wistful light, spoke the ample measure of her repentant gratitude.

Aunt Thyrza and Uncle Matthew received their little truant back again to their hearts without a single word of reproach. A hurried sentence or two of explanation whispered to them by Thorne anticipated all unpleasant question-asking; and Janet's shy, tender manner, was a quite sufficient guarantee of her penitence for the one foolish step of her eighteen-year-old life.

"She's nothing but a child," said good Uncle Matthew Roydon.

"She *was* a child," said Aunt Thyrza, softly, wiping her spectacle glasses, "but she's a woman now."

And when the frosts of early October turned the upland woods to crimson and russet-brown, and strewed all the glen-paths with pavements of rustling gold, she married Thorne Millington—as loving and true-hearted a little bride as ever wore the coronal of silver-bright orange-blossoms sacred to brides alone.

A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

On a fresh and smiling May morning in the year 1840 the gate of the Château de Breuil was opened for the exit of a postchaise ready to start for Paris.

Ernest de Merieux was taking a turn in the park with his aunt, the Countess de Breuil, the proprietress of the château, before he pursued his journey. The conversation seemed very animated, especially on the part of the good dowager, to whom her nephew listened with the air of one resigned to hear all that she chose to say, but at the same time resolved to take his own way.

"Yes, my handsome nephew," said the countess, "you are, in three letters, mad; and if these three letters are a little less affronting than the four which spell 'fool,' they are nearly as disagreeable."

"But my dear aunt," said Ernest.

"This has nothing to do with your dear aunt," interrupted the countess; "there you stand, eight-and-twenty years old, with a very passable figure, tolerably good manners, wit enough for a man of family; and, to crown all, a very pretty income, which my *will* will not decrease. And what use do you make of all these advantages, may I ask you?"

"And what use do you wish me to make of them?" he asked,—"that I should become Procureur du Roi, or sous-Préfet?"

"A jest is not an answer," she replied. "What I wish to say, Ernest, is, that it is time for you to become useful to yourself and to others; that you ought to marry, and have children, of whom you should make honest people; and as the world is going on at present, if you succeed, they will be sufficiently remarkable characters in these times."

"Well, I do not ask for a better fate," said Ernest; "but you know me. I have the misfortune to be romantic. I was always that way inclined, and from trying to conceal my malady it has increased upon me; and romance has been so often packed off by marriage, that I think that they have quarreled outright. I confess that I could not bring myself to consent to a marriage of fashion and convenience, and where neither feelings nor characters are considered, to say nothing of those sympathies which draw two hearts together on their first meeting with each other."

"Ah, that is where we are!" said his aunt. "Sympathies—magnetic affinities—two souls who spend their lives in running after each other, and who, by dint of running, at last catch each other. Ernest, Ernest, in what blue volumes have you found these absurdities? Believe in my experience of life, and give up the pursuit of this lady of your day-dreams—this fair ideal, who possesses but one fault, or one merit, whichever you choose to call it,—that of never having existed."

"But she does exist," said the young man. "What you look upon as a chimera is to me a reality."

"What! are you in earnest?" exclaimed the countess. "Have you in truth bestowed your heart on some one? Why not tell me so at once?"

"That I cannot tell you," he replied.

"Is she free?" said his aunt; "a maiden or a widow? In short, what or who is she?"

"I do not know who she is," replied Ernest.

"But where did you meet her?" was the next question. "How shall I know her? What is she like?"

"I have never seen her face," he replied.

"Now this is too bad," said madame, "You are either amusing yourself at my expense, or you are even more mad than I believed you to be."

"Then listen, my dear aunt, and be indulgent, as you always are, to me," said her nephew. "You may perhaps remember that I came to pay you a visit three years ago?"

"Oh yes," she assented; "and that you were so grave, so melancholy, so——"

"Well," continued Ernest, "to come here, I traveled by the diligence. Five-and-twenty rubbers of whist lost in one night, a forged bill given to me at Baden, had condemned me to a temporary but necessary reform, and had obliged me to adopt this economical but inconvenient mode of traveling. I mounted the *coupe* on a beautiful evening, where I found myself quite alone. Night soon came on—a lovely summer's night,—just such a one as Shakspeare would have chosen to people with the most fantastic of his dreams. The extreme mildness of the weather permitted me to have the *coupe* open, and I inhaled with pleasure the soft June air, known only to the inhabitants of towns by hearsay. The regular motion of the carriage favored my dreamy state of mind, and though far from being asleep, I indulged in charming visions. I was, in a word, in a state of mind well fitted to receive and preserve sudden and romantic impresions.

"Whilst we were changing horses at a little village not far from Dreux, the door of my carriage was opened, and I perceived that I was to have company. I almost cursed them in my heart for breaking my solitary meditations; and the first individual who presented himself did not incline me to be better pleased with the interruption. He was a gentleman, very fat, very old, with the breast of his coat covered with orders. He climbed in, out of breath, and seated himself grumbling, and obstinately refused my civil offer to give up the *coupe* seat to him. He turned round to give his hand to a lady, whom he established in a corner, and who, from the vivacity of her movements and the slightness of her figure, I concluded to be very young. Her neck and shoulders were enveloped in a large black silk scarf; a close Leghorn bonnet, covered with a blond veil, would have prevented my distinguishing her features, even if the darkness of the night had not reduced me to the necessity of conjecturing what they might be.

"From some words dropped by my new companions I soon learned that they had been compelled, like myself, to mount into the humble *coupe*. Their carriage had broken down at the entrance of the village which we had just left. As their arrival at a certain hour had been announced to the relation whom they were going to visit, they knew she would be alarmed if they did not make their appearance; and as it would require two days to repair their carriage, they had left a servant in charge of it and their baggage, and had bravely resolved to proceed in the diligence to their destination. It was to this vulgar incident I owed their presence.

"When we became mutually satisfied that we were in good company, the conversation grew more animated. The gentleman only contributed some commonplace remarks, which had much the same effect (thrown into the midst of poetic and rambling talk), that a shot fired might have had on a flight of sparrows; but his young companion—— No, I never could give you the slightest idea of the effect produced on me in this rolling box, thirty leagues from our *salons* and our own world, by her irresistible grace, her sympathetic and charming mind—by turns gay, serious, piquante, melancholy, and sentimental. Our conversation touched on all subjects—poetry, fashion, the opera, new books—rapid sketches, but all in good taste; always the most perfect idea, the most delicate apprehension met whatever remark I made.

"Never did people understand each other so quickly and so well as we did; never did ideas and sentiments so entirely coincide.

"You know, dear aunt, that, whether from timidity, indolence, or incapacity, I rarely display any tendency to wit.

"Well, that night I really felt happy at the idea that I did not prove to be quite unworthy of my charming companion. Everything concurred to render the impression which she made upon me deep and lasting; the midnight hour, and charm attached to everything unlooked-for and unknown, and the awkwardness of my situation; I was so near this lady, yet so completely separated from her; she spoke to me almost in a whisper, yet I could not see her; this intimacy of a few hours which the dawn of day would put an end to forever. It was the pleasure one might feel at a masked ball, but without the mask, and without the horrible dread that one always has there, that of giving one's arm to some infamous wretch. Even to our heavy companion my excited imagination gave a romantic part in this drama. He was, doubtless, a husband imposed upon the lady, notwithstanding the difference in their ages; he must separate us for life, as at present he did, in reality, by keeping the seat which I should so gladly have exchanged for mine.

"You may be sure, curious as I was, that I had tact and good manners enough not to ask questions. All that I discovered, all that I guessed, was very hypothetical; they were evidently persons belonging to the highest class—at least so judged by the mention of their friends and relations, and their occasional visits to Paris. The husband (I always settled that he was her husband), might be a general of the emperor, or he might be a large country proprietor, but I soon gave up conjecturing that I might listen and reply. I was intoxicated with delight by the conversation of my adorable unknown; I admired how wit, how sentiment, so often enemies to each other, were so judiciously blended that they did not interfere, but set each other off instead; and from listening to her, and trying to understand and value her as she deserved to be valued, the night was not near spent until your poor nephew, agitated, astonished, alarmed at his own strange feelings, could have said, with a mixture of sorrow, fear, and almost of shame, 'My heart beats!'

"A little before sunrise, my neighbor stretched himself out of the window, and called to the conductor to stop. We had reached a cross-road that branched off from the highway. 'Louise,' said he to the young lady, 'we had better alight here. We will go to a farm-house, not five minutes' walk from this, and send notice to our cousin, and then she will forward her carriage for us.'

"These simple words, this inevitable *denouement*, appeared to me at the moment a real misfortune; it seemed as if this man had waked me from a delightful dream,—as if he were snatching my treasures from me before I had time to count them. Moreover, this all took place in the twinkling of an eye. The husband got out first, treading heavily on my foot and making many apologies, which I was much tempted to answer by abusing him. Louise followed, stepping lightly. In passing me, she bade me a friendly adieu; to which I did not know what to reply. I gave her my hand for a moment. As she advanced to the step of the carriage I had a glimpse of a small foot, encased in a well-fitting boot, touching the ground. There they set out on the cross-road, which was half hidden by hawthorn hedges. I saw no more, and the diligence set off at full trot. In a quarter of an hour more it was broad daylight. I arrived at your house in the evening, tired and discontented, every now and then asking myself if I had dreamt all this,—if I was awake or asleep,—not being able to account for the tumult of my thoughts, for my heart was full of this ideal who had appeared to me for a moment, and whom I felt I never could forget."

"And you have never since found out anything more about her?" asked the countess.

"It was not possible for me to do so," replied her nephew. "Neither the conductor nor the driver knew anything of my two travelers, who had entered the diligence without giving their names, and without luggage. When I was in the village where we had taken them up, I could learn nothing. They remembered the carriage left to be repaired, but that was all. I could not even find out the place where we had set them down; for in the night especially, all cross-roads resemble each other. So I had to give up my search, having nothing to guide me in it."

"And so, Ernest," said his aunt, "all that remains to you of your beloved is the name—Louise?"

"Another," he replied—"a bunch of daisies, which my heroine held in her hand and dropped as she left the carriage, whether designedly or not I cannot say; but I have treasured it as a relic of her."

"My poor Ernest," said the countess, "there are a good many women called Louise, and there are a great many daisies in our fields in Summer. I just go back to where I began. Is not this folly?—and what can it lead to?"

"To nothing, I know," he replied; but if follies lead to any good end, they cease to be follies. Let me enjoy my ideal a little longer. A name, a bouquet, a remembrance—are not these often all that remain to us of the sweetest moments of our lives? But, farewell, dear aunt, for there is Justin on his box and the postillion in his saddle. In September, I shall return, and you shall preach to me again."

"Alas, my dear child, I am afraid I am too old for my sermons to have the power of converting you," said the old dowager. "My only wish is to see you happy, and for this reason alone, I entreat you to think of what I have said to you."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STREAMLET.

BY T. H. DEE.

The streamlet's bubbling accents told
The tale of woe for matron old,
Whose lifeless son lay pale and cold,
On war's red field of glory,
And 'twas its gushing tones that sung
Of many playful gambols flung
By nerves to other music strung,
Than carnage wild and gory.

In language wonderfully strange,
It speaks of many a worldly change,
That has transpired within the range
Of mem'ries truthful pages,
Of some who've left and gone before,
That we commune with, as of yore,
And shall do, aye, forevermore
Where bliss the theme engages.

I love to hear its trickling whiles
So truthful in their varied styles,
That move to sympathy or smiles,
Unconscious o'er me stealing,
I would that I could clear convey,
In language suitable the sway
It exercises on its way—
Immortal thoughts revealing.

Ogden, July, 1869.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

NECESSITY OF AN INTELLIGIBLE VIEW OF A FUTURE LIFE.

The mind of man is so organized that it requires an intelligible future upon which it can rest for his *present* happiness. Man does not need to be possessed of every detail of a future life, but he needs proportionately as definite a notion of the likely character of his movements, and the sources of his pleasures, as he has of his future in *this* life when at school he studies and prepares himself for life's engagements. Unless man knows what the general character of his future movements may reasonably be expected to be, whether in this life or the next, he cannot work towards them correctly. He cannot turn every power even at the present time to its fullest use, to make the future as glorious as possible. Therefore are we sure that whenever or wherever that scheme of religion is found that was prepared for man's guidance, upon this earth by the Creator, it will necessarily contain among its teachings a clear, intelligible and definite view of a future state,—so definite, at all events, that man will understand enough of the destiny and eternal employment of every power he possesses to enable him day by day to train each capability of his nature so as to enable it to fill in the most splendid manner the destiny intended for it.

It is a fact that man only lives in proportion as the aspirations, yearnings, and capabilities of his nature are called into play. Let any of his powers become totally unused for a long period, and they become stunted and dwarfed, and corrode and disorder the rest of his being. Man therefore continually needs objects for their present employ, and a prospect of an abundant supply of such objects for his powers in the future, ere full satisfaction and pleasure can pervade his being. This kind of a prospect is very essential, for a sense of dread and weakness steals through our whole being at the thought of a total loss or cessation of any one of the present energies, activities or promptings now moving within us.

An immortality, therefore, congenial to our aspirations and the real character of our souls, will necessarily present a boundless prospect for the employment of every power we possess—one that will include and retain all our energies in endless prospect. We cannot imagine a future existence for ourselves without carrying or supposing to be there the whole of the natural impulses and combined abilities we at present possess—our memories, our sympathies, our constructive abilities, our refining, beautifying, and adorning powers,—our judgment, our taste, the humor, or pathos of our souls, our governing and managing qualities, our acquisitive desires, our conversational and argumentative qualities, our inventive, combining, and applying strength, with the yearnings of our souls for kindred ties and the love and esteem of others. Together in that immortality must we suppose our natural necessities for difficulties to engage our energies, and that manifest necessity which exists within us for a constant variety to exist in all objects that engage our attention. We cannot understand a future existence (however much we may unthinkingly subscribe to it), without supposing these powers still in our possession, these feelings still in our bosoms, and these necessities still with us.

To make the kind of immortality we need, still more apparent, we ask, Can the watchmaker, as he bends over the delicate machinery of his trade, fitting the various parts with such exactness and finish, and feeling the glow of his intelligence and comprehension of that art filling his mind,—can he imagine himself in the future destitute of that skill, without associating the idea with idiocy or disease? On the other hand, can he imagine that skill still in his possession, with nothing in existence upon which to expend it, looming endlessly before him, without feeling that that would be an equal death and destruction to his feelings?

Can the gardener, tastefully arranging his grounds—here walks, there plats of green winding round the variegated bed, assorting and matching hues and forms, selecting appropriate soils and positions for warmth or shade,—training now the creeping plant high overhead, now festooning and intertwining roses round, banking up greenness and freshness round the arbour seat, and using the judgment that selects the season, the weather and the mould for bringing out and treating each chosen plant,—can that man, thrilling with satisfaction and conscious power amid the triumphs of his skill, the wonders of his judgment and his taste,—can he believe that there shall come a time when every particle of such judgment and creative skill shall die within him, or be forever useless and inapplicable, if retained, without feeling that such a future is as repulsive as the grave?

Can the artist, feeling his soul enriched by the productions of his designing skill (the love of which is interwoven with his life),—can the architect, glorying in his constructive might, imagine an existence without these capabilities still interlocked within his being?

Can the statesman, comprehending the varied codes of nations, grasping the relationships of states and territories, the usages of courts, the bearing of treaties, balancing statistics one against the other, and measuring in his mind the force and application of proposed laws upon communities and individuals,—can he, rejoicing in the mastery and strength of his governing and comprehending faculties, divide those powers, that inward strength, from himself or his future existence, even in supposition, without feeling that he treads upon ground abhorrent and unnatural?

And let us travel nearer home and think of the flow of fancy, wit, and mirth that rises up within us, ever seeking an outlet in speech or action, and ask, Can these be separated from our immortality?

Then the dear, dear promptings that urge man on to love and seek to be beloved, and make him wish to be the support and stay of some objects of his care,—fond parental impulses, touching the tenderest and inmost chords of the spirit, and filling the soul when aroused with sensations natural and holy,—can these be separated in the future from man or woman's nature, and their identity be still retained? Or can the identical man continue his existence without his hospitable imparting nature—the pleasure found in entertaining guests or friends, or bestowing gifts of affectionate remembrance, be with him still? Will it need any argument to prove that each and every quality we have referred to is as much a part of man as anything that he can call himself—that each faculty is necessary for the pleasure and gratification of the rest—that each stimulates, nourishes, and employs the other as much as the head serves to bless and employ the feet, the feet the hands, the hands the eyes, or the eyes the mouth, that, taken together, they form a beauteous and harmonious union of chords, each vibrating on its

associated string—each giving and deriving melody from the combination,—that it takes the whole blended mass of capabilities, delights, perceptions, and impulses we have referred to, to form *Man*, each being separately and unitedly part and parcel of the very being—the very man that has to be supplied with immortality?

Man, then, we say, standing as it were between eternity past and to come, feeling the wonderful variety and scope of his powers, the glories they have achieved, and their capability for infinite development, and notwithstanding thus endowed like one emerging from the dark and treading into it again, carrying with him a mass of talents, longings, and propensities he does not know properly how to use or what to make their final aim, but conscious that they are infinite in their application, while all in this little life to which he can apply them is broken, interrupted, and quickly ended,—craves to know why he is thus gloriously endowed, whither he is tending, and where and in what beyond the grave's great blank lies the field for the employ of characteristics identified with all the impulses of his life, and forming the great fountain, whose many streams make up the pleasures of his existence,—without which knowledge he cannot be fully happy or content, nor can he possibly fully develop or steer these capabilities to their final goal.

So far, then, we have traced out the knowledge man needs. As to which of the varied religions offered to man most gives this knowledge—as to which most completely offers a prospect of a future life in harmony with the desires and necessities of his whole being for endless employment, we shall see, when we investigate the *Two Kinds of Immortality* respectively offered to man by Christianity and "Mormonism," in our next

A UTAH WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

ON WOMANLY EMPLOYMENTS, MARRIAGE ETC.

An article of ours, published in No. 4 of this volume, entitled, "Which is the superior sex?" has drawn forth some thoughts from a lady correspondent, from which we make the following extracts and present some comments thereon.

To say that there are not many women fully capacitated to occupy positions of responsibility, to creditably discharge duties of a public nature, would be admitting that woman is man's inferior, this, of course, no right-thinking man would assert, and no woman, with true womanhood dwelling within her, *would admit*.

It is true the taste of most women is not for the bustle and confusion attendant upon a public career, it is but the *few* who would choose this life; then let them have their choice, if they want.

If they prove themselves efficient as senators, legislators, doctors, and lawyers, why should the question of sex prohibit the free exercise of intelligence?

Unmarried women are more eligible for these offices, they can give their undivided time to such pursuits, and may it not be that, although unwedded, many may, in this way, become benefactors to humanity?

"Forbid to any human being a particular course, and he immediately wants to pursue it. Man grows restive beneath strong bands and iron rules, human nature is outraged, and he rebels. God has given to man free agency to think, to speak, to *act*." So also did he give it to woman, and had she to-day the acknowledged *right* to vote, her sense of *justice* would be satisfied, she would then act her pleasure in improving or disregarding the privilege.

The women of Utah cast their votes semi-annually to sustain or reject church officers, the votes of both men and women are usually on one side. Were this not so, the women would have the decided advantage, as they are in the majority in Utah. They bear their honors, however, with becoming humility, and show no spirit of antagonism,—they have the privilege to *vote*, and are satisfied.

In expressing ourselves on the above, we believe that we shall but give our correspondent's own views, had she but taken time and space to have elaborated them. For ourselves, we hold that women are just as fit for senators and lawyers as men are for dry-nurses or any business of that kind—which is certainly not saying a great deal in favor of the proposition Both sexes can by strain of nature, and sheer force of will, sustain—even in an admirable manner positions for which either sex (speaking of each as a whole) have no natural calling. They can do it, we say, when circumstances are sufficiently pressing. There are women doing it to-day and doing it well; but this is no argument in proof of there being a natural endowment of their sex for such pursuits.

But what our correspondent wants, and what we perfectly agree to, is, we presume, that women and men should have the privilege of doing anything no matter how absurd, for as the writer says, quoting from the MAGAZINE, "forbid to a human being any particular course and he immediately wants to pursue it." Therefore, remove all restrictions, let women be Senators, Lawyers, or Congress*men*, if they want, and let men be dry-nurses and milliners if *they* desire it. Make no cast iron rules for either sex—nature will settle the whole question.

So far as doctoring is concerned, we readily concede that in midwifery, as in many diseases peculiar to their sex, women are certainly the most appropriate attendants. As to women being Legislators, Barristers or Lecturers, the question—if we may be allowed to use so rough a comparison—is like selling potatoes or merchandise, simply one of demand and supply. If the public want lady Senators or lady Lawyers, the article will sell and nothing can prevent it,—provided there are any ladies with the requisite on hand. All this vociferation and flourish of trumpets about woman's right to be this, or her folly in wanting to be that, will all settle itself. If the great world of humanity wants to be represented in legislative chambers by the softer sex they will elect it. On the other hand if this same humanity in its great heart feels that it does not want a woman's voice there, but would rather have it, where it may sound the sweeter, in the stillness of the home circle, it will not call for women for such positions and not being "called," of course, they cannot be "chosen." And all the fretting and stewing on either side will not avail one hair, nature in the mass will speak and will have its own way.

On the subject of voting, we are clearly with our correspondent of opinion that all that women want is the *right* to vote; here nature again will settle the question. Practical turmoil will have no charms for the mass of women, and having no charms for them, women will be as safe from its influence, as though they were in heaven.

In our next, we will hear what our correspondent has to say as to marriage, and also as to "which is the Superior Sex."

UTILITY OF OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is necessary to help a man to climb life's rugged steeps. "Kites rise *against* and not *with* the wind." To be opposed raises the active mind within. A disposition to contend and overcome, raises latent ambition to *succeed*, where, perhaps, before opposition came in, the interest may have flagged, or ceased altogether. "Hardship is the mature soil of manhood and self reliance." Let no man wax pale therefore because of opposition. To develop the energies, make strong, weak resolves, in a word to *accomplish* anything, a certain amount of opposition is necessary.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 21st 1869.

CHARLES MARTEL AND THE WORLD'S CRISIS.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

It is interesting to note the harmonious coming of these great characters, and how exactly they fit the requirements of the age. Moreover, that fitness is endorsed by our experience centuries afterwards, when humanity has advanced to the very culmination of civilizations of which they were the first capital marks. Is it that the times bring forth the men by grand accidents which overtopping all other surroundings, harmonizes history per force, or is there a divine programme underlining all? The reverent historian will incline to the latter view.

As we have seen in our former articles, the very world in the times just preceding the reign of Charlemagne, was one universal chaos. Fierce, warlike nations needed a fusion into a united Christendom, primitive races who were entering into the first phases of social forms, required a vast consolidation. Without this, the Christian civilization could not have been evolved, humanity would have found a very different shaping, and modern times an entirely different tone.

We have seen the rise of Mohammed in the interval between the conversion of Constantine the Great and the coming of Charlemagne. We have acknowledged the hand of God in the advent of the Arabian Prophet; but it has been sufficiently manifest that his mission was suited to the revival of the East, and not to the creation of new empires and new civilizations in the West. That greater part of the world's mission was given to Jesus Christ.

We have now, in our historical course, reached a period when a name and a power were needed to arise, mighty enough to check the triumphant career of the successors of Mohammed, confine his empire to the East and prevent it from interrupting the Providence of the world in the West among the young vigorous nations who were destined to give to humanity the culmination of ages. Charles Martel gave this check, and his still more illustrious grandson Charlemagne created a Christendom.

Within a hundred years after the death of Mohammed which took place A. D. 632, his successors had subdued not only Persia, Syria, Asia Minor, and Arabia, but also Egypt, North Africa and Spain. While the Christian empire represented by the successors of Constantine, was losing its dominion over the West, the followers of Mohammed went on from conquest to conquest, until, in the eighth century, it seemed that both Asia and Europe would yield to their victorious arms, and the whole world become one vast Mohammedan fabric. But, in the year 732, Charles Martel broke this fierce tide of conquest. In the great battle which then took place between the two powers, no less than 375,000 Saracens were left dead on the battle-field. Thus perished an immense army by the might of Charles Martel, the grandfather of Charlemagne, and, with the loss of that famous battle, departed forever the hopes of the Saracens of subduing Europe. And thus we see Providence again at work in the issues of the world; for we cannot but believe that to Christ, and not to Mohammed, was ordained from the first the dominion of all the earth.

There was also, at this period, another crisis in the world's affairs. It was in the division growing up between the successors of St. Peter at Rome, and the successors of Constantine, emperors of the East, who, until this time, had represented the imperial rule of the Church, destined now to soon pass into the hands of the family of Charlemagne. The emperors Leo the Third and Constantine, called Copronynus, emperors of the East, sought to suppress image worship in the Church, and between them and the popes, there sprang up a fierce theological warfare; but Gregory the Third haughtily replied to the emperors. In one of his letters he said:

"You, however, think to frighten us by your threats, by saying —'I will send my guards to Rome to break the images of the cathedral; I will carry away Pope Gregory laden with chains, and I will chastise him as my predecessor Constantine, chastised the pontiff Martin.'

"Prince, learn that we do not fear your violence; we are in safety in Italy; abase, then, the pride of your wrath before our authority, and learn that the successors of St. Peter are the mediators, the sovereign arbitrators between the East and the West."

The emperor Leo then addressed to the Pope, letters of wisdom, aiming for a reconciliation between the Church and the empire, but the haughty Gregory replied:

"You affirm that you possess the spiritual and temporal power, because your ancestors united in their persons the double authority of the empire and the priesthood. They might thus speak who have founded and enriched churches, and who have protected them; nevertheless, under their reigns, they have always submitted to the authority of the bishops. But you, who have despised them, who have broken their ornaments, how dare you to claim the right of governing them? The devil, who has seized upon your intelligence, obscures all your thoughts and speaks by your mouth."

This is a fine example of the matchless arrogance of Priesthoods that have departed from the spirit of Jesus; yet claiming an absolute authority in his name over mankind. *He* is absolute; but it is in potency of love which sways its scepter over the affections of the heart, and bows the intellect to reverence, by a beneficent wisdom. The highest intelligence and spirituality can receive the reign of theocracy as represented in *Him*, but what soul, born into the kingdom of light, can maintain for ever a theocracy as embodied in priestcraft. How different is the absolutism of Christ preserved in the spirit of love, and the absolutism of popes which enslaves mankind in the forms and arrogance of a Christless authority? Yet, to this the Church was now reduced, and in that authority, popes began to set themselves up against the emperors (the successors of Constantine,) who had first given to these successors of St. Peter the opportunity of temporal power. But this was destined to continue for many centuries till every emperor and prince in Christendom was subdued to the supremacy of the Church. The monk Hilderbrand, who was the Charlemagne of popedom, and crowned as Gregory VII, put on the capstone of the mighty fabric of priestcraft. After that, the Reformers began to rise as the world's great characters; and popes found them mightier than emperors and kings. We shall reach them by and by; but we will now return to the beginning of the struggle between the popes and emperors at the world's crisis, when Charles Martel arrested the march of the Mohammedan power upon Europe, and the East and West commenced their separation.

After dispatching his arrogant letters to the Emperor Leo, Pope Gregory called a council and anathematized all the "image-smashers" of the Greek Church, which so enraged the emperor that he armed a numerous flotilla, destined for war upon Italy, but violent storms treated it as they did centuries afterwards the Spanish Armada, and the vessels were obliged to return to Constantine. This was deemed a miracle by the Roman Church, and solemnly celebrated in Italy. The emperor, however, began to re-organize an army and equip a new fleet for the war against the pope, but the revolt of the successor of St. Peter shook Leo upon his throne. By degrees, he lost the most beautiful provinces of his empire, because execrated by his people and stigmatized by the name of anti-Christ. Such has been the examples of the wars between the princes and priests. Religion is the omnipotent. Nothing but a counter-religion can break it down.

Not until the Reformers came were the successors of St. Peter shaken.

But Pope Gregory soon found that the Church could not triumph in the earth, separated from the protecting might of an empire, and this soon brought up Charlemagne with his new empire of the west.

The king of the Lombards finding the popedom no longer protected by the emperor of the East and his Grecian troops, resolved to reduce all Italy to his sway. Gregory, in his strait, now sought the aid of Charles Martel, king of the Franks, but that politic prince was rather lukewarm in the cause of theChurch; but his ambitious descendants at length succored Rome, and thereby established the dominion of France.

Gregory, nothing daunted by the crisis of the times, maintained the supremacy of the Church, and dared to say in full council, "that his see was above all the thrones of the earth, and that the pontiffs might conduct all nations to the prince of darkness, without any man having the right to accuse them of sin, because they were not submitted to the judgment of mortals!"

An extract of the letter of Pope Zachary, soon after this to the primate of the Gauls, will illustrate to our readers the style of the Church towards its intellectual heretics. His Holiness wrote:

"Above all, proscribe the philosopher Virgil, that Scotch priest, who dares maintain that there exists another world, and other men upon that world: other suns and other moons in the heavens: who affirms that to be a Christian, it is enough to follow the morality of the Bible, and to practise its precepts, without even being baptized. Let him be driven from the Church, deprived of his priesthood, and plunged in the darkest dungeons: let him undergo all the tortures invented by man, for we will never find a punishment sufficiently terrible to chastise an infamous wretch, whose sacriligious doctrine has destroyed the holiness of our religion. We have already requested the Duke of Bavaria to deliver up to us this apostate, to be solemnly judged and punished in accordance with the rigor of the canons. The prince having refused our request, we have written to the priest a threatening letter, prohibiting him from raising his abominable voice in the presence of the faithful assembled in the house of God."

How does this style of the successor of St. Peter accord with the revelations and scientific knowledge of the nineteenth century? Has not the world advanced some little since Pope Zachary wrote that letter?

PERPETUAL MOTION.

BY JINGO.

Gentle reader, did you ever try to raise yourself by the seat of your pants? Ah! we thought not. Never having attempted anything of this sort, you of course know nothing of the results. If you ever had tried this experiment, you would have discovered that you could only raise yourself to a certain height, at which point the attraction of gravitation comes in contact with the self-moving forces of the universe, and produces a state of equilibrium. Now this state of equilibrium is what interferes most frequently with all attempts at perpetual motion. This is what must be overcome in order to achieve the desired result. There is also an important principle, or law of nature, which must be taken into consideration in this connection; which is that all powerful forces cause weaker ones to give way. This is very nicely illustrated in animal life. For instance, we will say the dog wags his tail! This is a fact in nature that we hope no one will have the hardihood to dispute. Very well! we will say, for the sake of the argument, that you admit that the dog actually does wag his tail. (It is said Barnum has a wheel in his collection which came off a dog's tail when it was a-waggin.) Now comes the important query to the philosophic reader. Why does the dog wag his tail? Simply because the dog is stronger than the tail, if not, the tail would wag the dog! Now, Jones is working on a perpetual motion, and he has taken these principles into consideration. He admits there are obstacles in the way of its accomplishment, but instead of trying to dodge them, meets them boldly, like a man, and determines to overcome them. Men ridicule the idea of perpetual motion; but other great things have been ridiculed at their inception. We might mention, as an instance, Columbus laying an egg, and tell how he was laughed at for attempting to do it, yet we all know he accomplished it—now, whole families lay their own eggs. Again, there is the man who said he could lift an elephant. No one would believe him until he described how he would do it, *i.e.*, to commence when it was a calf and lift every day until it becomes full grown. This is the principle upon which Jones is going to work on his perpetual motion. He knows that if he can succeed in raising himself by the seat of his pants he can make a successful perpetual motion. He intends to keep trying at this a little every day until he succeeds. As soon as he accomplishes this he feels perfectly satisfied that he can do the other, because, as he very truly remarks, the principle in each case is the same. When Jones gets his motion completed, I will drop you a line.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

THE SPARTAN AND ATHENIAN CONTRASTED.

The Spartan social code was the opposite, in many respects, to that of Athens, which for ages contended against Sparta, with varying success, for the sovereignty of Greece—although the inhabitants of those two great cities worshipped the same God, consulted the same "Oracles," and contended together for the garland of victory at the Olympic games; they represented the extremes of Greek character. The dark, sombre, staid and practical Spartan looked upon the light-hearted, talkative and bedizened Athenian with the utmost contempt. A distinguished Spartan once inquired, contemptously, of a Greek architect, "if trees grew square in his country." All efforts at the beautiful and chaste being, in his estimation, as so much ginger-bread work, utterly unbecoming a man of sense.

The grim and austere Spartan was the devil with which Athenian mothers frightened their unruly children into obedience. The Athenian, although in no way superior to his Spartan neighbor in mental training, delighted in the pleasures of a home life. He considered his children as his crown, and did not consider that physical excellence alone made the sum of life. In his estimation it was the *mind* that made the man, and not the body alone. The Athenian delighted in the beautiful and elegant in architecture. He was of a philosophical character and was ideal in his very nature. Oratory was his especial delight, and to talk well himself was his glory.

While the sturdy and hard-headed Spartan went into battle with that determined expression that said, emphatically: "We advance, but recede not," the volatile Athenian would rush into the fray, fight like lions, and, if unsuccessful, run away with equal alacrity, and "live to fight another day."

The mythology of the Greeks, no matter what its origin nor whence it sprang, introduced a higher form of civilization than existed before their day among any of the heathen nations of antiquity. They never worshipped gods of an inferior type to man. The mythology of Greece was infinitely superior to that of Egypt. They worshipped the

invisible, while the Egyptians adored the *visible*. While the Egyptians worshipped a bull, a crocodile, a monkey, dog, or cat, the Grecians adored the mighty but invisible Jove, and his numerous coadjutors, both male and female. In their view, man was in the image of the Gods. In their minds so closely was the divine and the human allied that Achilles, one of their heroes, was supposed to be a son of the great Jove himself. In proportion as the Grecian mythology was superior to that of Egypt, so was her civilization based upon a religious faith superior to that of her dusky contemporary.

Music.

SINGING PRIESTS OF ANCIENT ISRAEL.

In modern times, when we speak of a choir of singers, it is generally understood in reference to a choral body with good voices and some musical training, which executes musical compositions on the Sabbath day, at church or chapel. Religiously, we have but a very loose conception of a choir. In the Christian churches abroad, even the moral character of the performers of the singing service is often very questionable. Seldom is the choir what may be termed a religious *corps*, though the service of praise is committed to it, and, therefore, congregational singing is almost always more genuine, and, we should think, more acceptable to God. Congregations generally sing with the spirit, because they *feel* to praise the Lord. The official choir may be supposed to execute their musical parts with professional skill, the singers having fine voices, and the organist being a skillful player. If they do this, our conception of a modern choir is about realized. Indeed, singers are professionally engaged for the church, just as actors are for the stage. Now, although we hold that the musical service of the church, whether that of the Saints or other denominations, should possess all the points and quality of a professional performance, we assign to the part of praise a very high religious function. This brings us to consider the musical worship of ancient Israel, and those who composed the choirs of the congregation.

When David, the Psalmist, waxed old and full of days, he made Solomon king over Israel. And then he gathered together all the princes of Israel, with the priests and the Levites; and the Levites numbered thirty and eight thousand. Of these, "four thousand praised the Lord with the instruments which I made," said David, "to praise therewith." He then divided the sons of Aaron into their courses, twenty-four orders of them, and the singing priests into four and twenty orders. In the xxv of the i Book of Chronicles, we read—

"Moreover, David and the Captains of the hosts separated to the service of the sons of Asaph, and of Heman, and of Jeduthun, who should prophecy with harps, with psalteries and with cymbals."

Then came the ordinations of these singing priests under the hands of their fathers. Of one of these orders it is said:

"All these were the sons of Heman, the king's seer in the words of God to lift up the horn. And God gave to Heman fourteen sons and three daughters.

"All these were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries and harps for the service of the house of God, according to the king's order to Asaph, Jeduthun and Heman.

"So the number of them, with their brethren that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, even all that were cunning, was two hundred four score and eight.

"And they cast lot, ward against ward, as well the small as the great, the teacher as the scholar."

We give this, by no means, as examples for modern Israel, but to instance curiosities of musical service among the Hebrew fathers. We see that these choirs, under David and Solomon, were of priestly families, and were ordained for the exalted performance of praise, for they were called to minister in holy places, with others of the orders of the Levites. They, moreover, belonged to the class of the prophets and seers, just as did the Hebrew poets.

Such, then, were the choirs in ancient Israel; and our bringing them up as historical curiosities is not, as we have said, presumingly to suggest examples, but to mark the dignity and divine functions of praise as a service of the Church.

Of preachers, who minister the word of life to the people, there is a common understanding that they should be inspired, for their calling is a sacred one. Of the poet, we say he should be inspired. So also should the musical composer be a prophet in his line, and choirs should certainly bear some resemblance, in their religious fervor and inspirational performance to the singing priests of the Hebrews, who were ordained to sing the praise and glory of God in the temple of Solomon the Wise.

The practical part of this, which we wish to bring out, is that modern choirs, the world over, are too much like mere secular performers, such as might be singing on the stage of a theater, whereas, they should be more duly impressed that they are engaged in the performance of one of the highest religious services. How very seldom a choir of singers enter into their part with a truly religious and strongly devotional spirit. Sometimes they go through their music like well-trained parrots rather than as mortals glorifying God in inspired song. Hence there is generally more of the *spirit* in congregational singing than in mere choral performance, because in a vast concourse of devotional people, there comes a grand swell of inspiration from religious natures. They are not, it is true, singing priests and priestesses, but they are worshippers.

In a former number of the Magazine, we touched upon the subject that "Praise is Worship." This was the conception of David and Solomon. Christians are everywhere strict concerning their prayers; and against this, of course there can be nothing urged. But we can imagine that, even higher than prayer and petitions for personal favors, must be the exalted character of praise from a thousand united voices ascending to the throne of God, for it is more in harmony with the service of Heaven itself. "The Heavens declared the glory of God." It is their theme. In a sense, we may say that the immortals have risen beyond the sphere of daily prayers, but they never rise above the sphere of daily praise. We think it has been more than once said by Brigham and Heber, that there is no music in hell. It is a very unique, and a very correct idea to confine music to heaven as its proper sphere. And such views bring out the fact how much divinity there is in music, and how inspirational it is in its very character. A people who often praise God could not be bad, while we know that hypocrites, and the scribes and pharisees of society are very potent in long prayers. There is too often a certain hollow respectability in the praying class—too much of the "I thank thee O God that I am not as other men," but praise can only come from childlike humility. Its language is, "We thank thee O Lord for what we *have* received!" An ounce of praise is worth a pound of begging. God has given to us abundant blessings, and in our songs, we tell Him of our gratitude.

In ancient Israel, we have seen that music, as a branch of temple service, assumed a very high character. The psalmist and the singer were of the same order of the Prophets and

Seers, whose sons and daughters were ordained for the service of praise, and that ordination established in their families for ever, the same as the kingly office was confined to the family of David, who was preëminently the psalmist. We will at some future time devote an article to the musical genius of the Hebrews, who, as illustrated in such cases as that of Mendelssohn Meyerbeer and others, have transmitted that genius to their descendents. But for the present, to show the grandeur of the musical performances in ancient Israel, we will give that of the opening of Solomon's Temple:

"Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets.

"It came to pass, as the trumpets and singers were as one, to make one sound in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord!

"So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

This sublime manifestation accompanying the musical service must have made a jubilee in Israel infinitely more telling than any musical jubilee of modern times.

TO OUR ST. GEORGE FRIENDS.

Among the local hits of the *Cactus*, a lively little paper published in St. George, in our Dixie, we notice the following somewhat incorrect statement:—

Enterprising—(?) We have lately heard that about two weeks ago, an agent of the *Utah Magazine* was in our city soliciting patronage, but have not heard that he visited a single place of business or any of the leading men, where he would have been likely to have obtained subscriptions, and went, no doubt, telling hard things concerning Dixie. St. George will, no doubt, survive his stories, but we are surprised at the enterprising publishers of the Magazine sending such a "deadhead" to canvass for them.

Sometime ago a young man, wishing to visit St. George on some business, solicited the privilege of canvassing on the road, to assist in defraying his expenses. This wish was complied with, and our friend proceeded on his way, devoting as much time as convenient to the Magazine. We have not heard that he says "hard things concerning Dixie;" but we have heard that he brought us in about one hundred and thirty subscribers' names, which is quite as much as we expected. Our friend of the *Cactus* will see that he has spoken a little too hastily.

We will take this opportunity to say to our St. George friends, that we will meet them in every way possible, in taking the produce of their country in pay for the Magazine. Let us hear from any who wish to subscribe, and we will make the best possible terms to suit them.

Cactus and *Rio Virgen Times* please copy.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN'S WAGES.

The following, from the Weekly *Mirror*, edited by a lady, shows how the sisterhood in the States are viewing the above question. We do not, of course, endorse every word, but there is more truth than poetry in some of the lady's points:

"The husband and wife are equal partners. The husband is out-door head of the firm, and the wife in-door member. Her work in the house is of as much importance to the welfare of the family as his work out of doors. No family can be well managed unless the wife and mother faithfully performs her part; and if she does this, the husband and father does no more for the advancement and interest of the family. This being the case, she is entitled to one half of the income—to one half of all that he and she accumulate. This half should be hers if she survive him; and he should divide his half as he pleases; or if he dies intestate, the law should give it to his heirs. If he has children, the widow should get none of it—[that is, of *his* half, we suppose.—Ed.] If he has no children, she might be one of his heirs. If she dies before him, and has not disposed of her half by will, it should be secured to her heirs, and he should get none of it, if she has children. If not he might be one of her heirs.

"Repeal the slave code for wives—the law which says—'All that she can acquire by her labor, service or acts, during coverture, belongs to her husband.' This law was made for the old Saxon swineherds in the days when Alfred the Great was King. It gives the husband exactly the same power over his wife's earnings that the South Carolina slave code gave to the master over the earnings of the slave. Emancipate wives, make them equal partners with their husbands, and thus give them the same motives for industry and economy that are given to men, and see if you do not, with one stroke of the pen, dash out nine tenths of the extravagance and fashionable folly of women, multiply marriages four-fold, and get rid of the talk about women's wages. There is something wrong when woman is out in the world contending with men for wages. She should find her reward in her own proper work keeping house and raising children; and when the masses of women are emancipated and paid for doing the work that no man can do, the exceptions who teach school, sell dry goods and write for newspapers will find the wages question very easily settled."

FREE COPIES—READ THIS!

To all our Friends: We shall endeavor to send out to our country subscribers, with this and following numbers, free copies of the Magazine, which we hope they will be kind enough to lend to as many of their friends and neighbors as possible. We are sparing no expense to make the Magazine worthy of Utah; and although we shall not complain if we do not realize a cent of profit for a year or two, still we shall be grateful to all who seek to alleviate our burden by increasing the circulation. As the *Daily Telegraph* said lately, the Magazine is no commercial speculation. It is published solely in the interest of progress in Utah. Every friend can help this cause and lighten our burdens wonderfully by getting us each one subscriber. Who will do it?

Gems from the Poets.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy grave shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft, by yon blue gushing stream,
Shall Sorrow bow her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause, and lightly tread,
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress;
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou! who tell'st me to forget,
Thy cheeks are wan, thine eyes are wet. [*Byron.*

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NOT QUITE PARTED.

On the following day Judah Nathans presented himself at the mansion of Sir Richard Courtney. He was shown into the baronet's library, where he found the uncle and our hero in conversation upon the subject which was uppermost.

"You are welcome, Mr. Nathans," said the baronet as his visitor entered.

"I thank you, Sir Richard," replied Judah, taking a seat without ceremony.

"Sir Walter has written to your niece."

"Very wisely done."

"I have read his letter and approve of it."

"Then is it most wisely done."

"The circumstances are affecting, but I see no alternative."

"The problem, Sir Richard, is beyond my solving."

"Will you read the epistle? It has been kept unsealed for that purpose."

"Thank you, Sir Richard. I appreciate your confidence and the very noble conduct of yourself and nephew."

Judah Nathans took the proffered letter and twice read it. Evidently it made a great impression upon him, for the second reading seemed to be a dwelling with satisfaction upon its contents, and a regret at the necessity which prompted the writer.

"Sir Walter Templar, you have acted nobly," he observed as he returned the epistle.

"I have but performed my painful duty to your niece, sir."

"He who does his duty when it is painful deserves admiration. This concerns my sister Rachel's child, and therefore I admire your conduct."

"To resign Terese has stricken my heart, as it has destroyed the dearest hope of my life. I pray Heaven it may not quite break her heart."

"Sir Walter Templar, could I, without blighting Isaac Ben Ammon's declining days, so will it, my niece should be your wife, though when I came yesterday I had willed it otherwise."

"I thank you sir; but even my uncle would not approve of the alliance now."

"No, Mr. Nathans. I conscientiously could not."

"You are right, Sir Richard. I had forgotten. Terese is a Jewess."

"And as you yourself have said, Mr. Nathans, the Jewess and the Christian cannot mate."

"Cannot mate, Sir Richard."

"Six months ago we stood not in that relationship to each other. She was then an orphan," said our hero.

"I would you had been married to her before she had found her grandfather," mused Judah.

"It is in vain for us to regret that which we cannot alter," observed the young man. But he knew not then how difficult it would be for him to school his heart to the necessity of resigning Terese. His sense of honor ruled him now, not the tumults of his love. He lived to see the day when that love grew restive,—when his heart rebelled against the necessity of resigning the maiden forever. He lived to see the day when his strong passions broke down all barriers of opposite religions and separations of races; lived to see the day when his whole soul was one great sense of aching for Terese,—a mighty voice that cried aloud for her, day and night; he lived to see the day when no longer the old authorities were heeded by him, which declared "The Jewess cannot marry the Christian noble."

"Yes," repeated Judah Nathans, "I wish Terese had not found her grandfather until she had first become Sir Walter Templar's wife."

"Mr. Nathans, I beg you, as a special favor, to represent to your niece that I have been faithful to her."

"You have been faithful to her," was the echo.

"I would not have her deem me false to my love for the price of the world. I have lost enough in losing her. The loss of her confidence, too, would be more than I could bear."

"Sir Walter, Terese and her family shall hold you and your family in reverence."

"We thank you, Mr. Nathans," said our hero, scarcely able to command his speech.

"And now, Sir Richard, there is a matter of a different kind, upon which I would speak before my departure."

"If you please, Mr. Nathans."

"It may not be known to you that for over thirty years I have been the companion and, since his father's death, the private adviser of Sir Herbert Blakely."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the baronet, in some surprise.

"That position I have resolved to occupy no longer."

"You interest me, sir."

"My past position placed me in direct antagonism to your family, for I pledged my dead master, the General, that I would never cease to work to his ends until the De Lacy estates were in the entire possession of his son. I have worked, I confess, faithfully, till yesterday, to the accomplishment of this purpose."

"Is this possible?"

"I always speak the truth, even though that truth should be against myself. I tell you this that you might not hereafter, hearing it from other lips, doubt me."

"I reproach you not for fidelity to your trust."

"To accomplish this I have stopped at no considerations. I would even have removed Sir Walter from our path."

"Indeed!"

"Yet in my own intentions I have never designed him hurt."

"We are now open enemies. Am I to so understand you, sir?"

"No, Sir Richard, but rather friends. I cannot in future war against your family. The love of my niece shall henceforth render Sir Walter sacred to me. Of this I shall inform Sir Herbert Blakely; for no one shall have cause to say I betrayed him. I only withdraw from an evil purpose."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Nathans; and as you have told me thus much of yourself, and seeing that you must be very intimately informed upon all matters concerning the De Lacy estates, I will return your confidence by a personal explanation, not designed, however, for Sir Herbert Blakely."

"You do me honor, Sir Richard, and you may be assured that any subject committed to me will be preserved sacred."

"Knowing now of your past connection with Sir Herbert, this explanation becomes relative to the case between your family and mine."

"I believe, Sir Richard that I understand how generous your family have been. I anticipate your explanation."

"I perceive you do, sir. Your acuteness has detected that in order to accomplish the union of your niece and Sir Walter Templar, we not only revoked the betrothal with my daughter Eleanor, but for the time renounced the redemption of the De Lacy estates."

"It was very generous and very just in you all. I had concluded that such was the fact, and that this decision was made by your family when you all deemed my niece an orphan and portionless."

"You are right, Mr. Nathans, it was Terese, the orphan, that we considered we knew, not Terese the heiress of the rich Jew Isaac Ben Ammon."

"It was very just and very generous in you, Sir Richard, I repeat: and it is this which led me to resolve to withdraw myself from Sir Herbert Blakely. I cannot war against the family who were willing to sacrifice so much for the child of my sister Rachel."

"I confess, moreover, Mr. Nathans, that these very peculiar circumstances of our family have disarranged the calculations of twenty years, for though this union with your niece is interrupted, the betrothal between my nephew and daughter is also broken off."

"I understand, Sir Richard. The Lady Eleanor could not return to the old relations with her cousin, knowing his love to be another's. A high-spirited woman like her would be very sensitive in the case."

"Right, Mr. Nathans. Sir Walter Templar and Eleanor Courtney can only be in future as a dear brother and sister. Indeed I find that relation most becomes them. Eleanor worships Walter, but it is as a sister for her brother. They grew as brother and sister—they love as such. There ends the matter between them. But in that ending, Mr. Nathans, the De Lacy redemption is also at an end."

"Uncle Richard, I must still urge my protest against your view on that point," broke in our hero.

"At an end for the present, Walter."

"Not so. I will clear off the mortgage independent of any family alliances."

"It is not practical, Walter. The Templar mines are neither as valuable nor as saleable as they were ten years ago. Nor would I allow for Lord Frederick and my daughter Alice the sacrifice you have repeatedly proposed. Moreover, I confess, Walter, that

the betrothal between Frederick and Alice seems as much disarranged by recent events as that between yourself and Eleanor."

"We will waive the matter then, uncle, for a time," said our hero in some embarrassment, for he also had misgivings upon the matter. He saw from every appearance that his cousin Alice was not drawn towards Fred, whereas her very life seemed hung upon himself. Already had he been troubled over the matter; already had he asked himself if there were to be in the sequel more love crossings and family crossings. And more than ever, Sir Richard and himself saw how unwise in policy it is to legislate, to a programme, family alliances, when the impulsive affections of the heart have so much to do in the matter, and the circumstances of life in a moment overturn the finest woven plans.

"So you see, Mr. Nathans," continued Sir Richard Courtney, "how the matter stands in relation to the De Lacy estates."

"I do, Sir Richard, and am sorry to perceive all your family problems so disarranged, seeing that the generous devotion of Sir Walter Templar for my sister Rachel's child has been the cause."

"Had our family compacts held good," said the baronet, "my nephew and myself unitedly could have redeemed the estates without materially crippling our own. In that case I should have conferred upon my eldest daughter her sister's portion at my death, giving to the husband of Alice in lieu thereof, the redeemed mortgage of the inheritance of his race, purchased by the wealth of my nephew and Eleanor. This would have been an equivalent, and in time the family balancing would have been just."

"Very wisely arranged, Sir Richard, and had your nephew married my sister's child, her vast wealth would have redeemed the estates, and so far your intentions would have been met."

"It is useless to speculate upon that, Mr. Nathans, yet had my nephew married your niece before she had found her grandfather, I should in such a case as the one you have suggested, at my death, have settled Alice's portion upon my nephew and his heirs, thus balancing the account much in the same way."

"Yes, as you have wisely observed, Sir Richard, it is now useless to speculate upon what might have been had Sir Walter Templar been united to the child of my sister Rachel. Terese will also be my heiress, and I am now, through the recent death of my father's uncle, very nearly as wealthy as Terese's grandfather. But this is mere babbling on my part. As you have observed, Sir Richard, it is useless to speculate upon the union of Sir Walter Templar and my sister's child."

But those who knew Judah Nathans as we know him would have reversed his words just then. His very dwelling upon it was an infallible sign that he did not think it useless to speculate upon that union, or he would not have speculated. He never started after the solution of a problem (as he would himself have worded it) without some latent design of mastering it, and if he afterwards gave it up it was when his law of necessity forced him to, or his conception of wisdom told him that it was the best policy. He dwelt now upon what might have been had Terese and Walter mated. It was a proof, therefore, in his case, that the union of our hero and heroine was the very subject which occupied his mind.

"Sir Richard, I have intruded too long upon your valuable time," observed Judah, rising to depart.

"No, sir; it has been occupied in very necessary communication."

"I feel honored with your confidence, Sir Richard. Sir Walter, I will represent to my niece all you have desired."

"My sincere thanks, Mr. Nathans," replied our hero, and Sir Richard and his nephew, expecting to see their singular visitor no more, deemed the subject of the union of Terese and Walter for ever at an end; but not so deemed Judah Nathans.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF GOOD.

Judah Nathans left the house of Sir Richard Courtney an altered man. He had been in the action of his life, not good; for nothing, until very recently, had come in that life to transform him into the image of goodness. That illustrious social philosopher, Robert Owen, has laid it down as a cardinal law of a just moral economy, that men and women are created in their characters by the action and force of circumstances. Orthodox exceptions might be taken to this, but it is as near the universal truth as any one general law can be. The experience of life proves it. Hence the great scientific apostle of modern times believed that, mankind only needs good surroundings for earth to be transformed into a comparative heaven. We are pleased to have met Judah Nathans in his relation with Terese, the Hebrew Maiden, to illustrate the truth of this philosophy and the moral of our story,—"NOT ALL DROSS."

Up to the date of the discovery of his niece, Judah had been in the service of a master whose ends needed an evil agent. His actions, therefore, had not been good, though, as we have seen, he was not evil from malice. Kindness gave him more pleasure than unkindness; truth gratified his intellect as a scientific man, and that intellect admired justice as a *wiser policy* than injustice. An angel had come in his life now, in the person of our heroine, and in legislating for her happiness he was brought within the circle of good. He had now also been brought into relationship with the family of Sir Richard Courtney, and he had found them just, noble, generous. The influences under which he now acted were germinating in his soul good intentions. In this spirit of better surroundings he had presented himself at the mansion of Sir Richard on the day of his second interview, at the close of which he was still further within the circle of good.

Three days afterwards Judah Nathans was in London, partly there on his own business, touching the wealth of his great-uncle, Reuben Nathans, to which he had just fallen heir. He put up at the Adelphi Hotel in the Strand. He rang the bell of his private apartment, which was answered by one of the servants.

"Wine, Thomas. The very best in the house."

"Champagne, sir?"

"Champagne, Thomas."

Judah was still an epicure. Indeed he was changed in nothing of his essential characteristics. He was simply, as we have said, brought within the circle of good intentions, and was no longer within that of his master's evil necessities. So far as this went, he was entirely a changed man in his life, but not in his nature. He was as capable of good as of evil. As much can be said of Satan himself. The Arch Fiend is *classical*, not malicious. His evil is the offspring of his own necessities, just as that of Judah Nathans had been from the necessities of Sir Herbert Blakely.

"The wine, sir," said the servant, entering.

"A crown, Thomas."

"For myself, your honor?"

"For yourself, Thomas."

"Can I serve your honor further?"

"Has any one inquired for me since my absence?"

"Yes, your honor. There is the gentleman's card on your table."

"So. Lawyer Wortley."

"He was here to-day. He will call again, he said, to see if you were returned."

"I am at home, Thomas, to the lawyer."

"Very good, your honor. Any further commands?"

"Yes. Take this letter to the post-office. No fail, Thomas. There is another crown."

"Fail, your honor?"

"Stay; take it to Mr. Coutts, my banker. He will forward it with his private matter. There is a half guinea. Use dispatch. I pay for services."

This division of his gifts showed the Jew and also the man of the world, in paying well for fidelity. The letter was from our hero to Terese, and Judah was desirous for its safe and speedy delivery. His uncle Isaac Ben Ammon was well known in his banking transactions to the great firm of Coutts. Hence, upon second thought, he sent Sir Walter's letter through the great English banker, whom he knew was in continual correspondence with his uncle Isaac.

Judah drank several glasses of wine, and then he began to muse upon the matters before him.

"So Richard Courtney thinks the Christian noble must not wed the Jewess; and so my uncle Isaac thinks. Now, wherefore? I must solve that wherefore, and if it will not solve philosophically, then it is not a scientific problem, and therefore not worthy to prevail."

Judah was fairly launched into his sea of problem-solving. If he runs the barque of the lovers aground he will do it philosophically; if not, the barque still swims.

"The affair is very complex. Good. First, we have two different and radical religions. That *is* bad for an alliance. 'The Jew and the Christian cannot mate!' It is a form of wording with a great *noise* in it, but I think it is noise chiefly. Now, there *is* philosophy in religion, but very seldom philosophy in men's *methods* of it. I am infidel to these methods, not to the religious sentiment. Jesus was equal to Moses, quite his equal, though my uncle Isaac would not like to hear me say so. 'The Jewess cannot marry the Christian.' Now I see not the philosophy of that, when their happiness makes their union *necessary*. So, uncle Isaac, we have erred. But stop. If the Jews and the Christians had not kept their distinction of races, Judah, to-day, would not have been a people and would not now hold the commerce of the world. This exclusion has preserved Israel and given him the empire of

wealth. But then the *past* necessities no longer exist, and we are mightier in encircling more and in becoming more the soul of nations So uncle Isaac, the Jew and the Christian are already in alliance. Next, we have the love of these two young folks. There they carry the ground altogether. The Jewess and the Christian noble are mated in love. Then let love rule. 'Tis the wisest. The affections so seldom rule that it is well they should rule now. She is my sister's child, therefore she should be happy. I say, therefore, because the child has somehow got into my heart. So let Sir Walter Templar marry her. But then, poor Uncle Isaac! Well, I cannot solve the problem. They shall solve it themselves. That letter, which I have just sent, will rivet the chains—not break them; and Uncle Isaac will be forced to the necessity. Thus let it stand."

And the epicure again drank his wine; and soon afterwards, Lawyer Wortley was announced.

"Ha! Mr. Nathans, I am glad to see you. 'Tis many years since we have met," said Lawyer Wortley, as he entered Judah's room.

"It is many years, Mr. Wortley, since we met," was the answer in Judah's peculiar form of repeating an observation.

"Thomas," he said, addressing the servant, "Did you take my letter to Mr. Coutts?"

"Yes, your honor."

"I am not at home to any one."

"Very good, your honor." And the servant left the gentlemen together.

"You received my letter, Lawyer Wortley?"

"Yes, Mr. Nathans, and I congratulate you."

"On the death of my uncle?"

"Well, not exactly on his death."

"You and I, Lawyer Wortley, can afford a truthful wording. It is the wisest between scientific men."

"Well, then, I congratulate you on your uncle's death for it brings you wealth."

"And you a client. I like that form. The connection is logical."

"You commit your affairs into my hands?"

"Yes, Mr. Wortley, for I can depend on your professional capacity and fidelity."

"I am flattered with your good opinion, Mr. Nathans."

"You need not say as much. I need you to manage my affairs and I can trust you or I should not."

"So that settles our business?"

"That settles our private business, Lawyer Wortley."

"You withdraw from Sir Herbert's service."

"I withdraw."

"Of course a man of you wealth could not consent to occupy the position of Sir Herbert's adviser."

"For many reasons I could not."

"By the way, Mr. Nathans, Sir Richard has written to me, offering an installment of a hundred thousand upon the De Lacy mortgage."

"Which you, of course, will refuse to accept."

"I shall. Indeed, I could not do otherwise, without the sanction of Sir Herbert.

"Which he will not give."

"I know it."

Thus began and ended the business part of the interview between this strange man and the eminent lawyer. It was a striking illustration of Snap's methods and professionally of Lawyer Wortley's style.

The two gentlemen then discussed Sir Herbert Blakeley's affairs the remainder of the afternoon together as old friends; and then they separated.

"So Sir Richard Courtney has offered a hundred thousand pounds as an installment upon the mortgage," observed Judah to himself when Lawyer Wortley had departed.

"Now I have my problem: that would have interfered with it. If Terese and Sir Walter Templar should yet marry, the redeemed mortgage must be her wedding-gift to her husband. The Christian noble must not outdo the Jewess in generosity. I shall present the child of my sister Rachel, with the canceled bond. 'Tis well to do good, when 'tis wise to do good; and when good-doing brings you pleasure, then 'tis wise. I like the problem. I will solve it. Now, that child is an angel in my life. The God of our father Abraham bless her. There now, what a blockhead I am. Abraham has been dead more than three thousand years. But her uncle Judah lives, and so Abraham *shall* bless her in me. Walter Templar shall marry the Jewess. Yet there are my uncle Isaac, Farinelli, and Sir Richard Courtney. Well, well, I will stand by my sister's child, for she *is* the angel in my life. The Jewess and the Christian noble shall mate. I have said it!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STRICKEN TO THE HEART.

Since the arrival of the letter from Sir Walter Templar with the joyful news of the revocation of the betrothal, the life of Terese had been like a June day, bright with never a cloud in her sky. Her venerable grandsire, too, seemed to her pious mind like one of the ancient patriarchs of her race come up from the grave to bless the last of his antique line, and to establish its generations anew. A providence appeared in his coming, and the old man's conversations were of that grave, yet tender nature touching the culmination of her family in her, that the maiden grew almost superstitious in the matter. Indeed, Isaac Ben Ammon was full of a beautiful superstition himself upon the subject. He deemed that the hand of Heaven was concerned in the discovery of his beautiful grandchild; the curse was taken from his life; the blessing of Israel again before him in his own experience. There was such a kindred feeling between the two, that it was no wonder they were always together. But Terese was dreaming of the fulfillment in her union with Walter, while the old man was dreaming of her return to the religion of her forefathers through her marriage with Farinelli, who, for her sake, had resolved to become a Jew. But each kept the special hope concealed, and hence the supreme happiness of the hour. Isaac Ben Ammon waited to receive news from his nephew Judah before breaking the matter to his grandchild, while she also waited for the news, expecting that her uncle's mission to her lover's family would bring about the union—not obstruct it. This will account for the happy state in which we now find our heroine and her grandsire. But soon the cup of comfort was destined to be dashed rudely from the lips of both.

The news came. Isaac Ben Ammon was delighted with the result. Judah, in a private letter to him, told him all.

"Rachel, my child," said the old man, for as noted before, he called her by her mother's name,—"I have news from England. Here is a letter for you."

"Oh, I am so glad, Grandfather, that letters have arrived!" she exclaimed, as she took the one addressed to her, and recognized the well-known handwriting of Walter Templar.

A look of sadness and anxiety passed over the patriarch's pale countenance, for he foresaw that his loving grandchild was about to receive a deep heart-wound. For the first time he feared lest all should not be well in the end. Terese noticed not her grandfather's altered manner, but in her joy, flew to her chamber to read the letter.

As soon as she had shut herself in her chamber, she fell upon her knees by the bedside and offered up a fervent thanksgiving to heaven. She then broke the seal of her lover's letter and read.

She read, and again she read each passage of the burning epistle. At first, she knew not what it all meant, for it was to her so strange, so unexpected. Then her head grew dizzy, and a film gathered in her eyes, but tears came not to wash it away. At length, she finished reading the letter and partly understood it. She then arose and bathed her fervered brow. Her brain was on fire, her eyes now like live coals from the altar upon which her own heart was consuming. Again she seated herself, and again she read the passionate epistle:

COURTNEY HOUSE, June 1st, 1823.

MY BELOVED COMPANION:

How shall I communicate the stern realities which have so suddenly broken in upon my dreams of our union and blighted my life; but, oh, how word my message not to send a poisoned arrow to your gentle heart? I cannot. To tell the matter to you in words of calmness, would mock my own agony and insult your grief.

Your uncle Judah has visited my family. He came with a solemn mission from your grandfather, as well as to represent himself. He laid before my family the case of his own. I cannot gainsay the will and conscience of an ancient people whose legacy to their descendants, for ages has been a supreme injunction to preserve the integrity of their religion and their race.

They tell me, Terese, that the Christian noble must not marry the Jewess. (Oh, what shall I do; oh, what shall *we* do, my beloved?) There is but one thing that we can do, and have the approval of our own hearts. It is our duty to our religion and our families. Neither you, nor I could be happy in a union which brought not these sanctions. We have loved, but we have loved in purity and integrity—we have loved, but we have loved in duty to our God and our family honor.

Oh, Terese, what shall we do? Dear Companion of never-to-be forgotten associations, oh what shall we do?

The betrothal in my own family often frightened us, when we were together, to comfort each other's hearts and point to the dim hope before us, though it was looming in the distance amid dark clouds. But now there have come between us the sacred covenants of your ancient race—covenants handed down for a hundred generations: the voices of the dead and the voices of the living proclaim—The Jewess and the Christian cannot mate! And from either side comes a stern response.

Oh, Terese, Terese, what shall we do?

All my family partake of our afflictions, and partake of them more because the fiat is without a revocation. My uncle Courtney, who so willingly sacrificed all his family designs for our union and happiness is upon this matter sadly afflicted,

but matterable, for he is a man who will never compromise his conscience or his honor. As for my dear mother, she weeps at my distress, while my cousin Eleanor retires to her chamber and prays for strength to be sent down to Terese and Walter to bear this heavy stroke of Providence. But oh, how hard it is for us, whose hearts it most strikes to acknowledge, a providence in it yet do I say "Thy will, O God, be done!"

Were the cause any other than it is—the covenants of your forefathers, and the integrity of your race—I confess there would be a fierce warfare in my heart and loud-voiced passions—not this mournful, agonizing resignation,—but as it is, to give away to passion and rebellious feelings would seem impious. I would strike down common barriers with a strong hand, but I could not aim a blow at covenants four thousand years old.

Think not that your uncle Judah has done aught in unkindness. My family respect his consideration in this matter, but they are painfully conscious of the fact which he has urged—that the union of his grandchild with a Christian would bring Isaac Ben Ammon's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

I look forward now to no union with woman on earth; but in heaven, we, who still must ever love, shall be united, for surely there no voice will proclaim—The Jewess and Christian must not mate.

In love and in hope for that day of union above,

I am, dearest Terese, your

WALTER.

Terese ceased reading her lover's letter. A while she sat as though life had gone out of her; she seemed as a beautiful marble statue. Not in rapt thought, not overwhelmed by a tumult of agonized feelings, but as a person benumbed and without feeling; her heart for a moment was dead—not breaking. Gradually a revulsion came, and with it, the agony; and then with a dreadful spasm of returning life, she staggered to her feet, and with a piercing cry that rang through Isaac Ben Ammon's dwelling, she fell senseless to the floor.

The first who flew to the senseless maiden was her foster-brother. Kneeling, he took her tenderly in his arms; and then, seeing her pale and apparently lifeless, he alarmed the house with his cries for help. But Isaac Ben Ammon had heard the shriek of his grandchild, and, as fast as his aged limbs could bear him, he hastened to the chamber of Terese, followed by old Rebecca. He found Farinelli in extreme distraction, supporting Terese, venting wild reproaches against himself as the cause of the calamity which had fallen upon his foster-sister.

"See, see, old man, what *we* have done, exclaimed Farinelli, laying the corse-like form of the maiden upon the floor.

"See, there is our work," he continued, in fierce remorse, pointing to the inanimate Jewess.

"Cease, boy, cease!" returned Isaac Ben Ammon. "Think you, young man, that I am not stricken too. Father Abraham, my granddaughter cannot be dead. She is not dead, Rebecca," he added, addressing the old woman.

"No, Isaac, the child has but swooned. She is recovering."

"The God of Jacob be praised," returned the aged Hebrew with a deep sigh of relief.

"My master," said Rebecca, "leave Rachel to my care."

"Rebecca, shall I send for a physician?"

"Rachel needs none, Isaac Ben Ammon. 'Tis the heart that is sick. Quick, leave me alone with the child. Renewed agitation, caused by your presence, might be her death."

"Alas! alas!" moaned the venerable Hebrew, as he left the chamber, "the comfort of Israel has departed from my house again."

The foster-brother was the first to leave the chamber of Terese as he had been the first to enter at her cry. The remark of Rebecca, that his foster-sister was returning to consciousness, had driven him at once away. He would not have met her first reproachful glance for the world. Seizing his hat, he rushed wildly from the house of the Jew to meet in the street Donna Clara Garcia. The *prima donna* could not have encountered Farinelli in a more ungracious mood. He would have passed her, but the lady would not permit it, for she had been anxious for an interview with the young man. It was the first time that she had met him since his recovery.

"Ah! my dear Farinelli!" exclaimed the *prima donna*. "I am delighted to see you around again. It is unkind of you to have kept so long away from your friends, when you know how anxious some are concerning you," she added with a wistful look and a tender reproach in her tone.

"Donna Clara, I am quite recovered. There needs no anxiety on my account."

"I see you are recovered, Farinelli. But you are cruel."

"I design it not so, lady."

"Yet, you are very cruel. But let that pass. Will you not sing with me, to-morrow night. Come, Farinelli, consent. The management will double the terms of your engagement. I have made that point a condition of my own. You will consent, will you not?"

"I thank you, Donna Clara; but I cannot sing to-morrow night. I know not, if I shall ever sing in Rome again. Pardon me, now. My foster-sister has been taken suddenly ill. I fear she is dying."

And Farinelli hurried abruptly away.

"May she die and quickly rot in her grave, so that she crosses not my path again," hissed the *prima donna* to herself, as she drew her veil over her face and also hurried away.

"Aye, may she die; it may save me from the crime of killing her, unfeeling man," she added, as she turned and caught a look at Farinelli, as he passed out of sight.

In the meantime, Terese had returned to consciousness. She uttered no word of reproach; moaned not a vent of her troubled heart; uttered not a remark in reference to the letter of her lover which she hid in her bosom. She listlessly allowed old Rebecca to undress her and put her to bed. She, moreover took from the kind nurse a sleeping-potion with the docility of a dutiful child. Her grandfather came in and, bending over her, his tears fell upon her cheeks. She spoke not; but, throwing her gentle arms around his neck, kissed him affectionately. Soon afterwards, she fell into a deep sleep, for a heavy resignation sat upon her heart, upon which lay also Walter Templar's letter.

In the morning, Terese seemed much better for she had slept profoundly during the night, and her grandfather was in much better spirits in consequence. He visited his grandchild; and, at her request, explained all the circumstances that immediately touched them. He told her how her uncle Judah had gone to England with a mission from himself to consult with Sir Walter Templar's family. He dwelt upon his own hopes to see her embrace the religion of her race, and how dreadful would be to him the stroke to realize that the only living offspring of his loins was lost to her tribe forever as the wife of a Christian nobleman. He confirmed the informationof her lover that Sir Richard Courtney equally with himself agreed that no proper alliance could take place between the Jewess and the Christian; but he was warm in his encominms upon the noble conduct of Sir Walter Templar. This part pleased the maiden. The grandfather also informed her of the proposed marriage of herself with Farinelli, and of his consent to become a Jew for her sake. He urged the young man's deep love for her, and plead tenderly with her to be true to the antecedents of her Jewish race. The maiden listened reverently to her venerable grandsire, acquiesced in nearly all he said; and it was only at the proposed marriage of herself with her foster-brother that she manifested some little impatience, but she gave no further sign of disapproval.

Isaac Ben Ammon was more than satisfied with the gentle submission of his granddaughter; and he left the chamber of the maiden hopeful of the future. But he was somewhat self-deceived. Terese was once more upon the altar, but her heart could not consent to all the sacrifice which her grandfather proposed. Her love for Walter Templar was deathless. Not quite parted even yet!

IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM.

BY A LIE-A-BED.

More than one has shown how hollow
Is this proverb, and absurd:
For the worm, it sure must follow,
Got up earlier than the bird.

Doubtless too the bird in question,
Eating with too great a zeal,
Suffered much from indigestion,
Owing to that morning meal.

And it would not be surprising
If that birdie fell a prey
To some sportsman—early rising
Makes the aim so sure they say.

Perhaps its young too—had it any—
By their parent left forlorn,
Caught catarrhal ailments many
From the keen, cold air of morn.

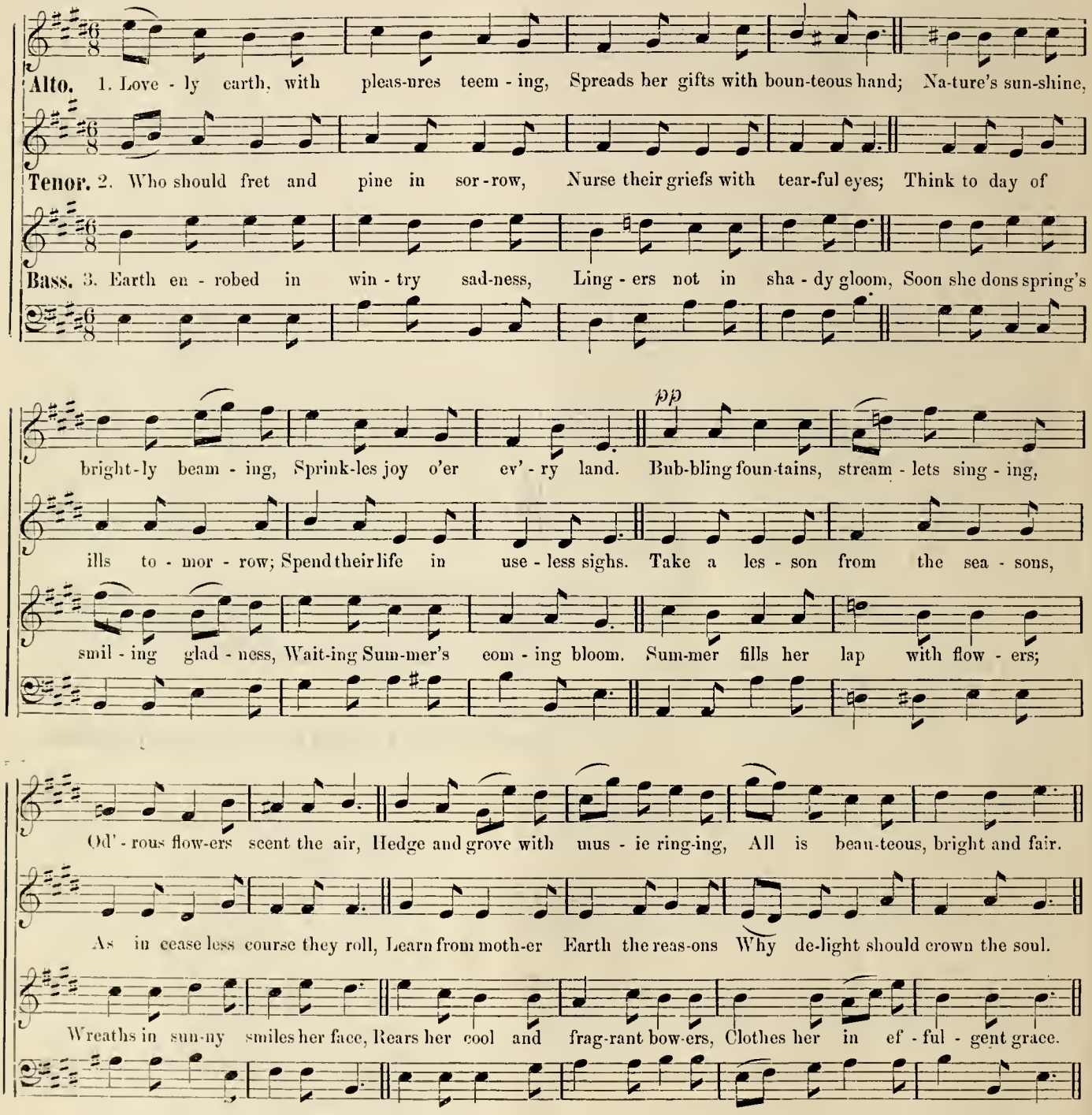
Other birds—for birds will chatter—
When they saw the bird alight,
Might have chirped with scornful patter—
"Ah! the rake's been out all night!"

Summing up the case concisely,
This decidedly I say,
Early birds *don't* get on nicely.
Early rising does *not* pay!

"Who Should Fret and Pine in Sorrow?"

Words by E. L. Sloan. Music by Prof. G. Careless.

Treble. *Moderato.*



4. Winter's frown, and Springs caressing,
Summer's garland, bright and gay,
Only herald Autumn's blessings—
Glorious eve to changeful day.
Fiercest storms bring calms serenest,
Sultri'st days the richest dews,
Drearest Winters Springs the greenest.
Bright with varigated hues.

5. Who should pine in grief and sadness,
Troubles come and troubles go,
Sorrows yield to joyous gladness,
Weal attends on fading woe.
Mourn not at each bursting bubble,
Passing shadows swiftly fly;
Stoutly climb the hills of trouble,
Pleasure's vales beyond them lie.

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Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced.

Even in paralysis, where articulation was suspended, the use of the Porous Plasters to the spine restored the articulation, and materially reduced the paralysis. In fact, the patient could help herself, while before the Porous plaster was applied she was as helpless as a baby. We refer to Mrs. Sally Elliot, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored. That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

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Dr. Johnson, of Hartford, says: "My daily experience confirms the very superior excellence of your Porous Plasters. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in a shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. Surgeons should make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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Dr. Sterling's testimony: "For two years, I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder blade, and the other over the small of the back; and for the past three months, I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain.

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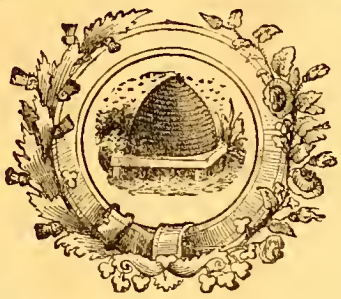
As a Morning Paper. See Advertisement.

NO. 14, AUG. 7. 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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Literature, Art, Science and Education

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The credit system which has heretofore prevailed in publishing papers in this country has been very prejudicial to all concerned. It has been ruinous to the publisher and unsatisfactory to the patrons of the paper. Believing that the growth and advancement of the city demand it, we design, if the public will support us, to publish a paper that will give the news of the whole world, and make such improvements in conducting it as our past experience will enable us to do, and to obviate the credit system we will receive subscriptions by the week, month, quarter, half-year and year, at the following rates:

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THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 14] SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 7, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently wrapped in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life—the dream.

A TALE OF MY DRY NURSE;

OR LOVE AND WHISKEY.

BY JOHN LYON.

In the year 1814, when the French and Spanish wars were in their hottest rage, and many of our most gifted youths allured by the gilded prospect of fame and reward, offered by the British government, who were enlisting in Glasgow, were as quickly drafted away to the continent to reap their day-dream of glory—there were few to be seen among the lower classes of society but old men and apprentice boys, with the addition of a great many old veterans, newly returned from the wars, who were scattered here and there throughout the city, hanging about the taverns, boasting over their past career by flood and field, or staggering home in the evening upon the precarious stump of a wooden leg, linked with the arm a winged associate, who might be anything but fitted to balance the up and down with which war had marked her veteran sons.

It is an old proverb that "birds of a feather flock together" and the propriety of this adage could nowhere be exemplified to the letter more than it was at the sign of the old Boar's Head, an old antiquated tavern opposite the Barrack yard. This place might have been designated the return dépôt for half the pensioners and invalids about the east side of the city. The host, having been in the army himself, had considerable faith in his noble comrades who, night and day, kept his tavern in one continuous uproar. There was no lack of chalk upon his part nor credit-asking on theirs, till the next quarter's pension, for all that Bacchus required to cheer his disabled votaries with; and, should any doubt arise in his mind, in respect to their honesty as newly made customers, their pension papers often supplied the place of a cautioner.

To form a correct idea of this elysium of Mars, you must lay common-place conjectures aside and conceive, not a palace of ornament and grandeur, such as the hells of England, but a large, dingy room divided into eight compartments or boxes, set with forms and tables, around which are seated groups of invalids, varying from twenty-six to seventy years of age, and, on the table before them, intermingled newspapers, broken tobacco-pipes, pewter quart-tankards, and above their heads an atmosphere as thick as the fogs of Kent, issuing from the mouths of fifty patented sucking-valves, sending forth their steam as the piston of their lungs forced out the exhaled smoke, to squirt out a stream of saliva or tell an anecdote of daring adventure, connected with Warren Hastings at the

Nile or of the retreat of Corunna, where the brave Moore lost his life through the neglect of his country; or of the mortality of the West Indies where whole regiments perished of yellow fever, new rum and green fruit. In another box might be seen, in slab dress the heroes of Beonna, Salamanca and Toulous, just returned from the continent, vaunting over the progress of Wellington and the British army; while they, to encore a hymn of valor, drew their tubes from their reeking mouths, sent forth smoky volumes, like the opening of artillery, to the opposite box, which were accompanied with loud, cursing yells and hoarse growling laughs from this toothless, eyeless, armless, legless mass. From this picture you may have a distant idea of the motley survivors of their country's wars who kept up the every day's conviviality of the Boar's Head tavern.

Among these valiant heroes none were so conspicuous as Willie King, whose stories seemed to have gained an ascendancy over those of his associates in versatility of incident, daring adventure and hair-breadth 'scapes, which he had experienced during nineteen years servitude in the East Indies. It would have touched the most obdurate feelings in human nature to have heard him recite the parting from his Brämin wife at Calcutta, on his embarkation for England. Many a time, when half-seas over, the parting tale was told. And old affection, softened by the embrace of Bacchus, melted into big tears and hopped over his furrowed cheek, as he imitated, with outstretched arm, broken voice and frantic cries, the agony of his disconsolate wife as the ship steered away from the land of her nativity, carrying with it all that her heart held dear.

But, although Willie's heart was as soft as wax in point of severed affection, he could not resist female attachment; he held that the cruelty of military law was no reason why he should be denied the pleasures of matrimony, he therefore, in obedience to rules of hymenial direction, as soon as discharged, had himself joined to a little woman whose husband had been slain at Seringapatam, and, as Willie had fought in the same engagement, there was a kind of a reciprocal feeling between them for the *far East*, and especially on the score of blasted affection. As often as Willie recited and finished his sorrowful tale, he would always receive a kind response from his lesser half, who would, in stirring strains, lament *her* loss, in the person of her beloved husband, Bob Lawson, who died far from his native land in the lawful defence of his king and country.

Willie and Bell (which was her Christian name) were loving beyond description, it mattered not whether drinking, telling tales or working—for work he did at times though minus an arm. In his younger years he had learned the art of weaving, and, by the aid of an iron cleek fastened on his elbow, with which, when fixed in the upper shell of his lay, he made the shuttle fly like Jehu when remorse and an empty pocket brought him to a sober calculation, or the deep line of figures chalked against him at the Boar's Head tavern.

The place where they dwelt at the time we referred to in the commencement of this story, was an entire clay field with the exception of a row of two-story houses built on the outskirts of the city; the scenery of this place was no ways inviting, it bore the features of a late volcanic eruption, where the torn earth lay in heaps of loam, gravel and rough stones, huddled together in large mounds, and deep holes alternately scattered over two or three hundred acres. In this place Willie and Bell had lived for four years and were beloved by their neighbors, indeed nothing could be said against them, except their drunken orgies, which continued, at least, six weeks in the quarter. Bell was a clean, tidy little woman, when sober, both in person and in her house, and, having no children, she occupied her time in spooling yarn for her husband, and, had it not been for the surplus pension, they might have passed through life without one incident to commemorate their existence.

The circumstances which gave birth to this simple story happened in 1816. It was a beautiful morning in the midsummer of that year, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, that Bell tapped on Willie's shop window to call him to breakfast, which call he obeyed a short time afterwards. The little arrangements for breakfast were all in order, an old chair minus a back supplied the place of a table, and on it were placed the cups, sugar-bowl, butter, etc.; before the fire was a plate with the remains of a Scotch haggis that sang, in unison with the simpering tones of the tea-kettle, a kind of Dead March, as Willie paced a sentinel step for nearly fifteen minutes, stopping alternately for a second on his heel, looking wistfully through the window at the clay holes or turning his ear to the sound of every step he heard, ready to open a battery on his half-marrow the moment she entered, for detaining him so long from breakfast. It had been a point with both from the first that if either were absent no eating was thought of, and so religiously was this observed that each felt a sacred pride in observing it, and often boasted of their family fasting, as if the one operated on the other as a digestive tonic.

The mill bells tolled their warning notes for labor in that part of the city, and the streets were thinned of their pedestrian population, when Willie, tired out of all patience waiting on Belle, crossed with hasty steps the uneven surface of the brick-ground, to his old comrade in arms.

But a short time elapsed till back he came double-quick march to his own domicile; then leaving it, he went inquiring among the neighbors if they had seen his wife, which was generally answered by a shake of the head or the careless monosyllable, No! From one place to another, he sought her diligently, with a face marked with the deepest anxiety, and in inexpressive grief, he turned to his own house, having got no clue to the discovery of his lost partner.

The last rays of the evening sun receded in dim shadows from the window panes, reflecting the stained glass on the wall in many a fairy form. The fire had burned down to white ashes, and was out. Every thing remained in its place, as if time had forgotten to move, twelve hours before; and Willie, as life and appetite only lay in the power of Bell to confer, had not tasted one morsel, so lost was he, in her unaccountable disappearance. His wandering eyes passed from one object to another, as if the mind, restless and without determination, sought relief from the burning fever of disappointment. There the bed neatly made and the blankets and pillows gave an invitation to repose. But there were other thoughts in his head; strange, unaccountable thoughts, which he sought to drown, in the insipid Lethe of alcohol. The Boar's Head lane being but a few minutes' walk over the clay-ground, Willie was soon placed in the midst of his boon companions, all of whom had previously become acquainted with the singular disappearance of his wife, and who felt interested and anxious to soothe his disordered mind. There might be a dozen of them gathered together, in conclave, and each one seemingly more interested than another, rehearsed their fears and gave their advice. One story gave place to another, and each gave warm demonstrations of attachment, and praised the warm, generous heart of the subject of his solicitude. The landlord was no less mindful in condoling his princely customer, between the hurried calls of his avocation. To have seen his divided attention, when making some grave remarks, and his startled attention as the bell was rung from some other part of the house; with the quick shake of the hand, and the familiar nod of his head, as he made his exit, were tokens of friendship and sympathy which

called forth the admiration and praise of the whole squad.

One quart succeeded another, and tale succeeded tale, and all in perfect keeping with the myterious catastrophy of the eloped unknown. One recited a story of a providential escape and discovery of a lieutenant's wife, who was supposed to have been carried away a by Singalee chief, on her way to Berout, which ended in the carriage having been broken down, and the lady being taken to some neighboring village, and kindly entertained by the natives. This and similar anecdotes, tending to soothe the forlorn condition of their comrade, were told, when mine host of the Boar's Head entered and finally put a stop to their speculations by informing them that a friend in the bar had just intimated to him that a person, answering the description of his wife, had been seen wandering on the banks of the Clyde, near the Dominies hole, in a seemingly distracted state! This piece of intelligence was received with open-mouthed consternation, by the whole company, which had considerably increased from the time of Willie's arrival; and which, for a moment, seemed to baffle their soothing endeavors and tippling propensities.

Plans, however, were immediately concocted to search the Clyde, on the following morning, with a proposition that they should assemble early for the purpose.

Willie, almost overwhelmed with grief and whisky, sang the double dirge of his two wives to the tune of another half pint, by the way of drowning his sorrows in the sea of forgetfulness, when nigh to midnight he returned to his deserted home, rather in a zig-zag manner, his legs often running off with his body against the dictates of his best mental calculations. Had it not been for a watchman, he might have staggered into one of the clay-pits, and been drowned before his own door. Home he got however, but not being capacitated to undress, he tumbled into bed wholesale, and was soon beyond the reach of thought, dreams, or sorrowful reflection.

His physical system suffering from the effects of debauchery, in a few hours broke the spell; and Willie feeling himself cold, awoke from the confusion of drunkenness with the doubtful recollections of his own identity, till his reason gradually dawning upon veterans in the Boar's Head, clay-pits, watchmen, and a thousand and one crude ideas of the past brought the remembrance of Bell faintly before him, and all the realities of her mysterious disappearance. Turning himself round to search out his whereabouts and to ascertain the truth of being in his own domicile, which his bewildered imagination faintly recognized, he there beheld betwixt him and the window, the form of his beloved wife, standing erect before him, reaching up her hands as if in the act of saving herself from a watery grave, with a countenance frightfully distorted. Willie had seen many a strange sight, and had been one of the forlorn hope at the siege of Gusnee, who first gained the ramparts of that citidal. Yet, his courage entirely failed him, and falling before the influence of his debauched and otherwise confused energies, he swooned insensibly into a fit of delirium tremens.

The bright rays of the morning sun shed its invigorating beams throughout his dwelling, e'er he recovered from the stupefaction of his specter-vision, in which, with his wife and a thousand blue-devils, he had been arrested, tried for murder, and was about to expiate his crime, when, in the horrors of death, he awoke from a world of tormentors, to gaze on the old chair, the tea arrangements, all as they stood twenty four hours before.

The first thing he did, when he got out of bed, was to examine the fastening of the door. Finding it bolted, as he imagined he had left it the previous evening, and glancing over the question of the correctness of the apparition he determined in his own mind to keep the secret to himself, until he was satisfied as to the certainty of his wife's decease.

His associates, true to their promise, called upon him about noon, and, after partaking of a jolly bumper of whisky each, they set off for the Clyde.

Glasgow Green, during the summer months, is a beautifully decorated public ground, comprising more than five hundred acres, along the borders of which, the river Clyde winds its majestic waters. Intersecting are finely graveled walks, shaded on each side with tall beech and elm trees, and beautified with a large monument erected to the memorable Nelson of Trafalgar-notoriety. There are, also, beautifully enclosed mineral springs, known by the name of Aaron's Wells; and, on the margin of the river stands a stately, solemn-looking building, called the Dead-house, where boats, creepers, baths, and other apparatus are always in readiness in case of accident, with attendants to look after the unfortunate. Rewards are also given to any person who may, in time of danger, save a life, or otherwise secure the body afterwards. To this place, Willie and his friends were approaching, augmented considerably in number by the love of reward as well as sympathy on the part of the bereaved friends. When the superintendent got notice, the boats were manned and soon fitted-out with creepers and harpoons for the search, and as quickly plied around the turn of the peat-bog, to the fatal hole where Dominie Sampson ended his last struggle with a weary, worthless world. Creeper after creeper was thrown in the water and drawn to the surface, and many a tree root was raised from its sand-bed, and as quickly dropped in disappointment. From Rutherglen bridge to the jail, no place was left unsearched; but no body could be found, except the carcass of a dog, which not coming within the precincts of the mortality-reward bill, was left a prey to the devouring fishes.

Weary with fatigue, and the day being pretty far spent, they gave up the search as fruitless; and poor, forlorn, heart-broken Willie returned to his cheerless home, more disconsolate than ever; and with all his senses to think over what might be his best course to pursue. In the multitude of his thoughts, he knew not one to whom he could unbosom his mind, particularly so, as it was burdened with a piece of intelligence which the credulous would sport with. Calculating on his own former infidelity respecting the unseen and spiritual world, he knew that his secret, though true to a certainty, would submit him to the derision of all his acquaintances, except Jamie Strange. To him he repaired and told him his wonderful tale of the apparition, the previous evening.

Jamie heard it with open mouth, and corroborated the truthfulness of the declaration, by a number of strange circumstances which had come under his own observation, and which none but himself knew to be true.

Mrs. Strange having observed something strange in her husband's appearance after Willie had left, inquired if there was any intelligence of Bell being found, Jamie looking as profound as Newton, when he discovered the Georgium Sidus, waived his wife into the room, and after securing the door, told her the tale, with due emphasis imitating the figure of the apparition, as it stretched and yawned before Willie, in such a ghostly way, that had Mrs. Strange been a weakly minded woman, she certainly would have felt the same sensations physically by representation as Willie did from reality.

The strange revelation being ended, she raised her eyes to the ceiling, by no means reverentially, conveying one of those looks to her husband, which indicated surprise and discovery, and without making a reply, lost no time in paying a visit to her old friend, whom she found stretched on his bed of sorrow.

The description of his dwelling, was what is called a mid room, having a concealed bed-place, and one sleeping apart-

ment. which was so constructed, as to connect with the adjoining house, by a small partition, leaving little more room than for a bed. In this recess Mrs. Strange looked. when to her utter consternation she beheld the body of the much lamented Bell, lying in the corner behind the door. Horror and suspicion seized her mind, and the evil genii of the dwelling whispered in her ear, that Willie had taken away her life by an unlucky hit of his iron hand.

Passing away from the scene of her discovery unobserved, and making a few evasive remarks to Willie, whom she viewed as a murderer. she quitted the house trembling as if she had the ague, and hastening over to her husband, communicated the direful intelligence, with all that feeling, which a good heart could show, for the fate of the one, and the death of the other.

Jamie, after hearing the discovery of his wife, stood musing like a statue, on the circumstances of the past day upon the water; and calling to remembrance the anxiety of Willie, when the dog was entangled in the creeper ere it was drawn to the surface, when it was thought to be Bell, could not let himself believe that such expressions of mental agony could have been dissembled so far, without betraying something very different than that which he had observed in his countenance, had Willie been the murderer as supposed; and particularly, when he thought of the story of the apparition which appeared to him so palpable, when narrated by Willie, which was told with so much appearance of serenity, he concluded if Bell was dead, she must have died by her own hand.

To end the doubt, however, Jamie was determined to find it out, and, in rapid haste, made off to Willie's house, where looking into the recess, he perceived what his wife had described. Armed with more fortitude, he reached his hand over upon her body and found it warm, and her pulse beating.

Willie, unconscious of suspicion, raised his head to see who had entered, when Jamie, in regular pantomimic gesture, pointed to the recess. Up he started, and both, as if struck with electricity, surveyed the sleeping beauty in her retirement. Willie, overjoyed at such an unexpected discovery, soon broke on his wife's slumbers, by his expressions of surprise and gladness, who, drawing herself up to a sitting posture, and rubbing her red eyes, soon stood before them, making the inquiries why he had not taken his breakfast and how the fire came to be burnt out? Willie could wait for no further interrogations, but wrapped in the feeling of her restoration, clasped her in his arms, perfectly overjoyed, and kissed her scorched mouth, which smelt like the bung-hole of an old whisky keg. In the meanwhile, Jamie searched the recess and found an empty bottle below the pillow, and some bread and cheese, which he laid on the table.

The first expression of thankfulness being over, Bell, anxious to relieve Willie's mind concerning her disappearance the day before, made her apology to the following effect:

"You see, Willie," said she, "when I tapped on your window to come to breakfast, I had an errand down to Balaam's Pass, and as you were not very startling, I thought I might be back by the time you got up to the house. So you see, on the road I fell in with your old comrade and shopmate, Pete Lawson, my ain Bob's brother, who would have me, very much against my will, right or wrong, go and see his wife, who had brought home a gallant braw son that morning. So we had a good dram on the head of the concern, and I could not come home, and Pete, poor lad, could not leave his wife to come for you,—for I am sure he would have loved to have had you with us. So home I come, last night, to my own house with a half-mutchin to give you a glass, when there you lay drunk on the bed, so I just took a sup myself, and crept into the empty bed, not to disturb your lordship.

"So Willie, that's the whole affair, just as it happened. Indeed, I thought you were angry at me, and for that reason I did not speak."

Willie, well pleased with the explanation, frankly forgave her all she had done, and Bell kissed Willie and praised him, as one of the best men round all the clay-holes.

The discovery of her ladyship soon got wing; and those who had toiled hard to find her in the river, dropped in, one by one, until the house was filled, each one more hearty than another in their congratulations on the happy event. The whisky went merrily round, and every one present told their feelings, and expressed their sympathies for the lost one! Bell hearing how much she was thought of and extolled when dead, joined heartily in the glowing affections of her well-wishers. And Willie, overjoyed, feeling the warmth of connubial love, kindling his old frame with youthful vigor, declared that the present misunderstanding was just another beginning of new feelings and friendship—never to be forgotten—with gratitude on his part.

The sun set on their carnival at the shrine of Bacchus, and next day, to the admiration of the sons of Mars, Willie and Bell went arm in arm to the Boar's Head tavern, followed by a lengthy train of old veterans, stumping along on their wooden legs, and waving their iron arms in joyful expression of the happy pair whom fate had joined with a double tie.

A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

[CONTINUED.]

"Come then, come in quickly, Ernest," said Madame de Breuil to her nephew, three months afterwards; "come and assist me to do the honors of my humble manor-house to my brilliant visitors. I hope you will be rewarded for your kindness in giving me the time you would otherwise have spent at the German spas, or in Switzerland. But now go and dress yourself, for it is eleven o'clock, and we will breakfast at twelve. Come down armed at all points, my nephew, for you will find people worth exerting yourself for, I can assure you."

"Whom have you with you, aunt?" he inquired.

"First and formost, then," she replied, "my old and faithful knight, M. de Marvel, then Le Prangy, the young poet Lucien d'Ervilliers, who writes those beautiful verses, of which I can never understand the meaning, but I only admire them the more for that reason; La Countess de Sauvray, that amiable canoness, who is so agreeable that one forgives her for being a little blue, and acknowledging to having reached her thirty-second year. And then—and then, who else? My god-daughter, Louise, Madame d'Aubrielle, a charming woman of six-and-twenty, with whom you are not acquainted, though I have often spoken to you about her, and with whom you must take care not to fall in love, as you would only loose your time and pains. I think that this is a fortunate circumstance for you, as you can continue to sigh in peace for your unknown, your heroine of the diligence; you are quite safe from the charms of our handsome widow."

"Ah, then she is a widow!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Yes, it is quite a romance," replied the countess. "M. de Charny, her father, who was a friend of my family, lost everything during his emigration. Returning to France at the time of the Empire, he committed the folly of marrying a young girl, who, though handsome and well-born, had no fortune; he died two years afterwards, leaving the poor thing to weep for him, and her baby in the cradle. When he was dying he commended these dear objects of his affection to his friend, the Marquis d'Aubrielle, who had emigrated as well as M. de Charny, but who had before him returned to France,

and, more fortunate, had become one of the richest landed proprietors in Normandy.

"M. d'Aubrielle did not fail in the mission confided to him by his dying friend. He surrounded the orphan and widow, with most delicate attentions, performed all his acts of kindness in such a manner as to disguise the obligation, and found means of assisting, without humiliating them by his bounty. The little Louise grew up under this devoted, affectionate patronage, and learned to feel almost a daughter's love for her benefactor. Perhaps the marquis had expected to have awakened a warmer feeling in the heart of Madame de Charny. She was young and still fair, but she remained faithful to the memory of him who had first won her; and M. d'Aubrielle knew how to conceal what mingled with the generous care of the widow of his friend.

"However, the health of the poor lady continued to decline. Towards 1823 she felt herself seriously ill. One evening M. d'Aubrielle came to spend some hours with her. She was suffering from fever, and a dry, nervous cough racked her chest. Her eyes shone with unnatural lustre, and rested with a melancholy earnestness on her daughter Louise, whose whole mind seemed occupied by a piece of embroidery on which she was employed. Louise soon went to bed. M. d'Aubrielle, who had discovered and understood the mother's feelings, drew his chair close to the couch of the invalid, and taking one of her burning hands in his, asked her permission to espouse her daughter. She thanked him with one of those looks that belong only to a mother; but the marquis was past fifty, and although he had still a fine figure and a noble air, Madame de Charny felt alarmed at such a wide difference in age, and whilst she expressed her gratitude for the offer, she asked for time, spoke of the youth of Louise, promised to consult her—in short, gave but evasive answers.

"Louise, whose little room was close to the *saloon*, had overheard the offer made by M. d'Aubrielle. Although scarcely past her childhood, misfortune had ripened her mind and formed her heart. She understood it all—the state of her mother's health, her wish to see her child married, the scruples which withheld her cordial assent to the proposal of the marquis—and she settled in her own mind the line of conduct she intended to pursue. From this moment she showed so much anxiety to please the marquis, so warm a friendship for him, and always appeared so delighted to see him, was grieved when he allowed a few days to elapse between his visits, spoke of him with so much enthusiasm, praised his good qualities so judiciously, his art of making every one near him happy, that her mother was deceived; and the following year, when she was unable to leave her bed, and had only a few days to live, she could, without scruple or misgiving, place the hand of her daughter in that of M. d'Aubrielle, bless them both with her latest breath, and die content with the prospects of her child.

"Louise and the marquis wept their loss together, and this community of grief completed the union of their hearts and of their destinies; so that, although some time afterwards there was a change in the situation of Mademoiselle de Charny (as the act of indemnity restored to her part of her father's fortune), and M. d'Aubrielle, true to his character of self-abnegation and devotion, offered to give her back her promise, and to leave her free, she looked at him with a face of blank astonishment, and demanded if in his eyes a miserable question of money matters could change their feelings towards each other, and the wish of her dying mother?

"Too happy to be convinced of the unalterable attachment of Louise, M. d'Aubrielle did not insist in restoring her her liberty, and some months later led to the altar, not a portionless orphan, but an heiress.

"The conduct of Louise as a married woman was admirable. Although their united fortunes would have enabled them to live in splendor in Paris, she, believing that a gay, dissipated life would ill suit the marquis, who was now approaching his sixtieth year, installed herself in his old château, declaring that she preferred the country.

"She made a most amiable lady of the manor, for she was religious, and her charity was unbounded; so she was adored and blessed by the peasantry for thirty miles around the château, which she only left to visit the relations of M. d'Aubrielle in Normandy, or occasionally to spend a few weeks in Paris.

"It is now two years since the marquis died, leaving her his whole fortune. She mourned his loss sincerely as her best and truest friend; and it is only in answer to my urgent entreaties that she has now consented to pay me a visit, as I think she requires a little variety. You will be introduced to her in another hour, Ernest, and I pray you to put your affability into its Sunday dress, to meet her."

"And you say that her name is Louise?" mused Ernest; "that her husband was old?—that they sometimes went to visit relations in Normandy?"

"Oh, I see where you are!" exclaimed his aunt. "Your imagination has already set out on a wild-goose chase. But spare it this useless journey. In the first place, as far as I can remember, Louise and her husband did not stir from their château in the year you are thinking of; and even if there was any foundation for your conjecture, if the lady you are going to be introduced to is your mysterious traveling companion, you are much to be pitied, for, to speak plainly to you, I am sure my poor god-daughter has some love affair on her mind, a romantic, secret, unhappy attachment, which is crossed by some terrible impediment. She has never uttered a syllable to me on the subject, but I am, nevertheless, convinced that it is so. She is low-spirited, dreamy, and often restless. When I advise her to marry again, she replies, 'Never!' and sigh as if her heart were breaking. So you see, you and Louise will meet on equal terms, and that you will find her as insensible to your affability as you can possibly be to her beauty."

"Well, that will suit admirably," said Ernest, who felt rather piqued already, without knowing why. "But you, who are so kind, and know so well what to say, must do her the same good office that you have just done for me. She must be made aware, vaguely, that my heart is not free; there will be less restraint then upon our intimacy."

"And your self-love will be properly protected," laughed the amused dowager. "It would indeed be a shocking affair if a pretty woman should suspect you of sighing for her, without being sure that she adored you!"

Ernest colored, stammered, and took instant refuge in his dressing-room. Whilst occupied with the business of the toilet, he could not help thinking more than he cared to do about the lady to whom he would so shortly be introduced.

"A sentimental prude!" thought he; "and my poor aunt imagines that I am going to tumble all at once in love with her. In love! Can I ever be so again? How happy should I be if I could, even at the risk of some suffering! Who knows, however, but that she may be the same person? Who if I may not find some trace, some trait, by which I can recall to my mind my unknown? It is three years since we met. Should I hope, or should I fear it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ye, who have said that this world has no pleasure.
Gaze on the father who weeps o'er his boy,
Gaze on the mother who smiles on her treasure,
And own that on earth there is fullness of joy.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869.

REVELATIONS TO SUIT THE TIMES.

OR THE QUESTION OF APPEALING "TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

What we particularly desire to demonstrate in this article, is, that it is part of the policy and programme of the Heavens to raise up leaders of Religions amongst mankind, and inspire them with truths more or less freed from error, in exact proportion to the condition of the age or the race to whom they are sent. Which truths are necessarily anything but "the way, the truth and the light" to later and more advanced times.

In this light we view all the great founders of national faiths as inspired and raised up for their work, and though far from being equally illuminated with divine truth, yet equally sent by divine providence for the good of the class to which they belonged. Among these, we may enumerate Zoroaster the Persian reformer, Confucius the great Chinese, and the great founders or chief promoters of Hindooism, Mohammedism, and even Roman Catholicism itself.

God, we say, has raised up these men for the sake of humanity: raised them up and supported them and their creed, by a propitious providence, which is clearly to be seen in the history of their lives,—not that God has desired to impart to mankind the false and ignorant conceptions of sacred matters with which these faiths have abounded; but He has had to take mankind where He found them, and give them the highest kind of truths that they could, in their ignorant condition, appreciate and believe in. In this light, we believe that God has not merely permitted old religions to exist, but that they have been intentionally designed and imparted for the world's best good. As these religions have contained more or less falsehood intermixed with a portion of truth, the question will arise, how can God designedly have favored the promulgation of that which is not all truth. We reply on the same principle that we can sometimes permit the teaching of that which is untrue ourselves, and not only be justified but praise-worthy. We tell our children that they were "dug up out of a parsley bed" or something equally untrue; in doing this all admit we act, wisely and righteously, because common sense demands the withholding from children the facts of procreation. So we hold that God has had to act, for to Him mankind are but earth's little children. To reveal to them in a semi-civilized condition, truths which it requires the highest spiritual culture to understand, would, indeed be a perversion of all wisdom, and throwing pearls before swine; hence religious leaders each just a little ahead of their time, have been inspired with truth sufficient, to suit their age. Commencing with some, whose religious ideas were very materialized and degraded. But as ages have rolled along and civilization has progressed, men have successively been raised up, whose souls have been fired with higher and still higher truths, each throwing away something of the falsehood of the past, and each coming nearer to the naked, unadulterated truth

Mankind, on the road to their present state of civilization have passed through every condition, from the most bloody-minded, filthy and degraded, to that where they can sense some of the highest and divinest truths. In all these stages, they have been equally, as to their origin, God's children. Deity has been equally bound to protect and lead them along at one time as another. There has been no period when God could say, "they are too low for my love and help." Hence, they have had to be taken just where they were, and as they were, and made the best of; consequently an order of revelations have had to be given to them at each period, spiritually speaking, just a little ahead of where they then stood. This has necessitated the interblending of truth and error.

The highest wisdom teaches that the best way to educate any race or people is through their own traditions. Taking men of their own class, whose conceptions are a little ahead of their times, and inspiring them to promulgate their ideas associated with such traditions as are natural for the people to believe. Thus educating them through themselves and leading them on a step further.

Take for instance the principles taught by Jesus Christ. He came just as soon as the world could understand a little of the power and beauty of his doctrines. He would have been fearfully out of place in Moses' times. In rude and barbarian periods, the human heart is always revengeful. It cannot possibly conceive of the loftiness and superiority of such principles as forgiveness and mercy; or the divine power of love. Indeed, they are hardly realized to-day. In such times, the utmost men can sense, is justice, because there is something stern and unrelenting about justice. Talk to a Red Indian about forgiving an enemy. Tell him that Jesus Christ taught it, and he will stare at you open-mouthed, and conclude in his own mind that Jesus Christ was a great coward, and you, too, for believing in such womanish doctrines. He will think you are afraid. "Why else do do you forgive?" He can only explain forgiveness on the principle of fear. Now, let God desire to elevate the race when in this condition, and of necessity, He must do as He did to untutored Israel in the wilderness, reveal Himself as a God of wrath and justice—a God taking bloody vengeance upon His foes. Such a God they can understand and appreciate, because He is akin to their own low nature. In this way, a hold can be obtained upon their minds, while a few divine and nobler principles are intermixed. And thus a lower form of religion—like that of the Law given by Moses, becomes "a school-master to bring them to Christ."

How much the low natures of mankind have been studied and propitiated in the impartation of Divine Revelation, is seen in Moses' bloody rule of "an eye" torn out of the head "for an eye," "a tooth" dragged out of the mouth "for a tooth." And a life for a life. What is more revolting to a refined spirit than such doctrines? and yet these principles—absolutely brutal, compared to those of Christ—were the highest and holiest that people could appreciate; and being the highest they could obey understandingly, the divinest wisdom was manifested in framing them no better than they were.

On this principle, we hold that Revelations have always been given. No matter how great the prophet, he is never a vehicle for greater light than his age can receive. Hence the shortsightedness of eternally appealing "to the law and to the testimony" as we are now being urged by our friends who have come to set us right; but who, certainly, will yet understand the sublime expansiveness of their great father's doctrines better. What is "the law and the testimony" of any past period, but a compound of some additional light that was given to suit the new times, with just as much of the old leaven wisely left in as the people's condition demanded?

It was appealing to the law and to the testimony that made the world for two thousand years believe, in spite of their senses, that the sun went round the earth, and that God made the light first and the sun afterwards—just because the Bible said so. And this same appealing "to the law and to the testimony" makes men believe, to-day, that death was never introduced till Adam fell; when the very rocks that were created for Adam to walk upon, were composed of the bodies of millions of little creatures, swept by the hand of death itself into their position. When the bowels of the earth over which he and all his descendents have roamed, is packed every layer with the dead bodies of the innumerable species that preceded him; filled, we say, with tokens of death, *death!* DEATH! from the earth's surface to its core.

It is appealing to the "law and to the testimony" that enables one man, so cleverly, to prove that Utah is accursed of God, because Jeremiah spoke of some people who should be led to "a SALT LAND *not inhabited;*" and it is appealing to the "law and to the testimony" that enables another to prove Utah is God's own place, because Isaiah spoke of those for whom "the DESERT and the *solitary places* should rejoice and blossom as the rose:" while the bewildered listener comes to the conclusion that the "law and the testimony" is very much like a fiddle upon which a man can play any tune that suits him. Here, Joseph Smith not dead thirty years, and already men commence to argue in the same wearying sickening way about what he said and what he did not say, as they have done for ages over the meaning of Jesus's words, until the earth has been one dark scene of hate and contention crimsoned with blood. And, so it would be again and again, but for the fact that we are living in an age that will set aside forever these endless sources of contention, by throwing men off "The Books" on to the diviner and far surer testimony of their own souls—that intellectual and spiritual light that grows forever in every man's nature, while Sacred Books are stationary.

For one moment let us ask from whence do all sacred Books and revelations of this or any other age obtain their authority over our individual minds? How, in a word, did we come to accept them as true and divine in the first place; but by submitting them to the light of truth in our own bosoms? It was only so far as they agreed with that inward testimony and intelligence that they were worth anything to us. They then, obtained their authority after all FROM OURSELVES, or from the light of deity within us. If so, that light must be greater than all Books, and Revelations, because it is the touchstone by which we try them, and before which all have to come to be judged. We do not believe in prophets because *they* say they are divine; neither do we believe in them because of the correctness of their predictions, or their miracles. All this sort of thing can, and has been done by natural gifts without any special divine calling. There is but one infallible way by which the world can judge the divinity of a message, and that is by its tendency to raise us to a higher and a diviner life; by its lifting us out of our earthliness and our selfishness on to a more Heavenly plane. How, for instance, do we know that Jesus is divine? Certainly not because the Books say he was; but, simply, because his principles touch our souls and we feel their loveliness and beauty. Thus, immediately we are taken off the Books on to the testimony of our own hearts. And so with all past revelations, it is only so far as they present truths in harmony with the highest instincts of our natures that they can be true to us. This is the highest evidence that God can give to man, and by which all Apostles, all Prophets and all Sacred Books stand or fall. Why then be manacled forever by Books which get all their authority *to us* from our very selves? If we began by testing Books and Revelators by the light of Deity enshrined within our souls, why not leave an opening for unlimited inspiration, and go on testing all by the same light? And if, in the growth of our spirits, new and higher light is developed within us on any subject, why not accept it, and leave the books to take care of themselves, and go on, trusting to the same immortal guide within the soul which we accepted in the first place? It is all the test we shall ever need throughout an ever progressive immortality.

Mankind are destined to grow beyond the iron bondage of Sacred Books. They have served a useful purpose in the past, and were adapted to the world's childhood. It was well enough before men had learned that God dwelt in their souls, ready to answer any call for light, to steady poor weak humanity, by chaining it down to the law and the testimony, just as we tie little children to a bed-post for fear they should crawl into danger. That saying of scripture, "To the law and to the testimony" was wisely enough applied then. But men have found out since then that, that wondrous thing, the human soul bears testimony to every divine truth, and can always be relied upon.

We stand upon the threshold of a new age, which will emancipate men from the thraldom of creeds and texts, and teach them to rely upon their own inward perceptions of truth. A blind adherence to past Revelations has ever been in the way of human progress. The doctrine which bases men upon themselves instead of upon cast-iron sayings of Sacred Books, is the only one which can open an illimitable road for truth, and it must prevail. It will be useless to talk to men about the law and the testimony when their souls have soared to higher truths—to inspirations nigher to God than any "law and testimony" ever contained.

In the former part of this article, we endeavored to show that revelations of divine truth have been wisely given, associated with such lower ideas that would give them sufficient hold upon mankind in the period for which they were designed. We will say in addition, that there is no exception to this rule. The reflective mind that goes fearlessly before its God and dares to accept all the truth that He will pour into the soul—no matter what idol of doctrine it may destroy, will see that somethings, given even by God's own Apostles and Prophets, and upon which a great deal of importance has been placed, are only so many pure principles overlaid with something of an earthly nature for the human mind to grasp, till it is strong enough to walk by the pure truth alone. What is, therefore, true of the past, can be true again. We have not yet got further than to the merest beginnings of divine revelation. With greater times, therefore, will come greater conceptions of truth. Old ideas, almost worshipped now, have yet to be stripped of their glory, and "thrown to the moles and to the bats." For truth must go on, revelation and inspirations of heavenly light must increase. They are the natural property of every human spirit. All past Books and Revelations in the way of the grandest, highest and widest conceptions of the human soul must be left on one side, and the intelligence of man uncurbed by anything but pure and unadulterated truth press onward to its destiny.

RETURN OF THE SALT LAKE TELGRAPH.

We draw attention to Mr. Stenhouse's announcement of his intention to publish the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* as a morning paper in this city.

The *Telegraph* was the first daily paper published in the interest of our community in Utah, and has, from the first, been conducted with praiseworthy energy. When the Ogden movement was started, Mr. Stenhouse threw himself into it with considerable force. Circumstances now rendering the return of the paper advisable, it is proposed to resume its publication in our city—this time as a morning paper.

The *Daily* and *Semi-Weekly Telegraph*, as well as the *Programme*, are excellent advertising mediums. Success to them, as well as to their cotemporaries—there is room for us all.

PEPIN OF FRANCE AND ST. PETER.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

We come now to the history of the family of Charlemagne. The first dynasty of France, founded by Clovis, dwindled to the possession of mere nominal sovereignty, while the chief power of the realm was wielded by the Mayor of the Palace. This officer stood at the head of the nobility—and he was also the prime minister of the land Among the most renowned of these Mayors of the Merovignian dynasty, as the first kings of France are denominated, was Pepin d' Hersital, Duke of Austrasia. He ruled France for thirty years with great ability. After him came his son Charles Martel, whose glorious victory over the Saracens in 732, checked the career of the Mohammedan empire in Europe. After him came his son Pepin le Bref, who was the father of Charlemagne. Pepin le Bref held dominion in France just at that period, when the Popes of Rome defied the power of the emperors of the East, and in turn were menaced by the Lombards, whose armies threatened to subjugate all Italy. This crisis afforded one of those great opportunities which give birth to new dynasties. It made Pepin king of France, and his son Charlemagne Emperor of the West. Pepin le Bref was a necessity to the church, and as he possessed the power of the king, the Pope conferred upon him the title which put an end to the reign of the descendants of Clovis as kings of France.

In the critical juncture of the world's affairs, upon which we have dwelt in our former illustrations, the rising of the family of Charlemagne was deemed by the successors of St. Peter, a special providence. The "star of empire" of this family, not only brought them up to be kings of France, but also to succeed the descendants of Constantine the Great, striking entirely out of the West, the old dominion of the Cæsars. From their advent the injunction, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's" become obsolete. The form became, convertible to, Render unto Charlemagne, etc.

A very curious illustration of the views of St. Peter upon this subject, was given by his *medium*, the Pope of Rome, after the ascension of Pepin le Bref, which deserves consideration, as something more important than a mere deception of the Priesthood. Pope Stephen the Third, acting very much in the character of a *medium*, addressed to King Pepin and his sons, letters which he said were written by the Virgin, Angels, Saints, Martyrs and Apostles. The chief of the Apostles wrote thus:

"I Peter, called to the Apostleship by Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, beseech you, Pepin Charles Charlemagne, and you lords, clerical and lay, of the kingdom of France, not to permit my city of Rome, and my people to be longer rent by the Lombards, if you wish to shun the tearing of your bodies and souls in eternal fire, by the forks of Satan.

"I command you to prevent the residue of the flock which the Lord has confided to me, from being dispersed, if you do not wish he should reject and disperse you, as he did the children of Israel.

"Do not abandon yourselves to a criminal indifference, but obey me promptly. Thus you will surmount all your enemies in this world; you shall live many years, eating the good things of the earth, and after your death you shall obtain eternal life. Otherwise, know that by the authority of the Holy Trinity—in the name of my Apostleship, you shall be deprived for ever of the kingdom of God."

Considered as a mere literal fragment of history, this curious document sent down from heaven by the Apostle Peter, to Charlemagne and his father, is about of the same value as the sacred scroll brought to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel. But these marvellous documents, Korans and Testaments have so wonderfully influenced the affairs of the world, that it is not philosophical to treat them with a cramped infidelity, for even the superstitions of people, and the tricks of Priesthoods, must be treated with historical wisdom. Moreover it is very difficult to say how much we ought to consider, in these matters, as mere tricks, and how much to be genuine superstition of the times, and the mediumistic inspirations of Priesthoods, who, believing themselves the mouthpieces of heaven, speak as from the invisible, hiding from the vulgar the *modus operandi* of their operations, which perhaps, originated in their own minds. Nor can we say how much had merely that origin, or how much these mouthpieces gave the expressions of a providential will. The curious letter of St. Peter is as a literal document worth nothing, but its prophecies were fulfilled; Pepin and Charlemagne were rewarded with empire for coming to the aid of St. Peter, and a long reign followed, especially that of Charlemagne, while it aroused all France to fly to the rescue of the Pope. The relics of the Saints were only dry bones, which the Priest Lanfranc caused to be borne before the army of William the Conqueror, when he invaded England, but there was more than a trick—there was practical wisdom, and much genuine faith which conceived that solemn pageantry. It helped the priest to the primateship, and William to the conquest of England: so now the epistle of St. Peter helped Pepin and his son Charlemagne to empire. Moreover the pageantries of the bones of Saints, and miraculous writings, while they will somewhat expose to our readers the craft, as they may deem of Priests, will also show how vastly they have influenced human affairs, and to illustrate history is our design.

The sympathy of the family of Charlemagne for the Church, and consequently their fitness for its purposes, is to be explained by their identity with the Priesthood.

The head of this family was Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, and his son Chlodulf succeeded him to that See. Arnulf's brother was abbot of Bobbio, his grandson, St. Wandril, and his whole family closely allied with St. Ledger. Charloman, Pepin le Bref's brother, became a monk, his other brothers are, one Archbishop of Rouen, the other abbot of St. Dennis; Charlemagne's cousin was St. Gulielmus, the great Saint of the South, and other members of the family were also in the Priesthood. In the rising therefore, of the dynasty of Pepin and Charlemagne, the Church had a vast power thrown directly over to its side, which more than made up for the loss of the successors of Constantine.

There were other advantages in the rise of the house of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, for while on the one hand, it was so identified with the Church, the members of the family were settled in the most Germanized country of Gaul. The armies of Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne were chiefly of German element, and they made their armies Christians, who were before Pagans. Indeed the great emperor not only established a French dynasty, but also created a Germany, which till his day had no political existence.

Charloman, the brother of Pepin le Bref, was Duke of the Franks, and during his reign he not only sought to establish in Gaul the authority of the Church, but to reform the clergy. Though a great prince he possessed more of the bias of the priest, and at length he resolved on his retirement into holy orders. Having made a pilgrimage to Rome and enriched the See of St. Peter, he received of the Pope the frock of St. Benedict, and shut himself up in a monastry, which he built in a vast forest. It was the famous abbey of Fulda. To humble his earthly pride, and "save his soul from the flames of hell" he served in the kitchen, took care of the stables and labored in the garden.

After the retirement of Duke Charloman, his brother Pepin

became absolute master of France, and Pope Zachary encouraging his ambition, authorized him to assume the title of King, and dispossess the family of Clovis. Soon after this the King of the Lombards invaded the territory of Rome and forced the inhabitants to recognize him as sovereign. Stephen the Third, who had succeeded Pope Zachary, in his strait, called upon Pepin, King of the Franks. The Pope also, to better accomplish the deliverance of Rome, took a journey into France, the safety of which was secured through the territory of the Lombards by the presence of the ambassadors of Pepin. On the road he was taken sick, and carried to the Church of St. Dennis, where he is said to have been healed by a miracle wrought in person by St. Dennis himself. After this, Pope Stephen, in a solemn festival consecrated Pepin, his two sons Charlemagne and Charloman, and his wife Bertrade. Having laid hands upon them, the Pope declared in the name of God, that the Franks and their descendants were prohibited under pain of eternal damnation from choosing Kings of another race.

The war of Italy was now resolved upon by the French parliament, and the King crossed the Alps at the head of numerous troops, and forced Astolphus, King of the Lombards, to render the Holy See entire satisfaction. But no sooner had the French army returned to their own country, than Astolphus broke his faith and besieged Rome. It was at this critical period that the miraculous letters of the Saints, and the Apostle Peter, from which we have extracted, were addressed to King Pepin. The French armies flew to obey the chief of the Apostles, and beneath their conquering arms the Lombard power fell. Ravenna Rimini, and twenty other cities gave their keys to the abbot of Fulrad, counselor of the King of the Franks, who deposited them with a deed of gift from Pepin, upon the confession of St. Peter. This was the origin of the temporal power of the Church of Rome. King Pepin had thus fulfilled his part; St. Peter kept his promise and Charlemagne the son of Pepin became the founder of a new empire of the West.

The biography of this mighty prince—the most illustrious man of the middle ages, will follow in our next chapter.

A UTAH WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

ON WOMANLY EMPLOYMENTS, MARRIAGE ETC.

CONCLUDED.

In our last we gave our correspondent's ideas upon womanly employments, in this we present her thoughts upon marriage, etc.

Marriage is not the grand ultimatum of woman's existence. In cases where she is truly wedded, her usefulness is greatly increased by being united with a co-worker in a good cause, but let marriage be the aim to a worthy object, and not the object aimed at.

The relationship existing between husband and wife should not be one of dependence, or independence, but of "inter-dependence," mutually looking to the other for strength and encouragement, for happiness in its *truest* sense—a united desire to accomplish *good*.

Where, then, the room for superiority or inferiority? Their object is one.

The *Revolution* seems to think, that women will only win by battling for their rights. The battle-axe is *good*, in extreme cases; but have not women "tools of a sharper edge and not so massive a form," which can be wielded with grace and dexterity.

Where women are oppressed, or *patronized*, is it not in a great degree their own fault?

The Lords of Creation grow supercilious sometimes; then again they *sympathize* so tenderly with the weaker sex. Could women only be strong enough to prove they need no sympathy on account of weakness, and that to be patronized was an injustice to them, men, whole-souled men, would eagerly respond to their sentiment, for they would plainly see they then had helpers and co-workers, not dependents, who looked to them for every thought, but free agents who could think for themselves, and if necessary, for *them too*. Woman's natural instincts are to assist man, not to raise a battery against him. Hence, as a free agent, she would *naturally* become an auxiliary, not an opponent of man.

Let woman qualify herself to fill any position in life. Let her aim be to excel in *moral* excellence, be devotional, seek unremittingly *spiritual guidance;* then indeed is she strong to battle for the right, for she does not lean upon the arm of flesh, her "feet are upon earth, but her head is among the stars." A halo of light surrounds her, and with her presence comes joy and sunshine. Superiority rests with Godliness, and he or she who approaches nearest the Godlike is the superior.

Here we have some noble sentiments, and here has our correspondent truly hit the question, which is the superior sex?—neither are superior, but as they approach nigher to divinity of character.

It will be seen that the writer believes that "marriage is not the ultimatum of a woman's existence." This is true, but no woman can be a perfect woman until the wifely and motherly qualities are developed in her nature; and the same, in an opposite way, can be said of man. He is not a complete man till the instincts of a husband and father are developed within him. Marriage is, indeed, not the ultimatum of either man or woman's existence; but neither can know a fullness of happiness, nor can they have all the qualities of their natures brought out but by it. And, therefore, according to our sublime theology no one can be saved without marriage or until these powers are developed within them; because a portion of their being is asleep and dormant, and they are, necessarilly imperfect, and, being imperfect, can neither know Heaven themselves nor create it around them. Thus, although marriage is not the ultimatum of our existence, we cannot reach that ultimatum without it, and it is, therfore, pretty much the same thing.

In reference to our correspondent's remarks on "patronizing" women, we must admit that we have seen some of it done in our time. We have heard some talk as though women were creatures especially created for men's glory—creatures upon whom he would condescendingly put down his hand, to lift them up and save them. Save them, indeed, as if man could be saved himself into a fullness of happiness either here or hereafter without a woman's aid. For the matter of eternal happiness and progress—which we take to be salvation—it takes fathers, mothers and children all to aid one another. "The head cannot say to the foot: 'I have no need of thee.'" It *has* often said it, by-the-by, but then, of course, it has been foolish enough for so doing. Up the ladder of life we all go together or we never go at all. Husbands, wives and children, "all pulling on the same rope." In our estimation, the wife is as much needed to refine, to sanctify and to ennoble the husband, as the husband the wife. He brings his qualities of strength and energy, and she her soul of love, devotion and grace, to make a strong and perfect circle in which Heaven may dwell; and the Heaven then made is just as much of her creating as his, or it is a spurious heaven anyway. Man's place is undoubtedly to lead; he is, in a sense, the head; but there never was a head upon earth yet intended by God to lead without the aid of the wisdom and light invested in the other members of the body. So we view the husband's position, while his is the deciding power, he needs the intelligence and experience garnered up by his wife to enable him properly to steer the family bark.

Husbands and wives will all have to confess yet that they are mutually dependent on each other's influences, for perfection of character and actual growth of soul. In which sense, while it is clear that the wife is "saved" by the husband, it is no less evident that the husband is "saved" by the wife—and patronizing, or "looking-down" on either side is simply absurd.

MY VISIT TO NAUVOO.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Three years ago, on the last day of April, I left Salt Lake City to take a professional tour through the Eastern States.

I had resolved before my return to visit Nauvoo; for that sacred city of the Saints possessed so many historical reminiscences that any author on the lookout for subject connected with the "peculiar people" of modern times, would have marked outi n his programme "A visit to Nauvoo," as a unique item. But I was more than an author who had long designed to write the history of the great "Latter-day work" and the Mormon Commonwealth. I was also, as a disciple of Joseph Smith, interested by a thousand tender thoughts, in the past, the present, and the future of Nauvoo.

I had, moreover, resolved to see the Prophet's first wife and his sons, especially David, the youngest, for whom this people have in times pastparticularly manifested remarkable affection. I have never sought to hide my semi-idolatry for "Joseph the Martyr." Nor is this wonderful, for a poet and a seer are very much akin by nature, and the old proverb has it, "Birds of a feather flock together." It might, therefore, be expected that I should be, as I have been, somewhat a fanatic on the subject of Joseph Smith. Towards his family I entertained a similar reverence by association; and, I have no doubt, had I found on my landing at Nauvoo a dog that Joseph's hand had fed, we should forthwith have taken our breakfast together on the banks of the river, and I should have experienced a dreamer's fancy of honor in the companionship, especially had the dog been a noble creature. The reader can imagine, then, what reverence filled my mind in connection with the proposed visit to Nauvoo. Indeed, thousands in Utah can consult their own hearts and fancies of years to find what an interesting and sanctified subject Nauvoo and its beautiful temple set upon a hill, has been. The feelings of the Saints upon the matter have been much like the reverence of the Jews for Jerusalem and the temple of Solomon, which even eighteen hundred years of exile has not crushed out of their hearts. So away with me, companions of the old days, to Nauvoo, the ancient city of the Saints.

I was on my way for a visit to Nauvoo. Pleasant reveries occupied my mind; tender emotions were in my heart towards the family of the Martyr. Keokuk was reached, and there I stayed for the night. The next morning I started for Nauvoo. As the train dashed along I felt an eager suspense; as I drew near to the city, on the opposite side, a solemn feeling overwhelmed me, such as we experience when approaching the graves of our revered dead. Montrose was reached; on the other side of the river was Nauvoo. I waited awhile for the starting of the ferryboat, which was a primitive concern, very much like the barge on Green River. Ah! I felt then, if never before, that it was the Saints who had created a Nauvoo. They gone, and Nauvoo was no more. That primitive barge told enough! Nauvoo was extinct! But those who had built it up had since founded on the Pacific a little nation.

I landed on the site of the sacred city, but there was no city there. I walked up the banks of the river towards the Historical Mansion House, but on my way met no busy, intelligent citizens. There is, however, a remembrance dimly in my mind of having met on the way near "Sister Emma's," an urchin or two, who were characterized by a very purposeless stare at seeing a stranger; and by the river's side a few miserable hovels, uninhabited. Where then was Nauvoo? When Col. Kane visited it at the time of the exodus, there was a city, though forsaken. He has most graphically described that forsaken city, and had not the traveler been informed of its history since that date, he might still have expected not to have found less nor worse than a city forsaken. True, I was prepared for changes, yet I expected to find Nauvoo. I found not Nauvoo! Not even as much as a city forsaken, not even as much as a small untoombed Ninevah is there to-day where once stood Nauvoo (the beautiful). One, only, palpable relic of the past remains—the Mansion House.

At the Mansion House I put up for the day as a traveler, not a visitor, though I informed the host that I was from Salt Lake City. Mr. Bideman—the present husband of "Sister Emma"—was familiar and communicative. He talked of the sons of the Prophet and spoke of "Old Joe," as he called him, as a remarkable man; and notwithstanding he "Joe'd" him, he professed as much reverence for him as for Moses. Of course I saw the Prophet's widow. She has been, undoubtedly, a remarkable woman. There are not many of her sex of such native strength of character and intellectual keenness. I met her with reverence. I addressed her through the day in the same spirit, and in the same spirit parted from her the next morning. It is a point of honor with me to make Joseph's family a sacred subject My pen shall never touch them with disrespect, even though I have the assurance that they are on the other side of that on which the Prophet stands, and to which I pray that his sons may yet be brought.

But Nauvoo is a different subject. I view that as a conscientious historian, and aim to treat God's records in history concerning the *dead* cities of the past and the *living* cities of Utah as a philosopher would treat the great social facts of the age. Historical examples are ever to me of more weight than sectional controversies, and the logic of facts infinitely beyond the logic of books in reaching sound conclusions.

To the hill where once stood the beautiful temple of Nauvoo, on the afternoon of my visit to the dead city, I wended my way in solemn melancholy. There, of that temple, stood not one stone left upon another, and of its foundations there remained not one stone. They were all rooted up, and of the rock of the Nauvoo temple the mansion of the stranger was built close by. It was the finest relic of the dead city. There were some other passable buildings, but the insignificant Nauvoo of the present belongs to the strangers of another faith. Is not that uprooted temple and that dead city a divine record to-day? To me they spoke in infallible language of the direction in which divine providence was exerting itself. Can that record of a dead city and an uprooted temple be twisted? If so, place them by the side of another *divine* record—the book of great social and national facts—Utah and her hundred and twenty or thirty cities and settlements. I write as a historian; I will not condescend to argue the question on sectional grounds. A legion of angels could not change the direct witness of these facts—a library of books would lie if twisted to prove that God has not been manifested in the history of the exodus from Nauvoo and the growth of the Saints on the Pacific Coast. God has written a daily *living* record of Himself in the unfolding of our little nationality of Zion in the Rocky Mountains, with its cities and settlements, and that record will be found in a hundred generations to come. Brethren, would you believe it then? Will you see the hand of God in our history then? Will you say that He has cut us off with our dead, then! If you believe not then, looking down, as at this time you will be, upon the great facts of a growing Zion, the future ages will bear record that Joseph Smith is on the Pacific, and nations own that *from the Mountains* Zion has spread over all the earth. The testimony of a living history as written

in the facts of the age will then prove this or disprove it, besides which, all other testimony will be as rags. Could I believe that the God and mission of Joseph Smith have not been perpetuated in the growth of Utah and history of the Saints since their exodus from Nauvoo, I would make short work of Joseph Smith and his testimony, as Luther did of the Bull of the Pope.

INHABITED WORLDS;

OR, PLAIN TALKS ON THE SCIENCES.
No. 3.

In our last talk we referred to the fact that some of our sister planets which journey with us around the sun, had moons to light their nights; and the question arises what is the use of moonlight or, indeed, any kind of light to earths which have nobody upon their surfaces to enjoy it. What would we think of a kitchen with a saucepan on the fire, with a leg of mutton in it about a quarter of million miles from everybody? It would be rather a singular idea, as curious a notion as that of a world with beautiful moonlight nights, and nobody upon it to "meet me by moonlight alone."

It is a well known and very simple fact, that our change of seasons is caused by our earth's revolving around the sun in an oblong circle, its northern end tilted a little on one side, and always pointing to the same part of the heavens. This curious arrangement brings different parts of the earth at regular periods more or less under the influence of the sun; and causes us at some periods of the year to be scorched with heat and at others frozen to death. Now it is an interesting fact that all the planets—except it may be Jupiter—revolve just in this identical way; each a little tilted on one side and in just the same kind of a circle that we do. So that what causes Summer and Winter to our planet must cause the same to them. We also observe that these worlds have days and nights, for they revolve on their axis—or turn their whole surface round to the sun, just as we do once every 24 hours, or thereabouts. And the reflection will arise as with regard to the moonlight,—what do earths that are empty and tenantless want with spring showers, May days or July heat, unless it is to bring up vegetation, produce flowers and ripen food? And what could such things grow for, unless there was somebody upon these worlds to enjoy them? And again what are such beautiful arrangements as successive days and nights, but for the comfort and convenience of such beings as ourselves who need these intervals for work and repose?

In this way we argue that the planets are inhabited, and if them why not the fixed stars, which are so much more beautiful shining in their glory in the upper deep. They are so far away that telescopes which will magnify a score of thousands of times will not make them one particle larger. They are too far off for a magnifying power of that kind to have any effect upon them. Then stretch out the mind to think of those masses of stars which are so far away that they look to powerful telescopes, only like small luminous clouds scattered throughout the universe called nebulæ. Think, if we can, of that great mass of fleecy white which stretches across the heavens at night, called the Milky Way; which is said to be composed entirely of stars in such innumerable myriads, and so far off that they look to our sight like masses of pale white clouds. Think of the whole of these lights as shining and immortalized worlds filled with deathless intelligences; and then let us ask ourselves what a universe do we live in?

When trying to grasp the universe thus, think of that great doctrine of Joseph Smith's which declares that these are, indeed, worlds filled with but one class of intelligent beings, and that species—man, but in varying degrees of progress and intelligence. Oh, what a brotherhood stretching from world to world. What a mighty chain of beings all progressing for ever in civilization, light and truth, and each bringing their quota to make this a universe of light and joy.

MORE ORIGINAL MATTER.

In this number, we present a humorous story by John Lyon, the Poet, which we think will especially please his fellow-countrymen by its graphic reference to Auld Scotland.

We have an entirely new and original composition from Professor O. Pratt, jun., entitled Gertrude Mazurka, for No. 15. We have also just received, from the musical Editor, a composition which he has revised, and pronounces a very fair effort indeed. It is entitled "Do they Pray for me at home?" by Bro. Smyth, of Logan. It will appear after Prof. Pratt's.

THE TWO KINDS OF IMMORTALITY OFFRED TO MAN.

In our last article on "The necessity of an intelligible view of a future life," we presented man with all his beautifying, producing, operative and controlling energies, and asked for a religion whose promise of a future life would call the whole of these powers endlessly into requisition; without which we showed that there could be no immortality of the man—no endless continuance of his being. Let us now present "Christian" and "Mormon" theology on this subject side by side, and ask how far each offers a practical, tangible immortality to man.

With respect to Christian theology, first we reply, that modern religious teachers offer no immortality to that combination of powers and activities that make up our present selves. They only offer it to so much of us as could be employed in contemplating, praising, and adoring the great faculties and works of the Creator. Modern Christianity offers no future existence for the life and development of the faculties, attributes, and creative powers of *man*. The immortality of our good Christian friends, as painted by themselves, would consist of investigation, wonder, and adoration of the great qualities of Jehovah, but a total disuse and complete oblivion of our own.

A little reflection will make it manifest that a heaven of praise, prayer, and contemplation (to which some, considered rather daring, have added a study of the works of nature), could only employ a very small portion of our energies. Two-thirds of the very elements of our being are of such a character that they *could not* be employed at such work. If active at all, they must be employed in producing, doing, or bringing about something worthy of praise and admiration themselves. For instance, we could not use our constructive, planning, plotting, or designing powers in prayer or praise. What use would these powers be where Jehovah is henceforth the only worker? What could our decorative, contriving, and arranging faculties employ themselves upon in a prepared and finished heaven, where there is no disorder from beginning to end? What use can we have for our judging and deciding powers where all is considered determined and fixed forever? What shall calculating, proportioning, and adjusting tact be doing there? Where shall our ruling, controlling, and managing desires find their place? Where shall we gratify our propensities for seeking objects for our benevolence, protection, and guidance, where none need any-

thing, and circumstances never change? (The Almighty certainly would not want any benevolence or patronage expended on Him!) Where shall we find difficulties to engage our energies?—where that endless variety so necessary in all objects that engage our minds, without which they clog, sicken, and destroy? Where shall the creations of a humorous and mirthful fancy find its vent? Where shall parental impulses find their room? In fact, where shall the dearest and largest part of our nature (our most pleasurable and life-giving) find play? the deepest cravings of our identical nature their gratification? or our necessities the food? Clearly, in such a heaven they must be dead, dumb, unsatisfied, and unsupplied, or torn out of our natures; or, if they remain, silenced. To man who regards these enriching, satisfying, and life-developing faculties as so much of himself, the immortality offered by modern religious creeds would no more be *his* immortality than the resurrection of his mere hand or foot could be considered *his* resurrection from the grave. A host of throbbing impulses ignored and passed over declare this creed no promiser of eternal or continuing life to them. By it heaven is peopled with a set of creatures that cannot be men, for they are without their sources of delight, intelligence, and activity; and men and women (the real men and women we know and feel ourselves to be), are buried for ever in the grave.

Immediately and without hesitation we are compelled to say this species of a future life does not meet our test. It does *not* tend to nourish, encourage, or develop the faculties and abilities implanted within us. There is nothing life-giving in the prospect. They that believe in it have to run off to poor, earthly, speculative science to fill up the void left within their souls—a want which a loving God, in his religion, would surely have supplied as readily as he would provide a delicate fringe to merely keep dust and excessive light from our tender eyes! It does not meet or fit that impulse given to us by our Creator, which makes our whole being crave for a continuance. They that endeavor to believe in it have to fight the voice of God declaring immortality in every power they set aside. They have to work against a tide of impressions, longings, and aspirations running through their whole beings, and force down upon themselves a belief which no inborn consciousness declares to be true, and for which no craving necessity or love exists within their nature, demonstrating that whoever prepared such principles for man, it is clearly and decisively manifest that it was not that God who has caused in nature such an affinity and suitability to exist between us and everything really intended for our use

But what says "Mormonism" on immortality? It tells us that when God made man and woman, he made them to be identically man and woman throughout eternity; that when God endowed their natures with their peculiar characteristics, he prepared and adapted those qualities for endless expansion and eternal growth.

It teaches us that the relationships of husband and wife are necessarily eternal—that men and women are introduced upon this earth to lay a foundation for that eternal association for which they are suited and intended. They come here to learn themselves and to understand each other; but here they are only acting out on the smallest scale the characteristics of their nature. It teaches that such impulses are implanted within them, with an eye to a boundless future, where they will find their fullest range.

It shows us that the holy Gospel is nothing more nor less than a science how men and women can train their present every-day powers so as to suit that great eternal period. It teaches them to develop the brilliant germs of constructive, designing, or controlling powers, so that eternally as they move along they can surround themselves with all that will bring comfort and delight. It teaches how they can train their souls in Godlike attributes, so that they can create, in that society in which they are destined to move, peace, harmony, and joy.

It informs us that man will recommence his career after death with just as much intelligence, and that he will be surrounded with just as much splendor, refinement, or beauty as he knows by previous efforts how to create. He will have just as much influence, love, and respect as he has knowledge and wisdom to secure; but he will have it then as now; and he will have it eternally open to him, to possess himself of additional intelligence, additional virtue or power. If the virtues of the Gospel are developed in his soul, he will find them an engine of power, influence and dignity. If he has allowed the weeds of corruption, selfishness, or meanness to live unchecked within him, they will be there to hamper and harrass him, and create his daily hell.

It tells us that when the eternal government of heaven is established below, the great race of man will be ruled upon the patriarchal principle, the general law of which is that every man who obeys the principles of celestial life shall preside as a king or priest over his own offspring eternally. But no man will control more that he can attract and retain by the power of love. Consequently, it exhibits a prospect which man can look forward to and understand as the true and natural field, in the eternal future, for the employ of the governmental faculties and great ambitions implanted within him.

"Mormonism," then, presents an intelligible future for the mind to rest upon. It opens out a field where every power and quality of our nature can find its full employ. It says to every artistic or constructive power, "You shall live for ever," and thus it stimulates it into life. It urges on man's finer feelings and sensibilities into progress by opening out an immortality of which they are to be the basework and support. It glorifies the great "moral" principles taught by Jesus, by showing that they are not simply temporal, short-lived principles, suited only to keep us in order in this little state; but that they are eternal truths, and will always be applicable and necessary to us, and will have a bearing on our destiny as long as eternity endures.

Thus, at one stroke, we find it marking out a doctrine in harmony with the unbounded character and great abilities of the human mind; and, at the same time, opening out a future that carries on in endless life the very beings of this world—ourselves, with the whole train of powers and characteristics belonging to us in endless perpetuity.

We find it teaching that every power, passion, or ability is a natural property of the spirit—born with it, part and parcel of its organization, and endlessly its characteristics. That the body is merely an organism through which the spirit manifests and develops its native qualities—qualities it possesses as much out of the body as in it. Hence the same being goes out of the body, carrying with it all its capabilities, tastes, judgments, and designing skill. And the same being, without the lack of a single characteristic that now composes the present man or woman, continues endlessly, only turning these producing energies, these fashioning powers, these managing and governing characteristics into a higher channel of operation, a wider field for skill and enterprise; and thus the immortal man blooms endlessly down the long vista of eternal ages, ever producing the fruits and glories of the great qualities now unfolding within his soul.

And now, reader, as to which of the two kinds of immortality we have referred to, most meets our test—as to which gives the greater promise of eternal continuance—of "eternal life;" in fact—to all the powers and forces, the abilities and activities, that live and glow within our being, judge ye.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FLIGHT OF TERESE FROM ROME.

On the third day after the arrival of her lover's letter Terese was around seemingly herself again, but she left not her chamber. She had the day before written a letter to Donna Clara Garcia, and this morning had received an answer which had decided her in a resolve which she had formed. The nature of that resolve will be gathered from the correspondence between the ladies. Here is one from Terese:

ROME, June 16th 1823.

DONNA CLARA:

You will, I hope, pardon me for appealing to you for assistance in executing a design which I have formed in leaving Rome to join my master Spontini who is now in Paris. I have reasons for believing that it would not be distasteful to you to accomplish a separation between myself and Farinelli. In confiding to you the secret of my flight from Rome, and requesting your assistance, it will be sufficiently manifest to you how little I am your rival. A marriage has been proposed by my grandfather, between myself and Farinelli, which has also my uncle Judah's sanction. This union can never be effected between us, while on the other hand, I am exceedingly desirous to see my foster-brother the husband of Donna Clara Garcia.

I have written to you Donna Clara to aid my flight in preference to appealing to any other person. I trust you as a sister, that you might not look upon me any longer as a rival, and because your own interest in the matter will ensure the secrecy and security of my flight.

I remain, Donna Clara,
Yours sincerely,
TERESE BEN AMMON.

The note of our heroine brought immediately, from the Spanish Lady, the following answer:

GARCIA VILLA, ROME, June 16th 1823.

SIGNORINA TERESE:

I will aid your flight from Rome. To-morrow night at twelve o'clock my private carriage shall be at the Church of St. John, near the house of your grandfather. I shall myself be in it returning from the opera. At my villa there shall be in waiting at one o'clock a carriage with two postillions in their saddles to bear you with all speed from Rome. Before your escape can be discovered, you will be fifty miles from the city.

I am, Signorina Terese,
Yours sincerely,
CLARA GARCIA.

As soon as our heroine had received the answer to her note she locked herself in her chamber with the excuse of writing to Walter Templar. She then packed a few necessary articles of dress in a small portmanteau with her jewelry and money, of which she possessed a considerable sum, reaped from her successful engagements, including some valuable presents of jewels and bank notes received from her grandfather and uncle. Altogether it made a moderate fortune for her for several years to come. At first she thought of returning her grandfather's gifts, but upon reconsideration she retained them, being assured that the return of his gifts would deeply wound the old man whom she was leaving in sorrow, not in anger, which could not enter her gentle heart for her venerable relative.

Terese had resolved to return to the stage and to devote her life to art. She had given to Spontini a pledge that should her union with Walter Templar not be accomplished she would seek out her kind master and return to her profession. That profession she loved as a true *artiste*, and nothing but her union with Walter could have won her from its beautiful enchantments. Trained by Spontini, she had been imbued with his adoration for art, and her profession was highly dignified in her mind. The circumstances had now come to induce her to redeem her pledge to the illustrious composer. Her resolve was wise. The devotion of her life to the delightful worship of the musical profession would occupy her mind and render her maiden life not disconsolate, while her love for Walter would still survive, beautified in its innocent romance. As we have seen from the first, she was in her character pious, not passionate, and though she loved as deeply and more self-sacrificingly, she loved not as fiercely as Donna Clara Garcia. Her affection was rather spiritual than passionate—less of earth, and more of heaven. She had, in their trouble concerning the betrothal with Eleanor Courtney, impressed upon Walter the certainty of their happy union in the life to come. To the hope of that she now alone looked forward, and its realization was to the pious Hebrew Maiden more than a beautiful fancy of the mind.

After the receipt of Sir Walter Templar's first letter, bringing joyful news of the cancelling of the betrothal and the consent of Sir Richard Courtney to the union of his nephew with Terese, Spontini had left Italy to visit Paris. It was the city of his early triumphs. There he had been, in the great Napoleon's time, highly honored and patronized by the magnificent Josephine, and there his immortal opera, *La Vestala*, was first produced. There also now Terese resolved to go, certain that in Paris she would be warmly welcomed, and by none so cordially as the illustrious Spontini.

Night sat in. A beautiful June day expired. The moon came out, an Italian sky was glorious with gleaming stars, the Eternal City was wrapped in peaceful repose. The old Jewess, Rebecca, came into the chamber of Terese to bid her good night, and then came Isaac Ben Ammon. He tenderly kissed her.

"May the God of Abraham bless you, my child!"

"Bless me again. Oh bless me again to-night, grandfather Isaac. Bless me in your own name."

"Bless you, daughter of my Benjamin. Bless you, daughter of my Rachel. Bless you to-night—to-morrow—every night be you blessed, my darling grandchild," said the venerable patriarch, laying his hands upon the maiden's head.

Once more Terese was alone, and then she threw herself upon her knees and remained awhile in prayer.

It was half-past eleven, and the Hebrew Maiden dressed herself for her midnight flight from Rome. Upon her table she laid two letters. One was for her grandfather, in which she explained all the reasons for the step she was about to take, and the necessity for her consolation that she should seek Spontini, and return to her *artiste* life. In one of the passages she wrote:

"I cannot dear grandfather fulfill all your desires, but I will never betray my Jewish race. I could not without your sanction and blessing, be united to Walter Templar."

The other letter was to her foster-brother, in which she wrote with tender sympathy, but conjured him, for his own happiness, to extinguish his hopeless love for her, and favor the affection of Donna Clara.

The clock was upon the stroke of midnight. Terese left her chamber. All in the dwelling of Isaac Ben Ammon were in peaceful sleep. From a small door at the back, which led into a garden, she escaped from her grandfather's house, and in a few minutes was seated in the carriage of Donna Clara Garcia.

"Home!" said the *prima donna* to her coachman, and the carriage flew away through the streets of Rome.

In twenty minutes Donna Clara's carriage arrived at Garcia Villa. The two ladies had not exchanged a word, for each one was occupied with her own thoughts. Terese was reflecting upon her flight—Donna Clara of the opportunity which it would give to her to win the love of Farinelli. In the absence of her rival, for she still deemed our heroine such, she doubted not that she should be able to throw her enchantments around the foster-brother. She was a superb woman, whom but few men could resist, and, as we have observed, the fact that Farinelli had been so indifferent to her, was the first cause of the wild passion which had sprung up in her heart towards him.

"Signorina Terese, will you alight and enter my house?" said Donna Clara, as the carriage stopped at her door.

"Yes, Donna Clara; I am for the present in your charge," was the answer; and the ladies alighted and entered the house.

"Signorina Terese," began the rival *prima donna*, when the servant had withdrawn, and they were alone together, "we have not much time for words, and we will be at once frank with each other."

"It is as I would wish, Donna Clara. I have trusted you that there may be confidence between us."

"And I have helped you because you have come to me as a friend, and not a rival."

"I am not your rival, Donna Clara."

"I think you are not," was the reply. "So to mutual confidence. You have discovered my secret, Signorina Terese."

The Jewess inclined her head in the affimative.

"You have discovered my love for your foster-brother," continued the Spanish lady. "I will admit it—for it is to a woman, now answer me truly: Do you love Farinelli?"

"I do not," was the firm answer.

"'Tis well; for if you did—— but never mind that, for you do not, and that is sufficient for me to know," said the passionate woman.

"I have said, Donna Clara, that I am not your rival."

"You will never wed *him?*"

"I will never wed him; but, on the other hand, sincerely desire to see my foster-brother your husband."

"I will believe you, Signorina Terese."

"When I have left Rome, Donna Clara, my foster-brother will see his error, and be more conscious of your merits. I am not

your equal, lady, neither as a singer nor in that facination to win a man's heart."

Donna Clara was evidently gratified with this generous admission, which she realized was also just. Her manner, which had been haughty, was now gracious.

"Have you written any explanations to Farinelli?"

"I have, Donna Clara, written him that which will, I doubt not, convince him I never can become his wife."

"You have done well. But have you informed him that you are going to Paris?"

"I have not."

"I am glad of that. But will your grandfather know?"

"Not yet; but I have informed him that in six months he will learn all. He will, in the meantime, only know that I am under the guardianship of Spontini."

"And knows he not that Spontini is in Paris?"

"No; for I received my master's letter, informing me of the fact, two days ago, and then I resolved to fly to him."

"I must not let it be known, then, that Spontini is in Paris."

"I beseech you not to, Donna Clara."

"Oh, be assured I shall not. And now take a glass of wine to help you on your journey, for I hear the carriage at the door, to bear you from Rome."

"Thank you, Donna Clara."

Ten minutes later, Terese was in the carriage, and the fresh steeds pawing the ground in impatience

"Adieu, Donna Clara; may you be as happy as I pray you will be with *him*," and our heroine kissed the *prima donna* affectionately.

"Adieu, Signorina Terese, and a safe journey to you."

And away flew the impatient steeds, bearing the Hebrew Maiden from Rome. Donna Clara watched the carriage out of sight, and then she entered her villa.

When the Spanish lady was again in her room, she also took a glass of wine, and then observed to herself, with passionate emphasis:

"Had she entered my house as a rival, and not as a friend, that glass of wine which she drank should have been her last. But it is best as it is; and now, Farinelli you *shall* be mine, or woe be to you—woe be to me!"

CHAPTER XL.

CONSTERNATION AT THE FLIGHT OF TERESE.

There was consternation in the house of Isaac Ben Ammon on the morning following the flight of Terese from Rome. The family, which, since the discovery of the Jewess by her grandfather, had also included Farinelli, waited for our heroine an hour at breakfast time, when old Rebecca made bold to enter the chamber of Terese, to find it deserted. At first, she wondered that her young mistress had arisen and gone abroad without the knowledge of the household, but next, she noticed that the bed had not been slept in during the night. She was about to give an alarm at once, but she paused, and sat down by the table to consider what she had better do, for she desired not to give unnecessary agitation to her aged master. Suddenly she saw the letters which our heroine had placed upon the table, and taking them up she read the superscription, and recognized the hand-writing of her young mistress. There was now no alternative left but to convey the letters to Isaac Ben Ammon for the explanation of the mystery.

"Aileth my granddaughter aught this morning, Rebecca?" questioned the Hebrew, as the old woman entered the breakfast room.

"Be not alarmed, master Isaac," the old woman replied, and then remained silent.

"Speak, good Rebecca; what troubleth thee. Thy face beareth evil news. Rachel is not sick. Speak, good Rebecca. Nay? Then I will go myself and see what aileth my grandchild!" and Isaac Ben Ammon, in much concern, rose from the table to leave the room.

"Good master, be calm. Your grandchild is safe. She has sent you these letters to explain her absence. All is well, Isaac. Read."

Isaac Ben Ammon took the letters, and returning to his seat and laying one on the table, he broke the seal of that addressed to himself, for it was the one presented to his eye by Rebecca, who designedly somewhat concealed the letter for the foster-brother. The old man read the epistle with trembling hands, while those present looked on in silent agitation, feeling as though the stroke of death had fallen upon the house. At length, Isaac Ben Ammon broke forth with sobs that found an echo in the hearts of his household.

"Oh, Rachel, thou hast broken my heart! Oh, Rachel, my child, where art thou?" And he buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. After a few moments the old man was more calm, but none as yet had dared to break the silence; but Farinelli could restrain himself no longer.

"My God!" he exclaimed, in distraction. "What has happened?"

"Rachel my grandchild, has fled!—the comfort of my house has departed," wailed the venerable man.

"Terese fled? My foster-sister missing? This is Walter Templar's work. The lightnings of heaven blast him! But I will follow to the ends of the earth!"

"Peace, peace! Let no curses be uttered in my dwelling. But oh, Rachel my child, you have broken my heart!"

"The other letter is for you, young man. Read," here observed Rebecca, who was scarcely less agitated than her master.

"For me!" exclaimed Farinelli, as he eagerly seized and then read the other letter aloud. His heart, rather than his education, taught him his duty, to conceal nothing from Terese's grandsire.

"We are the undesigning causes of this, sir," he said, as he finished reading the epistle. The foster-brother spoke calmly but sadly, for a deep resolve had taken possession of his heart, out of which all hope of wedding Terese forever fled.

"Alas, alas! my son; but the stroke has fallen heavily upon me. Oh, Rachel, my child, where art thou?"

"Grandfather—for you are that—at least I am her brother still—Grandfather, be comforted. I will find Terese."

"Find her, my son—oh, find my grandchild," moaned the old man in his great trouble.

"I will, sir, and tell her how wrong we have been. She shall marry Sir Walter Templar. My foster-sister shall not be sacrificed. I would have given my soul for her, but I would not be the cause of her broken heart. He *shall* wed her if he means her well."

There was something sublime in Farinelli's devotion, as we have seen from the first. His jealous passion was the dross, not his love—not his heart. These were gold. He would sacrifice himself, not her he so truly loved.

"My son, you have taught me my duty," said Isaac Ben Ammon, solemnly. "Rachel *shall* marry Sir Walter Templar. Father Abraham, pardon me if I err in this. But neither can I sacrifice my grandchild even to my religious scruples. Perchance, Heaven's will is above my wisdom. He, too, may adopt the faith of our race for her sake."

Farinelli thought differently, but said nothing, and it was a certain consolation to him that Terese was more likely to become a Christian. His own designed apostacy had sat heavily upon his conscience. It was now relieved, and he felt himself in form of faith a Christian again. As for Rebecca, she seemed dissatisfied; she, also, said nothing in reply to her master's hopes that Sir Walter Templar would change his religion for Terese's sake. Had Judah Nathans been present, he would have swept all barriers of religious differences away by his universalian views, for if he possessed any religion, it was the religion of universal kindred; if he respected any god, it was the God of all humanity. But then the very largeness of his views grew out of his daring intellect, not out of a reverent faith.

"Eat, eat my son; I will to my chamber to pray," said Isaac Ben Ammon, breaking the reverie into which Farinelli had fallen.

"And I to find my foster-sister," returned the young man, starting to his feet.

"But first break your fast, my son."

"I will not eat nor sleep until I have gained some intelligence of Terese. So adieu, sir. I will find your grandchild."

"Haste not my son. You will need money."

"I have money."

"But take this purse of gold. Nay, refuse me not. It is to find my grandchild. Spare not the gold. Stay, here is my check, also, for thrice the amount that purse contains. There is not a banker in Europe but will honor Isaac Ben Ammon's name."

"I will take the gold and the draft. If I need them I will use freely; if not, I will return them both. And now adieu. I will find my foster-sister."

"The God of Abraham be with you, my son."

"I *will* find my foster-sister; and oh, may she not curse me when we meet."

And with these words the young man hurried from the house of Isaac Ben Ammon.

CHAPTER XLI.

AT THE GRAVE OF RACHEL BEN AMMON.

Farinelli followed Terese, sometimes finding traces of her, and losing them again. One morning, obeying his impulse, he resolved to visit his native village. Indeed, when his mind was turned in that direction, he deemed it quite probable that Terese had sought retirement in the beautiful Sicilian vale, where she

had first seen the light of heaven, and had passed the happy days of her early girlhood. He knew the little nook in that vale where rested in sweet repose her father and mother, after the tragic close of their mortal life, was a sacred spot to our heroine, sanctified by many tender reminiscences. What more likely than that the daughter, under the painful circumstances of a seemingly blighted life, should select that same beautiful valley of Sicily for retirement which her parents had sought before her when they fled from Russia, in their dire trouble, as she had now fled from Rome in hers. The more Farinelli thought of the matter, the more he became convinced that Terese had gone to hide herself and her heart-griefs in the pretty little valley where they both were born.

A week later, a traveler might have been seen climbing the very hill that a few years before we saw Walter Templar and Frederick De Lacy ascend; and when he reached the summit, he, too, as they had done before, threw himself fatigued upon the mountain's brow to rest. That traveler was Farinelli. The scene before him was one which he well remembered; and there in the distance was the peaceful little nook, the burial place of the parents of Terese Ben Ammon. After a few minute's rest, Farinelli struck towards the sacred spot.

The foster-brother had entered the enclosure of the family graveyard of the two Hebrew refugees, his hat was in his hand, and his manner was very reverent. He approached the two graves that lay side by side. He remembered the spot well, for he had often been there before, but there was one object which struck his gaze which was not there in the days gone by. It was an elegant monument which was evidently newly erected. Eagerly he bounded towards it and read—

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN AND RACHEL.

There were other appropriate inscriptions upon the chaste marble; but that which his eye next sought was the inscription which revealed the hand that had caused this tribute of love to be planted.

"Erected July the 24th, 1823, by their daughter, Terese Ben Ammon."

The inscriptions were all very simple in their wording; but they gave a synopsis of the affecting history of the Hebrew refugees.

"I have found her!" exclaimed Farinelli; when he had read the signature and date on the elegant little monument which Terese had erected in memory of her parents.

"It is as I expected," he continued musing, "She has retreated to her native village. And now to meet her. But, Oh, may she not curse me when we meet!"

It was a repetition of the devoted fellow's words when he left her grandfather to commence the search, and the repetition now showed how much his mind had since been burdened by the fear that Terese would reproach him with the part which he had taken to work up her afflictions. But there was no need for fear that our gentle heroine would curse her foster-brother; for she felt pity—not anger—towards him.

"Ha! brother Beppo, is it you?" asked a buxom Italian peasant woman of the singer, as he entered her cottage, which rang with the merry voices of a group of interesting urchins. It was Beppo's eldest sister who spoke.

"Ah! I knew you would come, Beppo, for Terese has been here!"

"Sister Agnes, where is she. Quick, Agnes. tell me where is Terese?"

"She has left us again, brother Beppo."

"When, when? No, she cannot have departed so soon!"

"She has departed, brother Beppo. Two weeks ago, she left."

"Holy Virgin! then I am too late!" replied the foster-brother, and he fell into a chair overwhelmed by the intelligence, and hid his face in his hands. The re-action from his newly awakened hope paralysed him for awhile from further action, but he recovered himself soon, and then he almost frightened his sister with his eager enquiries and wild self-reproaches. In answer to his questions concerning where Terese had gone his sister replied:

"I know not brother Beppo. She would not tell me where she was going, though I found out that she was flying from her grandfather. She talked of her meeting with her grandfather and her uncle Judah and then she would interrupt herself, as though she wished not to reproach them. There must have been something dreadful which they wished her to do."

"Did she curse me? Oh, sister Agnes, did she curse me?"

"Curse you, brother Beppo! What should she curse you for? She spoke kindly of you, and said you had ever been to her a dear good brother, as of old."

"Bless her, bless her for that! Then Terese did not curse *me*!"

"Not she, indeed, you silly fellow."

Farinelli gathered from his sister all that she knew of the recent movements of our heroine, whom she believed had fled to Russia, but for this opinion she simply had the reason that Terese spoke most of Russia. But Farinelli resolved to return to Rome before continuing his search. He was led to this resolve by the reference which Terese made in her letter to him, advising him to transfer his affections to Donna Clara Garcia. He doubted not that the Spanish lady could supply the clue of Terese's retreat, and he resolved, if possible, to wring it from her.

But when Farinelli returned to Rome, after nearly two months' absence, he discovered that Isaac Ben Ammon impatient to seek his grandchild himself, had left Italy for England, where his nephew Judah still tarried. In Judah, the old man had great confidence, and he deemed that in the native hand of Walter Templar, he was most likely to find the maiden; but, as our readers know, she had fled to France to Spontini.

CHAPTER XLII.

HUNTING FOR THE CLUE.

Donna Clara Garcia held a brilliant revel at her house, after one of her great triumphs. She had been of late singing with more than her usual power, acting with a passion beyond her former self. Last night, she had reached the very culmination of her efforts. Rome was enchanted: more than ever she held the fashionable world at her feet.

There were present at the supper which she had given to a select circle of noblemen at the close of her engagement, a party of the most brilliant men of the city. Orsini, Baglioni, Cariati and Sir Herbert Blakely were of the number. The "Management," and the principal ladies and gentleman of the Opera were also present.

Donna Clara had received her noble guests, that night, as a queen would her court at a royal levee There was a haughty condescension manifested by the lady, her face wore a calm majesty, her eye bespoke a cold severity, her manner the untroubled dignity of a soul at ease, but proud in her conscious triumph. There was nothing seen in her of that terrible passion and tumultuous emotion which the night before had moved her in her performance upon the stage, and carried away the vast audience which had witnessed her triumph into a very delirium of applause, yet there was a fire in her heart that consumed her—a fire like that of a furnace seven times heated.

But there was a secret cause of the increase of passion and absolute abandon in the tragic impersonations of Donna Clara which had of late created a new interest in her. It was her love for Farinelli and her rage at his absence, mixed with her intense concern. She had hoped that ere this *he* would have been at her feet; instead of this she discovered that he, too, as well as Terese, had quitted Rome, and no one knew whither he had gone. Her jealousy was at its height. Hence, Donna Clara's increase of tragic power. Our fits of agony are ever the most real, when we most feel the internal torture; our shrieks never so telling as when they are wrung from our heart; our *acting* never so much like nature as when it is the very expositions of our own sufferings or passions. How much of that which pass for splendid acting upon the stage have secret causes in the performers' own martyrdoms. That which we often see in actors and actresses are more real than assumed. So with Donna Garcia. She was more effective, because she was upon the rack. Her fierce love and her terrible jealousy inspired her upon the stage. She *felt* the demoniac ecstasies of her parts.

"Donna Clara," said Count Orsini, "never in my life did I witness such a performance as that last night."

"Indeed, my dear Orsini," replied the lady with an icy smile, "not even when Terese, my rival, enchanted you?"

"She bears no comparison with yourself, Donna Clara."

"Yet, you once deemed her my superior, Count."

"Pardon my passing infidelity, lady. It has but made me more your worshipper."

"What says Cariati?"

"Nothing, Donna Clara. I have been dumb with amazement since your first scene. I know not that I should have found a tongue again, had you not charmed it into speech."

"Very pretty. Your compliment is, I confess, *very* nicely turned, Cariati," bantered the *prima donna*, whose passionate yearning for Farinelli rendered her almost insensible to the flattery which she had once so highly prized.

Every tongue of the brilliant party sent forth some meed of praise, excepting that of the Marquis Baglioni. As for the obse-

quicus Management, he was profusely eloquent, because amid such adulatien, he dared net be otherwise, but at each compliment, he mentally calculated the probable terms of the next engagement of the successful *prima donna.*

Marquis, yeu alone are silent," observed the lady to Baglioni, with a slight pique in her tene.

"Oh the Marquis is ever ungallant," said Orsini.

"And therefere, my silence has nought of offence in its intentions. But I will confess, Donna Clara, on my honor as a soldier, you did net sing *badly* last night."

"Shame, Marquis, shame!" rang round the room.

"If my noble friends mean that seriously"—Baglioni began with a frown, but breaking off suddenly, he continued—"Bah, I am a feol. Your pardon, lady."

"Certainly, Marquis; and, believe me, I am more flattered with your negative compliment, that I did not sing *badly*, than with all the rest of the evening."

"No, you certainly did *not* sing badly," was the affirmative again made by the Marquis.

"By the way, Signer," observed the lady to the Management, "have you heard eught of late of Farinelli?"

"Not a word, Donna Clara"

At this moment, a knock was heard at the door.

"Another guest I presume," said Orsini. "But whoever he is, he is late."

The lady reflected that she had given invitation to but one more, and that was Farinelli, for whom she had left a special note at the Opera House, bidding him come at any hour that night, should he return to Rome, fer she was net certain that his absence had any reference to Terese. Whether or not her inquiry for him was one of those unexplainable instances of people speaking of those seeking for them, we cannot say; but, in a moment after the knock at the doer, a servant entered with a note, which ran thus:

DONNA CLARA:

I recieved your invitation to be present to-night. I am indisposed for company from the fatigne of a recent journey, but beseech you to grant me a short interview.

Yours obediently,

FARINELLI.

"Ladies and gentlemen, pardon me for a while. It is a private call from an unexpected friend."

And Donna Clara hurried from the room to meet her visiter. But first having directed the servant aside to show Farinelli into her private room, where no conversation could reach her company, she flew for a moment to her chamber with that instinct which woman feels to *prepare* to meet the *one* in whom she is most interested.

"At last! at last!" exclaimed the lady, as she entered her chamber. "He is here; *he* will be at my feet. Oh! how my heart has ached fer his coming, but I knew that he must yield at last, for, as Terese said she is net my equal neither as an *artiste* nor as a woman to enchant the heart of a man. He has been chagrined with her repulse, for however gentle her explanatiens of refusal might have been, a repulse it was, and he has been also thoroughly checkmated by her flight; and so he has been rusticating for a few weeks to recever his serenity and hide his disappointment. Yet it must he so: this explains all. I did well te aid Terese's flight. Had she remained near him, his passion would have been influenced by her presence; but her flight from him has both offended his pride and brought him te reason. So he is come at last: he will be mine at last! Now, did I not so truly love him, and did I not fear to plague my own heart, I would humble Farinelli as he has humbled me. But no, I will not. I *do* leve him; and am only too happy to have him at last at my feet. Now to meet him."

Donna Clara Garcia entered the room into which Farinelli had been showed by the servant, with a heart which throbbed with almost audible voice, so great was her agitation of expectancy, but she strove to be calm. Farinelli was pacing the fleor with impatient strides, for his blood was in a fever, yet he, toe, strove to be calm as the lady appreached. She was, when he turned te her, startled and troubled by his appearance. His clothes were soiled and dusty with his journey, for he had not changed his apparel; his countenance was haggard; his eyes wild and bloodshot; his hair disordered. It was not altogether the plight in which the *prima donna* expected to meet him, fer he looked too much the distracted lover; and the lady at once felt that his distraction could net be from any passion for her. She was, therefore, embarrassed; and, instead of giving him the warm and tender welcome which she designed, she awaited for Farinelli to open the subject of this interview.

"Donna Clara, pray pardon the unseemly state in which I have presented myself."

"Name it not, Farinelli. Yeu knew that I am glad to see you. Be seated. You look fatigued."

"Nay, lady; a sentence can relieve you of my presence. Where is my fester-sister?"

"Sir?" returned the lady, while from her face fled every particle of color, leaving her as pale as a cerpse.

"Where is my fester-sister, I repeat, Denna Clara?"

"Am I then her keeper? I thought yeu came te see me, not *her.* This is my house, net Terese Ben Ammon's"

"My foster-sister has fled from Rome. You know whither she has fled. Answer me, lady: where is my foster-sister?"

"Farinelli, you presume upen my patience. Were it another than yourself, I should be angry."

"Denna Clara, you aided her flight?"

"What reason, sir, have you fer saying se" asked the lady, somewhat embarrassed by the young man's abrupt directness which she did not dare te resent by her usual cold hauteur.

"On the night of her flight, your carriage stopped for a while at the Church of St. John's, near the house of Isaac Ben Ammon; ten minutes afterwards, a lady entered it, and the carriage dashed away towards yeur villa; soon upon this, another carriage with four horses and two postillions drove up te your doer, and the same lady entered it and immediately left the city. This I have discevered from the police at a handsome price, as you may expect."

"Well, Farinelli, granting all this, which I will net deny, do you held me responsible for the actions of Terese?"

"No, Donna Clara, I simply ask—where is my fester-sister?"

"Your *foster-sister!*" returned the lady, bitterly "why net insult me, sir, by a tenderer name than foster-sister?"

"I received a letter from her," continued Farinelli. "Read it, Signorina. It gave te me the clue that you were in her entire confidence, and acted in cencert with her."

Denna Clara read it, and when she came to the passage advising the foster-brother to transfer his love te herself, the Spanish lady blushed and bit her lip with vexation till the blood came.

"Signorina Terese took upon herself too much to plead for me," she observed haughtily, returning the letter; but, in a moment, she added gently:

"But that letter manifests a sister's regard for me, and gives you ne cause te insult me with questions of Terese's movements, when she herself has concealed them from you. All which she desired fer you te knew she has explained. That should suffice you, Farinelli."

"But it does not. Yet I appeal to you as my foster-sister's friend. Donna Clara, I beseech you tell me where she is now."

"I will net!" was the passionate answer.

"Then I charge you with having betrayed her—urged her into this flight—used your woman's sophistry to tempt her into this ceurse."

"'Tis false, sir! Leave my house. This moment, sir, leave my house."

"I will obey you, Denna Clara," said the young man, taking his hat to leave the room

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And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down
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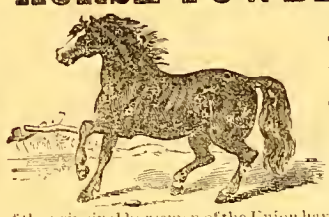

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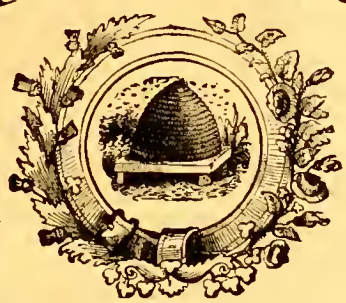

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I'VE SELDOM HAD MUCKLE.

I've seldom had muckle, I never had mair,
It's but little in this life that's fa'en to my share;
An' night after night I've gane weary to bed,
To dream o' the morrow's fresh cravings for bread.

An' those whose high duty it was to assist,
Ha'e turn'd on their heel, an' ha'e faulded their fist;
But time's passing on, an' it winna be lang
Till I'm call'd on to finish both journey an' sang.

Oh, the beautiful earth, wi' its music an' flowers
Wi' its green spreading valleys, an' sweet shady bowers,
Has been like a charm to my grief-burden'd heart;
For the friendship o' Nature will never depart.

An' when I'm at rest, and I care na how soon,
For come when it may, I'll bid welcome the boon,
Let me sleep where the wild flowers peacefully wave,
For what gladdens my life, I'd have hallow my grave.

TWICE BLIND;

OR,

THE MAID OF MALINES.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

It was noonday in the town of Malines, or Mechlin, as the English usually term it; the Sabbath bell had summoned the inhabitants to divine worship; and the crowd that had loitered round the church of St. Rembauld had gradually emptied itself within the spacious aisles of the sacred edifice.

A young man was standing in the street, with his eyes bent on the ground, and apparently listening for some sound; for, without raising his looks from the rude pavement, he turned to every corner of it with an intent and anxious expression of countenance; he held in one hand a staff, in the other a long slender cord, the end of which trailed on the ground; every now and then he called, with a plaintive voice, "Fido, Fido, come back! Why hast thou deserted me?" Fido returned not; the dog, wearied of confinement, had slipped from the string, and was at play with his kind in a distant quarter of the town, leaving the blind man to seek his way as he might to his solitary inn.

By-and-by a light step passed through the street, and the young stranger's face brightened—

"Pardon me," said he, turning to the spot where his quick ear had caught the sound, "and direct me, if you are not by chance much pressed for a few moments' time, to the hotel *Mortier d'Or*."

It was a young woman, whose dress betokened that she belonged to the middling classes of life, whom he thus addressed. "It is some distance hence, sir," said she, "but if you continue your way straight on for about a hundred yards, and then take the second turn to your right hand—"

"Alas!" interrupted the stranger, with a melancholy smile, "your direction will avail me little; my dog has deserted me,—and I am blind!"

There was something in these words, and in the stranger's voice, which went irresistibly to the heart of the young woman. "Pray forgive me," she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "I did not perceive your—" misfortune, she was about to say, but she checked herself with an instinctive delicacy. "Lean upon me. I will conduct you to the door; nay, sir," observing that he hesitated, "I have time enough to spare, I assure you."

The stranger placed his hand on the young woman's arm, and though Lucille was naturally so bashful that even her mother would laughingly reproach her for the excess of a maiden virtue, she felt not the least pang of shame, as she found herself thus suddenly walking through the streets of Malines, alone with a young stranger, whose dress and air betokened him of a rank superior to her own.

"Your voice is very gentle," said he, after a pause, "and that," he added, with a slight sigh, "is the criterion by which I only know the young and the beautiful." Lucille now blushed, and with a slight mixture of pain in the blush, for she knew well that to beauty she had no pretension. "Are you a native of this town?" continued he. "Yes, sir; my father holds a small office in the customs, and my mother and I eke out his salary by making lace. We are called poor, but we do not feel it, sir."

"You are fortunate: there is no wealth like the heart's wealth, content," answered the blind man, mournfully.

"And monsieur," said Lucille, feeling angry with herself that she had awakened a natural envy in the stranger's mind, and anxious to change the subject—"and monsieur, has he been long at Malines?"

"But yesterday. I am passing through the Low Countries on a tour; perhaps you smile at the tour of a blind man—but it is wearisome even to the blind to rest always in the same place. I thought during church time, when the streets were empty, that I might, by the help of my dog, enjoy safely at least the air, if not the sight of the town; but there are some persons, methinks, who cannot even have a dog for a friend."

The blind man spoke bitterly,—the desertion of his dog had touched him to the core. Lucille wiped her eyes.

"And does monsieur travel then alone?" said she; and looking at his face more attentively than she had yet ventured to do, she saw that he was scarcely above two-and-twenty. "His father, his *mother*," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with him?"

"I am an orphan," answered the stranger; "and I have neither brother nor sister."

The desolate condition of the blind man quite melted Lucille; never had she been so strongly affected. She felt a strange flutter at the heart—a secret and earnest sympathy, that attracted her at once towards him. She wished that Heaven had suffered her to be his sister.

The contrast between the youth and the form of the stranger, and the affliction which took hope from the one, and activity from the other, increased the compassion he excited. His features were remarkably regular, and had a certain nobleness in their outline; and his frame was gracefully and firmly knit, though he moved cautiously and with no cheerful step.

They had now passed into a narrow street leading toward the hotel, when they heard behind them the clatter of hoofs; and Lucille, looking hastily back, saw that a troop of Belgian horse was passing through the town.

She drew her charge close by the wall, and trembling with fear for him, she stationed herself by his side. The troop passed at a full trot through the street; and at the sound of their clanging arms, and the ringing hoofs of their heavy chargers, Lucille might have seen, had she looked at the blind man's face, that its sad features kindled with enthusiasm, and his head was raised proudly from its wonted and melancholy bend. "Thank Heaven," she said, as the troop had nearly passed them, "the danger is over!" Not so. One of the last two soldiers who rode abreast, was unfortunately mounted on a young and unmanageable horse. The rider's oaths and digging spur only increased the fire and impatience of the charger; he plunged from side to side of the narrow street.

"*Gardez vous*," cried the horseman, as he was borne to the place where Lucille and the stranger stood against the wall; "are ye mad—why do you not run?"

"For heaven's sake, for mercy's sake, he is blind!" cried Lucille, clinging to the stranger's side.

"Save yourself, my kind guide!" said the stranger. But Lucille dreamt not of such desertion. The trooper wrested the horse's head from the spot where they stood; with a snort, as he felt the spur, the enraged animal lashed out with its hind-legs; and Lucille, unable to save *both*, threw herself before the blind man, and received the shock directed against him; her slight and delicate arm fell shattered by her side—the horseman was borne onward. "Thank God, *you* are saved!" was poor Lucille's exclamation; and she fell, overcome with pain and terror, into the arms which the stranger mechanically opened to receive her.

"My guide, my friend!" cried he, "you are hurt, you—"

"No, sir," interrupted Lucille, faintly, "I am better—I am well. *This* arm, if you please—we are not far from your hotel now."

But the stranger's ear, tutored to every inflection of voice, told him at once of the pain she suffered; he drew from her by degrees the confession of the injury she had sustained; but the generous girl did not tell him it had been incurred solely in his protection. He now insisted on reversing their duties, and accompanying *her* to her home; and Lucille, almost fainting with pain, and hardly able to move, was forced to consent. But a few steps down the next turning stood the humble mansion of her father—they reached it—and Lucille scarcely crossed the threshold, before she sank down and for some minutes was insensible to pain. It was left to the stranger to explain, and to beseech them immediately to send for a surgeon, "the most skillful—the most practised in the town," said he. "See, I am rich, and this is the least I can do to atone to your generous daughter for not forsaking even a stranger in peril."

He held out his purse as he spoke, but the father refused the offer; and it saved the blind man some shame that he could not see the blush of honest resentment with which so poor a species of remuneration was put aside.

The young man stayed till the surgeon arrived, till the arm was set; nor did he depart until he had obtained a promise from the mother, that he should learn the next morning how the sufferer had passed the night.

The next morning, indeed, he had intended to quit a town that offers but little temptation to the traveler; but he tarried day after day, until Lucille herself accompanied her mother to assure him of her recovery.

The darkness to which he was condemned did not shut from his mind's eye the haunting images of ideal beauty; rather, on the contrary, in his perpetual and unoccupied solitude, he fed the reveries of an imagination naturally warm, and a heart eager for sympathy and commune.

He had said rightly that his only test of beauty was in the melody of voice; and never had a softer or a more thrilling tone than that of the young maiden touched upon his ear. Her exclamation, so beautifully denying self, so devoted in its charity, "Thank God, *you* are saved!" uttered, too, in the moment of her own suffering, rang constantly upon his soul, and he yielded, without precisely defining their nature, to vague and delicious sentiments, that his youth had never awakened to till then. And Lucille—the very accident that had happened to her on his behalf, only deepened the interest she had already conceived for one, who, in the first flush of youth, was thus cut off from the dear objects of life, and left to a night of years, desolate and alone. There is, to your beautiful and kindly sex, a perpetual and gushing *forwardness to protect*. This makes them the angels of sickness, the comforters of age, the fosterers of childhood; and this feeling, in Lucille peculiarly developed, had already inexpressibly linked her compassionate nature to the lot of the unfortunate traveler. With ardent affections, and with thoughts beyond her station and her years, she was not without that modest vanity which made her painfully susceptible to her own deficiencies in beauty. Instinctively conscious of how deeply she herself could love, she believed it impossible that she could ever be so loved in return. This stranger, so superior in her eyes to all she had yet seen, was the first out of her own household, who had ever addressed her in that voice which by tones, not words, speaks that admiration most dear to a woman's heart. To *him* she was beautiful, and her lovely mind spoke out undimmed by the imperfections of her face. Not, indeed, that Lucille was wholly without personal attractions; her light step and graceful form were elastic with the freshness of youth, and her mouth and smile had so gentle and tender an expression, that there were moments when it would not have been the blind only who would have mistaken her to be beautiful. Her early childhood had indeed given the promise of attractions, which the small pox, that then fearful malady, had inexorably marred. It had not only seared the smooth skin and the brilliant hues, but utterly changed even the character of the features. It so happened that Lucille's family were celebrated for beauty, and vain of that celebrity; and so bitterly had the parents deplored the effects of the cruel malady, that poor Lucille had been early taught to consider them far more grievous than they really were, and to exaggerate the advantages of that beauty, the loss of which was considered by her parents so heavy a misfortune. Lucille, too, had a cousin named

Julie, who was the wonder of all Malines for her personal perfections; and as the cousins were much together, the contrast was too striking not to occasion frequent mortification to Lucille. But every misfortune has something of a counterpoise; and the consciousness of personal inferiority had meekened, without souring her temper, had given a gentleness to a spirit that otherwise might have been too high, and humility to a mind that was naturally strong, impassioned, and energetic.

And yet Lucille had long conquered the one disadvantage she most dreaded in the want of beauty. Lucille was never known but to be loved. Wherever came her presence, her bright and soft mind diffused a certain inexpressible charm; and where she was not, a something was missing from the scene which not even Julie's beauty could replace.

"I propose," said St. Amand to Madame le Tisseur, Lucille's mother, as he sat in her little *salon*—for he had already contracted that acquaintance with the family which permitted him to be led to their house, to return the visits Madame le Tisseur had made him, and his dog, once more returned a penitent to his master, always conducted his steps to the humble abode, and stopped instinctively at the door—"I propose," said St. Amand, after a pause, and with some embarrassment, "to stay a little while longer at Malines; the air agrees with me, and I like the quiet of the place; but you are aware, madame, that in a hotel among strangers, I feel my situation somewhat cheerless. I have been thinking,"—St. Amand paused again—"I have been thinking that if I could persuade some agreeable family to receive me as a lodger, I would fix myself here for some weeks. I am easily pleased."

"Doubtless there are many in Malines who would be too happy to receive such a lodger."

"Will you receive me?" said St. Amand, abruptly. "It was of your family I thought."

"Of us? Monsieur is too flattering, but we have scarcely a room good enough for you."

"What difference between one room and another can there be to me? That is the best apartment to my choice in which the human voice sounds most kindly."

The arrangement was made, and St. Amand came now to reside beneath the same roof as Lucille. And was she not happy that *he* wanted so constant an attendance? was she not happy that she was ever of use? St. Amand was passionately fond of music: he played himself with a skill that was only surpassed by the exquisite melody of his voice; and was not Lucille happy when she sat mute and listening to such sounds as at Malines were never heard before? Was she not happy in gazing on a face to whose melancholy aspect her voice instantly summoned the smile? Was she not happy when the music ceased and St. Amand called "Lucille?" Did not her own name uttered by that voice seem to her even sweeter than the music? Was she not happy when they walked out in the still evenings of summer, and her arm thrilled beneath the light touch of one to whom she was so necessary? Was she not proud in her happiness, and was there not something like worship in the gratitude she felt to him, for raising her humble spirit to the luxury of feeling herself loved?

St. Amand's parents were French; they had resided in the neighborhood of Amiens, where they had inherited a competent property, to which he had succeeded about two years previous to the date of my story.

He had been blind from the age of three years. "I know not," said he, as he related these particulars to Lucille one evening when they were alone. "I know not what the earth may be like, or the heaven, or the rivers whose voice at least I can hear, for I have no recollection beyond that of a confused, but delicious blending of a thousand glorious colors—a bright and quick sense of joy—A VISIBLE MUSIC. But it is only since my childhood closed that I have mourned, as I now unceasingly mourn, for the light of day. My boyhood passed in a quiet cheerfulness; the least trifle then could please and occupy the vacancies of my mind; but it was as I took delight in being read to—as I listened to the vivid descriptions of poetry, as I glowed at the recital of great deeds, as I was made acquainted by books, with the energy, the action, the heat, the fervor, the pomp the enthusiasm of life, that gradually opened to the sense of all I was for ever denied. I felt that I existed, not lived; and that, in the midst of the universal liberty, I was sentenced to a prison, from whose blank walls there was no escape. Still however, while my parents lived, I had something of consolation; at least I was not alone. They died, and a sudden and dread solitude, a vast and empty dreariness settled upon my dungeon. One old servant only, who had nursed me from my childhood, who had known me in my short privilege of light, by whose recollections my mind could grope its way back through the dark and narrow passages of memory to faint glimpses of the sun, was all that remained to me of human sympathies. It did not suffice, however, to content me with a home where my father and my mother's kind voice were *not*. A restless impatience, an anxiety to move possessed me, and I set out from home, journeying whither I cared not, so that, at least, I could change an air which weighed upon me like a palpable burden. I took only this old attendant as my companion; he too died three months since at Bruxelles, worn out with years. Alas! I had forgotten that he was old, for I saw not his progress to decay; and now, save my faithless dog, I was utterly alone, till I came hither and found *thee*."

Lucille stooped to caress the dog; she blest the desertion that had led to a friend who never could desert.

But however much, and however gratefully St. Amand loved Lucille, her power availed not to chase the melancholy from his brow, and to reconcile him to his forlorn condition.

"Ah, would that I could see thee! Would that I could look upon a face that my heart vainly endeavors to delineate."

"If thou couldst," sighed Lucille, "thou wouldst cease to love me."

"Impossible!" cried St. Amand, passionately: "however the world may find thee, *thou* wouldst become my standard of beauty, and I should judge not of thee by others, but of others by thee."

He loved to hear Lucille read to him, and mostly he loved to hear the descriptions of war, of travel, of wild adventure, and yet they occasioned him the most pain. Often she paused from the page as she heard him sigh, and felt that she would even have renounced the bliss of being loved by him, if she could have restored to him that blessing, the desire for which haunted him as a specter.

Lucille's family were catholic, and, like most in their station, they possessed the superstitions, as well as the devotion of the faith. Sometimes they amused themselves of an evening by the various legends and imaginary miracles of their calender: and once, as they were thus conversing with two or three of their neighbors, "The Tomb of the three Kings of Cologne" became the main topic of their wandering recitals. However strong was the sense of Lucille, she was, as you will readily conceive, naturally influenced by the belief of those with whom she had been brought up from her cradle, and she listened to tale after tale of the miracles wrought at the consecrated tomb, as earnestly and undoubtingly as the rest.

And the Kings of the East were no ordinary saints; to the relics of the Three Magi, who followed the Star of Bethlehem, and were the first potentates of the earth who adored its Savior, well might the pious Catholic suppose that a peculiar power and a healing sanctity would belong. Each of the circle—(St. Amand, who had been more than usually silent, and even gloomy during the day, had retired to his apartment, for there were some moments when, in the sadness of his thoughts, he sought that solitude which he so impatiently fled from at others)—each of the circle had some story to relate, equally veracious and indisputable, of infirmity cured, or a prayer accorded, or a sin atoned for at the foot of the holy tomb. One story particularly affected Lucille; the narrator, a venerable old man with gray locks, solemnly declared himself a witness of its truth.

It was a story of a mother who, making a pilgrimage barefoot to the holy shrine at Cologne, had her dumb child restored to speech.

A misfortune so nearly akin to that of St. Amand, removed by the prayer of another, filled her with devoted thoughts, and a beautiful hope. "Is not the tomb still standing?" thought she, "is not God still in heaven?—he who heard the guilty, may he not hear the guiltless? Is he not the God of love! Are not the affections, the offerings that please him best? and what, though the child's mediator was his mother, can even a mother love her child more tenderly than I love Eugene? But if, Lucille, thy prayer be granted, if he recoved his sight, *thy* charm is gone, he will love thee no longer. No matter! be it so—I shall at least have made him happy!"

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Lucille; she cherished them till they settled into resolution, and she secretly vowed to perform her pilgrimage of love. She told neither St. Amand nor her parents of her intention; she knew the obstacles such an annunciation would create. Fortunately she had an aunt settled at Bruxelles, to whom she had been accustomed, once in every year, to pay a month's visit, and at that time she generally took with her the work of a twelvemonth's industry, which found a readier sale at Bruxelles than Malines. Lucille and St. Amand were already betrothed; their wedding was shortly to take place; and the custom of the country leading parents, however poor, to nourish the honorable ambitition of giving some dowery to their daughters, Lucille found it easy to hide the object of her departure, under the pretence of taking the lace to Bruxelles, which had been the year's labor of her mother and herself—it would sell for sufficient, at least to defray the preparations for the wedding.

"Thou art ever right, child," said Madame le Tisseur; "the richer St. Amand is, why the less oughtest thou to go a beggar to his house."

St. Amand alone was not to be won by her departure; he chafed at the notion of a dowery: he was not appeased even by Lucille's representation, that it was only to gratify and not to impoverish her parents. "And *thou*, too, canst leave me!" he said, in that plaintive voice which had made his first charm to Lucille's heart. "It is a second blindness."

"But for a few days; a fortnight at most, dearest Eugene."

"A fortnight! you do not reckon time as the blind do," said St. Amand, bitterly.

"But listen, listen, dear Eugene," said Lucille, weeping. The sound of her sobs restored him to a sense of his ingratitude. Alas, he knew not how much he had to be grateful for. He held out his arms to her; "Forgive me," said he. "Those who can see nature know not how terrible it is to be alone."

"But my mother will not leave you."

"She is not you!"

"And Julie," said Lucille, hesitatingly.

"What is Julie to me?"

"Ah, you are the only one, save my parents, who could think of me in her presence."

"And why, Lucille?"

"Why! She is more beautiful than a dream."

"Say not so. Would I could see, that I might prove to the world how much more beautiful thou art. There is no music in *her* voice."

The evening before Lucille departed, she sat up late with St. Amand and her mother. They conversed on the future; they made plans; in the wide sterility of the world they laid out the garden of household love, and filled it with flowers, forgetful of the wind that scatters, and the frost that kills. And when, leaning on Lucille's arm, St. Amand sought his chamber, and they parted at his door, which closed upon her, she fell down on her knees at the threshold, and poured out the fullness of her heart in a prayer for his safety, and the fulfillment of her timid hope.

At daybreak she was consigned to the conveyance that performed the short journey from Malines to Bruxelles. When she entered the town, instead of seeking her aunt, she rested at an auberge in the suburbs, and confiding her little basket of lace to the care of its hostess, she set out alone, and on foot, upon the errand of her heart's lovely superstition. And erring though it was, her faith redeemed its weakness—her affection made it even sacred. And well may we believe, that the Eye which reads all secrets scarce looked reprovingly on that fanaticism, whose only infirmity was love.

So fearful was she, least, by rendering the task too easy, she might impair the effect, that she scarcely allowed herself rest or food. Sometimes, in the heat of noon, she wandered a little from the road-side, and under the spreading lime tree surrendered her mind to its sweet and bitter thoughts; but ever the restlessness of her enterprise urged her on, and faint, weary, and with bleeding feet, she started up and continued her way. At length she reached the ancient city, where a holier age has scarce worn from the habits and aspects of men the Roman trace. She prostrated herself at the tomb of the Magi: she proffered her ardent but humble prayer to Him before whose Son those fleshless heads (yet to faith at least preserved) had, nearly eighteen centuries ago, bowed in adoration. Twice every day for a whole week, she sought the same spot, and poured forth the same prayer. The last day an old priest, who, hovering in the church, had observed her constantly at devotion, with that fatherly interest which the better ministers of the Catholic sect (that sect which has covered the earth with the mansions of charity) feel for the unhappy, approached her as she was retiring with moist and downcast eyes, and saluting her, assumed the privilege of his order, to inquire if there was aught in which his advice or aid could serve. There was something in the venerable air of the old man which encouraged Lucille; she opened her heart to him; she told him all. The good priest was much moved by her simplicity and earnestness. He questioned her minutely as to the peculiar species of blindness with which St. Amand was afflicted; and after musing a little while, he said, "Daughter, God is great and merciful; we must trust in his power, but we must not forget that he mostly works by mortal agents. As you pass through Louvain in your way home, fail not to see there a certain physician, named Le Kain. He is celebrated through Flanders for the cures he has wrought among the blind, and his advice is sought by all classes from far and near. He lives hard by the Hôtel de Ville, but any one will inform you of his residence. Stay, my child, you shall take him a note from me; he is a benevolent and kindly man, and you shall tell him ex-

actly the same story (and with the same voice) you have told to me."

So saying, the old priest made Lucille accompany him to his home, and forcing her to refresh herself less sparingly than she had yet done since she had left Malines, he gave her his blessing, and a letter to Le Kain, which he rightly judged would ensure her a patient hearing from the physician. Well-known among all men of science was the name of the priest, and a word of recommendation from him went farther; where virtue and wisdom were honored, than the longest letter from the haughtiest sieur in Flanders.

With a patient and hopeful spirit, the young pilgrim turned her back on the Roman Cologne, and now about to rejoin St. Amand, she felt neither the heat of the sun nor the weariness of the road. It was one day at noon that she again passed through Louvain, and she soon found herself by the noble edifice of the Hôtel de Ville. Proud rose its Gothic spires against the sky, and the sun shone bright on its rich tracery and Gothic casements; the broad open street was crowded with persons of all classes, and it was with some modest alarm that Lucille lowered her veil and mingled with the throng. It was easy, as the priest had said to find the house of Le Kain; she bade the servant to take the priests letter to his master, and she was not long kept waiting before she was admitted to the physician's presence. He was a spare, tall man, with a bald front, and a calm and friendly countenance. He was not less touched than the priest had been by the manner in which she narrated her story, described the affliction of her betrothed, and the hope that had inspired the pilgrimage she had just made.

"Well," said he, encouragingly, "we must see our patient. You can bring him hither to me."

"Ah, sir, I had hoped—" Lucille stopped suddenly.

"What, my young friend?"

"That I might have the triumph of bringing you to Malines. I know, sir, what you are about to say: and I know, sir, your time must be very valuable; but I am not so poor as I seem, and Eugene, that is Monsieur St. Amand, is very rich, and—and I have at Bruxelles what I am sure is a large sum; it was to have provided for the wedding, but it is most heartily at your service, sir."

Le Kain smiled; he was one of those men who love to read the human heart when its leaves are fair and undefiled; and, in the benevolence of science, he would have gone a longer journey than from Louvain to Malines to give sight to the blind, even had St. Amand been a beggar.

"Well, well," said he, "but you forget that Monsieur St. Amand is not the only one in the world who wants me. I must look at my note book, and see if I can be spared for a day or two."

So saying he glanced at his memoranda; everything smiled on Lucille: he had no engagements that his partner could not fulfil, for some days; he consented to accompany Lucille to Malines.

Meanwhile, cheerless and dull had passed the time to St Amand; he was perpetually asking Madame le Tisseur what hour it was; it was almost his only question. There seemed to him no sun in the heavens, no freshness in the air, and he even forbore his favorite music; the instrument had lost its sweetness since Lucille was not by to listen.

During Lucille's absence Julie had been constantly in Madame le Tisseur's house—indeed Lucille had prayed her to be so. She had sought, with an industry that astonished herself, to supply Lucille's place, and among the strange contradictions of human nature, she had learned, during her efforts to please, to love the objects of those efforts,—as much at least as she was capable of loving.

She conceived a positive hatred to Lucille; she persisted in imagining that nothing but the accident of first acquaintance had deprived her of a conquest with which she persuaded herself her happiness had become connected. Had St. Amand never loved Lucille, and proposed to Julie, his misfortune would have made her reject him, despite his wealth and his youth; but to be Lucille's lover, and a conquest to be won from Lucille, raised him instantly to an importance not his own. Safe, however, in his affliction, the arts and beauty of Julie fell harmless on the fidelity of St. Amand. Nay, he liked her less than ever, for it seemed an impertinence in any one to counterfeit the anxiety and watchfulness of Lucille.

"It is time, surely it is time, Madame le Tisseur, that Lucille should return. She might have sold all the lace in Malines by this time," said St. Amand one day, peevishly.

"Patience, my dear friend; patience, perhaps she may return to-morrow."

"To-morrow! let me see, it is only six o'clock; only six, you are sure?"

"Just five, dear Eugene, shall I read to you? this is a new book from Paris, it has made a great noise," said Julie.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you."

"It is anything but trouble."

"In a word, then, I would rather not."

"O! that he could see," thought Julie; "would I not punish him for this!"

"I hear carriage wheels; who can be passing this way? Surely it is the voiturier from Bruxelles," said St. Amand, starting up, "it is his day, his hour, too. No, no, it is a lighter vehicle," and he sank down listlessly on his seat.

Nearer and nearer rolled the wheels; they turned the corner; they stopped at the lowly door; and—overcome—overjoyed, Lucille was clasped to the bosom of Amand.

"Stay," said she, blushing, as she recovered her self-possession, and turned to Le Kain, "pray pardon me, sir. Dear Eugene, I have brought with me one who, by God's blessing, may yet restore you to sight."

"We must not be sanguine, my child," said Le Kain; "anything is better than disappointment."

Le Kain examined St. Amand, and the result of the examination was a confident belief in the probability of a cure. St. Amand gladly consented to the experiment of an operation; it succeeded—the blind man saw! O! what were Lucille's feelings, what her emotion, what her joy, when she found the object of her pilgrimage—of her prayers—fulfiled! That joy was so intense, that in the eternal alterations of human life she might have foretold from its excess how bitter the sorrows fated to ensue.

As soon as by degrees the patient's new sense became reconciled to the light, his first, his only demand was for Lucille. "No, let me not see her alone, let me see her in the midst of you all, that I may convince you that the heart is never mistaken in its instincts." With a fearful, a sinking presentiment, Lucille yielded to the request to which the impetuous St. Amand would hear indeed no denial. The father, the mother, Julie, Lucille, Julie's younger sisters assembled in the little parlor; the door opened, and and St. Amand stood hesitating on the threshold. One look around sufficed to him; his face brightened, he uttered a cry of joy. "Lucille! Lucille!" he exclaimed, "it is you. I know it, *you* only!" He sprang forward, *and fell at the feet of Julie!*

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

[CONTINUED.]

At breakfast time, Madame de Breuil introduced her nephew to her guests. Ernest was already acquainted with M. de Marvel. Lucien, and the Marquis de Prangy, but he had never seen either Madame de Sauvray, the canoness, nor Madame d'Aubrielle; but, as he had told himself that he ought to regard the latter with the most perfect indifference, he paid no attention to any one except her. On first seeing her, he started. Undoubtedly (at least, as she still lived in his imagination) that was exactly the figure of his unknown, the same grace in her attitude, the same lightness in her movements. By a strange coincidence, Madame d'Aubrille's light summer dress, of a bright color, and the pretty boot on her fairy foot (which he thought he had recognized), agreed with his recollections of the lady of the diligence.

"'Tis she!" he said to himself, with an incredible degree of agitation; but when she spoke, it appeared to him that it was not her voice, and he was puzzled. He looked at her again, and fancied he perceived other differences. The lady before him was perhaps not quite so tall as the other; her manner of expressing herself, her ways altogether, had less of quickness about them. Decidedly it was not his Louise. Then a movement, a word, a different inflection of her voice, made him change his opinion, and relapse into a state of uncertainty.

This alternation of doubt and perplexity gave him such a strange and bewildered air, that his aunt felt obliged to sign him to gather his wits together. Then Ernest turned to Madame de Sauvray, and entered into conversation with her. She was remarkably plain, even ugly; but her figure was good, and her ugliness was an intelligent ugliness; her title of canoness, and her full thirty years, spared her the annoyances belonging to the second period of feminine celibacy, as well as the timid scruples imposed by the first.

During the first day, Ernest was horribly "out of sorts;" being under the influence of a double, a fanciful state of feeling, he had some difficulty in understanding his own mind. Madame d' Aubrielle interested him much; her face, her figure —that indescribable charm of manner which is often a woman's chief attraction, all were exactly to his taste. Was all this admiration for her—for her alone? Was it that he still connected her with the recollection so dear to him, and which still reigned supreme in his heart, or rather in his imagination? Sometimes he had discovered the lady of his love, and then he felt inclined to throw himself at her feet, and swear eternal fidelity; but a moment afterwards, when some fresh doubt arose in his mind, he felt obliged to acknowledge that, even so, Madame d' Aubrielle was most captivating. He, however, soon discovered so much nature, so much grace,—she also had some experience in affairs of the heart, and that he need not fear being misunderstood,—that he at last made up his mind to abandon himself to the charm of her society. He said to himself that it was an absurdity to take so much trouble to make his heart and his memory agree together—that it would be wiser in him to give himself up to the enjoyment of the society of a handsome woman.

After arriving at this conclusion, Ernest appeared in his real character—that is to say, he appeared like a man of sense and wit; and Louise, who had found him hitherto stiff, starched, and cold, did him more than justice.

Thus it happened, when Ernest and Louise had proved to their own satisfaction that it was impossible they should fall in love with each other, they became amiable; and on the strength of the belief of being in no danger, they became really endangered.

At the end of eight days—shall I say with pain, or shall I say with pleasure?—but whichever way it was, at the end of eight days Ernest discovered that it was absolutely necessary Madame d' Aubrielle should prove to be one and the same person as his apocryphal heroine, under pain and penalty of causing war between his feelings and his recollection. From that time, his fidelity to his ideal became only an affair of conscience—a sort of wager with himself; and every one knows that wagers of that kind are always lost.

One evening some one mentioned a sterling company who were performing in a neighboring town the principle operas of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and even of Mozart. Lucien proposed that they should make up a party to go to hear *Don Juan*. Every one exclaimed against this, on the supposition that the performance would be very indifferent.

"That is very likely," replied Lucien, "But what does that signify? Shall I tell you what I consider the greatest charm of these admirable operas which we know by heart?

Well, then, my imagination, impregnated by the genius of these great masters, seizes hold of their compositions, comments upon them, repeats them in a thousand forms, a hundred fashions, creates for itself a type of Don Juan, of Anna, of Arnold, of Elvira, who live to supply it with charming and poetical companions. Every time that I am present at the performance of one of these harmonious poems, my cherished type is awakened within me, and presents to my imagination those beloved though unknown faces. The merit of the singers is a very secondary consideration with me; only my ideal speaks; I answer; all the rest is the accompaniment, nothing more."

"There is in this," said Ernest, "as in all other things, a mixture of truth and falsehood; but suppose now, that an imaginative man is thrown into the company of a lady, a stranger to him, owing to some uncommon circumstances, which add to the mystery and piquancy of the adventure; he is separated from this lady, without knowing who she is, or even having been able to see her face, to enable him to recognize her if he should meet her again, though his soul is full of her; suppose that this man (a little romantic if you will!) attached himself to this lady, whom he imagines to be that type of perfection which he has long dreamed of, and sought in vain, but at the end of a certain time he is brought into contact with a lady who really unites in herself all the perfections with which his imagination has endowed the stranger; that he should have time to appreciate all the qualities of her heart, the captivation of her wit; suppose also, from a combination of out-of-the-way circumstances (this is all romance), that he does not know if this lady" (here Ernest glanced towards Louise) "is or is not the person whom he has met before; if what he loves, or fancies he loves, is the reality or the remembrance,—in a word, if he is or is not faithful to the ideal of whom we have been speaking,—would he not be, at once, the most to be pitied and the most happy of men?—doubtful whether he should wish to be undeceived or to be convinced; if he ought to remember or to forget; to speak, or to be silent."

"And he will end in talking nonsense, as we have all been doing for the last half hour," said Madame de Breuil, gaily, but not before Ernest had had time to observe the agitation of Madame d 'Aubrielle. When he had spoken of a romantic and fugitive meeting a brilliant and sudden flush had overspread her face and neck, her eyes had sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, and (unintentionally, perhaps) met those of Ernest.

In consequence of this discovery, he retreated to his own apartment about an hour afterwards, almost wild with delight.

"'Tis she! 'tis really she!" he cried, rapturously; "I am sure of it—I wish it to be so! And yet may I not be deceived? Can the heart deceive itself? And so Louise is my unknown!

They are one and the same woman—the ideal and the reality. To me they are the same.

Then another consideration arose.

"But she did not recognize me! My aunt told me that she had an attachment, a mysterious attachment, like my own. Who knows if she was in love with me without knowing it, as I was with her without suspecting it? Oh, if this should prove to be the real state of affairs, I shall be crazed with happiness. To-morrow, to-morrow, I shall know all. To-day I only know that I love Louise."

Ernest went to bed, but passed a sleepless night; the next morning he dressed without bestowing a thought upon waistcoats or cravats.

To take advantage of the fine days in the beginning of September, the party at the Château de Breuil proposed a visit to the ruins of Cernie. There always is within two leagues of every château some classical ruin which it is quite necessary to visit.

Upon this occasion, as the country was so beautiful, the weather so fine, and so good a breakfast was to make part of the programme, no one chose to remain at home. It was settled then that Lucien, Le Prangy, and one or two new comers, who were sportsmen, should set out early in the morning, and bring to the place of common rendezvous all the partridges in the country. M. de Marvel, with Mesdames de Breuil and de Sauvray, were to travel prudently in their carriage. Ernest, who had taken care from the first to declare himself a sworn enemy to sporting in all its forms, was chosen to accompany Madame d' Aubrielle on horseback.

They set out at a slow pace, side by side, and were obliged at times, from the narrowness of the roads, to approach so near each other, that the veil of Madame d' Aubrielle brushed the face of her companion. Never had she appeared so beautiful to him. The hurry of setting out so early, a little confusion—embarrassment, perhaps,—had heightened her color, and given an expression to her countenance that might have turned a wiser head than that of her lover.

As Ernest and Louise had a great deal to say to each other, having settled beforehand the skillful manner in which they would conduct the inquiries whereby they were to discover what both were desirous of knowing, they of course remained a long time without speaking. Ernest could not find a word to say. This silence at length became so embarrassing and so significant, that to escape it, Madame d' Aubrielle suddenly started off at a smart canter. Ernest followed her example, and for some time they kept together. Louise was mounted on an English mare, a slender and graceful creature named Linda; she was a little skittish and hard to manage when she became animated by the quickness of her pace.

Ernest soon perceived that his fair companion was not mistress of her steed; in fact, that Linda was running away with her rider. He at once used his spurs, and, at the risk of his neck, succeeded in gaining on the runaway. Taking advantage of this lucky moment, and with agility that surprised himself, he sprang from his horse, with one hand seized Linda's bridle, and with the other caught Louise, who was nearly falling from her saddle, and thus saved her from what perhaps might have been a severe accident.

When the danger was over, they had time to look at each other. Ernest was the paler of the two. He did not at first discover that he had hurt the hand with which he had secured the bridle. Though it was a very slight wound, Louise insisted upon his dismounting again. She examined the burning hand which Ernest submitted to her inspection, and he would willingly have endured severe pain to have it so held.

All this could not take place without some confusion. Madame d' Aubrielle felt the look with which the young man was gazing on her, and not daring to raise her eyes, she stammered something, she knew not what, wishing to thank him for preserving her life; but fearing she would say too much she let him understand by her silence.

At last, as Ernest was really suffering considerable pain, they agreed to leave their steeds at a shooting-lodge, belonging to Madame de Breuil; they then continued their route on foot, Ernest making the most of his misfortune, in order to enjoy the happiness of the expressed pity of his beautiful companion.

It was an enchanting moment; the terror they had both felt, the devotion of Ernest in risking his life to save hers the loneliness and quietness around them, all assisted in heightening the charm.

"Never mount a horse again, unless I am with you," said Ernest, in a tender tone, his voice trembling.

"With you should I be free from danger then?" she asked whilst she felt, by the pressure of the wounded arm, that danger indeed was not over yet.

When they got out of the woods at Chayles, a delightful landscape presented itself to their eyes. Before them lay a large tract of pasture land which might have been described as a carpet of green velvet, covered with flowers, extending its gentle slopes to the foot of the hill. At the sight of the meadows, Louise clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh daisies!" she cried; "my favorite flowers! my dear friends!"

Leaving Ernest, she ran here and there, gathering the tiny blossoms where they grew thickest and looked most fresh.

"What! you love daisies?" demanded Ernest, more agitated and more happy than before.

"Indeed I do," she replied; "and I seldom lose the opportunity of obtaining a bouquet when they come in my way.

Then, all at once, a cloud appeared on her beautiful brow.

"I love them," she continued, in a slightly melancholy tone "Ought I to love them, and ought I to tell you I do so?" There is, somewhere in the world a bunch of daisies which would embarrass me not a little if presented to me to-day.

"You believe that?" said Ernest. "Well, to conjure away the remembrance, let us gather another bouquet."

This was soon done.

"Shall we question them together?" said Louise, with a pretty smile.

"Ay, lady; but first let us question these," said Ernest

He drew forth a withered bunch of flowers; some of the leaves were preserved.

"This bouquet—what is it? Mine!" she exclaimed. "Can it be possible? Three years ago—that night; it was you—you, Ernest and the memory of that night intervenes between us now!"

"Only to unite us," said Ernest. "And now, for pity's sake, Louise, not a word, not an explanation more, for if I have deceived myself—if we have both been deceived by some illusion—if we are obliged to renounce, by more certainty, our present happiness——"

"Rest satisfied. Do I wish to be undeceived?" murmured Louise, with blushing cheeks.

At this moment they heard the sound of wheels; as the carriage approached containing Madame de Breuil, who soon perceived them, and who, at the first glance, felt that her most anxious wish was about to be fulfilled. She accosted them in a sportive manner.

"Well, children, what have you asked those flowers?" she said, "and what have they replied?"

"They have confessed a secret," replied Ernest.

"And what is it about?" demanded his aunt.

"The way to be happy," said Ernest, and he raised the hand of Louise to his lips. But whether that hand was the one that gave him the bunch of daisies we have yet to see.

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THE HAND OF GOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.

The noblest view we can take of this world is, undoubtedly, that it has always been under the hand of its Creator, and has never for one moment slipped from under His control. In this light we shall endeavor to show that, inferior as many religions may be, compared to the light we enjoy, the world would have been much worse without them. And that, instead of their being the work of some Arch Fiend opposed to God and progress, they have been His agencies for lifting the world a step higher, restraining its barbarism, and trimming the rough, coarse natures of their followers into something more humane.

In looking at these religions, the proper way is not to ask how much is there beautiful or true in them, but what was the condition of the people before they came. And then we shall not only see that they were as good as those people could receive, but that no wise being would, under the circumstances, have tried to force upon them any better kind.

Take, for instance, the Hindoo religion. Here we have a faith that was evidently made for its believers. It is just as much all-of-a-piece with their natures, as a negro's black skin is all-of-a-piece with his woolly head and thick lips. Like all undeveloped races, they are incapable of understanding how one God could manage all things, and their religion is adapted to this weakness by its theory of a multitude of inferior deities who attend to humanity between them. In their character they are inclined to the mystic and the unnatural, and their religion is full of fantastic revolting and impossible legends, incarnations, transmigrations and everything calculated to take hold upon and influence such half-developed minds. For their heaven, it promises them transitions through the bodies of inferior animals until they are finally swallowed up and absorbed into the great Deity itself; while its threats of punishment for evil are just as animal. To a Hindoo this is the most natural Heaven or Hell he could be charmed or frightened with.

If the inferior religions of the earth have been raised up by Providence at all, the main object must be to control and restrain mankind from gross evils by appealing to their low natures with something that charms or terrifies them. The point is, therefore, not to teach them pure truth, for that they could not understand, but to set up an ideal something that shall act as a controlling influence over their minds and keep them in check. This is attained in the Hindoo religion. It promises them for good a heaven on a level with their conceptions of progress; and holds them from evil by a class of threats calculated to strike the most fear into their natures. And this is the only way mankind can be governed in their low conditions. They must be promised fantastic and impossible heavens; just as we promise children trees and houses made of gold and silver, "when our ship comes home." On the other hand, they must be terrified from committing evil by a Devil just as we frighten little ones with "Old Bogie."

This the Hindoo religion, in effect, does. Under its influence the swarming myriads of Hindostan are kept in order and pass a comparatively peaceful existence.

Even the distinction of "caste," so horrible to higher-class minds, is to this infantile race a positive blessing.

Excepting among such as the Brahmins, they are a tame, soulless, servile, mechanical race, without ambition, that need to be handled by machinery and put into their places, and have trades, calling heavens, and hells provided for them; and this their religion does. They would be helpless as babes without that great system of religious government which Providence has prepared for them.

As an indication of what they need, and of how far it would have been wise in God to have raised up anything superior to what they have, it may be mentioned that, while they have a special trinity of gods, one of whom they consider no less than the Creator and Preserver of all things, and another, Sivia the Destroyer—the hateful and devilish "Destroyer" is more universally worshipped by them than any other power. This may be through fear; but it gives us an idea what kind of souls they possess for sensing the value of divine truth. Imagine the Almighty sending such a gospel as Christ's, with its self-abnegation, humility, and love, to such a race—and more than that, imagine Him expecting them to believe it or be damned!

By a contrast of this kind, we can see how wisely adapted is the sensual religion of Hindostan to its votaries. If any one wants to see this adaptation still more, let him study the Hindoo character, and try and imagine what kind of a religion could control the masses of India and suit them as well, was the present one to be swept out of existence. And they will come to the conclusion that the flaming zealots of Hindoism, who have arisen from time to time, and have so impressed the Hindoo mind with its divinity as to spread it over such myriads of people, with force sufficient to last through so many ages, must not only have been influenced and aided by a power superior to themselves, but by one that desired to bless that people with a system suited to their necessities.

If this is true of the Hindoo religion, how true is it of the Mohammedan faith. It found the wild tribes of the East cursed with perpetual hostilities between themselves; and sunk, moreover, in the depths of idolatry. Out of this condition, it lifted them into national unity, and made them feel as though they were of one blood. And though it did not teach them to love all the world—for they were not ready for that doctrine then, it made them at least love those who were of their own faith—previous to which time, they loved none but their special tribe or family and hated the rest of the world. So far, therefore, it extended their human sympathies, and raised them in the scale of being.

With all the imperfections of the Mohammedan faith, we are bold to say that no other religion could get as much good out of the Turkish and Arabian character. By appealing to their sensual and imaginative natures, and representing them as the only people of God, and all the rest of mankind as devilish and heretical, it inflamed their zeal and secured their zealous coöperation; and ensured, moreover, their obedience to the truth it did contain. With very much that is below our standard, the Mohammedan religion contains many excellent principles. It teaches generosity, cleanliness, temperance and prayer. It presents just the very principles that the Turkish nature can sense as divine, and omits those which are above it. If all the angelic world had set itself to devise a religion that would be acceptable to their nature—and would compel obedience to the little light they could receive—to our feeble judgment, they could not have devised a better than that presented to them by Mohammed. It lifted them out of idolatry into a belief in One God. It cemented their feelings in kinship, and extended their sympathies to humanity just as far as they had growth

of soul to stretch them; and gave them just as high conceptions of sacred things as their spiritual faculties could appreciate. Without such a religion, it is evident they would certainly be twice as uncivilized as they are.

Hence, do we contend that God raised up Mohammed, and allowed him to be worked upon by certain influences which his grand imaginative nature interpreted as he did. And he came forth with a consciousness of a mission that bore all before it, and touched the rude Arabian heart. He was no imposter. He brought but a very imperfect scheme; but it was a far more saving gospel to that people than a higher one, because it taught principles within their reach.

To the ignorant and narrow mind, every other religion but its own is of the Devil. All that God has done for humanity in its babyhood, because it is not of so high a tone as it can sense itself, it traces to the same diabolical personage. All the ignorance and backwardness of mankind it ascribes to an insane desire on their part to fight God Almighty. Such people, of course, can trace God's hand in nothing but what concerns their own faith. To tell them that spiritual power was employed to give influence to any Gospel lower than that of Jesus is absurd; simply because they do not understand that God adapts his providence to the condition of the human race. To them God has but one gospel; and, choke or feed; it has to be swallowed by everybody whether they are of the same size or not. How grandly alongside of this narrowness stands the conception of Joseph Smith, that God has in a future life prepared states of happiness on a level with the aspirations and ambitions of every man's soul. If this be true of a future state, why should we not expect that the same wise and loving policy of Deity has been carried out in this life in providing religious governments adapted to the varied conditions of the world; and that He sent forth spiritual power to establish such movements on a level with the character of each work; so as to give them sufficient influence and make them permanent and lasting.

Such a view, anyway, reveals God as a grand provider for humanity; and when we discover His wisdom in the adaptation of Mohammedanism or any other system to earth's children, we are filled with hallelujahs and praise to Him whose tender mercies are as wide as humanity, deep as their necessities and lasting as all time.

HOW THE EARTH WAS BUILT.

OR, PLAIN TALKS ON THE SCIENCES.

No. 4.

It is only a few years ago that people generally believed that the earth was one great mass of rocks and earth thrown together on the same principle that one would build up a dust-heap. It is true that in boring or tunneling through the earth's crust, it was observed that the rocks were piled in layers or strata, one above another; but it was not supposed that there was any particular method in the way in which they were arranged.

In course of time, however, it was discovered that, unless the earth had been unnaturally disturbed by an eruption of some kind, these layers succeeded each other with unvarying regularity. If, for instance, we call that kind of rock nearest the surface A, the next B, and the third C, it was discovered that, wherever the earth was penetrated, A was always at the top, B below it, and C below that again And what was more remarkable, that, although in some places a layer might be missing, those layers that remained were always found in the regular order. Thus, if C was missing, A was still at the top and B below it.

This led to the question—How does this come about?—Was the earth built in layers like a large orange, with one peeling put on over the other? Men asked this question, but could get no certain answer till they got it from the rocks themselves. They examined these layers and found to their surprise that between each of them were more or less of the remains of fish, animals and plants, etc.,—many of them of a kind entirely unknown on the present suface of the globe. They found not only the remains of fish between these strata of the earth, but shells and other evidences that between the times of the piling up of each layer, the ocean had washed over the then surface of the globe.

Here comes the answer, then: The Earth was, evidently once somewhat smaller than it is now, and had had a great many surfaces. That layer which is now the farthest down in the bowels of the earth, was once the outer surface of our globe. Upon that surface, some kind of creatures existed before they were covered up by the next layer. This, in turn, had upon its surface another class of living creatures that lived and died, and after long periods were also buried up by the strata that followed it.

Thus layers or strata succeeded one another, each with its different classes of living beings, until the present surface upon which we live was produced, and the present races and classes of animal and vegetable life were placed upon it.

This, in a few words, is a rough history of how the world was built, as told by the rocks themselves; and it is more reliable than a history of any other kind; just as a house, if took carefully to pieces, would tell how it was put together better than any history of its erection found in a book.

One curious fact connected with this story of the rocks is that, while remains of almost every variety of animal, plant or fish can be found imbedded in the lower regions of our globe, no clear evidences of men having existed before the formation of the present surface of the earth can be discovered. And one of the sweetest and most harmonious revelations that these rocks bring to light is that, while every huge and extravagantly formed kind of creature flourished before man's day, the kind and loving Deity that governs us all, prepared the way for man by sweeping them all away before his advent; while He brought with man just such a class of animals and trees and plants as would be pleasant to his sight and more suitable companions for his times. Here, as in all true science, we have a revelation of God's love.

WELCOME TO SUMMER.

BY J. BURROWS.

Thrice welcome, thou fair Goddess of the year,
With all thy splendor and thy bright array,
And joys ineffable; thrice welcome here,
Ascend thy throne—resume thy peaceful sway.

The May-queen has departed with her train
Of sweet delights; but on each passing breeze
The gentle zephyrs strike their harps again,
While feathered songsters warble in the trees.

Most glorious summer! I will tune my lyre
And join the chorus Nature's self doth sing,
To bid thee welcome, for thyself inspires
Creation with the music thou dost bring.

The rivulets that leave their mountain side,
Like streams of glittering silver to the view,
Dance, and sing "Welcome," as they onward glide
To fructify, to season and renew.

Come, fill our vales, revivify and cheer
Each downcast soul, and to each mind impart
New faith and hope, and chase away all fear
From every aching, sad, desponding heart.

CHARLEMAGNE,

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

We now come to the greatest man of the middle ages. He was eminently of the imperial type, yet, like as some priests blend in themselves the character of the warrior and the empire-founder, so Charlemagne blended in himself the king and the priest. He came, as we have seen, of a priestly family; and hence, he had much of the priestly bias. He loved learning, was the magnificent patron of learned men, and as much a creator of popes and bishops, as of the temporal lords of his empire. He was moreover not only the founder of the new western empire to succeed that of the Constantines then in decay, but also the prophet of a new civilization. We have in our biographical encyclopedia given views of the barbaric chaos in Europe, which succeeded the decline of the Roman empire, and found that, during that night of the Christian world, the Mohammedans almost alone represented civilization. But a new family of nations had now grown up, the states of Europe had become consolidated, and France ranked as the eldest son of the Church. The time had therefore come not only for a new western empire, but also for a new civilization to spring up in Europe at once possessing the vigor of young races; and also the imperial classicality of the old Roman. This civilization was to be levened by the Christian faith, and as much of the spirit of Jesus as fierce warlike nations in primitive times could be expected to embody. Some great representative man was therefore necessary to arise at this period, representative both of Christendom as an imperial power, and Christendom as a new civilization. The man was forthcoming. Providence had him prepared: the Heavens brought up for their work of human progress, the magnificent Charlemagne, greater than whom of his type there perhaps was never born. He was not exactly a Cæsar nor a converted Constantine nor a Napoleon: he was, as we have typed him, more of an imperial prophet, yet very different to the Mohammed class. This strange blending as observed undoubtedly grew out of the priestly character and bias of his family.

And just here, we are brought to another of the providential methods manifested in human progress in the coming up of Alfred the Great from the Saxon race, so soon after the days of Charlemagne. He, too, was a prophet of the new civilization, and when England, as well as France, Germany and Italy, had become imbued with the spirit of that civilization, then the world may be said to have fairly started on its grander course, the culmination of which we are finding now in the "Latter-days." But there was one more fusion necessary: it was that remarkable blending of the two most powerful, yet somewhat opposite races in the conquest of England by the mighty William. After that period, the civilization of the world was led by the most western nations known now as Great Britain. These are the movements of Providence now before us, commencing with Charlemagne, founder of the empires of Germany and France.

After the death of Pepin le Bref, his sons Charles the Great and Charloman were crowned and, for a time, divided the sway; but Charloman dying, his brother Charles the Great, known as Charlemagne, united the empire in himself. He found his opportunity as dictator of the world in the contest between Didier, king of the Lombards, and Adrian the First, who was the ninety-ninth pope.

The ambitious Charlemagne who, from his accession, seems to have contemplated the foundation of a vast empire of the West, listened to the invitation of the Romans and engaged himself to the Pope to pass the Alps with his soldiers and redeem from the Lombards the cities which his father Pepin had conferred on St. Peter as his patrimony.

Didier, king of the Lombards, resolved to seize by force the person of the pope, which Adrian learning by intelligence from his spies, he assembled troops to defend Rome; after which he wrote to the king of the Lombards, conjuring him by the divine mysteries not to advance upon the territory of the Church, at the same time, menacing him with the thunders of St. Peter. Finding Rome in a state of defence, Didier dared not a regular siege; but ravaged the neighboring country. Charlemagne's preparations of war now alarmed the Lombard king, and he hastened to inform the mighty protector of St. Peter that he was willing to give entire satisfaction to the Holy See; but the ambassadors of France at the court of Rome rejected these propositions, and without waiting the reply of their master, solemnly declared war against Didier. The army of Charlemagne thereupon passed into Italy and blockaded Pavia, while the Lombards of Rieti, Spoletti Ossino, Ancona and Folegiri, frightened at the formidable invasion of the Franks, humbled themselves to the court of Rome.

During the siege of Pavia, Charlemagne made a journey to Rome to assist at the celebration of Easter, whereupon the magistrates of the city, the militia, the clergy and the children of the schools bearing branches of rose and olive trees, met the French monarch, and marched before him singing hymns. As soon as Charlemagne perceived the crosses and banners of the procession, he, with his lords, dismounted and advanced on foot to the church of St. Peter, where the pope, surrounded by his priests and deacons, awaited him on the sill of the temple. The conqueror bent and kissed the steps of the sacred church, and embraced the pontiff; and then, hand in hand, Charlemagne and Pope Adrian entered the church and prostrated themselves at the tomb of the chief of the Apostles.

Charlemagne, during his stay at Rome, caused a deed to be executed and deposited on the altar of St. Peter, by which the Church became possessed, as gifts from Pepin of France, and his sons, of the Isle of Carso, the cities of Barti, Reggio and Mantua, the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces of Venice and Istria, and the duchies of Spoletto and Beneventum. Thus we see how the temporal possessions of the Romish Church originated and increased through the gifts of the magnificent family of Charlemagne who were something more than mere secular kings, who were in fact the very embodiment of the new empire of Christendom, growing out of the family of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, which was at once famous for its Saints, its sovereign princes, and its imperial Charlemagne.

The king of the Franks, after his first visit to Rome, set out for his camp at Pavia, and completed his victory over Didier king of the Lombards whom he sent a prisoner into France; after which he made his second visit to Rome. "Then," says Mazery, "the pope, followed by one hundred and fifty bishops, whom he had called around him to render the ceremony more imposing, advanced to the front of the palace of the Lateran, and, in the presence of an immense crowd, bestowed upon the prince the title of patrician, the first dignity of the empire. He conferred upon him the right of investing bishops within his States, and even of nominating popes, in order to put an end to the cavals and disorders of the elections." Italian historians affirm that Charlemagne renounced this prerogative, reserving the right of confirming the nominations, as the Greek Church had done. The new western empire, occupying the same relations to the Church as that of the Cæsars before, was now fairly in existence.

On his second visit to Rome, Charlemagne visited all the holy places, and the priests made the sacred vaults

resound with Hosannahs in honor of the conqueror of the Lombards.

Charlemagne now returned to France to commence his wars in Spain against the Saracens, and in Germany against the Saxons, to convert them to Christianity. The terrible character of his religious wars with the Saxons may be gathered from the one famous item that he caused four thousand of the Saxons to be put to death in one day for their determined refusal to submit to the ordinance of baptism.

During the year 781, Charlemagne having finished his wars with the Saracens and Saxons, paid his third visit to Rome to return thanks and have his youngest son Charloman crowned king of Italy, and the young prince was baptized with the name of Pepin.

The great controversy of the image smashing again, at about this time, occupied the chief attention of the Christian world, upon which the Greek and Latin churches were divided. Constantine, the Greek emperor, and his mother, the empress Irene, yielded to Pope Adrian, and resumed image worship, while, very singular to note, Charlemagne, the founder of the new empire of the west, threw his weight against the Christian idolatry. This grand apostle of empire and civilization, trembled not at the thunders of the pope but sought to establish among the bishops of the West an enlightened unity of the faith throughout his kingdom, and put an end to the quarrels of his bishops. He, therefore, convoked a council of prelates, presiding over his provinces, to the number of three hundred, who assembled at his residence at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to whom were added three hundred monks besides the principal lords of the imperial court. Charlemagne presided, and astonished the Council with his eloquence and theological discussions. He next addressed a synodical epistle to the ecclesiastics of Spain, which will, in itself, illustrate Charlemagne in his character as an imperial apostle:

"We are profoundly touched, lords bishops, by the oppressions which the infidel causes you to endure; but we suffer a still greater affliction from the error which reigns among you, and which has forced us to assemble a council of all the prelates of our kingdom, to declare the orthodox faith on the adoption of the flesh of Jesus Christ.

"We have examined your writings with profound attention, and your objections have been discussed, article by article, in the synod. Each bishop, in our presence, has had full liberty to express his opinion, and, by the aid of God, this important question is finally decided.

"I conjure you, however, to embrace our confession of faith in the spirit of peace, and not to elevate your doctrines above the decision of the universal church.

"Previous to the scandal to which you have given rise by the error of the adoption, we loved you as our brethren; the uprightness of your belief consoled us in your temporal servitude, and we had resolved to free you from the oppression of the Saracens.

"Do not, then, deprive yourselves of the participation of our prayers and our aid; for if, after the admonition of the pope and the warnings of the council, you do not renounce your error, we shall regard you as heretics, and shall not dare to have further communication with you.

"As to the proposition submitted to our judgment, on the new synod held at Constantinople, in which it was ordained, under penalty of anathema, to render to the images of saints, the worship and adoration rendered to the divine Trinity, the fathers of our assembly have rejected this sacrilegious doctrine as impious, and reject the judgment of the court of Rome."

FABULOUS HISTORY OF ROME CONSIDERED.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

In our researches into the origin and early history of the Romans, we find that their early writers drew as largely upon their imaginations as did the writers of all the olden nations of antiquity, the story of Romulus and Remus is but a burlesque on common sense, and never could have been received but by an ignorant and barbarous people. It is now a matter of great doubt, among historians, whether such persons as Romulus and Remus ever existed. Some ancient historians, especially those of Greek origin, contend that a party of Trojans escaping from their beleaguered city, took shipping and started out on the hunt for a land far removed from their mighty and warlike neighbors, the Greeks, where they could hope to live in peace. They finally sailed up the Tiber and went ashore to hunt for food and to have a good time generally. A bold and daring woman named "Roma," wife of one of the Trojan Refugees, tired of being cooped up on shipboard, influenced the female members of the expedition to set the ships on fire in the absence of their male friends, who had by this time got tired of inactivity, and were about reëmbarking to continue their search for a better land. In those rude times the women performed almost all of the manual labor, and they found that a migratory life was, of all others, the worst for them. The men upon discovering what had been done, and finding also that all their "woman-kind" were alike guilty, although very wroth at the trick played upon them, concluded to accept of the olive branch held out to them by their wives and sisters, who, to appease them, made free use of tears, and all those blandishments that have rendered the sex invincible in all ages. The necessity of their circumstances obliged them to have recourse to the cultivation of the soil for their support. The land being fruitful, and the climate not to be complained of, they not only became reconciled to their lot, but were hugely pleased, and upon laying out a city called it "Roma," in honor of the cunning lady who had so effectually spoiled their chance of maratime explorations.

Notwithstanding that the Greek historians, in their endeavors to render the Greek name immortal by claiming to be the originators and first founders of the mighty Roman States, fixed up the most reasonable story to that end. Troubadores and minstrels—the first compilers of tradition—rejected any such easily accounted for origin as that of actual men and actual women having been driven by distress to the banks of the Tiber, and thus becoming the founders of so great a power, and chose rather, that origin that was based upon the ideal and marvelous. The most moderate among them claiming that the god Mars begat Romulus by Ilia, daughter of Æneas and Lavinia, two celebrated characters. But all ardent lovers of the marvelous swallowed without grimace the fable that "Tarchetius," king of the Albans, once discovered a huge Phantom rising up out of his hearth. This unwelcome presence showing no disposition to leave, the oracles of the goddess Tethys was consulted, who answered that some virgin must accept the embraces of the Phantom, the fruit whereof should be a son, eminent for good fortune and great strength of body. Tarchetius ordered his daughter to entertain the apparition. She, declining, sent her maid, who, proving more fruitful than the goddess expected, bore two sons instead of one. After many ups and downs, those two miraculously begotten children were finally set afloat upon the waters of the Tiber. The trough in which they were placed ran ashore where Rome now stands. A she wolf took upon herself the duties of wet-nurse, while the duty of general provider was performed by a woodpecker—a sacred bird of the gods.

It is humiliating to the intelligence of the age in which we live, that historians of our own times will not endeavor to burst asunder this veil of tradition, and procure for us some facts, instead of leaving the subject involved in such a mass of nonsense, folly and trash. Imagine for a moment what would be the answers of a class of juvenile students of history of our day, if catechised upon the origin of Rome:

Pedagogue.—Who founded Rome?
Juvenile.—Romulus and Remus.
Ped.—Who begot Romulus and Remus?
Juv.—A Ghost.
Ped.—Who performed the part of a mother to Romulus and Remus?
Juv.—A She-wolf.
Ped.—Who provided food for them in their infancy?
Juv.—A Woodpecker.

Great honor is due to that daring writer, Clodius, who, in his "Amendations of Chronology," affirms that all of the ancient records of Rome were destroyed when the Gauls, under Bremus, sacked and burnt the city, three hundred and sixty years after its foundation; and that those which are now shown as such were forged in favor of some ambitious Romans, who wanted to stretch their lineage as far back as possible, and thus be able to deduce it from names covered with (fabulous) glory.

The probability is that some daring freebooter of those rude and warlike days, gathered around him a strong force of "free-companions," and made war upon various petty nationalities in his vicinity, taking captives, and making the maids, wives or concubines, and reducing the males to slavery; this laying in the foundation of Rome a strong stratagetic point to occupy and fortify as a place of safe deposit for the spoils taken in their forays, to which they could return and rest in safety, when wearied with their hunts for prey, would be one of the first measures of an intelligent military leader.

Europe, at that time, was in possession of innumerable petty nationalities. The Greeks, Phœnecians and Carthagenians were all great colonizers, and innumerable colonies of those hardy maratime explorers dotted the Adriatic, the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of Europe, while the vast interior was in the precarious possession of numerous offshoots of most of the nomadic tribes of Asiatic and European Tartary. The disintegrated state of society was exceedingly favorable to rapine and plunder, by a bold and able leader of "Free-Companions." How much more reasonable to suppose that the foundation of Rome, the then-to-be future mistress of the world, was laid in this manner, than that two (human) cubs of a she-wolf should have that honor—if honor it be?

Of course, in the foregoing, it is not for one moment assumed that any modern historians preserve the she-wolf story but to illustrate the profound darkness in which the origin of Rome is enwrapped. That is well enough understood; the point in the mind of the writer is to show that there is no necessity to present the early history of Rome as hopelessly involved in fable, when a natural and reasonable origin growing out of the well understood condition of those times lies close at hand.

CONSUMPTION.

BY JINGO, C. B. & R. S.

This is a subject that comes home to every man's bosom. It is evident to the most casual observer, that most people consume more or less. We have traveled a great deal by land and by sea. We have journeyed over the great plains repeatedly, have seen the representatives of almost every clime beneath the sun.

I've traveled East, I've traveled West,
And I've been o'er the main;
Have borne the stranger's frown, and worse,
Have traveled home again.

and our conclusion has been, after mature deliberation, that all people eat more or less, either singly, in couples, or *en masse*. The intelligent reader naturally inquires why do people eat? The philosopher informs you with a grand flourish that it is because "it is necessary to supply the depletion of the system." This is a direct evasion—a cruel subterfuge. When we come to consider that at a very moderate computation one eight part of a man's whole life is expended in eating. The philosophical mind of the intelligent reader naturally demands a more comprehensive answer. There must be more than one reason for such a universal disposition throughout the world to almost incessantly gorge themselves, and there is. Some eat from compulsion, but the vast majority because they can't help it. We put this in plain terms in order that even the editor may understand it.

Dear reader, have the patience to follow us through a few figures. We observed, on a former occasion, that "figures can't lie;" as there may be individuals who failed to see this statement we reiterate it, *figures don't lie*. The reader may place the utmost confidence in the ensuing calculations, which are based upon actual ocular observations; and have been made with great care,—no pains nor expense having been spared to insure their accuracy. We will take for instance a man of ordinary consumptive capacity consumes say 7½ lbs. of food at each meal, however as we do nothing by halves, we will call it 8lbs. or to facilitate calculations we will call it, in round numbers, 10 lbs. Say, for instance, he devours 1 lb. of Sirloin, (we have known an individual to eat 5 lbs., but do not wish to base our calculations on extremes), also 4 medium sized potatoes, averaging say ½lb. each, making in all, 2lbs. of potatoes; of other vegetables such as cabbage, carrots, onions, peas, beans, etc. at a moderate computation, say 2lbs.; of bread, cake, pie, etc., 1lb.; of fluids, taking the year through, say 2½lbs., (in summer, much more), the ½lb. of which we will throw off, as we wish to avoid the use of *vulgar* fractions. Total, 8lbs., or in round numbers (we always prefer round numbers even in g–astronomy), say 10lbs. (Our own appetite being somewhat delicate, we have taken it as a standard. It is true we don't eat much at once, but like to have our meals regularly.) These 10lbs. are consumed, say, three times per diem., (in England, it is customary to eat much oftener.) This would make 30 lbs. per day, or in 365 days, 10950lbs., or, in round numbers, say 11000lbs., which make 5½ tons, or, in round numbers, 6 tons per annum. A temperate man who merely consumes this amount of food at regular intervals, would probably live to the age of 75 years; and, during that time, would manage to place himself outside of 450 tons, or say, in round numbers, 500 tons of food. This food, at 10 cts. per pound, the average price of beef and flour, would amount precisely to the snug little sum of $100,000. *Ergo*, when a man pays a dollar a meal and a dollar a bed for seventy-five years, he is regularly and systematically swindled out of exactly $9,600 by proprietors of boarding houses and hotels. We make it a rule never to visit such places as long as we have a friend in comfortable circumstances.

When we contemplate the fact that a medium sized individual, of average mental calibre, consumes in the course of an ordinary lifetime, say 166⅔ tons of solid food, and twice that amount of liquid food, making jointly 500 tons—to which must be added about four tons, for the extra amount usually eaten on fast days. We reiterate, gentle reader! when we behold such a man, and consider what he has passed though—and what has passed through him—and observe his rotundity and healthy aspect, and when we reflect that he is a self-made man, we are constrained to exclaim with the poet, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."

[The intelligent reader will find this subject amply ventilated in our work on "Ramifications of the Human System," page 365, vol. 9.]

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MINE! IN LIFE OR IN DEATH.

No sooner had Donna Clara Garcia ordered from her house, in her wrath, the man for whom she would have given her life, than she would have given almost that life to unsay her words.

"No, no, Farinelli, I did not mean it; your cruel charges wrung my words from me."

"Donna Clara, I leave your house. You shall see me no more."

But the Spanish lady threw herself between him she loved and the door to interrupt his exit. He attempted to pass her, but she threw herself imploringly upon her knees. He attempted to raise her to remove her from his path, but she clung to him as she would have clung to life.

"No, no, Farinelli, you shall not; you shall not leave me thus. You shall not leave me to return no more."

"Donna Clara, you have ordered me from your house. I but wait to obey you."

"Forgive me! Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Farinelli!" and still she clung to him in her distraction, for she feared, did he leave her now, it would be forever.

As a ship tossed at the mercy of the storm, is woman when the whole yearning of her life is crowded into the span of a moment's distraction. Her love is to her *everything*—not a fragment of her world. No wonder, then, that she clings to its object with a tenacity that knows not the logic of reason when the logic of her feelings overwhelms all. No wonder that even the good woman clings to a bad man—her husband—to the last breath; and no wonder that Donna Clara, a Spanish woman whose very essence was passion, should cling to Farinelli to prevent him from leaving her forever. We have nought to urge for the proprieties, but simply tell the story of Donna Clara Garcia, whose life has its tragedy as terrible as any which she had represented upon the stage.

But Farinelli had been somewhat playing a part, for he had determined to wring from the *prima donna* her knowledge of the retreat of Terese, and her ordering him from the house had given him the opportunity to be cruel.

"Rise, Donna Clara. I will not leave you thus, if you will tell me where my foster-sister is."

"I will; I will on one condition," she answered, rising.

"Name it, lady."

"Promise me that *she* shall never be your wife." The lady, it will be remembered, had exacted a similar promise from Terese.

"I promise you, Donna Clara; and I do it sincerely."

"But swear by all your hopes of salvation."

"I swear by all my hopes of salvation, that I will never seek to make my foster-sister my wife. I had already resolved it."

"Then I will tell you: she is in Paris with Spontini."

"Thank God. Then my foster-sister is safe."

"And now, Farinelli, you will return again. You will return again; will you not?"

"I must first seek my foster-sister, Donna Clara."

"No, no; go not to her. Oh, go not to her!"

"I must; but believe me, I shall not forget this night's scene. Lady, you have touched my heart. I dare say no more. Let us end this interview; and may heaven bless you."

"And you, Farinelli; may heaven bless you! We shall meet again in Paris."

They parted. The Spanish lady had more than half won the object of her life, and she returned to her gay party with a hopeful heart.

"Gentlemen, I am engaged for Paris."

"For Paris!"

"Leave Rome!"

"And upon such a triumph?"

Such were the acclamations which met this sudden announcement.

"May I hope for the pleasure of your company, Donna Clara? for I, too, go to Paris," observed the Marquis Baglioni.

"Delightful, Marquis. I accept the offer. And now, gentlemen, let us renew the festivities of the night. And then for Paris."

The party broke up at three in the morning. Their gifted hostess did all she could to keep up the spirits of her guests; but the gentlemen were evidently not pleased with the *prima donna's* announcement of an engagement for Paris.

Donna Clara felt much relieved when her guests had departed; for she was sick at heart with the brilliant nothings of the evening which her admirers had poured into her ears. One moment of passionate affection from Farinelli would have been to her worth a lifetime of admiration from noble gallants, whose favors she looked upon merely as a woman of the world. But to Farinelli, she was a woman of heart; and, after his call and the passionate scene that night with him, she ached to be alone with her thoughts.

When she had retired to her chamber, she approached a crucifix which stood upon the table near her bedside. She gazed upon it wistfully and seemed as though she felt a great impulse to fall on her knees before it and vent her heart in supplication, for love at that moment made her more religious; it purified her of some of the dross of her nature. But the spirit of an earthly passion triumphed over the gentler feeling, and the angel of evil drove from her presence the angel of good. She fell not before the crucifix. She took it in her hand not for a prayer, but for a great oath to which her whole being gave fearful response.

"Farinelli," she said, apostrophising the absent one, "You have sworn to me, to-night, by your hopes of salvation that *she* shall never be your wife. My oath shall now be added to yours. By this awful symbol of our church, I swear that you shall be mine! In life or in death, you shall be mine! At the altar or in the grave, my hand shall be your link."

And the Spanish woman kissed the crucifix. That solemn oath the angel of fate recorded.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A NEW MATING IN SIR RICHARD'S FAMILY.

We must return now to the Courtneys, whom we left in great trouble by the stern decision of the conscience of the two families that the Jewess and the Christian must not mate.

But not alone had come this decision. There was, as we have noted, by the united canceling of the betrothal between Walter Templar and Eleanor Courtney, a thorough disarrangement of the entire family intentions. Nor did the towering barrier of religions and races, which had, by the appearing of Isaac Ben Ammon into the action, so suddenly come between our hero and heroine bring about a return to the old engagements of the Courtney family. The betrothal once canceled with such conscientious solemnity in the minds of the cousins, it could never be reconfirmed, Walter Templar was the last man whom Eleanor Courtney would now have chosen to wed. She would as soon have thought of marrying her own brother as Walter. Indeed in renouncing the marriage engagement, he became to her precisely as an only brother. The very sanctity of the past relations made him more than a cousin, and their early associations and attachments confirmed the brother-and-sisterhood of their nature and family which existed between them.

There were also other phases of the case, as it now stood between Walter and Eleanor. A sense of pride and love had entered into the maiden's mind. To have married her to Walter would have humbled, not exalted, her. As we have said, Eleanor possessed the same lofty conscientious character as Walter, and it must be confessed the same touch therein of imperiousness. She was not haughty in a petty sense, but she had all that pride and dignity of sense which is so strongly marked in the old English aristocracy, who would torture their own hearts or go to the block, as became the peerage of a lofty nation, but not relax to save their heart from the torture or their necks from the headsman's stroke. This was remarkably illustrated by Elizabeth of England, when she signed the death-warrant of her petted Essex, which called forth from Henry the Great of France, the eulogy that Elizabeth alone could perfectly play the sovereign and it was also illustrated by Charles I, who would not, to Cromwell and the High Commission court, bend his dignity to save his head. Now, Eleanor Courtney possessed this same sense of lofty propriety and she would not have consented to the renewal of the betrothal with her cousin Walter, even had she loved him with the love that woman is capable of feeling for the one whom she is destined to find either in this or another life as her mate everlastingly. Had she deemed Walter that one, she would now have refused him until he had come round to feel that *she* was his other half—his necessary link for self-completement. Had she felt him *hers* in this sense, still she would have given him to Terese, under the circumstances, leaving it to the hereafter to bring about the eternal union of spiritual fitness, when the crossed circumstances of this life are swept away and the self-parts come together as though all things had a pre-ordination. It is thus

somehow or other that women of fine sentiments everywhere philosophise touching their yearnings for their *own mates*, when they find crosses in their love or unfitness in their marriages. And in this matter, though they may not be so practically sound as men, they are more sentimentally wise.

But the revocation of the betrothal had brought Eleanor Courtney to the subject of love in its positive phases. In questioning her own heart closely, she found that she loved Walter as an only brother; and that she did not feel that yearning towards him as for the one destined to be her eternal mate. She realized now the investigation of the matter was so peculiarly pressed home that Walter was too much like her own self. They were the two *positive* natures, and not capable of that beautiful blending of kindred natures in opposites. That law of kindred is not only physiological, but also psycological. We find it everywhere in nature illustrated; and the fitness of the sex for a union is one of its examples; and that example has its finer details. This law was forced upon Eleanor Courtney's perceptions by her own circumstances, and she *felt* before her reason sensed it, or her delicacy worded it to herself that Frederick De Lacy, not Walter Templar, was her fitting mate. Every peculiarity of character which had so harmonized Walter and Frederick in their life and friendship, fitted Eleanor Courtney and young De Lacy for a corresponding union. Eleanor and Frederick, excepting in the sex, were almost identically Walter and the De Lacy over again, or Sir Richard and his dead friend repeated now *exactly* in their children just as they had first intended. Their mating was simply in their case a transposition from Frederick and Alice to Frederick and Eleanor.

Moreover, as already hinted, the disarrangement of the union in one case in the family of Sir Richard Courtney had disarranged the union in both cases between the young folks. Sir Richard and his sister, Lady Templar, in resigning the one case to the choice of the heart, had resigned it in both cases and given up their entire scheme of mating their children. Philosophically, they now realized that these family matings by arbitrary rule were wrong and productive of disappointment, and they conscientiously abandoned their purposes. All this, the young people felt: indeed, Sir Richard gave them to understand as much and that they were all left free to follow the bent of their own choice. They now, therefore, felt themselves unembarrassed and relieved from the ties of all former engagements.

This new state of affairs in Sir Richard Courtney's family brought Frederick De Lacy and Eleanor into another circle of relations. They gravitated towards each other by mutual impulse rather than design, and soon realized their remarkable fitness for a union of souls. At first Frederick De Lacy was startled —aye somewhat shocked by the discovery, for in the buddings of really the first passion of his life, it seemed like treason to the former matings. He schooled his heart severely upon the matter and repeatedly resolved to keep aloft from Eleanor, but in a few hours he found himself unwittingly by her side again. At length he became reconciled in his conscience to these new circumstances, for it is easy to become reconciled to that which our hearts desire. This in the case in question was also the more readily brought about by the fact that Sir Richard Courtney evidently did not disapprove, but looked on with a favorable eye. Walter Templar was also evidently gratified as far as Eleanor and Frederick was concerned, with this providential turn of affairs. As the case now stood the young De Lacy was fairly in love with Eleanor Courtney.

Six months had elapsed since the announcement that the Jewess and the Christian must not mate, Walter had fallen into his misantrophic mood. He shunned all company and all association even to that of his uncle Courtney. It was the first time in his life that there had not been unreserved communion between Walter and Sir Richard. The noble uncle regretted this much, but he could not intrude upon the deep afflictions of his nephew, but he trusted that time would soften the stroke. Fred's alone was the only presence, excepting that of one which did not disturb rather than sooth Walter, but even with him he exchanged only a few words, from month to month, of that summer and autumn after his return from Italy. To Fred he would sometimes give, with a fervent grasp of the hand, a prayer that no cloud might darken the future of his friend and Eleanor, so that the lovers knew that Walter in his gloom was not unmindful of their happiness. This fact gave Eleanor much satisfaction, but she mourned over her cousin, though she approached him not, while Fred would often sadly remark to her:

"Walter is indeed now as Night shorn of all her splendor—no moon, no star in his sky."

For hours each day, Walter Templar would roam alone in the noble park of the Courtney estate in Somersetshire. Amid the solitary oaks that towered to the sky, he found Nature in harmony with his own mind; and when Autumn came along, and the leaves fell, he experienced in the grand solitude of the park a fitness with his own state. But there was the one other presence that often hovered around him: it was that of his cousin Alice Courtney.

Oftentimes, in the park, Walter and Alice would meet. He would speak to her gently, for he seemed to realize that she was not long for this world. Sometimes he would gaze upon her mournfully, with this impression upon his mind, and then, taking her by the hand, he would walk with her among the fallen leaves of the trees, like two doomed ones who had seen their last Summer of life. They in these walks exchanged but few words, though Alice felt supremely happy; but her presence never made any claim upon her cousin, and as he never dreamt of any new love, and looking upon Alice almost as a spiritual creature from another sphere, this tender association startled him not. Sir Richard Courtney and Lady Templar, however, anxiously marked this association, and already had began to hope for a union between Walter and Alice.

In the meantime, Terese Ben Ammon was in Paris with her master, Spontini, following her profession, and dreaming, in her pious reflections, of a union with Walter Templar in the better life to come. Farinelli was also there, and so was Donna Clara Garcia. There we shall meet them by-and by; and there we shall meet the Angel of Death, hovering over one of the characters of our story.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

We now come to an incident between Walter Templar and Alice Courtney.

It was Autumn; Alice Courtney and Walter were taking a ride in the park. The horse which Alice rode was usually gentle, though high-spirited; but it was the maiden's favorite, and the noble creature knew the hand of his gentle mistress. The maiden had pursuaded her cousin to a ride, but they trotted along side-by-side, each wrapped in self-communion. There was, however, a yearning in Alice's heart towards her somber cousin, painful from its very speechlessness. She was beginning to understand its secret voices. This occupied her thoughts to-day.

The gentle Alice would never have allowed her mind to so run upon her cousin Walter had not the interruption of the union between him and Terese occurred, coupled with the changed circumstances in her own family touching the old betrothals. But the sorrows of her cousin Walter had drawn her towards him, and that etherial state of nature into which she was fast hastening, made her peculiarly susceptible to his griefs. She felt herself less of this world than of the world to come, and the office of a ministering angel seemed the one more fitted for her than that of a bride of earth. Already a deep conviction had taken possession of Alice that she would die young, though she sought to hide this fact from her father and sister Eleanor. Hence she was not drawn towards the gallant young Lord Frederick De Lacy, for he was in manhood's rich bloom, and was palpably a being of earth, notwithstanding the purity of his native character. He was in the Spring of life, while she, though young, was in life's Autumn. But the grand somber state of her cousin Walter possessed a charm for the spiritual Alice, for he was like the night into which she was fast hastening. There was the morning after the night, but the night came first; and when that morning broke, she saw herself, in fancy, hovering over her cousin Walter a guardian spirit to him.

Such fancies as these filled Alice Courtney's mind as her horse trotted along by the side of Walter Templar. Suddenly, from the underwood, as they rode through the park, a fierce hound rushed upon the noble steed which Alice rode, and his deep-mouthed bayings frightened the spirited creature into an ecstasy of madness. Before the rider had fairly awoke from her dreams, the horse, feeling no resolute hand to check him, had bounded away like a sudden whirlwind, and as he flew along his hoofs seemed to shake the very ground beneath, while the fierce hound pursued like a demon just set loose upon its prey. Before Walter Templar could take in the situation, his cousin Alice was several hundred paces from him. He put spurs deep into the sides of the mare which he rode, and she started with all her speed to the rescue, but Alice's horse gained ground every moment. More than a mile had been made in the mad flight, but the maiden's horse showed no signs of stopping, for the voice of cheer which Walter sent after his cousin increased the animal's fright, which the young man perceiving, produced a silence broken only by the feet of the

flying steeds. At length Walter became alarmed, for he thought he saw Alice reel several times in her saddle, but she recovered herself again, for she perceived a danger before her which now struck dismay to the heart of her cousin. The horse in his mad flight was approaching a deep ravine which nature had formed near the boundaries of the park, and certain destruction seemed before the maiden. Walter, no longer able to contain his speech in the excitement of the fearful crisis, almost shrieked, in the full compass of his trumpet voice:

"Alice, from the saddle—from the saddle! Throw yourself from the saddle!"

It seemed the maiden's only chance from death, and though a confused leap from the saddle of a flying steed might have injured her, it was preferable to being dashed to pieces in the deep ravine. But no; Alice threw herself not from the saddle, perhaps because she took not in the import of her cousin's wild words. It was too late, the horse was within a few bounds from the edge of the chasm—another moment and surely all will be over.

Just then came another wild cry, with such a might of declamatory power that his voice rang like that of an archangel's voice from the skies:

"Alice, firm to your seat! Firm to your seat! 'Tis I, Walter!"

Alice gathered strength at her cousin's cry, while the steed, electrified by it into a demoniac fury, took the fearful leap, threw the maiden over his head on to a thick bed of fallen leaves on the other side, and then brought suddenly up by a giant oak, reared upon his haunches and fell back to be dashed in pieces down the deep ravine.

"My God—my God!" burst from Walter, who for an instant thought that Alice had been carried to the dreadful death with the horse, but the joyful shout of a woodman on the other side: "All right, Sir Walter!" brought him to the truth, and saved him from the leap which most likely would have been his destruction. Then, turning the head of the noble mare which bore him down towards a narrower passage of the ravine, which he knew was near, he barely cleared the chasm and reached in safety the other side. In a moment more he was dismounted by the side of his gentle cousin, and her head was pillowed tenderly upon his bosom.

His trumpet voice had saved her, for it reassured her, and frightened her horse seemingly beyond a mortal creature's leap. For an instant the steed was as a winged thing; the next, a bloody mangled corse at the bottom of the ravine. We have spoken often of Walter's extraordinary voice, and his operatic practice in declamation had now almost wrought a miracle.

The woodman hastened to a bubbling stream close at hand, and filling his hat with cooling water brought it to our hero, who sprinkled it copiously upon his cousin's burning brow, while the peasant, with delicate tact, retired at a distance among the trees.

Alice Courtney revived from her swoon for a moment to find herself on the bosom of her cousin Walter. She looked up into his face with an angel's smile, and then resigning herself to the blissful ecstasy of the situation, her spirit returned again almost within the gates of the other world, where her soul was hastening. Her cousin, finding that she had relapsed into a death-like state, called the woodman to him. With assistance of the peasant, Walter placed Alice in the saddle of the brave mare which had borne him to the rescue, and the noble creature, by her gentleness, seemed to realize all which had happened. Walter then mounted the steed and took his cousin like a child in his strong arms and bore her to Courtney House, avoiding the ravine in their homeward course. The family of Sir Richard was shocked by the accident—there was a new trouble in store for their generous hearts.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST HOPE.

It was a week after the date of the incident related in the last chapter. Alice Courtney had passed through a critical state, and now her life still hung as upon a thread. The family physician had just left her chamber. Sir Richard led him into a private room; Lady Templar followed the two gentlemen, for she was as anxious to hear the candid opinion of the man of science.

"Dr. Cooper, you understand a father's anxious heart for his darling."

"I do, Sir Richard."

"You will answer me without reservation?"

"I hope for the best, Sir Richard."

"Nay, Doctor, but speak as you think," urged the afflicted parent. "Tell me, will my child live?"

"My brother would know the worst, Dr. Cooper," added Lady Templar. "Tell us truly, will the child live?"

"Her life is in the hands of Heaven, Lady Templar."

"Then I am to understand there is no hope for my darling?" observed the baronet.

"Not so, Sir Richard. There is a hope—only one hope. But it is not in my power to bid you hope. Sir Walter Templar can alone give you that."

"Your thought runs with my own, Dr. Cooper," remarked Alice's father; "and it was to find out your view of this delicate case that we now consult you. My sister and myself have talked over the matter many an hour during the past week, and we resolved to-day to speak to you."

"I am glad of this, Sir Richard. I have marked the words of your daughter in her moments of delirium, and the object of all her fancies. Sir Walter Templar is that object."

"My sister and myself have noted the fact, and it has been the subject of our deep consideration. She fancies herself the spirit bride of her cousin."

"Let Sir Walter Templar make her his bride of earth and she may be saved," said the physician. "Yet I will not conceal from you the fact, Sir Richard, that your daughter inherits the seeds of consumption from her mother, but offspring might prolong her life for many a year. It is the only hope, and I have said it rests with your nephew to confirm it."

"Brother Richard, we must now speak to my son," here observed Lady Templar.

"Knows Sir Walter aught of his cousin's fancies," asked the physician of the mother.

"Once my son heard the words of Alice in speaking of herself as his spirit bride, but he has made no comment upon it, nor has he since entered his cousin's chamber, though he almost hourly makes inquiries concerning her."

"Sir Richard, you must speak to your nephew. If all be well, a short interview between him and your daughter may be granted. Upon it her life depends. But tax not the strength of my patient much, barely enough to give her hope. In the morning I will call again. Adieu, Sir Richard. Adieu my lady; and may all be well."

"Heaven grant it, Doctor!" responded the afflicted father.

Sir Richard Courtney next sought his nephew. The noble baronet was troubled in his sense of propriety; but it was for his darling's life he was about to plead. He would perhaps have hesitated long, had it been to any other man than Sir Walter Templar. He did not doubt for a moment that his nephew would give to him back his daughter's life; but, knowing our hero's love for Terese Ben Ammon, he felt it almost sacrilege to attempt to root it from his heart, but his child's life was at stake, and Walter's mother urged him to make the appeal.

MAN'S REQUIREMENTS,

Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden?
O, wilt thou be my bride?
My spirit, sorely laden,
For such a love has sighed!

Yet much as I admire thee,
I first would rather see
If all that I require thee
Thou likely are to be!

Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,
Thou'lt love me well and long?
Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow
Fresh comfort from thy song?

Ah yes! but there is more love,
That I of thee desire—
Which (as I said before love)
I should of thee require.

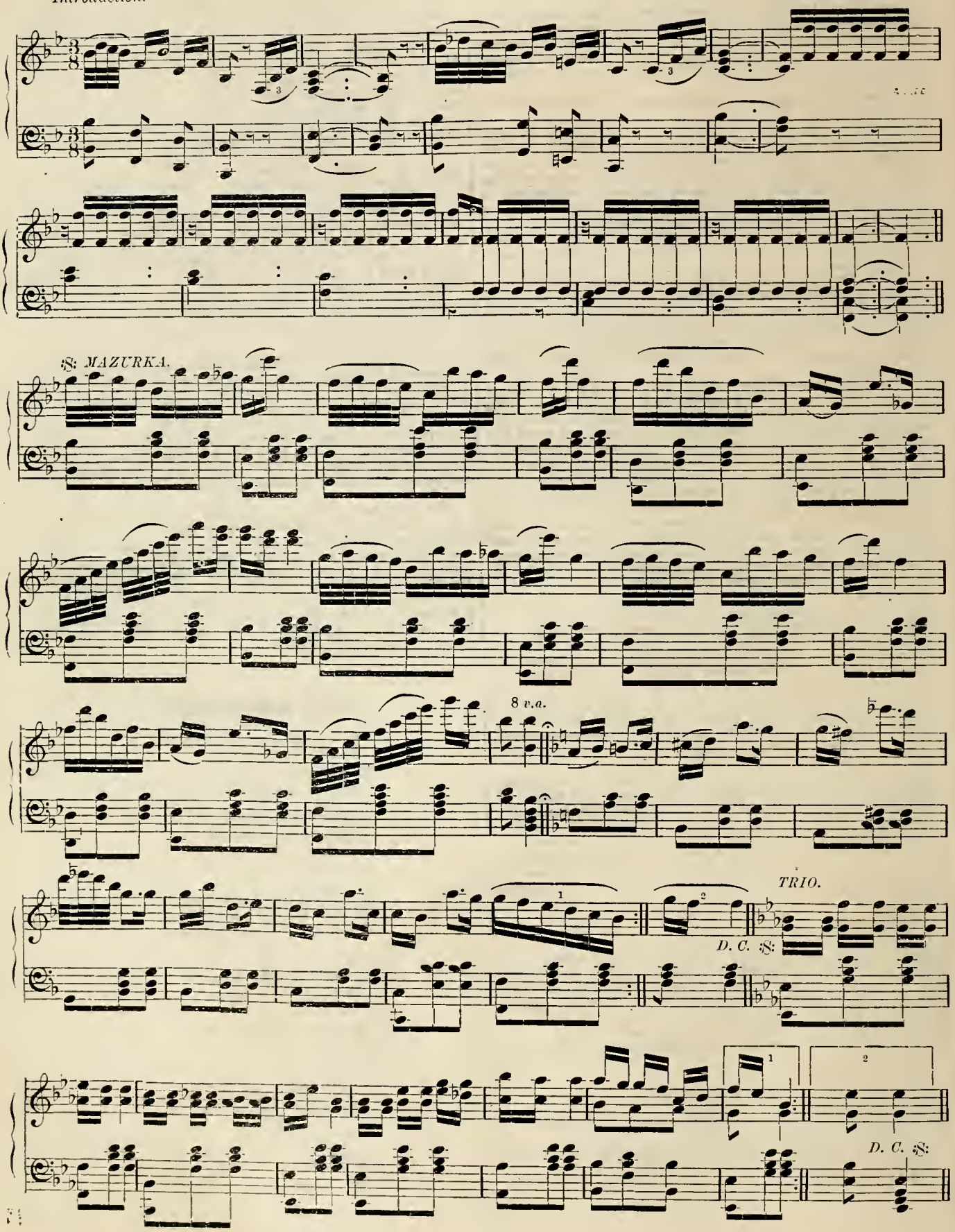
Wilt never have cold mutton
My appetite to hurt?
Wilt never let a button
Be missing from my shirt?

Wilt never let a hole be
Undarned in sock of mine?
Then mistress of my soul be;
Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!

Gertrude Mazurka.

Introduction.

Orson Pratt, Jr.



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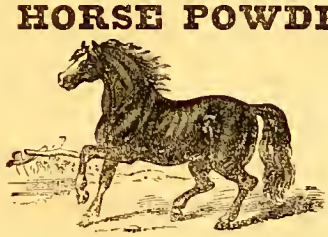

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First. The patent *Arion* Reversed Wooden Agraffe Bridge, which retains all the purity of tone only found in a wooden bridge (the rest whereon the strings lay), and obtains all the solid prolonged strength of tone of the metal Agraffe, without that acute metalic noise which the metal Agraffe develops by use.

Secondly. The Fatent *Arion* Compound Wrest-Plank, which holds the tuning pins, is six thicknesses of hard maple, the grain of each layer runs in a different direction. The advantages are, the 20 tons strain of the strings cannot split our *Arion* wrest-plank, as frequently happens in other Pianos, and when people say "*My Piano won't stand in tune,*" all other makers must use the single wrest plank with the grain running only one way.

The *Arion* Tuning-Pins have end wood to hold them on every side, while all other makers can have it only upon two sides of their pins.

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STRONGEST IN THE ARION.

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unsupported by either buncome, weak facts, or useless or complicated Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

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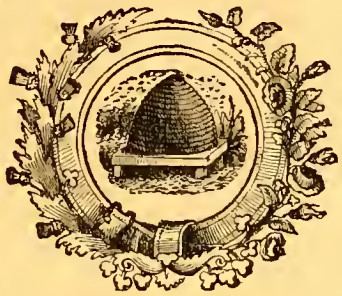
NO. 16, AUG. 21, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

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AMONG THE LILIES.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

Beautiful black-fringed eyes,
How have you lost your light,
Hidden away from sight,
Veiled with a dull surprise?
Can you see farther than we:
Prophets and spirits of light
Walking in robes of white,
Out on the jasper sea?

Rosy and smiling lips,
How are ye pale and chilled,
How is your music stilled—
Your brightness in sad eclipse?
Could ye but speak and say
What is the secret of Death,
Robbing your bloom and your breath,
Stealing your sweetness away?

Fair little idle hands,
Once with so warm a clasp,
Frozen in Death's cold grasp,
Pale in your flowery bands;
Long shall ye solemnly lie,
Crossed in this callous rest,
Changelessly over her breast,
Under the changeable sky.

Gentle and loving heart,
Have ye no tenderness left?
Pity for us bereft,
Grief for our painful part?
Soothed in that stony sleep
Seas could not part us more,
Ye on the farther shore,
We to remember and weep.

Lilies above her brow,
Lilies upon her breast—
Pure as the place of their rest—
Bury her under the snow;
Bury them under the snow,
Planting with tears the sod,
There let them blossom and grow,
Fit for the garden of God.

TWICE BLIND;

OR,

THE MAID OF MALINES.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

CONCLUDED.

Flushed, elated, triumphant, Julie bent upon him her sparkling eyes; *she* did not undeceive him.

"You are wrong, you mistake," said Madame le Tisseur, in confusion; "that is her cousin Julie, this is your Lucille."

St. Amand rose, turned, saw Lucille, and at that moment she wished herself in her grave. Surprise, mortification, disappointment, almost dismay, were depicted in his gaze. He had been haunting his prison house with dreams, and, now set free, he felt how unlike they were to the truth. Too new to observation to read the woe, the despair, the lapse and shrinking of the whole frame, that his look occasioned Lucille, he yet felt, when the first shock of his surprise was over, that it was not thus he should thank her who had restored him to sight. He hastened to redeem his error; ah! how could it be redeemed?

From that hour all Lucille's happiness was at an end; her fairy palace was shattered in the dust; the magician's wand was broken up; the Ariel was given to the winds; and the bright enchantment no longer distinguished the land she lived in from the rest of the barren world. It was true that St. Amand's words were kind; it is true that he remembered with the deepest gratitude all she had done in his behalf; it is true that he forced himself again and again to say, "She is my betrothed—my benefactress!" and he cursed himself to think that the feelings he had entertained for her were fled. Where was the passion of his words? where the ardor of his tone? where that light and play and light of countenance which her step, *her* voice could formerly call forth? When they were alone he was embarassed and constrained, and almost cold, his hand no longer sought hers; his soul no longer missed her if she was absent a moment from his side. When in their household circle, he seemed visibly more at ease; but did his eyes fasten upon her who had opened them to the day? did they not wander at every interval with a too eloquent admiration to the blushing and radiant face of the exulting Julie? This was not, you will believe, suddenly perceptible in one day or one week, but every day it was perceptible more and more. Yet still—bewitched, insnared as St. Amand was—he never perhaps would have been guilty of an infidelity that he strove with the keenest remorse to wrestle against, had it not been for the fatal contrast, at the first

ment of his gushing enthusiasm, which Julie had presented to Lucille; but for that he would have formed no previous idea of real and living beauty to aid the disappointment of his imaginings and dreams. He would have seen Lucille young and graceful, and with eyes beaming affection, contrasted only by the wrinkled countenance and bended frame of her parents, and she would have completed her conquest over him before he had discovered that she was less beautiful than others; nay, more—that infidelity never could have lasted above the first few days, if the vain and heartless object of it had not exerted every art, all the power and witchery of her beauty, to cement and continue it. The unfortunate Lucille—so susceptible to the slightest change in those she loved, so diffident of herself, so proud too in that diffidence—no longer necessary, no longer missed, no longer loved—could not bear to endure the galling comparison of the past and present. She fled uncomplainingly to her chamber to indulge her tears, and thus, unhappily, absent as her father generally was during the day, and busied as her mother was either at work or in household matters, she left Julie a thousand opportunities to complete the power she had begun to wield over—no, not the heart!—the *senses* of St. Amand! Yet, still not suspecting, in the open generosity of her mind, the whole extent of her affliction, poor Lucille buoyed herself at times with the hope that when once married, when once in that intimacy of friendship, the unspeakable love she felt for him could disclose itself with less restraint than at present,—she should perhaps regain a heart which had been so devotedly hers, that she could not think that without a fault it was irrevocably gone; on that hope she anchored all the little happiness that remained to her. And still St. Amand pressed their marriage, but in what different tones! In fact, he wished to preclude from himself the possibility of a deeper ingratitude than that which he had incurred already. He vainly thought that the broken reed of love might be bound up and strengthened by the ties of duty; and at least he was anxious that his hand, his fortune, his esteem, his gratitude, should give to Lucille the only recompense it was now in his power to bestow. Meanwhile, left alone so often with Julie, and Julie bent on achieving the last triumph over his heart, St. Amand was gradually preparing a far different reward, a far different return for her to whom he owed so incalculable a debt.

There was a garden behind the house, in which there was a small arbor, where often in the summer evenings Eugene and Lucille had sat together—hours never to return! One day she heard from her own chamber, where she sat mourning, the sound of St. Amand's flute swelling gently from that beloved and consecrated bower. She wept as she heard it, and the memories that the music bore softening and endearing his image, she began to reproach herself that she had yielded so often to the impulse of her wounded feelings; that, chilled by *his* coldness, she had left him so often to himself, and had not sufficiently dared to tell him of that affection which, in her modest self-depreciation, constituted her only pretention to his love. "Perhaps he is alone now," she thought; "the tune too is one which he knew that I loved:" and with her heart on her step she stole from the house and sought the arbour. She had scarce turned from her chamber when the flute ceased; as she neared the arbour she heard voices—Julie's voice in grief, St. Amand's in consolation. A dread foreboding seized her; her feet clung rooted to the earth.

"Yes, marry her—forget me," said Julie; "in a few days you will be another's, and I, I—forgive me, Eugene, forgive me that I have disturbed your happiness. I am punished sufficiently—my heart will break, but it will break loving you"—sobs choked Julie's voice.

"O, speak not thus," said St. Amand. "I—I only am to blame. I, false to both, to both ungrateful. O, from the hour that these eyes opened upon you I drank in a new life; the sun itself to me was less wonderful than your beauty. But—but—let me forget that hour. What do I not owe to Lucille? I shall be wretched—I shall deserve to be so; for shall I not think, Julie, that I have imbittered your life with our ill fated love? But all that I can give—my hand—my home—my plighted faith—must be hers. Nay, Julie, nay—why that look? could I act otherwise? can I dream otherwise? Whatever the sacrifice, *must* I not render it? Ah, what do I owe to Lucille, were it only for the thought that but for her I might never have seen thee."

Lucille stayed to hear no more; with the same soft step as that which had borne her within hearing of these fatal words, she turned back once more to her desolate chamber.

That evening, as St. Amand was sitting alone in his apartment, he heard a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Lucille entered. He started in some confusion, and would have taken her hand, but she gently repulsed him. She took a seat opposite to him, and looking down, thus addressed him:

"My dear Eugene, that is, Monsieur St. Amand, I have something on my mind that I think it better to speak at once; and if I do not exactly express what I would wish to say, you must not be offended at Lucille; it is not an easy matter to put into words what one feels deeply." Coloring, and suspecting something of the truth, St. Amand would have broken in upon her here; but she with a gentle impatience, waived him to be silent, and continued:

"You know that when you once loved me, I used to tell you that you would cease to do so, could you see how undeserving I was of your attachment. I did not deceive myself, Eugene; I always felt assured that such would be the case, that your love for me necessarily rested on your affliction; but, for all that, I never at least had a dream, or a desire, but for your happiness; and God knows, that if again, by walking barefooted, not to Cologne, but to Rome—to the end of the world, I could save you from a much less misfortune than that of blindness, I would cheerfully do it; yes, even though I might foretell all the while that, on my return, you would speak to me coldly, think of me lightly, and that the penalty to me would—would be—what it has been." Here Lucille wiped a few natural tears from her eyes; St. Amand, struck to the heart, covered his face with his hands, without the courage to interrupt her. Lucille continued:

"That which I foresaw has come to pass; I am no longer to you what once I was, when you could clothe this poor form and this homely face with a beauty they did not possess; you would wed me still, it is true; but I am proud, Eugene, and cannot stoop to gratitude where I once had love. I am not so unjust as to blame you; the change was natural, was inevitable. I should have steeled myself more against it; but I am now resigned; we must part; you love Julie—that too is natural—and *she* loves you; ah! what also more probable in the course of events? Julie loves you not yet, perhaps, so much as I did, but then she has not known you as I have, and she, whose whole life has been triumph, cannot feel the gratitude I felt at fancying myself loved; but this will come; God grant it! Farewell, then, for ever, dear Eugene, I leave you when you no longer want me; you are now independent of Lucille; wherever you go, a thousand hereafter can supply my place;—farewell!"

She rose, as she said this, to leave the room; but St. Amand, seizing her hand, which she in vain endeavored to withdraw from his clasp, poured forth incoherently, passionately, his reproaches on himself, his eloquent persuasions against her resolution.

"I confess," said he, "that I have been allured for a moment; I confess that Julie's beauty made me less sensible to your stronger, your holier, O! far, far holier title to my love! But forgive me, dearest Lucille; already I return to you, to all I once felt for you; make me not curse the blessing of sight that I owe to you. You must not leave me; never can we two part; try me, only try me, and if ever, hereafter, my heart wander from you, *then*, Lucille, leave me to my remorse!"

Even at this moment, Lucille did not yield; she felt that his prayer was but the enthusiasm of the hour; she felt that there was a virtue in her pride; that to leave him was a duty to herself. In vain he pleaded; in vain were his embraces, his prayers; in vain he reminded her of her plighted troth, of her aged parents, whose happiness had become wrapped in her union with him; "How, even were it as you wrongly believe, how in honor to them can I desert you, can I wed another?"

"Trust that, trust all to me," answered Lucille; "your honor shall be my care, none shall blame *you;* only do not let your marriage with Julie be celebrated before their eyes; that is all I ask, all they can expect. God bless you! do not fancy I shall be unhappy, for whatever happiness the world gives you, shall I not have contributed to bestow it?—and with that thought I am above compassion."

She glided from his arms, and left him to a solitude more bitter even than that of blindness; that very night Lucille sought her mother; to her she confided all. I pass over the reasons she urged, the arguments she overcame; she conquered rather than convinced, and leaving to Madame le Tisseur the painful task of breaking to her father her unalterable resolution, she quitted Malines the next morning, and with a heart too honest to be utterly without comfort, paid that visit to her aunt which had been so long deferred.

The pride of Lucille's parents prevented them from reproaching St. Amand. He did not bear, however, their cold and altered looks; he left their house; and though for several days he would not even see Julie, yet her beauty and her art gradually resumed their empire over him. They were married at Courtroi, and, to the joy of the vain Julie, departed to the gay metropolis of France. But before their departure, before his marriage, St. Amand endeavored to appease his conscience, by purchasing for Monsieur le Tisseur, a much more lucrative and honorable office than he now held. Rightly judging that Malines could no longer be a pleasant residence for them, and much less for Lucille, the duties of the post were to be fulfilled in another town; and knowing that Monsieur le Tisseur's delicacy would revolt at receiving such a favor from his hands, he kept the nature of his negotiation a close secret, and suffered the honest citizen to believe that his own merits alone entitled him to so unexpected a promotion.

Time went on. This quiet and simple history of humble affections took its date in a stormy epoch of the world—the dawning revolution of France. The family of Lucille had been little more than a year settled in their new residence, when Dumouriez led his army into the Netherlands. But how meanwhile had that year passed for Lucille! I have said that her spirit was naturally high; that though so tender, she was not weak; her very pilgrimage to Cologne alone, and at the timid age of seventeen, proved that there was a strength in her nature no less than a devotion in her love. The sacrifice she made brought its own reward. She believed St. Amand was happy, and she would not give way to the selfishness of grief; she had still duties to perform; she could still comfort her parents, and cheer their age; she could still be all the world to them; she felt this, and was consoled. Only once during the year had she heard of Julie; she had been seen by a mutual friend at Paris, gay, brilliant, courted, and admired; of St. Amand she heard nothing.

My tale does not lead me through the harsh scenes of war. I do not tell you of the slaughter and the siege, and the blood that inundated those fair lands, the great battle field of Europe. The people of the Netherlands in general were with the cause of Dumouriez, but the town in which Le Tisseur dwelt offered some faint resistance to his arms. Le Tisseur himself, despite his age, girded on his sword; the town was carried, and the fierce and licentious troops of the conqueror poured, flushed with their easy victory, through its streets. Le Tisseur's house was filled with drunken and rude troopers; Lucille herself trembled in the fierce gripe of one of those dissolute soldiers, more bandit than soldier, whom the subtle Dumouriez had united to his army, and by whose blood he so often saved that of his nobler band; her shrieks, her cries were vain, when suddenly the reeking troopers gave way; "the captain! brave captain!" was shouted forth; the insolent soldier, felled by a powerful arm, sank senseless at the feet of Lucille; and a glorious form, towering above its fellows, even through its glittering garb, even in that dreadful hour, remembered at a glance by Lucille, stood at her side; her protector—her guardian!—thus once more she beheld St. Amand!

The house was cleared in an instant—the door barred. Shouts, groans, wild snatches of exulting song, the clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the hurrying footsteps; the deep music, sounded loud and blended terribly without; Lucille heard them not,—she was on that breast which never should have deserted her.

Effectually to protect his friends, St. Amand took up his quarters at their house; and for two days he was once more under the same roof as Lucille. He never recurred voluntarily to Julie; he answered Lucille's timid inquiry after her health briefly, and with coldness, but he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a long pent and ardent spirit, of the new profession he had embraced. Glory seemed now to be his only mistress, and the vivid delusion of the first bright dreams of the revolution filled his mind, broke from his tongue, and lighted up those dark eyes which Lucille had redeemed to day.

She saw him depart at the head of his troop; she saw his proud crest glancing in the sun; she saw his steed winding through the narrow street; she saw that his last glance reverted to her, where she stood at the door; and as he waived his adieu, she fancied that there was on his face that look of deep and grateful tenderness which reminded her of the one bright epoch of her life.

She was right; St. Amand had long since in bitterness repented of a transient infatuation, had long since discovered the true Florimel from the false, and felt that, in Julia, Lucille's wrongs were avenged. But in the hurry and heat of war, he plunged that regret—the keenest of all—which imbodies the bitter words, "TOO LATE!"

Years passed away, and in the resumed tranquility of Lucille's life the brilliant apparition of St. Amand appeared as something dreamt of, not seen. The star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon; the romance of his early career had commenced; and the campaign of Egypt had been the herald of those brilliant and meteoric successes which flashed forth from the gloom of the revolution of France.

Many French as well as the English troops returned home from Egypt, blinded with the ophthalmia of that arid soil. Some of the young men in Lucille's town, who had joined Napoleon's army, came back, darkened by that fearful affliction, and Lucille's aid, and Lucille's sweet voice were ever at hand for those poor sufferers, whose common misfortune touched so thrilling a chord of her heart.

Her father was now dead, and she had only her mother to cheer amid the ills of age. As one evening they sat at work together, Madame le Tisseur said, after a pause:

"I wish, dear Lucille, thou couldst be persuaded to marry Justin; he loves thee well, and now that thou art yet young, and hast many years before thee, thou shouldst remember that when I die thou wilt be alone."

"Ah, cease, dearest mother, I never can marry now, and as for love—once taught in the bitter school in which I have learned the knowledge of myself—I cannot be deceived again."

"My Lucille, you do not know yourself; never was woman loved, if Justin does not love you; and never did lover feel with real warmth how worthily he loved."

And this was true; and not of Justin alone, for Lucille's modest virtues, her kindly temper, and a certain undulating and feminine grace, which accompanied all her movements, had secured her as many conquests as if she had been beautiful. She had rejected all offers of marriage with a shudder; without even the throb of a flattered vanity. One memory, sadder, was also dearer to her than all things; and something sacred in its recollections made her deem it even a crime to think of effacing the past by a new affection.

"I believe," continued Madame le Tisseur, angrily, "that thou still thinkest fondly of him from whom only in the world thou couldst have experienced ingratitude."

"Nay, mother," said Lucille, with a blush and a slight sigh, "Eugene is married to another."

While thus conversing, they heard a gentle and timid knock at the door—the latch was lifted. "This," said the rough voice of a commissaire of the town—"this, monsieur, is the house of *Madame le Tisseur*, and *voila mademoiselle!*" A tall figure, with a shade over his eyes, and wrapped in a long military cloak, stood in the room. A thrill shot across Lucille's heart. He stretched out his arms; "Lucille," said that melancholy voice, which had made the music of her first youth—"where art thou, Lucille; alas! she does not recognise St. Amand."

Thus was it, indeed. By a singular fatality, the burning sun and the sharp dust of the plains of Egypt had smitten the young soldier, in the flush of his career, with a second—and this time with an irremediable—blindness! He had returned to France to find his hearth lonely: Julie was no more—sudden fever had cut her off in the midst of youth; and he had sought his way to Lucille's house, to see if one hope yet remained to him in the world!

And when, days afterward, humbly and sadly he re-urged a former suit, did Lucille shut her heart to its prayer? Did her pride remember its wound—did she revert to his desertion—did she say to the whisper of her yearning love—"*Thou hast been before forsaken?*" That voice and those darkened eyes pleaded to her with a pathos not to be resisted; "I am once more necessary to him," was all her thought; "if I reject him, who will tend him?" In that thought was the motive of her conduct; in that thought gushed back upon her soul all the springs of checked, but unconquered, unconquerable love! In that thought she stood beside him at the altar, and pledged, with a yet holier devotion than she might have felt of yore, the vow of her imperishable truth.

And Lucille found, in the future, a reward which the common world could never comprehend. With his blindness returned all the feelings she had first awakened in St. Amand's solitary heart; again he yearned for her step—again he missed even a moment's absence from his side—again her voice chased the shadow from his brow—and in her presence was a sense of shelter and of sunshine. He no longer sighed for the blessing he had lost; he reconciled himself to fate, and entered into that serenity of mood which mostly characterizes the blind. Perhaps, after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister which repels the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness looses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day. It was something, too, as they advanced in life, to feel the chains that bound him to Lucille strengthening daily, and to cherish in his overflowing heart the sweetness of increasing gratitude; it was something that he could not see years wrinkle that open brow, or dim the tenderness of that touching smile; it was something that to him she was beyond the reach of time, and preserved to the verge of the grave, (which received them both within a few days of each other,) in all the bloom of her unwithering affection—in all the freshness of a heart that never could grow old!

A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was a happy moment in the life of Madame de Breuil, that in which she received the congratulations of her friends and neighbors on the approaching marriage of her nephew, Ernest de Merieux, with Madame d' Aubrielle.

The good lady did the honors of her *salon* with a triumphant and joyous air, and appeared at least ten years younger than usual; for the wedding was to take place next day, and they were about to sign the contract; the notary was present, and the relations were fast arriving.

Ernest and Louise, occupied with each other, almost shrank from the compliments showered upon them by the guests.

Ernest felt in his secret soul that he had arrived at that plentitude of happiness so often imagined in his day-dreams, but which he had despaired of ever attaining.

In the midst of the rich presents given by the bridegroom to the bride, one gift formed a strong contrast to the rest by its simplicity; this was a bouquet of daisies, freshly gathered. Every one was surprised to see it there, and many remarks were made on the subject. The wits of the party supposed that the young couple meant to interrogate these flowers, for the pleasure of having repeated what they had already heard so often.

All at once the notary, Monsieur Celestin Gobillot, who was still a young man, with an honest face, said, on approaching the table where the presents were displayed, and looking at the daisies through his spectacles, "This bouquet puts me in mind of the only romantic adventure of my life. Whilst I was at Gisors, head clerk in the office of M. Prichard, I went one evening to a village *fete* which was held in repute in the neighborhood. I had donned my best clothes, and I went merrily to the forest of Franville, where there was to be a ball on the village green. It was quite dark by the time I reached it; the weather, which had been fine until then, changed suddenly; a terrible gust of wind, accompanied by large drops of rain and some claps of thunder, carried away the tent which had sheltered the dancers, and extinguished most of the lights. There was a tumult, screams, and indescribable confusion. Every one fled right and left; but what made it worse was that some young men, elegantly dressed, but half-drunk and ill-conducted, wished to take advantage of this mishap. Two of them were pursuing a young lady who was flying from them, shrieking wildly, whilst a third was having an altercation with her father, or husband. I have never been able to discover which relation he held to the lady, but he was an old man, of most respectable appearance, who had no chance against these young scamps. I had

a supple hand and foot, and a good walking-stick, so I gave chase to the ruffians, who had almost gained upon the distressed beauty. I rained blows upon the cowards indiscriminately, and obliged them to fly. Then I left the young lady to assist the old gentleman, and his assailant fled likewise. I was master of the field of battle.

"The storm increased. The poor lady had fainted—or nearly so. I took her in my arms, desired the old gentleman to follow me, and carried her to the forrester's house, about a hundred yards from the scene of action. When we arrived there, no light was to be had; the gentleman seemed almost frantic; and the lady could scarcely open her eyes. I offered to go out and try to procure a conveyance for them. The gentleman thanked me, saying he had expected his carriage, but it had not made its appearance; and he begged me to find some vehicle for them.

"I rushed off immediately, but my search was unsuccessful—not a carriage could be found. At the end of an hour, streaming with rain, and out of breath, I returned to the cottage, but found nobody there except the forester, who told me that after my departure several friends had arrived in great agitation; that they gathered about the young lady, who continued ill; then a fine carriage drove up, into which they all entered without delay, and off they went. The old gentleman desired the forester to tell me how very thankful he was for my trouble, and to apologise for leaving before I came back, also to tell me his name; but the idiot had forgotten it, and distorted it in such a manner that I could not make it out. The lady had left a bouquet of daisies for me—I had remarked it in her girdle. I kept those flowers carefully until my wedding day, when I sacrificed them on the shrine of Hymen, and presented them to Madame Godillot."

During this recital Ernest kept his eyes fixed on his betrothed, who blushed, grew pale, and glanced earnestly at the notary, with a certain degree of emotion, then turned towards her lover with an air in which was mingled a little confusion, somewhat of reproach, and a good deal of affection.

Ernest understood it all, and was going to murmur in her ear how they had fallen into this double mistake, when Madame de Breuil, who perhaps knew more of this affair than she allowed to appear, signed to the notary, exclaiming, "Come, sir, the contract—the contract, sir! that will be the best story."

It was then suddenly discovered that one of the cousins, whose presence was necessary, had not arrived.

"'Tis no matter; let us sign, at all events," said Madame de Breuil, adding, "The old miser! he will be coming by the diligence, and who can tell at what hour these provoking machines may pass this road?"

"Don't abuse the diligence too much," said Madame de Sauvray, the poor canoness, who made but a sorry figure in the midst of these joyful wedding preparations. "Chance," she continued, "obliged me, three years ago, to travel in one of them with my uncle De Lancy. I remember that night well, for we had a fellow traveler one of the most delightful of young men I ever met with. There was at once established between us a sort of sympathy, an intimacy, and on his side most marked attentions, which I had the good sense to attribute in a great degree to the darkness of the night; but I confess I did not like him the less on that account; for, thanks to him, those hours, the fatigue and *ennui* of which I had dreaded, were amongst the most agreeable I have ever spent. I have often, too often perhaps, pondered upon them, and I should have ended in giving too large a place in my heart to the amiable unknown, if I had not remembered that Louise de Sauvray is fated to grow old without entering into those ties that sometimes make life almost Paradise."

This time it was Ernest who started, and Madame d' Aubrielle who made a discovery. In an instant she was beside her betrothed, to whom she whispered, "It appears there are two bouquets and two Louises. Ernest, do you love me now?"

"Dearest, a great deal more, and better," he replied; "but tell me——"

"I will—to-morrow," she said; but her blushes and smile had told already.

At this moment Madame de Breuil, who had signed the contract, handed the pen to her nephew, saying, in a low tone, "Well, my poor Ernest, what have you done with your ideal?"

"I have exchanged her for happiness," he replied, looking towards his Louise, "and I do not complain of my bargain."

Music.

HOW TO MAKE POPULAR HITS.

When composing Trios or Duettos which we wish to render available in a short time to the unlearned in music, we cannot select better melodies than those that will progress harmoniously in two parts, with thirds and sixes, and so arranged that the bass notes will be moving only to the *tonic*, and *dominant*, with an occasional change to the *subdominant*. Composers will find, by attending to this rule, that their compositions will be easily caught up by ear-singers, and will be appreciated by them. In fact, singers with little experience in the progressive laws of varied harmonies will read music of this character much better than they will classical compositions; classical pieces they cannot read. Moreover, good ear-singers will be enabled to add parts themselves without the aid of music, on the first hearing of the melody, almost as correctly as an author can arrange them. Some musicians call such exploits vamping by ear, and this style of vamping is frequently used in simple dance music by lazy instrumentalists who will not trouble to write parts for themselves. Such compositions, as I have before said, will soon obtain much popularity with the mass, and are as soon thrown aside by them when often repeated.

I will now, by way of instruction to young composers, speak of a few rules for the systematic use of thirds, sixes, doubled unisons and *subtonics*, or major sevenths.

A sequence of major thirds in parallel motion are bad, and not more than two should be employed consecutively. Any number of minor thirds are good in a sequence, but minor sixes are not pleasing, because they are the inversion of major thirds, and for this reason, not more than two should be employed following each other. Major sixes are good and can be used in a sequence, as they are the inversion of minor thirds. But thirds and sixes are most pleasing when short sequences of each alternate with each other.

The reason why unisons should not be doubled in two parts, with the exception of the beginning or ending the strain, is, because we omit one part by the progression. When it is possible we should avoid doubling the major third, as major thirds overpower the other notes. However, sometimes it cannot be avoided, more especially when we use the sixth and third taken from the seventh form of the ancients. Should we employ this harmony in four parts, one third should descend a semitone, and the other should ascend a whole tone.

We should always avoid doubling the *subtonic* or major seventh, because it leads one semitone in ascending to the *tonic* or key note, which should be taken by one part only. This great fault, I again repeat, must be avoided.

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Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - - - DANIEL CAMONILE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE HAND OF GOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.

CONCLUDED.

Before we can properly see the hand of God in the raising up of the great religions of past ages, there is one fact that must be clearly understood, and that is that unless the Pagan and Mohammedan sections of the world had had their peculiar religions, they would have had none at all. There is a sort of an undefined notion in many persons' minds, that all nations could have obtained Jesus's Gospel had they wanted it. This is untrue. That Gospel, numerically speaking, has not been offered to the one-thousandth portion of the human family. The solitary believers in Jesus, who have penetrated a few points in the vast regions controlled by other faiths, have been buried up and lost among the swarming myriads who have lived and died utterly unconscious of their presence. To this very day, the little portion of the earth where it is even known that Jesus lived, can be covered on the map, by the point of your finger; while the wide domains of Mohammedanism, Paganism, etc., are comparatively larger than the palm of your hand. To this great world of humanity, practically, no gospel but their own has ever been offered; and, therefore, unless God has raised up the faiths they have He has done nothing for them at all.

As the latter conclusion is too repulsive to think of, and all our intuitions of the order, beauty and completeness of the universe are opposed to it, we look for the Divine Hand in such religions as do exist; and we find abundant evidence confirming what our souls tell us must be true. Evidences of the movements of this Hand we have already traced, in the lives of the great founders of Hindooism and Mohammedanism, but its operations are confined to no section of the globe. Passing to the vast empire of China, we behold it no less in the raising up and in the inspiration of the great teacher, Confucius. Here we have a man who, living over two thousands of years ago, has made his name immortal among his own people; and so impressed upon them his convictions of truth, that to this hour, they are the guiding star of every Chinese household. He is to them, in a large degree, what Jesus is to the European world. They quote his sentiments as the height of philosophy, and the divinest of wisdom; and many of them, truly, are so akin to those of Jesus of Nazareth, that it is evident that, if he received not of his fullness, he, at least, drank at the same fountain. His doctrines have influenced millions of human beings to modesty, contentment, justice, and a score of other virtues. They have fed the Chinese mind with the highest conceptions of God, and of civil and religious duty, that they could entertain; but more than all, they have assisted to lay the foundation for the peaceful control of millions of Chinese, for ages, who, without it, would have helplessly drifted into every form of anarchy and confusion.

In viewing the necessities of this shrewd but childish race, and what these principles have done for them—the harmony, civilization and refinement they have brought to their undeveloped natures, we are compelled to the conclusion that we can no more deny God to the mission of Confucius, than we can to the rain or the sunshine thad has blest his land. It has done them good, anyway, and that is the signet wherewith God enstamps and marks his presence in human affairs.

But there is another great religious power to be examined in our review, one that has shaped the destinies of more civilized nations, to which the minds of our readers will now refer with the inquiry, whether the Hand of God can be traced in that also—we refer to the great Roman Catholic Church.

Let us bring Roman Catholicism on trial before our bar, and ask what has it done for humanity. Let us look squarely at the character of the times when it arose, and during which it was operating the most effectively.

When Roman Catholicism arose, the whole world, excepting in little Judah and its borders, was in a state of Paganism. Rome, its very seat, was also heathen. It had a world of heathenism to handle and revolutionize. How easy that would have been, may be sensed by our Elders who have visited Africa and Asia without converting a single pagan in those continents. But here was a period when it was all paganism, and no half-bred Christian nations to fall back upon. Jesus, it is true, had lived and taught his pure principles, but their light had died away in the distance; and even had there been individuals alive to their highest spirit, the great world of barbarian Europe was in no condition to receive such truths in an unadulterated form. On the other hand, to have waited till these uncivilized nations could have stepped from the depths of their barbarism to that height of spiritual culture necessary to appreciate in an unalloyed form the Godlike sentiments of Jesus, would have been to have waited for ever, for they never could have taken that step, had they not first taken a lower one. A system was needed that would take the barbarous and heathen nations of France, Germany, Britain and other large countries, and lead them a step towards civilization; and this, Providence wisely effected by the raising up of an intermediate system, or half-way house from one extreme to the other, blending the new light of Christ with such of the old forms of heathenism as clung closest to the uncivilized mind.

This, we maintain, was the wisest plan that could have been carried out by Deity. There was God and salvation in it for humanity; because it furnished stepping stones upon which the ignorant uncivilized races of Europe could rise to a comprehension of such principles of gospel truth as were within their reach. It was true that Jesus and his disciples had taught higher and purer truths than this Church presented to mankind; and also true that a few solitary minds on a level with Jesus' plane of thought had caught the flame and become one in Christ Jesus; but what was all this to the hordes of barbarian Europe, for whom Roman Catholicism arose? They could not grasp such truths. They could not as Jesus required, worship a truth because it *was* truth, to love the right simply for the glory and excellence of righteousness itself. Their outer senses had to be appealed to in order that the little inner light that glimmered in their soul, might be reached.

The Roman Catholic church had to deal with men in ages of bloodshed and conquest, when pomp and parade was everything to the multitude; and men were coarse and sensuous, and could only be reached through outward show, or understand the superiority of anything but physical strength. Hence assumptions of priestly sovereignty were absolutely necessary to influence and control them; and gorgeous rites, solemn processions, and swelling music were also essential to impress them with the sacredness and divinity of their religion. To them, the crucifix, with its bleeding Jesus, was necessary, because it made Christ tangible to their gross

senses. Such of his principles as they could be taught, had far more influence over their darkened minds, when backed up by pictures of what so divine a teacher suffered. Their sympathies were then appealed to as well as their sense of right.

Herein do we discover the hand of God in Roman Catholicism. Its high sounding pretensions, its superstitions, its very mummeries and gilded trappings, were God's loving, merciful adaptations, to the weaknesses and imperfect spiritual powers of the masses of Europe. While withal its earthliness, some portion of divine truth was being interblended, and the nations were led unconsciously—through their very traditions—through that which their barbarous natures most loved—up to God.

We repeat, the Roman Catholic religion did good. It was the true and proper religion for such times. It held kings and nobles in check from gross outrage, and suppressed the coarser passions of the multitude. The high-handed rulers of those days needed a semi-human semi-divine system to grapple with them. Had it had more of God in it, it would have been above their heads. As it was, it met and appealed to them on their own level. It held back a world of licentiousness, enforced order, spread abroad the Christian virtues, patronized music, poetry, sculpture and painting, led the European world up from the fables and bloody rites of heathenism to civilization; and when it had taught the world all it was adapted to proclaim; when its mission was ended and society travailed for a higher creed, because it could not comprehend the new light dawning on men's souls, it rushed forth with the rack, the torture, and the deadly flame, to deter, as it thought, men from periling their salvation. But there was a God even in this ignorant zeal, for it opened the gates of liberty to mankind and forced a greater era to the birth.

There is a God in all such movements. God inspires a creed, gives it His providence and blessing, and when it has served its purpose, "He breaks it in pieces like a potter's vessel," and remolds another capable of better holding the wine of a new dispensation.

To those who, notwithstanding a perception of the barbarism and sensuous state of the world, amid which this religion rose to life, still imagine that Jesus and his unadulterated gospel could have been as successfully established, we have one beautiful truth to tell. It is this: *the principles of Jesus are powerless except to prepared and cultivated souls*—to such as have grown as it were, to his level of principle. To them, it is all radiance and beauty. They need no compulsive influence beyond the bare attraction that there is in truth itself; but to the ignorant and undeveloped, the diviner the creed, the weaker its influence. To barbaric races, as nations, there is no gospel so powerless as that which depends for its attraction and influence upon principle alone. Nations must grow to it; and, in their growth, they must be provided with intermediate faiths, nearer a sensual state. This great truth has yet to be sensed by mankind, that the gospel of Jesus is a gospel specially intended to suit the highest condition of our race. True, it is offered to all the world, as art and science are offered to all; and all will reach it sooner or later; therefore was it made for all. But in the mind of a providing God, planning for the civilization and progress of earth's races, it is, of necessity, the crowning school of divine art, when all the inferior classes are passed.

Another grand truth that has yet to prevail, and which will bind the Devil of hatred and uncharitableness between races and religions, is that which will destroy for ever the hateful Israelitish idea that God has a favorite people. God has no favorite people, nor never has had. A certain nation, because of its forwardness in the race for truth, may reach principles nearer the fountain, but those truths shine for all. We have also yet to learn that nations are not wicked and rebellious because they do not accept Jesus when taught by ancient or modern apostles. Their wickedness is the wickedness of infants who refuse meat because God and nature has given them a love for something better adapted to their constitution. When nations grow to the truth, they will accept it; and when God wants their conversion, he will take steps proportionate to the greatness of such a work. Up to the present time, nothing in God's providences have looked like a Deity, moving for so grand an object, while all the efforts that have yet been made by individuals for that purpose put together, have been as manifestly futile as sending a fly to carry off an elephant.

From the narrow platform where we suppose ourselves the almost only objects of Jehovah's care, so far as religion is concerned, we have to step out and see God providing for His world as a whole. We shall see Him like a Great Teacher dividing his school into classes, according to the grade and capacity of His scholars, and sending to each, teachers adapted to their condition. But combined with this idea, we must also grasp the sublimer one, that the educational period of humanity is not confined to this life, but is coëqual with the immortality of our race; and that nations and peoples move from off this temporary sphere to probate in higher classes as ages roll along. The childish race, therefore, to whom an inferior gospel is given to-day, will, in future periods, be led by the Almighty Hand up the ladder of life until it reaches the topmost round. Herein is the equality of God's providences; herein the breadth and grandeur of divine administration; and herein the cause of love and thankfulness to Him "who doeth all things well."

SWEET HOME.

BY A. DALRYMPLE.

The place of my birth it is dear to me yet,
The scenes of my youth I can never forget,
From that long-cherished spot I have no wish to roam,
The place of my birth and my boyhood's loved home.
Home; home, sweet, sweet home.
My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

'Twas there my young footsteps in infancy roved,
In youth's sunny morning with those whom I loved,
Of pleasures sweet cup we then quaffed the bright foam,
The remembrance is sweet, while I sigh for my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

The friends of my youth, could I meet them once more,
And mingle our songs as in bright days of yore,
'Twould a solace impart, a rich feast to my soul,
To greet them at home—home, my life's destined goal,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

When life's closing scene or adversity's blast
Pale sorrow and anguish around us shall cast,
Let union and home be our watch-word and song,
And that strain ever sweet, let us strive to prolong,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
My heart fondly lingers around thee, my home.

Centerville, July 24, 1869.

CHARLEMAGNE AS THE DAVID OF FRANCE.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

Charlemagne is more interesting as the David of France than as the Cæsar. As we have seen, he was a priestly king and, though a mighty conqueror and empire-founder, he was rather like the son of Jesse raised up to establish a theocratic kingdom in the name of the Lord, than of Cæsar to subdue the world in the might of man. Indeed Charlemagne not only imitated David and Solomon, but he had the singular fancy of taking upon himself the name of the psalmist king. He and his principal counsellors formed themselves into an academy, in which he took his place as King David, while his counsellors adopted other names such as Homer, Horace, etc. Most fitting, therefore, was Charlemagne to be the prophet of a new civilization, for he blended the character, of the priest with the fanciful nature of the poet, and the might of his sword and the strength of his host made him the great champion of Jehovah, as king David had been before him. There was a beautiful poetic fanaticism in this conception of Charlemagne, in relation to the part which Providence had ordained him to play in the world. To find "Saul among the Prophets" was an anomoly but David and Charlemagne with them were in their proper sphere. In a synod with his bishops or surrounded by the intellectual light of his age, he was as much in his own place as in the camp among his soldiers, carrying out the purposes of the Lord in converting the world to Christianity and carving out a new civilization. True, we in modern times can have but little sympathy with his missionary mode of forcing the Saxons into the waters of baptism by the terror of his sword; and we are somewhat horrified by the fact of his having caused four thousand Saxon prisoners to be beheaded in one day, for refusing to be baptized. But yet that mode of missioning the world was the only one which his age could understand; and while in the abstract, we should not sanction evil means for the accomplishing of good ends, we can readily understand the potency of a young civilization through the potency of a Charlemagne. It is absolute folly for peace men, in our humanitarian times, when nations are converted to the wiser policies of Christianity, to attempt to bring Charlemagne and the necessities of his age, to our standards. It would have been as impossible for the David of France to have missioned the world in the cause of Christ, through our modes as it would be for us to reveal Christianity through his modes. He advanced his age by his sword, not kept it back, and the might of his arm wrought out the world's good. It would have been as impossible to have converted warlike pagan nations by the Gospel of peace in that age, as for Mohammed to have indoctrinated Arabia with the grand conception of the uniting of God, had he been in his mission purely a Jesus. To a very large degree, Christ has always been before his times, and he still is to this day. Charlemagne, therefore, was fitted for his work of Christianizing and civilizing the world in the eighth century as he would have been unfitted for his work, had he been more like his uncle Charloman, who shut himself up in a monastery in a forest, to better illustrate the character of a Saint. Indeed the logic of all is that this David of France manifested Christianity in his age, in the only way that Christianity could be manifested then.

Charlemagne was not only up to his times, but he was before his times. He was not only the creator of bishops and popes, but he was superior to them in his conceptions and inspirations. More than any other man of his day, he was the magnificent soul. He sent forth his manifesto for the worship of Jesus without the appendages of idolatry, but popes saw the necessity of image-worship, and though Adrian had to deal very cautiously with his David, he kept him from revealing too much light, and thus Christian idolatry was perpetuated in the new civilization.

Pope Adrian died and Leo the Third was elevated to the pontifical throne. On the elevation of Leo, Charlemagne sent to the pope vast riches taken from the Huns; but ever mindful of his semi-priestly mission, he gave instructions to his embassadors to urge upon the pontiff to reform the morals of the Roman clergy; put an end to the traffic in sacred offices, and not to allow the wealth which he sent to be lavished on priestly debauchees. As an example of the advanced state of Charlemagne, in his Christian growth above even the priesthood of his day, it may be instanced that, at about the period when he was aiming to bring about reform in the Church and to elevate it to the worship of Deity without the mediumship of images. Pope Adrian in calling upon the armies of France to inflict vengeance upon the Duke of Bavaria and his subjects declared, that they were absolved in advance from all crimes which they might commit in the enemies' country, and that God commanded them through his vicar, to violate girls, murder women, children and old men, to burn cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword.

Is it wonderful that in an age when popes dared in the name of God to *command* such atrocities, which the spirit of the monster Nero, acting as that God, might have given, Charlemagne in a grand, though cruel fanaticism, should put to death in one day four thousand Saxons who would not receive Christ as their sovereign Lord? He did this in the same magnificent spirit, that a David or a Samuel, in their Hebrew fanaticism, massacred the enemies of Israel and the heathen defiers of Jehovah. In the present age of enlightenment and Christian humanity, we have no more sympathy with Samuel, when he rejected Saul for showing mercy, and hewed Agag to pieces, than we have with Charlemagne, when he did the same with the Saxons. We can but regret that the God of the Hebrews found it necessary to give inhuman commands for massacre even as we regret that Christianity sometimes had to be preached with the sword. But we acknowledge these divine necessities without infidel cavil, though we love Deity most when represented in the spirit of Jesus himself, which is only possible in days of advanced humanitarianism like those in which our lot is cast. But priesthoods have often taken cruel advantage of these divine necessities, and imitating the Davids and Samuels have issued in the awful name of God, such commands as that of Pope Adrian to ravish girls, destroy cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Hence the world has passed through its days of inquisitions and seen its horrid tragidies committed in the name of religion, till that name became an abomination in the eyes of enlightened men. Dreadful indeed are those tragedies at best, but unspeakably horrible in their worst phases.

It may be said of Charlemagne however, that he did much represent a king David, in his apostolic championship for God, as he did also a Solomon in his aims to create for the world a better civilization than that which he found when he came to the throne. At length in the year 800 of our era he made his grand entry into Rome to rescue Pope Leo from conspiring priests. He convoked the clergy, the senate, and the people, and before this mighty king of France the successor of St. Peter was adjudged and acquitted.

On the day following, Charlemagne went in great pomp to the cathedral at Rome, where the Pope and his clergy awaited him, and, in the presence of the dignitaries of Church and State, Leo placed on the head of the king a crown of iron, and in a loud voice proclaimed, "To Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Ro-

mans, life and victory." Whereupon acclamations were sent up: "Life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Romans." Leo then prostrated himself before the emperor according to the custom of the popes to the ancient Cæsars. "Thus," says the historian, "was re-established, after an interval of three hundred years, the dignity of Roman Emperor, extinct since A. D. 476."

Our readers will remember that Napoleon Bonaparte in his vast ambitions to restore the ancient grandeur to France, caused to be repeated in his own life, this great historical drama, taking from the hand of the Pope, in the cathedral of the renowned city of Milan, this iron crown of Charlemagne, the modern "Man of Destiny" encircled his imperial head, exclaiming—"God hath given it to me; let him who dare, wrest it from me!" More than any other man, Napoleon represented Charlemagne in his imperial ambitions, though not the loftiness of his priestly character.

"To know Charlemagne," says Michelet in his famous history of France, "we must see him in his palace of Aix. This restorer of the empire of the West had despoiled Ravana of her most precious marbles in order to adorn his barbarian Rome. Actively busied even when taking his leisure, he prosecuted his studies there under Peter of Pisa, and the Saxon Alcuin, applying himself to grammar, rhetoric and astronomy. He, also, acquired the art of writing, a rare accomplishment in those days. He piqued himself on his choral singing, and was unsparing in his animadvertions on those priests who were deficient in this part of the service."

Charlemagne surrounded himself with strangers of every nation who brought to him the recommendation of their own mental culture: and literary men of even mean extraction were highly honored by him. It happened that together with some Breton merchants two Irish-Scots—men of incomparable learning, skilled in literature both profane and sacred, landed on the coast of Gaul. They displayed no merchandise for sale but daily exhorted the crowd of purchasers in this wise—"Whoever desires wisdom let him come to us and receive it, we have it to sell." Charlemagne hearing of the strange men, sent for them and inquired if it was true, to which they replied; "We have it, and we give it in the name of the Lord, to those who seek it worthily." The King demanded their price, and they answered "A convenient place, rational creatures, and what cannot be done without in this earthly pilgrimage—food and raiment." Charlemagne was delighted and kept them with him; but, being called away on his military expeditions, he ordered one of them—Clement the Scot—to remain in Gaul, while he sent the other—John Melrose, a disciple of the learned Bede—into Italy, giving him St. Augustine's monastery, near Pavia, that he might open a school. On hearing this, Albinus, surnamed Alcuin, another of Bede's disciples, and a native of Saxon England, went over to Charlemagne who gave to him St. Martin's Abbey, near Tours, that he might educate the people of France, both of high and low degree "and such fruits," says the historian, "did his learned labors produce that the modern Gauls or Franks were thought to equal the ancient Romans or Athenians."

After a long absence, the victorous Charlemagne returned to Gaul, and following the bent of his genius for wisdom he examined the people of his kingdom, both small and great, to learn of their intellectual progress; but found that, while the middle classes had advanced, those of noble descent had been barren in their mental culture. "Then" says the old Chronicaler "the wise monarch, imitating the eternal judge, placed those who had done well on his right hand and addressed them as follows:

"A thousand thanks, my sons, for your diligence in laboring according to my orders, and for your own good. Proceed, endeavor to perfect yourselves, and I will reward you with magnificent bishoprics; and you shall be even honorable in my sight." Then he bent an angry countenance on those on his left hand, and troubling their conscience with a lightning look, with bitter irony, and thundering rather than speaking, he burst forth with this terrible apostrophe." But for you, nobles, you sons of the great, delicate and petty minions, as you are, proud of your birth and your riches, you have neglected my orders, and your own glory, and the study of letters; and have given yourselves up to ease, sports and idleness, or to worthless exercises."

After this preamble raising on high his august head and his invincible arm, he fulminated his usual oath—

"By the King of Heaven I care little for your nobility and beauty; however, others may admire you, and hold it for certain, that if you do not make amends for your past negligence by vigilant zeal, you will never obtain anything from Charles."

But with all his love of the companionship of literary men and preference for strangers of mental culture, his ceaseless wars rendered it necessary for him to court the Germans—his own race—and hence he both spoke their language, and always wore the German dress, for his armies were Germanic. "He was of large and stout frame, and of a just, and not disproportionate height, round-headed, with very large and quick eyes, his nose a little exceeding a moderate size, his neck thick and short, his belly rather protuberant, his voice clear but not consonant to his statue." He was married five times, and had many mistresses The day before his death he finished correcting, with the assistance of some Greeks and Syrians, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and he was buried with the Gospel written in letters of gold in his own hand. Thus lived and died the mightiest man of the middle ages.

LYCURGUS AND PERICLES COMPARED.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI E. KELSEY.

[NOTE.—By a failure in the reception of matter, the following essay, which should have closed the articles on Greece, was omitted, and a preparatory one on Rome inserted in its stead. It is, however, now presented to close the illustration of Grecian history, before the subject of Rome is further proceeded with.—ED.]

The colonial condition of all the different branches of the Greek nationality was the Magna Charta of their liberties. All claiming to have sprung from one origin, each band of colonists that settled on Islands in the Archipelago, or formed a settlement on any of the headlands, or spurs of the terra firma, claimed all the prerogatives and privileges of the "Oldest inhabitant," and entered into just such social compacts as were best adapted to their local needs, and contributed most to their enjoyment. Being emphatically the "first settlers," and having "killed the snakes, and made the roads" *them selves*, they owed no allegiance to any one.

Their common origin and common need—kept alive the feeling of a common nationality. They all worshipped the same God—and notwithstanding that each tribe or city claimed to be the especial pets of some one of the gods or godesses that ruled on high, they nurtured the belief that all Grecians were the general favorites of *all* of the heavenly hosts. The great problem the "balance of power"—that has occupied the attention of European statesmen more or less ever since the overthrow of the Roman empire,—was equally the bone of contention in Greece, and was contended and fought for in a hundred battles. The "will of the governed" was at the basis of the whole social polity of Greece. Their liberties were subverted from time to time by some cunning and ambitious chiefs. Society soon righted itself and the upheaval of the masses, overturned the temporary despot.

isms and avenged their wrongs;—by affixing the epithet of TYRANTS to the names of their oppressors—that damned them to all posterity.

History furnishes no brighter example of the influence of mighty minds in determining and directing the future of the nationalities to which they belonged, than is afforded in the lives of Lycurgus and Pericles. By a typographical error in a former article, we were made to say that the Athenian was in no way superior to his Spartan neighbor in *mental* training. It should have read in *moral* training. The mentality of the Athenian was of a far higher order than that of the Spartan. The philosophy of the *Stoics* prevailed in Sparta. A stoical indifference to pain, danger or death, or to good or evil fortune, was esteemed as the highest possible intellectual development in a Spartan. Lycurgus did not originate this form of philosophy in Sparta; he merely shaped it to accord best with the rude, savage and barbarous usages of his tribe already in vogue. He applied the Stoical philosophy to the conditions of every-day life. He introduced into practical use the *theories* of his progenitors. Lycurgus was a profound believer of all he taught to others. He descended from a throne to the simplest and most abstemious rules of life. While endeavoring to impress upon others a contempt for wealth, he did not become rich himself. He was the first to set the example by sacrificing his great wealth on the altar of (what he claimed to be) his country's good. His bitterest enemies—and he had many.—could not charge him with harboring selfish aims. To practically illustrate what he believed to be a divine system, he threw aside all the comforts that wealth would supply. He divested himself of the exclusiveness and the prerogatives of royalty, and made himself equal (temporally) with the poorest of his people. It was *impossible* to turn a deaf ear to a man so devoid of all selfishness—so sublime in his faith in that which he wanted others to believe in and practice. Like Moses, he was well skilled in the knowledge of human nature—rude as it was in his day. He well understood the mutability of the human mind. He was impressed with the fact that no power would be so potent in preserving his people from apostatizing from his system, as the mystery of his own end. He induced the Spartans to subscribe to a solemn oath made in the presence of the gods, to keep to the observances of his laws until his return from a journey he contemplated making—he never returned. He voluntarily exiled himself from his family, his home, his people, for his people's benefit. His end was covered from posterity by an impenetrable veil of mystery. We are proud that history has not failed to immortalize, and for over two thousand years, trumpetted the fame of so honest a man. A man whose faith was so sublime that he *lived* himself what he wanted others to practice. Although his system in our view, was weak, puerile and calculated only to perpetuate a rude barbarism, yet his honesty of purpose sanctifies his life and commands our respect. In our next we shall present the strongly contrastive character of Pericles.

THE SELF-MADE CHEMIST.

A TRUE STORY, FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

BY JOHN LYON.

Edward Woods, the subject of the following sketch, was the son of a poor, but respectable Irishman, who immigrated to Scotland in the year 1816.

At the time I first became acquainted with him he was what is called a day-laborer; and was generally occupied serving masons, or breaking stones to macadamize the highway. In this way he found it a hard matter to earn as much as was necessary to procure a scanty living for his wife and child. Fortune, however, turned her scales in his favor, and he was engaged to assist as laborer to a color maker in a calico printing establishment, purely on account of his ignorance of letters. Color-making being at that time a secret business, and controlled as a monopoly by those who held the recipes for discharging and producing bright shades of color, in finishing worsted, and silk shawls. Poor Ned's ignorance, consequently was a good recommend, as he could neither read nor write at the time he was engaged. And as he had only to do the drudging work of cleaning tubs, skimming the liquor boilers, and stirring the liquidized chemicals, he felt comfortable in his new employment.

I was then at school, and as he lived on the same "flat" with me, I had an opportunity of reading to him portions of my primer, and recited my lessons to him of an evening, in which he took great interest. One evening after reading to him the autobiography of a poor mechanic who had learned to read, write, and who ultimately became an author and editor of a public journal; he felt at once inspired with the belief that he might also be somebody if he would apply himself as diligently as the mechanic in question.

I warmly advised him to begin immediately, and proffered him the loan of my first spelling book, and also my help as a teacher.

That evening he commenced his A B C, and every moment he had, during meal-times and evenings to the latest, were employed for several months, until he could put letters and monosyllables together. Then to the large spelling book, where he blundered away at words of two, three and four syllables unwearicdly. Then to the New Tesament, which he read to his wife, making his comments like an apostle.

Many laborious hours I spent with him before he could read, in spelling with him every word, two or three times, ere he could master the meaning of it.

I thought him an exceedingly dull scholar, and often wished in my heart that I had never incited him to take lessons. However, by the time our intimacy dropped off, he could read a newspaper. At this time I left for another part of the country, and heard no more of my pupil from 1818 to 1844, leaving a blank of twenty-two years in his history.

Many were the ups and downs of my own checkered life during this long period; and the remembrance of poor ignorant Ned Woods, the untaught laborer, had entirely left my memory, among other incidents of neglected worth.

I had just returned from Edinburgh on a special mission for the *Western Watchman* newspaper office, when I was abruptly stopped on the street by an elderly genteel-looking man, catching me by the arm and saying,—"Sir, pray excuse me, thus rudely introducing myself, but is your name Mr. Forrest King," to which I replied in the affirmative; rather taken by his abrupt question, and, rumaging every corner of my memory, and calling up every phiz in my recollection in the vain effort to discover in the portly figure before me the fac simile of the interrogator—but I could not. "Why, Mr. King," said he, "don't you recollect your great dunce of a pupil who learned, when a married man, his A B C by your help?" "Me, sir, you certainly are mistaken?" I replied, still working away in the cranial copy of my poor brain to find out some cue to the figure before me. Still I insisted in the negative, and he kept me in suspense, until another gentleman stopped and accosted him by the familiar congratulation, "Good evening, Mr. Woods." "Woods, Woods, Woods," I repeated mentally, when all in a moment twenty-two years dwindled into the short space of yesterday, and there stood before me the same high brow, dark grey eyes, hooked nose, high cheek bones, large mouth, and broad chin that I knew in my old pupil; but from the meagre form of

poverty, changed to a clear, red, healthy-looking man just past the meridian of life—from a poor laborer, changed to a well dressed, well to do, good looking gentleman.

"Why," said I, "sir, are you Edward S. Woods, who lived at Barrowfield bar, twenty-two years ago?" "The same man," he replied laughing, "only a little altered; rather fatter, richer and more intelligent than when we first became acquainted." Here he made a pause as if seeking for words to communicate his ideas, and, raising himself up to his full stature, said—"Mr. King, I am happy to inform you that I am now an independent man, so far as money and property can make a man so. I am," he continued, "but lately come down from London, where I make my home, with my family—and where most of my business is transacted. You have often been the subject of my reflections, and several times I have tried to find out where you had gone to, but those who knew you, could give me no information. This very day I was informed that you were on business in Edinburgh. Good gracious King!" said he, catching me by the two hands, and shaking me so forcibly, that I felt my bones doubling over each other in his sinewy grasp. "How glad I am to see you so respectable looking, and so intellectually engaged in your native city! But I am losing time in common-place street conversation. Come "let us go to Strawberry Hill Cottage."

"I beg the favor of another opportunity, Mr. Woods, if you please," said I, "my business requires immediate dispatch; but two hours from the present time will leave me entirely at your service." With this request, he reluctantly let go my hand, which felt as if crushed to a jelly, "Well," said he, "we meet at two o'clock, this afternoon opposite the Tontine." I nodded assent. The other gentleman took his arm, and walked off in an opposite direction; when I posted on to the office with my scraps of travel for the following day's travel.

Having transacted my business at the office with the Editor, he informed me that a gentleman had called at his lodgings seemingly very anxious to see me, and had asked a hundred questions relative to my pecuniary circumstances, connection with the newspaper, intellectual abilities, and of my family, number of children, and I don't know what all.

Two o'clock found me according to appointment waiting beneath the commodious porch of the great hall of the ancient building referred to, where Mr. Woods soon joined me, and in a few minutes we were on our way to Strawberry Hill, inside of an omnibus crowded with passengers. Passing private dwellings terraces, ornamental walks and gentlemen's villas rapidly, it brought us in the time mentioned to Strawberry Hill Cottage.

To my surprise, we halted opposite a large gate, fenced on each side with a high brick wall, enclosing half an acre in front. Mr. Woods soon gained admission, by drawing a bell-wire at a small door, which an old man opened. But guess my surprise. Instead of a cottage, and strawberries, as I had contemplated, there was everything in juxtaposition to the scenery which we had just passed.

A two-story brick building faced the entrance, and farther up the lot, on a rising ground, peaked up to the clouds, a huge stalk, or chimney, three hundred feet high, around the base of which was a circle of sheds, as black as charcoal. All around lay large vitrol bottles, barrels, and boxes of every size and description; and an innumerable quantity of bones, bark and seaweed, the stench of which was so intolerable that I could scarcely breathe. Mr. Woods, perceiving this, took me by the hand and led me back to his office, and prepared what he called a restorative for me. "Ah! Mr. King," he said, "I perceive you are much affected with the smell of our chemicals, but this will soon dispel the effects of your sickness, and rid you of that coughing. We drug-manufacturers never feel it;—usage is everything."

Having recovered from my sickness, and being left to myself, as Mr. Woods had gone out with his foreman, I had time to look about the office. The room was furnished with a large desk, tables, chairs, and a bookcase from floor to ceiling; and around the walls hung retorts, blow-pipes, worms for distillation, and various other instruments, of which I had no conception. On the shelves were bottles filled with blue, red and yellow liquids, labelled iodine sulphuric-acid, arsenic, opium, oxalic-acid, strychnine, citric-acid, and a variety of other poisons. Observing the great quantity of these deathly ingredients, I fell into a strange reverie of thought, and was musing on the quantity of beings that were daily passing into eternity from the use of such drugs, when my reflections were put a stop to by the entrance of Mr. Woods and his foreman, who would have me go with them through the works, to which I reluctantly consentd.

My curiosity being much excited respecting the bones and kelp lying around, I asked Mr. Woods what use he made of them, "Sir" said he, "those bones are the most useful, and I may say, the best paying article in the works. We purchase all the worn-out horses in the country, the skins of which we sell to the tanners, the bones we grind for manure, and the marrow in them we preserve for making salve." "Salve?" I repeated, with a slight convulsion. "Yes, sir, this salve is famed throughout the world for its healing properties. Why, sir, this salve has done more for the ease, and comfort of rheumatic patients than any other medicine discovered since the days of Aristotle.

Pointing my finger at a large heap of something like blubber, "And what is this for?" I inquired, holding my nose firmly with my other hand. "That, sir," he responded, "is another invaluable marine substance, called kelp, which, when distilled, is one of the most inveterate poisons extracted from the vegetable creation; when calcined to ashes we sell it to glass manufacturers to purify their glass; in fact, it is used in a variety of medicines; we boil, burn, and distil it to produce salts, corrodents, sublimates, and other medicinal substances." Here he left me in quite a mist, embellishing his discriptions with a great many Latan phrases, with a pompous use of names, to illustrate their combinations with other bodies, respecting all of which I had not the smallest idea. Of this, however, I felt assured, that my pupil there was far ahead of myself scientifically, as I was of him when I taught him to conjugate the letters of his own name.

"Friend Woods," said I, "I should like to know what led you first to study chemistry." "Why I thought I had told you." "No sir," I replied. "Well then I have to add another laurel to your cap, I sir learned chemistry from my employer the color-master; who would sooner have given me the hair off his head, had he known it: relying on my entire ignorance of letters he told me how to make up the compounds, the quantity, the names of the liquors for brightening and reducing shades, in imitation of the great papilton. In fact, he was greatly indebted to my industry—often I've done his work when he was stretched beneath the table, more like a corpse than a color-maker. Dead with the effects of alcohol. In this way I have to thank John Barleycorn as well as yourself for my knowledge of chemistry."

"Chemistry, Mr. King," he continued, "is the greatest science under heaven." To this I nodded assent, as one often does when he feels himself unqualified to speak one word, lest his ignorance on the subject spoken of, might be discovered.

"You, Mr. King, follow an intellectual avocation. You doubtless know more of Science, Literature, and the fine Arts than I do, and consequently know how miserably far short we are of knowing anything of chemistry, comparatively speaking."

Another nod of my head closed up this interesting detail for which I felt thankful, lest he should discover my ignorance.

"By-the-by," said he, giving me another excruciating squeeze and knowing wink, "I am much indebted to you gentlemen of the press, for publishing advertisements, such as:—Wood's Never-failing Stomach Specific! Wood's Digestion promoting Bitters!! Wood's Blood cleansing essence!!! Wood's Spine-supporting Plaster!!!! Wood's Sure and Certain Remedial Salve for Rhumatics!!!!! But," said he, "I am cutting off time. You shall have my catalogue before you leave. What do you think, Mr. King, of paying, as I have done, three hundred pounds sterling for advertising in one year.—money well laid out for puffing, too, as you would call it. My wonderful remedies, effected by chemical processes, would be little better than a block of the raw material, without the medium of the press. As somebody says in the play, 'Educate! Educate!' so I say, 'Publish! Publish!' That is the secret next to the invention of drugs."

"But," said he suddenly, "I had quite forgotten my promise to Mr. Quicksilver, the gentleman who saluted me at the Tontine when we first met; but you shall go with me. The omnibus passes in five minutes."

So saying, he took my arm, and hastened out of his cesspool of dirt, bones, and blubber-kelp, to his office at the gate, where he regaled me with a glass of good whisky, and took one himself; commemorating me with a toast to the welfare of the man who laid the foundation of Wood's prosperity, by imparting to him the complicated knowledge of A B C.

"My ignorance of useful knowledge," said he, "has led me to see after the education of my two sons, who have received in Oxford and Cambridge a sound commercial and classical education. I am sorry to say, they have not the disposition and spirit of their father; they care no more for chemistry than I do for the mysteries of Swedenborg. They are gentlemen, to be sure, and can read Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and know more of high life than I do; but had I not studied how to turn horse-bones and marrow into manure and salve, and make bark and seaweed a needful commodity in the medicinal category of drugs, where would they have been to-day?"

Infinitely to my relief, the omnibus made a halt, when we stepped into the conveyance, and left the dreary-looking brick wall and great chimney, which soon lessened in the distance, like its withering smoke, to the inexpressible relief of myself, and the benefit of the beautiful gardens, that would have been otherwise burnt up, or suffocated by its stench.

Soliciting, and pleading the necessity of attending to my business, I left with the promise to meet him at noon, beneath the pillars of the Tontine, where we met accordingly. He conducted me through several streets, to what was called the New Town, opposite to the monument erected to the memory of Sir John Moore. "This" said he, "is Wood's Medical Dispensary and Apothecary Hall. The largest and most complete establishment in Glasgow." It was indeed a spacious building occupying, what in Scotland, are called three flats. It was devoted to every species of chemicals, drugs, paints, and dye stuffs. The barrels, boxes, and jars lying at the door for export, told that an immense wholesale business was going on under the cognomen of "Woods Wholesale and Retail Drug Warehouse," which I observed, in large gold letters, above the entry. He also kept a physician and several licensed apothecaries, who gave advice, made up recipes and orders to all parts of Great Britain, and the Continent.

In this establishment he showed me many natural curiosities, of what he called, "abortive generations," preserved in vials of liquor. Khan's Museum in London, was no comparison to it. Skeletons of murderers that had been hung in Glasgow, were there with their names, crime and character attached, specimens of dissected subjects of all ages, with their bones, sinews, muscles, and blood vessels, pitched over with some kind of black glue, they were kept for private Lectures given gratis to poor students during the winter season, through the generosity of Mr. Woods. He offered me a handsome salary, if I would go into the warehouse. In fact, he did all he could to better my condition, but the knowledge of my inability kept me from accepting such a situation.

We parted on this my first days visitation to his chemical works, and Medical Hall, with the promise that whilst he remained in Glasgow I should be no stranger at his place of residence. He called often at the *Western Watchman* Office, and we would stroll away to the public green, and there converse together for hours on any subject that might happen to present itself.

"I am more than surprised" I said, one day, while engaged in one of our familiar confabs, "when looking at your extensive business, and reflecting on the many hundreds of such places throughout the United Kingdom, that they can all be supported, when we know that it is among the poor where disease is most prevalent. "Ah" he rejoined "the use of medicine is like the use of alcohol, the more it is used, the more it is in demand. Stimulants of all kinds have the same effect on the human constitution. In fact, the most deadly poisons when taken as medicines, by frequent use, become as necessary as common food; and while the patient is satisfying his unnatural appetite and at the very time he is exhilarated by it, he knows that it is poison, and that to quit would be certain death—just as much as he knows that the article will give him temporary relief. The weaker the patient grows through disease, the more must the exhilarating potion be increased, to keep pace with his growing maladies. Thus you perceive, Mr. King, that though medicines of all kinds when taken into the system for a long period, must be injurious; still the growth of disease is the cause." Medicine he continued, "is like wax in a tallow candle, which makes it last longer, but must in the end burn out. From this you will perceive not only the necessity of drugs as stimulants, but that the demand is always growing with the increase of disease."

Mr. Woods left for home some three months after our first meeting. I may just mention that he very warmly invited me to call at his residence in London, if chance should ever send me in that direction; which I accordingly did some eight years after. In the year 1852, I went up to London to have my portrait taken for a frontispiece to the *Harp of Zion*, which was then publishing. When walking over Ludgate Hill, I remembered the place and residence of my first scholar, to which I walked with expectant heart, anticipating his warm and friendly reception. But how shall I point out in words the disappointment I met with. My old friend was dead. His son, a haughty self-willed coxcomb, invited me into his drawing-room, and there interrogated me as to where I came from; what my business was in London; how I become acquainted with his father, and what my profession or calling was. To all of which questions I answered promptly, with a tone indicative of my displeasure. I saw he was ashamed of his father's mean parentage; and of those who knew anything of his history. I left in disgust, without using the formality of good-bye, and with a vexed heart—as much so as ever I had exulted at his father's success in the world, and at his great natural attainments.

The above tale I have kept in my scrap-book for many years, with a determination to publish it some day, as an illustration of what energy and labor will accomplish for the humblest, and also as a brief memorial of the ingratitude of his despicable son.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HIS SPIRIT-BRIDE.

In the conference which took place between Sir Richard and our hero, Sir Walter, by his consideration, spared much his noble relative's pride. He had anticipated all, and was prepared.

"My dear uncle," he observed, almost as soon as Sir Richard opened the subject, "I understand it all, even as you know of the past. The old love cannot die, but that part of my heart which is not possessed by Terese belongs to Alice. I love the one without loving the other less. There is a strange blending of both in my affections. Indeed they seem to me almost as one, and not two. Alice shall be my bride."

"But Walter—"

"Nay, my dear uncle, say no more: Alice shall be my bride. Can I see my cousin this evening?"

Sir Richard Courtney wrung his nephew's hand, but spoke not for he dared not trust himself to speech. Seeking to command his emotions, he left Sir Walter Templar and went with a full heart to the chamber of his daughter, to inform her that his nephew desired an interview with her.

"Alice, my darling child," said Sir Richard, as he stood by the bedside of his daughter, "your cousin Walter has asked permission to pay you a visit. He has something very important to say to you. Do you think we can grant his request? Now you must not agitate yourself, my darling. But perhaps we had better defer the meeting till to-morrow. Your cousin must curb his impatience."

"No, papa, I will see Walter to-night," the maiden replied.

When Sir Richard addressed his daughter concerning the request of Walter Templar for an interview, her heart bounded within her, and her alabaster countenance became beautified with a rich blush, which made her look, more than ever, spiritual. She read in her father's own face the deep meaning of his words, though he threw into his voice a pleasant tone, and smiled upon her with beaming affection. Indeed, notwithstanding the baronet's just and generous soul, and his kind remembrance of Terese the Hebrew Maiden, he was unspeakably gratified with the avowal of his nephew that Alice should be his bride. His conscience would have reproched him for a father's selfishness, had it not been for the fact that Terese was a Jewess, and that the two families had pronounced the decision that religions and races had placed God and Nature's barriers between the two. Conscience, therefore, was on the side of Walter's union with his Christian cousin, rather than with a maiden of the Jewish race, for even if she became a Christian by adoption, to her family she would be as an apostate from the faith of her ancestors. All things considered, therefore, Sir Richard deemed the resolve of Walter to make Alice his bride, much as a kind interposition of Providence for good, brought about in its mysterious but beneficent ways. Hence the beaming joy of the father when he communicated to his daughter the hint of the blessed proposal which Walter was about to make.

Lady Templar, as soon as Alice had expressed her wish to see Walter that night, left the chamber and, in a few minutes, returned with her son. The mother then going to the bedside of her niece, kissed her affectionately; and, taking her brother Richard by the hand, led him from the room, leaving the cousins alone. The mother's action was expressive: Walter and Alice understood its meaning.

As soon as his uncle and mother had left the room, Walter approached and knelt by the bedside of his cousin and took her unresisting hand.

"Dear Alice," he began, "I come to ask you to bless me with this love-link which now I hold. Walter need not multiply words to you. Will you, dear Alice, be my bride?"

The proposal was like Walter Templar, all earnestness, no artificial flourish, a soul in every word, a volume of purpose in a few sentences. There was also fine tact and exquisite delicacy in this brevity for Alice knew all the past. A long passionate speech would have shocked, not made her joyful. Indeed, this family whose absolute truthfulness and noble simplicity had made such a deep impression on Judah Nathans, could best appreciate and manifest this fervent genuineness which so characterized them all. Walter's few but earnest words therefore were better appreciated by the maiden than would have been a long passionate speech as from a distracted lover. Her artless answer to her cousin was of the same character.

"Yes, dear Walter, I will be your bride—your spirit-bride!"

"Nay, dearest Alice, live for me! I know your thought. I heard you express your fancy in your unconscious moments. But I ask you now to be my bride of earth."

"I will, Walter, but not yet. I am not near enough to the gate of heaven. I will be your bride of earth, but not until the last hour of my mortal life, when my own sphere is opening above me. Terese shall take my place, and I will be your spirit bride."

"Oh, no, my gentle one, you must not pass away from us. Live for your father, for *me*, for us all. Think not, dear Alice, that I do not love you, for I do truly. I love Terese, but my heart and life is not less yours. As I have told my uncle, there is a strange blending of you both in the yearnings of my nature. Heaven has willed that Terese must not be mine: be you Terese and Alice in one."

"Heaven has not so willed it, Walter—Heaven has not so willed it. Terese after me, will be your bride of earth, and I your bride of Heaven. You know that they say that the vision of those who are near eternity often take in the future, when that of those who are long for earth is dim. Well, dear Walter, I have seen the future. It is not a mere fancy. I shall be your spirit-bride, but linked for a few moments on earth by the holy sacrament of the church. Yes, I have seen it all, as in a beautiful vision. Terese has been there in the scene and given her bridegroom to me and then breathing on you both a blessing, my spirit has ascended and hovered above you, leaving her in my place—the one to you the bride of earth—the other the bride of heaven."

"Talk not so, dear Alice. These are but beautiful fancies of your own pure generous soul, wrought up by a crisis which has brought you near to death. But you will soon be strong. You will live for me—promise that, dear one!"

"I *will* live for you, hovering ever only just above you, sharing in all your joys, comforting you in your sorrows, keeping far from you by my spirit presence, every harm that Alice's prayers can charm away. Remember it, dear Walter, in your after-life. I will be near you. All will be fulfilled. Hush, Walter, your mother's footsteps approach. Not a word of this to your mother or my father yet."

Lady Templar entered and warned her son that his interview had been long enough; and Walter impressed on the lips of his bride elect, his first kiss as a lover, and left Alice alone with his mother.

Here was one of those interesting cases so often met in life where it would seem that both fate and the heart's purest and deepest affections had bound three souls together. Wherever we meet them in monogamic society, we mourn that one or the other of the gentler ones must be sacrificed. It is then that even the severest monogamist feels a latent conviction of the necessity of some great provision in the divine arrangements for the harmony of sexual kindred. They three are one. The most heartless and selfish dare not doubt it. Yet in the narrow views of the endless unions, society dares to say the one must be sacrificed, but the tender-hearted fondly hope that all will be righted in the world above. Why should not such cases also be righted in this sphere of earthly unions? But spiritual Alice Courtney has chosen for herself the place of a bride of Heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LOVE TRIUMPHS OVER RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

We left Judah Nathans pursuing his own method—twisting himself to unravel his tangled skein. He had agreed with Sir Richard Courtney that it was useless to speculate on what might have been; but that was because Courtney was not prepared to make the rapid transition with himself into the new intentions which he had formed for the future to bring about the union between Sir Walter Templar and his niece. He had, moreover, to transform his uncle Isaac's mind, which he foresaw would be done more by the conflicting affections of the old man for his grandchild than by any Universalean philosophy. Nevertheless, Judah deemed the case a very difficult one, until he learned by the arrival of his uncle in London of the flight of Terese from Rome. This much modified affairs, for he found the old man in his concern for his grandchild, some days disposed to consent to the union with our hero: but on the next day, in a state of repentance, as though in thus consenting, he betrayed his religion and race. Circumstances were therefore not ripe for Judah Nathans to communicate to Walter Templar the joyful news that the embargo against the union on their side, had been removed. Moreover, he rightly

judged that the conflict of Isaac Ben Ammon's affections would conquer his religious scruples.

One day, Judah Nathans, with a letter from Terese, entered his uncle's private room in the house once occupied by Reuben Nathans, the money-lender. It was the room where the old miser used to commune with his gold; and here Isaac Ben Ammon was now in the habit of communing with his sorrows. Judah found his uncle as usual bemoaning the absence of his grandchild. The stricken old man was, in his imagination, in restless search for her. Awakened from his fitful dreams, he eagerly arose to meet his nephew with questions mingled with querulous moanings.

"Have you found her, good Judah? Oh where is my grandchild? I cannot endure this suspense. Alas! alas! I fear she is dead. Oh Benjamin my son, I have lost you again in losing her. Have you heard aught concerning her? I will myself search for my grandchild. She shall marry the Christian. Father Abraham pardon me for saying so; but I cannot live without my grandchild. Ha! what have you there? A letter? 'Tis from Rachel. Give it me, Judah. The hope of Israel then has not departed. The God of Jacob be praised!"

"Remember, Uncle, your promise that Rachel's child shall marry the Christian noble."

"Alas! alas! Judah, I am sorely tried!" answered the venerable Hebrew.

The epistle of his grandchild was very affectionate, but much in the tenor of the one she addressed to him on her flight from Rome. She told him that she was in Paris with her master, Spontini, and following her profession. She spoke of the comfort which she had experienced in her determination to devote her life to art; and how distracted she should be by any other design. Tenderly, yearningly, yet resolutely, the maiden plead with her grandfather to be reconciled to the course which she had marked out for herself in life, now Walter Templar was gone from her hope, and she said that, as soon as her grandfather was reconciled to resign his intentions of marrying her to one of the Hebrew faith, she would return to his arms and home. In such a case, she would be by his side to minister to him as life was granted him; but, if he still persisted to force the marriage upon her, she could never see him more. She had sacrificed herself to satisfy the conscience of her Hebrew race in not marrying the Christian; but she would never in the present or the great hereafter, be other than the wife of Walter Templar.

"Judah," observed the old man when he had read the letter, "we will visit Sir Richard Courtney and his family; if they consent to the marriage between my grandchild and Sir Walter, we will not withhold ours. But if they consent not, then is the will of heaven against the union."

"Your philosophy is not sound, Uncle Isaac. We create divisions and call them heaven's making. We resolve and call it heaven's will. But what has heaven to do in willing the unhappiness of my sister's child? Divines would call me infidel, and such I am undoubtedly to *their* conceptions of the mood of God. To me, their deity is monster. No God is he to me, who plays the devil best. Indeed, I know not why he made a devil at all to work out his own ill intentions, for his own they must be: they are not mine; for evil, though it suits my mood to deem myself, I have no intentions of harm or unhappiness to any of human kind. If the adder but gets out of my path I will not tread on even him, though he is a malicious reptile, but if he would bite my foot, then will I crush him without compunction; yet with a shudder of disgust, that necessity compels me to so foul a deed as to soil my heel by crushing any life to dung the earth with. Why, what does Heaven want to set devils at us for, and to busy itself by crossing us ever when our happiness is near?"

"Yet think you not, Judah, that God permitted the serpent to tempt our first parents, as Moses our great lawgiver, has recorded."

"Why should not the good permit the evil? It created it *not*, and has naught to do with it. But Moses was our Hebrew Æsop. He wrote wondrous fables. Is a devil necessary for my good?—then have I enough of him in myself without any super-addition. Wherefore should good or God be infinitely malicious; if He sets an Infinite Malice to prey on poor humanity, then is *He* Himself the Infinite Malice—not good—not love. He would be more evil than I, who rank myself as evil, for my own conceptions of good are above myself; yet have I ever held that malice in life is a mean vice; and when I hurt, it is not because hurting gives me pleasure, but from my own or others necessities. But what necessity is there that God should design hurt, for surely He finds not the necessity for hurting. His nature, so says the highest philosophy, is to bless; therefore, His necessities are all on the side of blessings. He wills the happiness of all, therefore He wills the happiness of my sister's child. Now, I do also, will her happiness, and therefore will her marriage with Sir Walter Templar."

"But our ancient faith, Judah. That must be maintained."

"Wherefore maintain it uncle, because it is an ancient faith? If it be the highest wisdom and the highest truth, by all means, uncle Isaac, let it be maintained, not because Moses gave it four thousand years ago, but because it reaches up to Moses as he stands to-day. Uncle, I have read a hundred sages, and have sought the truth in the heights and in the depths, the length and the breadths, in the good and in the evil, and I have always found that this thing called ancient faith is the lowest not the highest form of truth. Why, I would not be to-day so low, so cruel, nor so crude a thing as Abraham's God; nor would I have a lawgiver so barbaric as our Moses. He and his faith are too ancient. Now, I am no Christian, uncle Isaac, for, in spite of my infidelity, I am Hebrew in my instincts; yet the *man* Christ elevates me more than the man Moses. His divine nature, excepting as we are all divine, every atom, every attribute, good or evil—his being the son of God, as christian orthodoxy makes him, is, to me, folly; yet would I take this Jesus as the standard for mankind, rather than our Moses. Jesus is not so ancient; and his modern views suit me better; and his philosophy of love and Catholicity harmonizes with the better and the higher state of man. Moses was lawgiver but to Israel,—this Jesus to a world. He pleases my intellect because he is the Gentiles God, for the Gentiles make a world, we the Hebrews but an atom of that world. I say, let the Jew and Gentile mate, for in that mating, mankind is made more universalian in their forms, and spirit; and, therefore, more modern—not more ancient. Out upon this ancient faith! I would have the faith of the future—not the faith of the past—for the one is barbaric, the other enlightened. Why go back to our father Abraham, and Moses our great lawgiver? They were great; and, in their time, the foremost of the world; but now they represent our semi-savages. Plato and Christ, were two thousand years ahead of them, because they were two thousand years *less ancient*, with natures and characters equally great. Uncle Isaac, never trouble about maintaining our ancient faith, but marry your grandaughter to the Christian."

"Judah, thou art wise in thy intellectual views, but perverted In thy religious faith; yet thou wilt agree with me that Israel must not die out of the world."

"Yet, Uncle Isaac, if Terese wed not Sir Walter Templar, *your* Israel will die out of the world. She will marry not and be childless, and your race in her will become extinct."

"Alas! Judah, thou sayest truly. But I would he were a Hebrew."

"I love my niece, and would have her happy, and therefore am I satisfied that Walter Templar is a *man;* were she naught to me, I should not care if he were a Hebrew."

"My son, the Hebrews were the chosen people."

"So I suppose, Uncle Isaac, all mankind are chosen to reach the better state of the world, for I see the Gentiles fast traveling towards that better state. They are wiser, better and more tolerant than were Israel of old, so they are chosen too and for a better work. Our forefather's were but savage fanatics, intolerant and narrow minded who looked upon all the human race besides themselves as dogs. If to be all this, fitted them to be a chosen people they were fitted and were doubtless chosen."

"The Hebrews were the favored of God. Thou wilt own, Judah, at least thou wilt own that they were His favored and peculiar people."

"So I suppose all men are favored who deserve his favor. As for peculiar-flavored grace, I cannot say I like the smell of it. So, Uncle Isaac, be less peculiar, and marry my niece to the Christian noble.

"I would, Judah, that thou wert lest a skeptic."

"And I that my niece were Sir Walter Templar's wife. But let her die a maiden, since you will it so."

"Nay, nay, Judah, I will it not."

"And childless, since our religion makes her childless. 'Tis the will of heaven."

"Nay, Judah, nay."

"It is not my will, nor yours, nor heaven's; wherefore then should she not be Sir Walter Templar's wife? For, if she is not that, the other follows."

"Well, well, Nephew, I have decided. She *shall* be the Christian's wife; but I would to God that he were the poorest Israelite in all the world, rather than a gentile. Yet, Judah, I confess he is a nobleman more than in title."

"Your intention, then, is to visit Sir Richard Courtney's family Uncle Isaac?"

"Such is my intention."

"And then the union between Rachel's child and Walter Templar? This must be unalterable or I move not in the affair. That which I undertake *shall* be accomplished, if within my power, or I undertake not. Say, is it unalterable?"

"Alas, Judah, my grandchild must marry the Christian; but I would it were not so. Be satisfied, it *is* unalterable."

"As my will," concluded Judah, "when such a necessity encompasses me. To-morrow, Uncle Isaac, we start for Sir Richard Courtney's."

CHAPTER XLIX.

TERESE'S GRANDFATHER AND ALICE COURTNEY.

To the great joy of the Courtney family, Alice rapidly revived. She had a purpose to accomplish, and that was to bring about the union between Walter and Terese. In the beautiful fancies which had taken possession of her mind, she was playing the ministering angel even now. Her own union with Walter was to be but for the moment; that between Walter and Terese was to come after she herself had passed into her proper sphere of spirit-bride. Walter daily tried to remove this fancy from her mind, but he could not; it increased, and with it a certain impatience, as though she was restless to be in her own sphere. She seemed waiting for something which she expected would certainly come.

Walter and Alice were sitting alone on the terrace in front of Courtney House, when a carriage was heard driving up the avenue of the park. In a few moments a chariot, with four horses, and postilions, drew up near the door; Judah Nathans alighted, and then helped a venerable man, with a flowing white beard also to alight. The former was in an instant recognized by the two cousins, but when the old patriarch arose in his seat, Alice looked up into our hero's face with a heavenly smile, and said:

"Dear Walter, *he* is come. I have been waiting for him. It is Terese's grandfather."

Walter was too much agitated for a reply. He experienced a certain shock at the realization that Alice's fancies were beginning to come to pass.

"Is it then more than a vision of her fancy? Is Alice to be my spirit bride and Terese my bride of earth?"

The thoughts were in his brain as quick as lightning. Alice gave to him another heavenly smile, for she read these thoughts with her spiritualized instincts; and then leaving her cousin, she hastened as fast as her delicate health would allow, to welcome to Courtney House the grandfather of Terese.

There was great concern, almost consternation, in the family of Sir Richard Courtney, at the arrival of their unexpected visitors—unexpected by all excepting Alice. In the presence of his youngest daughter, Sir Richard sought to avoid all reference to the past, and hinted to his visitors that Sir Walter and himself would privately commune with them in the evening. So the afternoon passed off with some constraint on both sides, not much to the astonishment of Judah, who expected reserve in Courtney. Alice, however, was particularly attentive to the grandfather, and treated him much with the same reverence as though he had been her own. Walter alone understood this, and still he was agitated by the thought.

In the evening, the gentlemen withdrew for a private conference in Sir Richard's library, excepting young De Lacy, who was left with the ladies. But previously, Alice took our hero aside and whispered:

"Dear Walter, tell them all. The time has come. It will pain my father, but he must know it. Before the close of your interview I will come. I shall know the moment."

Walter Templar was awed. He could not remonstrate with Alice at such a time, knowing how fully possessed her mind was with her fascinating programme. Indeed, he was almost fearful to break in upon her theme with a thought disconsolate to it, lest it should agitate her. So he promised to obey, and left her with a look of tenderest concern, for he felt that her strange dreams would be realized.

As soon as the gentlemen were fairly together in the capacity of a council in Sir Richard Courtney's library, Isaac Ben Ammon requested his nephew to lay before Sir Richard and Sir Walter the subject of their visit. This Judah did, in his clear, concise style, and the baronet and his nephew listened without a word, until he came to the flight of Terese, when Walter broke in, with anxious concern:

"Terese fled? And six months ago? I pray you, Mr. Nathans, stop not for the connection of your narrative, but relieve my suspense at once: Is she found?"

"Yes, Sir Walter. Her grandfather received a letter from her the day before yesterday."

"Is she well?"

"She is well."

Courtney then explained to his visitors that his family, after the last interview with Mr. Nathans, had deemed a union between Terese and Walter impossible; he then dwelt upon the months of deep grief of Walter which succeeded, and his retirement from almost all association with his family; and then, though he confessed that it was a delicate subject, he frankly related the case of his daughter Alice; and that the father's heart had plead with Walter for his darling child's life, and hope had not been denied.

"Alas, Alas!" lamented Isaac Ben Ammon. "You have saved your daughter's life, but I have blighted the earthly happiness of my grandchild. Judah, the hope of Israel has departed for ever now. Let us go. Our business is ended. We will start to London this very night, and then to Paris."

"Not so, uncle Isaac."

"In vain you remonstrate, Judah. Let my eyes rest upon my grandchild again, my ears catch her words of forgiveness, and then I will sleep with my fathers, for the hope of Israel has indeed departed now."

Isaac Ben Ammon arose from his chair to carry into immediate execution his resolve. Walter followed, to beseech him to remain, with the intention of communicating the part which Alice had charged him with: Judah kept his seat, with a calm mind and a resolute will; while Sir Richard also kept his seat, in deep sympathy for the heart-broken old man, but felt that any attempt at consolation from him would be like mocking the patriarch's grief. Thus were suspended for a moment the personages met in the library of Sir Richard Courtney. Alice Courtney opened the door of the library and stood upon the threshold contemplating the scene. To Walter Templar she seemed a spirit indeed, for he knew the purpose of her coming, and her appearance at that moment suggested to him that she was moved by mysterious inspirations. This, in fact, was the case. She had been strangely agitated for the last ten minutes, and then, led, perhaps, by some invisible hand, she sought the gentlemen in the library to tell her strange story of coming events. For an instant she stood upon the threshold, and then, entering, she took the Hebrew patriarch by the hand, and with the single word, "Grandfather!" she led him to his seat again. The maiden next took a footstool, and placing it near Isaac Ben Ammon, seated herself at his feet. The old man was awed, for she had taken the place as though she had been Terese herself, and not Alice Courtney. Sir Richard was puzzled by his daughter's conduct; Judah wondered, but in a moment took in the fact that Alice was not long for this world, and deemed her now acting under impulses of delirium. Walter alone fully realized the situation and the painful *denouement* to come.

Alice then told her father all her fancies; how she had pledged herself to Walter to be his spirit-bride, designing Terese, after her death, to be his bride of earth; and she closed with a prayer to her father to grant her dying request.

Sir Richard Courtney wept: Isaac Ben Ammon wept and laid his trembling hand on the maiden's head; Walter buried his face and moaned in anguish of spirit; Judah Nathans looked on with a strange intellectual concern, for he had another problem before him. At length Sir Richard Courtney burst forth in his great and sudden grief:

"Oh child, my child: can this be so?"

Alice left the side of Isaac Ben Ammon, and approaching her father, threw her gentle arms around his neck and kissed him tenderly, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Papa, grieve not for me. I am *not* going to *die*. I am only going to the better world. Alice will be with you and Walter always. I am not going to die, papa. Jesus Christ will give me eternal life."

"Jesus *was* of Abraham!" mused Isaac Ben Ammon, more, however, as a thought than an observation.

Sir Richard held his daughter to his heart for a moment, and then putting her gently a little away from him, gazed intently into her beautiful face, in which a spiritual light shined, to try to read a refutation to Alice's fancies there.

"No, no, my darling," he said; "it is not so. "You are not going to die!"

"No, papa, not *die*. Only sleep a moment to wake above."

"Oh, my daughter—my darling little one, is it then no painful dream?"

"No dream, dear papa."

"Mr. Nathans," said Sir Richard, suddenly, "you are a man of strange knowledge. Answer me truly. Can any human help save my child?"

"I am less a sceptic than I was, Sir Richard. I think to-night there *is* an immortality. Your gentle daughter has seen it looming in the distance. Yes, I am less a sceptic than I was."

Judah had made similar remarks when he discovered the picture of Terese, and at the same time his uncle Isaac. It was an indirect answer to Courtney's question; but that was characteristic of the problem-solving Judah Nathans, and too well it conveyed to the agonized father's mind the truth that Alice would soon be with the angels above.

"Papa," observed Alice, "I must see my sister Terese before I go. I could not leave my earth-home happy unless I accomplished all to make Walter's life like my own sunny land to which I am going. We must seek Terese, papa. Is she in England?"

"No; in Paris, Alice."

"We will seek her in Paris, then; for I cannot go to my spirit-land until my sister Terese is near my side."

The sorrowful father could not find the desire in his heart to interfere with his daughter's beautiful, generous designs. Moreover, she gently, yet firmly declared that she could not be the bride of Walter unless all was fulfiled; and, as to be by right of holy marriage on earth his bride of heaven, was evidently a blissful thought to the maiden, Sir Richard allowed his daughter Alice to shape the future. He felt that he should know no peace of mind after her death did he deny her now. As for Walter he spoke not. Words from him would have been out of place; but he kissed his bride elect with more than earthly affection, and smoothed tenderly her alabaster brow. The rest of the family were unspeakably pained when all was communicated to them; but within a week, Sir Richard's family, including young De Lacy, started from Courtney House, with Isaac Ben Ammon and Judah Nathans, for Paris.

CHAPTER L.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

"Sir Walter Templar, as I live! On my honor as a soldier, Sir Walter, I am delighted to meet you in Paris."

"The Marquis Baglioni, if I mistake not," observed our hero, who had accidentally met the Italian nobleman in the streets of Paris.

"By the way, have you seen Signor Spontini since your arrival?" asked Baglioni, after a few moments conversation.

"No, Marquis, but I am anxious to meet my illustrious master."

"You have not yet then heard Rachel, the Jewess?"

"And who is this Rachel, Marquis? I have heard of a lady by that name who is captivating Paris by her singing; but that is all I know of the lady."

"Delightful, Sir Walter—I have a surprise for you then. The lady is no other than your interesting companion of Italy."

"It *is* Terese, then," thought Walter. "My surmise was right."

"Here is the programme for this evening, Sir Walter. She sings in Spontini's great opera, *La Vestala*. You will be at the Opera House, I presume, to night?"

"The two gentlemen parted, and our hero hastened to communicate the intelligence to his own family, and to the grandfather and uncle of Terese.

Isaac Ben Ammon was in raptures, though he sought to subdue his transport. Sir Richard and the elder ones of the family were very grave, for they realized that Alice's dream was near its fulfillment; but the dying maiden replied, with a sigh of relief, accompanied with her heavenly smile:

"The angels are coming; but I must hear Terese sing her divine songs first."

"Nay, my darling child," gently remonstrated Sir Richard; "you must not go to the opera to-night."

"Say not so, dear papa To-morrow night I may not be able. I must hear Terese sing once before the angels come."

Sir Richard Courtney reluctantly granted his daughter's request; for all his family by this time felt that Alice had not many weeks to live. She had visibly declined since they left England, and only the tenacity of her purpose bore her up to its accomplishment.

That night the Courtney family were all at the opera-house to hear Terese sing; or Rachel, the Jewess, as she was announced to the public. The box which they occupied was near the stage. Alice was sitting by the side of Walter, Isaac Ben Ammon by Sir Richard Courtney, Frederick De Lacy, with the imperial looking Eleanor, and Lady Templar with Judah Nathans.

The opera commenced. Terese sang divinely, as usual; but Walter Templar thought, with more tragic impressiveness than she did a year ago in Rome. When our hero saw her come upon the stage, his heart throbbed and his soul yearned towards her. He felt that Terese, by her very presence, overwhelmed his nature, and all the passion of his being was again awakened. Had it not been for the spiritual fascination of his cousin over him, and the peculiar bond that was between them, he would have fled fromthe audience in dismay, for all the voices of his heart, when he beheld her, cried clamorously for Terese. He was almost terrified to find how much she was still to him. The old embargo, "The Jewess and the Christian cannot mate," had no weight with him then; division of races and antique covenants were confounded in the tumult of his feelings. Terese and Walter were one everlasting.

Perhaps Alice Courtney divined the thoughts and feelings of her elect, for she whispered to him:

"Walter, be comforted. Alice is but your bride of heaven; there is your bride of earth. We are not two, but one."

Walter tenderly pressed the hand of his gentle cousin, and the same awe which always possessed him when Alice spoke thus, brooded over him for the remainder of the evening, and, strange as it may seem, never did he love Alice as much as in that hour when he beheld Terese for the first time after their parting in Rome.

The performance of the evening was ended, the curtain dropped, and then a great shout from the audience brought the Hebrew Maiden before the curtain. As from heaven, a boquet fell at her feet. It was the first that greeted her. The hand of Alice Courtney had thrown the flowers. They were woven in the form of a bridal wreath, by the dying maiden's own hand, and concealed by her for the occasion. Terese immediately picked up the wreath, and somewhat surprised at it, cast her eyes to the box from whence it came, her face all bathed in blushes. Had she paused, instead of obeying her impulse, she would have left the wreath at her feet, but she had picked it up almost before she was conscious of the fact, and then, realizing that she held a floral crown in her hand such as might adorn a bride on her marriage day, she, in startled surprise, cast her eyes upwards to the doner. The smile of Alice Courtney beamed upon her as from an angel in heaven, and then a long entranced gaze rested upon Walter Templar. She saw also the other personages in the box, though obscurely; took in the fact that her grandfather and uncle were present; felt that the eyes of Walter's mother and uncle were bent upon her, and then, with a great gasp for breath, she fainted upon the stage, amid the shower of flowers that fell around her from many hands.

In a few minnes afterwards, the Hebrew Maiden was in the arms of her grandfather in the green-room, while Spontini was before the curtain explaining to the excited audience, the partial cause of his pupil's emotions, which they had taken as more serious. The people were satisfied, and withdrew; but Spontini had not told them all. Farinelli, who had led Terese out, alone, besides the *maestro*, knew that the lover, as well as the grandfather, was in the house; but even our heroine, as yet, understood not the full meaning of that bridal wreath of flowers.

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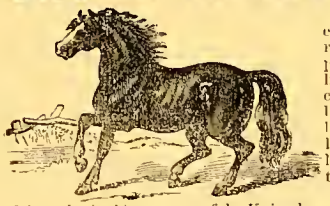

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BETROTHAL.

O for one hour of such enchanted light
As made a fairer daytime in the sky,
When on the willow-bank we sat that night,
My old time love and I!

A while we talked so low and tenderly,
We felt the listening trees above us lean;
And louder far the silence seemed to me
That fell at last between.

Her heart lay floating on its quiet thoughts,
Like water-lilies on a tranquil lake;
And Love within, unknown, because unsought,
Lay dreaming half awake.

Ah, Love is lightest sleeper ever known!
A whisper, and he started plain to view:
Old as the heavens seemed our story grown,
While yet the moon was new.

And when she spoke, her answer seemed the while
Sweeter for sweetness of the lips that told,
Setting a precious word within a smile—
A diamond ringed with gold.

Then bloomed for us the perfect century-flower:
Then filled the cup and overran the brim;
And all the stars processional, that hour,
Chanted a bridal-hymn.

Ah, Time, all after-days may fly away,
Such joy as that thou hast but once to give,
And Love is royal from his crowning-day,
Though kingdomless he live.

Carl Spencer, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

GLIMMERLY GAP.

I.

Henry Clay Glenning, telegraph operator at Lindenbury railway station, sat at his desk as the dusk closed in of a gloomy April evening, a dozen or more years back. A tall, light-built young man of maybe seven-and-twenty, with a full, close-cropped brown beard, and a clever, good-looking face; but, about the eyes and mouth there were troubled lines that seemed to indicate some present wearing care. The cold northeasterly rain beat drearily on the panes: the sashes rattled dismally in the eddying wind. There was nothing going through the lines this hour and more, and Glenning leaned back in his chair in thought that his attitude showed was not at all pleasant company. He got up after a while and took down his hat and coat from the wall. It was nearly seven by the office clock. The station-master relieved him three-quarters of an hour; there was no train due until the Lake Mail, nine minutes of eight. He went out, and up the bleak, wet streets. Getting home, he left his wet coat in the passage, and passed on up the stairs. He leaned back on the landing a minute, with eyes looking down, and face compressed in distasteful revery. Then he stepped forward quickly, and went in. The table was set for two. Beside it a lady sat stitching upon some needlework in her lap. Her cheek flushed as he came in; but she did not look up. He came and sat down opposite. The angry flush remained; her lips were firmly shut; she worked on, loop over loop, and did not raise her eyes or turn her head.

"Mary," he said, his tone was low and gentle, "Mary, I want to tell you a story."

She glanced up askance at his face, as though surprised. But her eyes went instantly back to her lap, and her fingers worked on, loop over loop. Glenning went on; his voice a little graver, but gentle and low as before.

"On the North Rock Road, just beyond the Southdown Mills, there is a little country store, kept by one John O'Neil and his wife, Jane. I've known the pair by sight a long time now—honest, simple, hard-working folks, and prosperous, too, as things go. They have no boys and only one girl—Jenny, after her mother. I remember her a little toddling thing, in a pink frock and gingham apron, as I used to see her playing about the place when I went out and in from the farm. She was a bright, merry child, and a great pet at home, as you may suppose. John was never tired of talking about her as a child, and praising her cleverness and winning ways. He vowed he'd make a scholar of her if he worked his nails off to do it. Well, the girl grew and grew, and last summer finished the course of the common school, and in the fall went over to Fort Hill Institute, in Tidewater. The old couple missed Jenny sadly, of course, and found the old house lonely enough when the girl was gone. Their only consolation was their weekly letter, which came in regularly every Wednesday afternoon by the Through Mail. They used to come in together in their old buggy, every week, on Wednesday, in almost any weather, and get the letter. It got to be a standing saying among the men about the station, 'There's John and Jane wants a letter from Jinny.' When I went down to the office to-day I saw them coming over from the post-office. They came in. Both looked anxious and troubled."

"'Mr. Glenning,' says John, 'we haven't no word from our girl to-day. It's the first time it's missed, and we feel a little doubtsome like. We want you to send word by the telegraph, and ask how it is.'

"I sent the message to Jenny, at Fort Hill:

"'No letter to-day. Anything wrong?'

"In half an hour the answer came back:

"'Nothing wrong. Well and happy.

JENNY O'NEIL.'

"The old pair were in great glee over their 'letter by telegraph.' They went off as happy as birds. That was about two o'clock. At three-fifteen this came." He took out some telegraph slips from his pocket, selected one and pushed it across the table. She turned her head and read:

"Jenny O'Neil died here by an accident this afternoon. Will you break the news?"

It was addressed to a clergyman of Lindenbury, and signed by the principal of the Tidewater School.

Glenning watched her as she read. He had thought the sad story would soften her. She had a woman's heart, I think; it did soften her. She too remembered the bright, fair-faced young girl, on the North Rock Road. But she seemed to strive against the feeling; summoned her pride to steel her against letting him see. Her face flushed up with a thrill of pity and sympathy; she could not see the work in her lap plainly for a dimness in her eyes. But she bit her lip, and kept back the tears that almost brimmed over, and forced her fingers to work on, loop upon loop.

"Mary," he said—his voice was sad and low, "I was wrong to say what I did. I was hot and ill-tempered then, and hardly knew what I did. I'm sorry Mary. Won't you let it go?"

He leaned his head on his hand, looked in her face, and waited for her to speak. She did not raise her eyes. He went on, with a very mournful tone. There was a wounded look in his eyes; she knew it, though she did not turn her own, or lift them from her lap. Very gravely he talked on to her, pleaded with her earnestly and sadly. There was no reproach in his words, no note of blame, though there was room.

She kept her mask on well; he thought she was unmoved. But I think the white teeth closed upon the lip inside, and the woman's heart throbbed hotly underneath. Suddenly she started visibly; he must have seen it. But it was not for anything he had said. She felt in her pocket, turned over the work-box by her side; got up and looked about the room, pulled out a drawer or two, lifted a book or paper. She did not seem to find anything; but came back and sat down as before.

"Henry," she said, "when you're ready we'll have our tea."

Her voice was low and calm—plainly forced; she did not lift her head. He started up at that as if she had struck him. A look of sharp pain leaped into his face. He got up quickly and walked about the room, his head bent and his hands behind him, in a pitiful, aimless way. After a little, he stopped suddenly, facing the window.

"Mary," he said, "come here." His voice was stern.

She got up and stood beside him. The curtains hung apart. He swept them wide with his hand and pointed through the glass.

"Look," he said.

Across the street she saw a lighted window, with the curtains drawn aside. Inside, a thick-set and common-looking man was playing about the room, with a curly-haired child; a woman by the table looking on with a happy smile. As they looked a peal of ringing, childish laughter came to their ears. He let the curtain fall, leaned back against the wall, and looked her in the face. Her eyes flashed bright, an angrier flush swept up, and dyed her cheek deep red. Her words were bitter when she spoke.

"Well," she said, "what of all that? Why didn't you marry Sue Stuart yourself? The fool would have had you for asking." She laughed a bitter mocking laugh.

"I wish to God—" he began. But he stopped. She went back and sat by the table. He came and sat down opposite. He sat silent awhile, his head sunk in his hands. The attitude was one profoundly mournful—the air of a traveler lost in some unexplored forest, who sits down disheartened at last, finding no path, seeing no way to the light. A straggling lock of hair fell down upon his face. He lifted it and drew out, one, two, three gray hairs. "Look, Mary," he said, "I'll be twenty-seven in June."

That arrow touched her visibly; his hair and face were not like that when they two married, nineteen months ago. He went on with a mournful voice: "I was alone in the world. I was lonely, and wanted help. I told you that two years ago; you must remember, Mary, I said I'd be true to you through good or evil. God helping me, I'll keep my word. I said I'd try to make you happy; I meant to be happy myself. I meant to do right by you. In the main I think I have; at least I've honestly tried. I've said hard word's at times, when I hardly knew what I said; for them I am honestly sorry, as for all my failings in love and duty. We ought to be happy; we are neither of us that; I hardly know how we came to this miserable pass. I see no way out of it now, for you or me. God help and forgive us both!"

She lifted her eyes from her lap at last, and turned upon him flashing scorn. "Henry Glenning," she said, fronting him full with a hot flushed face, "what do you want? What would you have? Am *I* happy? Have I no heart? no pulse? no nerves, that can be cut and stung? Because I am too proud to show my pain; because I will not mope or whine; because I laugh to hide the bitter ache and void; bite my lips till they bleed, and crush back the sob that chokes, and the tears that blind me, do you think I am ice or stone? Must *you* turn on me, too? Had I not enough? You know why I married you. Was it my own free choice? I was a fool; I know it, but I say it was not. You say no one forced me—how do you know? No one said, you shall or you shall not; we are past that day. I wish to God they had; I would have laughed and had my way. But is that all? Do you know how a petty household tyranny can wear and warp? A father's preference, a brother's sneers and scoffs, a sister's anger, a mother's averted face? I was a coward; I know it. If I had it to live over, I'd walk through fire, first. *You* were clever and handsome; they all liked *you*. You know what I mean. You knew it then, and should have set me right. For you I broke my faith; I was afraid of the world's silly laugh—poor, blind fool that I was! I broke my faith, I say; that was your sin and mine. *Your sin*, I say; for you knew, and should have died first. Do you pity me? Do you grieve for your part in making my life a shame and a lie? Pity? You blame my neglect, taunt me for my coldness of heart. Heart? I tell you I have no heart. You hear men's lies to my blame. You distrust your own wife's word. You are passionate with me; harsh, hard, cruel. You spoke to me to-day as no man has a right. I will not hear it again. I will not bear it. I warn you to beware. *You may make their lies come true.*"

"God forgive you!" he said. That was all. He got up and went out. His head was bent, his face was haggard, but neither angry nor stern.

II.

Slowly and sadly he went down the stairs. He wondered how it would end. He could not quite understand her persistent anger, her fierce rejection of his overtures. He had been wrong; he owned it freely. His temper was hot at times; but she could not but know that she had tried him

beyond patience. No, he could not understand, or see his way. Drawing on his coat, his face was turned toward the stair. The gas-light shone upon a folded paper lying on the second step, soiled and torn. He stooped and picked it up. He glanced inside; it was written in capital letters, apparently unmeaning. A horrible suspicion flashed upon him—might not what he had overheard be true? He opened the door and went out. He stopped at the corner, under the lamp, opened the paper, and held it to the light. It was a sheet of common note paper, folded in three. A wet boot-heel had apparently trodden upon one side as it lay in the fold, and ground off a part of the writing just below the first four words. A pulpy shred connected the parts, and showed what space was gone. This was what remained:

(1) O & RQQT FGCT OCT &—
—DQP I
TT—HTU ATSUG. (3) FI SR BSYV
KYEVII. (4) NET YB EREH TEG.
AJDXN XARENE.

The rain dripped down upon the paper; he sheltered it with his hat, and stood, with head bare, in the beating rain. He felt in his heart that that fourth word could be but one. He found the key in a minute's time; a simple schoolboy trick. He felt that that word must be *Mary*. He tried it through the sentence, counting two letters back: o-m-e-a-t-r-&-y. "*My poor, dear Mary.*"

The rain dripped from his hair; he shivered—was it with cold? He felt sick and faint; he thought he should fall. He saw the lights of the Merriman House over the way. He staggered across, through mud and water half-knee deep, heeding neither gutter nor pool; went in and up to the bar.

"Brandy," he said. He lifted the bottle; but his hand shook too much. "Pour it." His voice sounded hoarse and strange. The barman took up the bottle and half filled the glass. Glenning steadied himself by the bar. He spilled a little as he lifted the glass. He set it down empty "More," he said. He drank it off, and went out. The church clock was striking eight. He ran on down to the station; he was half an hour late. He sat down at his desk. There was nothing going through the wires from L.; only now and then some message about the trains on the railway line. The cipher changed after that first line. The burning spirit set him all ablaze; his brain was on fire, his heart a leaven weight. He studied those next legible words with a mad anxiety. They were plainly the end of a sentence, the rest of which was gone. He tried the words this way and that—counted forward, backward, one letter, two letters, three, four, five. He was sure it was some simple trick of spelling; but he could make no sense of them for a long time. Some one came stamping in now and then out of the rain; but he paid no heed, worked away at that terrible puzzle that seemed so like child's play, and was, in fact, such deadly, earnest work.

"It may well be doubted," says Poe, "whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of this kind which human ingenuity, if properly applied, may not also resolve." In a certain sense, this is, no doubt, true. In the hiding of thought, as of treasure, it is always possible that a second mind may invent or happen upon the same method and place of concealment, and so discover the buried store. But I think I may safely engage to conceal a thought under a riddle of this sort which shall be as long in the finding as the buried gold or jewels of the pirate captain, Kidd. Here is this simple cipher, which so cruelly perplexed poor Glenning that April evening. The head that constructed it was none of the cleverest, and, by consequence, the riddle was of the rudest and simplest. In these next four words, the writer had hit, by good chance, upon an expedient so simple that you may easily get at the hidden meaning if you have quick mother-wit and good luck. Yet I challenge any reader to go to work systematically, and unravel the enigma by any more logical process than that of happy guessing. Take the words before reading further:

DQPI TT—HTU ATSUG.

Glenning wearied and fretted himself to no purpose, with trial on trial. Then he tried the system commonly used with these riddles, depending upon the known excess in the number of certain letters, e, a, o, i, d, and so on, in their order. It would not work. He was out again. The trouble with that system, and similar ones, is that they provide only for cases in which each character of the cipher refers uniformly to one certain thing in the underlying expression; and even here, the system may be easily stultified by the omission of the articles, and the use of a little care in the selection of the words employed.

In this particular instance, the writer had happened upon a pretty good plan, but showed himself plainly indebted to good luck rather than cleverness, by a blunder which a little skill would have made him easily avoid. There was a flaw in the construction which gave you a clue to the possible plan. Glenning had worked over the phrase till he was in despair of solving the terrible riddle. He leaned back in his chair and closed his tired eyes, with a baffled, beaten look. Those cabalistic words stood out before his sight, burned upon his brain in letters of fire. I do not think he would ever have construed them but for the blunder of which I speak. It struck him suddenly now; he started forward and looked. The second word of the four was "TT." By the common assumption, upon which he had worked all along, these two T's must refer to the same certain character. "TT" might, indeed, not be a word at all; it might be a number or a contraction. But the presumption was that it represented a word of two letters. Then, if the common assumption applied, this underlying word must be the double of some single letter. That was absurd on its face; no such combination, from *double a* to *double z*, forms any English word. Glenning caught at the suggestion with an eager flash; he cursed his own blindness, for not seeing it before. He saw that these two T's could not stand for the same thing—in other words, that the cipher must have been formed upon a variable plan; that a character might have different meanings, dependent upon its place in the sentence, or other pre-arranged relation. He saw how this might be easily done in a hundred ways. He tried the simplest possible—counting from the first letter one forward; from the second, two; from the third, three—and so on.

D-E, P-S, Q-S, I-M—Essm.

No; out again. d—but stop. *Is* that the simplest possible method? Hardly. The writer would naturally count forward; we must count back.

D-C, Q-O, P-M, I-E—*Com*

Ha! He counted out the letters with a fierce haste.

——*Come on—all right.*

It was maddening. What could it mean? It frightened him to think; some devil's work, he felt sure. He tried the next words. The cipher had changed again; he saw what those numbers meant now—saw it, and cursed them. "(1)-(3)-(4)." The (2) was doubtless gone with the part shredded off. These numbers meant four different ciphers pre-arranged.

Just then Station-master Farley came in and spoke to him something about a sick friend, and a request that Glenning would attend to any business that should come in for him, till he got back. Glenning tipped back in his chair, with his head thrown back, and his eyes staring up in the other's face. But while his eyes stared wide, his mind was all the

while working away at the clumsy puzzle that yet had power to torment him intolerably. He nodded his head when Farley had done; but, when he had gone out, what semblance of an idea Glenning had of the whole was some dim notion that Farley wanted him to answer messages that might come in about the trains. Farley had told him something of a train off time; but of that he remembered nothing.

He worked on at the next four words. His whole being seemed to centre upon that one torn, crumpled, mud-stained shred with its terrible hieroglyphics. He saw, knew, thought, felt, heard no other thing. After a while the familiar sound of a message struck upon his ear, and partly roused him. He took off the message mechanically:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

He read it over and over. The words conveyed no meaning to his brain. What he did about it he knew not. The same message might have come many times, for all he knew then. What answer went back, or whether any, he knew no more.

He tried the words of the cipher back and forth, this way and that, over and over again. But he got the key at last—a stupid one enough—straight forward, counting four letters ahead.

"ALL RIGHT—COME ON. BE ON YOUR GUARD."

What could it all mean? He worked away at the rest, as one might work a problem in a nightmare dream. All else seemed dim and strange, and far away; men's voices, now and then; doors opening and closing again; once a bustle of a freight train going through. He heard these sounds in a strange jumble, without definite idea of their cause or meaning, and yet without surprise, like one in a real dream. There was little or no work for the wires. What there was he did without thought or understanding, with the machine-like acquired motions of long-acquired habit.

He missed the key of the cipher this time from its very nearness and simplicity. The thought could hardly be said to be hidden. He counted forward, two letters, three, four, five, six, one; backward the same. He twisted the words and the letters; vexed himself fiercely to no purpose; all the while devouring with eagerness to know the meaning of this terrible riddle that fate had set him to solve. He cursed himself for his stupidity, when at last he saw; the sentence was simply spelt backward, letters and words reversed.

"GET HERE BY TEN."

Just then a telegram clicked off the wires. He sat a moment like one dazed, then the instinct of long habit moved him again, and he worked the instrument with his hand—God knows, not with his heart or brain.

He looked up at the clock on the shelf; it wanted five minutes of ten. He staggered out to the door, and let the cold rain drive upon his head.

III.

My name is William Thurlow Whipple. I have been a conductor on the Tidewater and Lime Lake Railway since the summer of '51. On the 21st of April last, I ran the Lindenbury Night express out of Tidewater at seven o'clock. We had the "George Grant" engine, James Morris, driver, and nine cars in all. The distance from Tidewater to Lindenbury is sixty-three miles; we were due at L. at 10:07.

At Wendall, fifteen miles out, we passed the East Branch Accommodation, bound in, on the switch. As we ran in, I saw Henry Brown, conductor of the Branch train, cross over and stand by our track. He did not see me yet when I hailed him:—

"Helloa there, Brown! What is the word?"

"That you, Whipple?" he called. "Telegram for you from Clark's."

There was no office at Wendall; Clarksville is the next up-station. It was quite dark by this time; I read the message by the station lamps:

LINDENBURY, 7:05, P.M.

TO W. T. WHIPPLE, NIGHT EX., CLARKSVILLE.

Lake Mail off track between Fetterly and Glenbrook. Can't get on before 8. Come to Ashley—then look out.

MICHAEL FARLEY, S. M.

Farley was station-master at L. Ashley was three stations ahead. We were due there at 8:02. I looked at my watch as we ran in. I recollect we were a minute ahead of time. I jumped down as we slowed, and ran ahead into the telegraph office. A message from Linden was waiting:

"Lake Mail off yet, west of the Junction. Come on till 9."

We ran on west, making good time. Glenbrook is twenty-two miles west of Lindenbury, we should have passed the Lake Night Mail at Winterville, next west of Clark's. I felt a little anxious about it as we thundered on through the darkness; there was was no moon that night, and west of Wamona the sky was overcast, and the air full of misty rain.

It was five minutes past nine as we ran into Chairwell Station. I telegraphed to L. for orders. They came:

"All right. Come on."

The rails were slippery with the thick mist; we had lost no time on a heavy up-grade, three miles back. I waited for no explanations, ran out, and started the train. At Wrexell, the East Branch Freight was due; the branch joins the main line at Glenbrook. I went forward and watched for her lights when the whistle blew at Blackman's Crossroads. There was the bright head-light of the great "Sampson" freight engine, a mile away, waiting for us on the turn-out. I stood on the engine steps as we ran in. As we came up with the "Sampson," and ran slowly past, I hailed the engineer:

"Hallowell! Helloa! Hear any thing of the Lake Mail?"

"Passed Clannerlane at Glenbrook. Had men to work on his feed-pipes. Said he'd be right in half an hour."

Half an hour? He must be at Cunningham by this time—or Whewell's Bend at farthest.

I telegraphed to Lindenbury:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

Directly the answer came:

"Come on. All right."

The same words over again. Not a word of that train ahead. It was strange; but we were behind time yet.

"Go ahead!" I called. "Make up lost time."

It was twenty-seven minutes past nine. We had nineteen miles yet to Linden. It was five miles to Brentford, the next station west.

At Bentford I telegraphed again:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

I knew the Brentford operator, of course; his name was John Murray. He sent off the message, repeating the words aloud:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"

Waiting the reply, I asked him:

"Have you had any word of the Mail this side of the Branch?"

"Not a word. No messages west of here, except to you, since half after seven."

The return message clicked off the wires. You may be sure I watched Murray's lips for the words. Again the very same:

"*Come on. All right.*

Not a word more.

I had no time to wait. We were still a little behind. My duty was to make that up and obey my orders.

"Give me the slip," I said.

I had the other two in my pocket. I remembered that, and was thankful for so much. They would clear me, whatever happened. But, none the less, I was fretted by the thought of that off-time train somehow ahead in the dark. I signaled Morris to increase the speed. I stood by a lamp and took out the three slips of telegraph paper. There was no mistake. I read each one over carefully. The words were plain: "All right. Come on."

You say I had no cause for such anxiety as I describe? that I was pretty close on time; the words of the telegrams simple, and such as would naturally occur in such a case; that the same words should be repeated was no more strange than happens every day. You think I exaggerate for effect? I say you know nothing about it. I say it *was* strange that those words were three times repeated. It was strange that they should come at all in answer to my message; they did not answer my question. Hallowell said Clanmerlane expected to be after him in half an hour. By that we should have met him at Brentford Station. I say I was horribly anxious; ten times more than I've written down. One says, I was mad to increase the speed, fearing what I did. I tell you I did my duty. I was bound to keep on time and obey my orders. They have no right to taunt me; it was bad enough without that. I say I did my duty. It was only three miles and a half to Hackerby. I was thankful to hear the whistle at the last cross-roads. I was in the office before the train had stopped.

"Marks," I cried, "do you know where's the down mail?"

"No."

"Telegraph Linden; quick! Say, 'For God's sake, where is the Lake Mail?"

I thought the answer would never come. I longed and feared to hear it. Here is the slip now, with those same terrible words:

"*All right. Come on.*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIGHT BETWEEN PANTHERS AND ALLIGATORS.

A hunter in the wilds of Texas, who met many startling adventures, and saw some strange creatures, once saw a singular battle on the banks of a lonely lagoon in the forest.

He had killed a black panther at this place—more in self-defence than for game, for he was chasing wild cattle that day—and, leaving the carcass, to return, if possible, by-and-by for its skin, hurried forward on a trail which he expected would lead to the object of his hunt. He came back before night with the trophy of a wild bull hide, and passed the lagoon where he had encountered and killed his dangerous assailant in the morning. Savage cries and sounds of brutal struggle, informed him before he came to the place, that some deadly battle was going on among the beasts of the forest.

He soon came in full view of the scene; and a sanguinary one it was. Four black panthers were ferociously disputing the possession of the carcass of the dead panther, with two enormous alligators. The object of the combatants on both sides appeared to be the same—namely, to eat the carcass; and for this, both fought with bloody tenacity, tugging at the bone of contention by seeing how much had been gained.

The panthers were superior in numbers—two to one; but the alligators had much the thicker armor, and could fight with their tails as well as their heads, so that the battle was pretty nearly equal. One of the big reptiles had a panther on the top of his back, plying his flank furiously with his hind claws; and another was holding him by the fore leg with jaws like a tiger. When he succeeded in shaking off his savage assailants, his fore leg was broken, and a slit was made in his side nearly through the flesh into his stomach.

Meantime, the other alligator was making frantic efforts to get the third panther into his mouth. He had nearly succeeded, when, with a tremendous swing, the huge tail of his fellow saurian knocked out the panther, and wedged itself firmly between his jaws. The teeth snapped together like a pair of copper-mill shears, and one of the tail-thrashing combatants was minus his weapon.

The fourth panther, that had been busy with teeth and claws at the eyes of the curtailed reptile, now redoubled his attacks, and, with the aid of two others, in front and rear, soon disabled him. The third panther, owing to his entrance and exit through his enemy's jaws, had his back broken. The fight was now between a single alligator and the three remaining cat-savages. One of the three, however, was by this time badly damaged. Some terrific stroke or bite had completely scalped him, and the skin hung down the side of his neck, flapping as he fought. Another, apparently, had a rib or two broken, but did not seem to mind it. The odds in the battle were still not so very great.

Only, the advantage of celerity was vastly on the side of the panthers; and when the alligator, with much difficulty, succeeded in seizing one of them, he was so slow about crushing his prey, and made so much awkward mouthing of it, that he put himself almost at the mercy of his antagonists.

Still, his powerful tail was free; and the cat-like creatures, in springing about to find his vulnerable points, were not so active but that they took some hard cuffs from his caudal weapon. Besides, during all the combat, the amphibians had been gradually working towards the water, and now the survivor was almost at the edge.

Once in the lagoon, and his enemies would be powerless. The panthers seemed to be sensible of this; and, by an artful movement, both succeeded in getting at his throat while his mouth was full. A few seconds of tugging and tearing at the tenderer flesh completed the alligator's death wounds, and he slid hopelessly into the water.

Two panthers survived to claim the victory. But they had scarcely strength enough left to snuff about the bodies of their slain. Both were much the worse for wear; and the hunter leveled his rifle, and easily brought them down with a single shot a-piece; after which, he took off their hides and the hides of their companions, and made his way back to his ranch.

In an eventful life of more than ten years subsequently to this, in frontier countries, he never saw anything in the shape of a forest or jungle fight that could compare with this combat between panthers and alligators.

WATER TELESCOPES.

The people of Norway carry in their fishing boats a water telescope, or tube, three or four feet in length. They immerse one end in the water, and then, looking intently through the glass, they are able to perceive objects ten or fifteen fathoms deep, as distinctly as if they were only a few feet from the surface. So, when they discover plenty of fish, they surround them with their large draught nets, and often catch them in hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would frequently prove a precarious and unprofitable fishing. This instrument is not only used by the fishermen, but is also found in the navy and coasting vessels.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

OUR WORKMEN'S WAGES.

I.

As part of the people, among whom we class ourselves, we desire to speak a word on the subject of our workingmen's wages; and give our opinion as to whether they can be justly reduced at the present time, and how far. The arguments in favor of low wages to which we shall refer, are such as are heard discussed in every workshop and upon every street, and are, therefore, common property; and are not met as the arguments of any particular individual, but simply as abstract theories.

We will say in the start that we believe in any moderate reduction of wages necessary for competition, and proportionate to the reduced prices of such articles as the workingman uses for his support; we simply question the justice of so large a reduction as is now contemplated. Being employers ourselves, a reduction of wages would of course be greatly to our interest, for we are absolutely selling as low as Eastern publishers, while we are paying the high Utah wages to our workmen. It would therefore, be a great blessing to us to have a large reduction of wages, providing it could be done justly.

As a preliminary argument in favor of the kind of reduction now contemplated, it is commonly said, that it cannot hurt anyone, "because, if all are reduced alike, all will, necessarily, be as well off as before;" but this argument will apply equally to raising everybody's wages as to lowering them. All would in either case be equally as well off as before; for which reason it is clear we might just as well have high wages as low ones, seeing it would make no difference anyway.

But both of the above arguments are useless to us, seeing they apply only to communities that produce all they need within themselves—which we do not; for we use a large amount of imported goods, the prices of which we cannot control. Therefore, although high wages and a high price for our products make no difference so long as we trade exclusively within ourselves; they make all the difference in the world when we have to go outside to buy goods from others; as they enable us to ask a larger price for the labor or the products which we have to part with to the outsider, they bring larger amounts of money into our Territory, and thus enable us to get a larger amount of imported goods in return. The only possible argument against raising wages to effect the above object, would be in case we raised, or kept them so high that the stranger would refuse to buy and go elsewhere, or himself come in and undersell us, which of course we would not advise; our only objection being that the proposed reduction is more than is necessary for the purposes of trade and self-protection.

But a reduction of wages has also been commonly urged on the ground that the Railroad will bring in produce and manufactured articles, and, not only compete with us in what we would dispose of to each other, but also undersell us in such articles as we may desire to part with to other Territories. That a moderate reduction may be necessary to meet this is perfectly true, and should by all means be made; but the question is—how much should it be? Will the Railroad reduce the price of our products nearly two-thirds, that we should reduce the mechanic's wages to a little over one-third his present price to meet it? We think the Railroad will not reduce our products in any such proportion. Let us ask what will the Railroad bring in to compete with us. It cannot bring in carpenters, masons, plasterers or laborers' work—except in fractional items amounting to nothing. It cannot therefore undersell the largest part of our mechanical labor that that should be reduced in wages to meet it. It can only compete with us in produce, boots, shoes, hats, cabinet-work, pottery, and such of the few manufactures as exist in our midst; the prices of which kinds of labor would, of course, have to be reduced to meet that competition, while the prices of the mechanics referred to would have to come down to correspond. But what will the necessary reduction be? Take flour, the very cheapest kind of freight that can be sent here, it costs between two and three dollars per hundred to freight it from Omaha; while it is considered in the States to be very cheap indeed if it can be raised and sent to Omaha for two dollars and a half per hundred pounds. That makes it about five dollars by the time it can be deposited at Ogden. But suppose we say four and a half to be low enough. Even that is only a reduction of one-fourth below six dollars (our regular Tithing Office price) and furnishes, it will be seen, no justification for reducing wages to one half, much less to one third.

Now flour is the cheapest freight on the list, and all the the other articles named would have to pay a much heavier freight than that, and would, therefore, be less open to competition with our own. There, therefore, appears no reason for a very large reduction of wages, to enable us still to compete with the East in produce and our home-manufactures.

But it may be very truthfully urged that merchandise and produce being now considerably reduced, the working-man should reduce the price of his labor to correspond with his savings. This we consider only right. The question then is, how much is he likely to save by the cheap importations of the Railroad. Let us look at the articles he consumes. Take flour for instance: supposing flour should even be sent here and sold for one half our Tithing Office price, in which case, after paying the present freight, the eastern producer would have the pleasure of raising and giving it to us for nothing—which of course is not very likely to occur soon; even in this extreme and ridiculous case, the difference to a mechanic would be very little; for flour is not more than one-eighth of the expense of a workingman's household. So that, was he to get his flour at this unlikely price, he would simply effect a saving of about one sixteenth of his present wages. And then as to articles of merchandise which, mark it, are now about as low as they are likely to get, they are reduced, perhaps, a little over one third of their average price during the last two years; and we have not heard that our working men have been grossly overpaid during this slack period. Basing our views then on these facts, we submit, with all respect to better judgment, that a reduction of over one-third would be out of due proportion. And as such must be objectionable.

But now comes what we deem a weaker argument still. It is proposed that we should reduce wages to the low level talked of, because it would enable us to manufacture articles of the kinds now imported, and sell them so low that we could compete with States' manufacturers. Now, we wish it distinctly understood, that we deem the establishment of home-manufactures a very desirable object, as soon as they can be payingly worked. We have therefore not a word to say against that proposition. We wish solely to examine the question whether any reasonable reduction of wages would, *at the present time*, enable us to effect that object.

The proposition, as we understand it, is to reduce our wages so low that we can work our small factories to compete with the gigantic ones east. Now, we simply ask—Is not this equivalent to a proposition for a man who keeps a shanty in the first ward, and keeps one assistant, to reduce the wages of that assistant to enable him to compete with the "Eagle Emporium?" May we ask how much he would have to reduce that unhappy man's wages before he could sell as low and increase his establishment to the same size? The "Eagle Emporium," which we take merely by way of illustration, can flourish on a profit of a cent a yard, because it can sell yards by the thousand, while the owner of the shanty must have six times as much profit, because he sells six times less than the other. This is the relation one of our little Utah factories would stand in to those abroad.

For little establishments, *before they were ready to extend their business*, to reduce their prices and wages in anticipation, would, certainly, be, to say the least, one of the most novel ideas the commercial world ever heard of; and in our case, equally objectionable to our capitalists as to our workmen; because, the smaller the business done at low figures, the greater must be the reduction of the workmen's wages to make up for the fewness of the sales. Wages as low as those paid to the workmen of foreign factories would not be low enough. They would have to be reduced lower still, if we would compete with them under such unfavorable circumstances.

It may be thought, however, that by starting little factories, with low prices, we might grow in time to do as big a business as those abroad. But we put it to the good sense of our readers, would it be wise in order to create big businesses, to reduce prices or wages before we have suitable establishments or the business which alone could compensate us for such reduction?

Before we think of doing this, we need a vast market for our goods, for we must sell as much as those in the east before we can sell as low. Such a market neither this nor the adjoining Territories can furnish for years to come. Supposing we even *had* the factories, and they were to produce as much as those east, which they must do to compete with them in price, in a few months they would glut these Territories for years, and have the bulk of their goods on their shelves. Like a friend of ours, who started the manufacture of sulphur in this Territory, and, after laboring for years, produced an excellent article, but the misfortune of it was his establishment —which was only a little one—to pay for its working, had to produce as much sulphur in one month as would supply the Territory for years. And this would be the way with our factories. It must be clearly understood that factories that would produce only what we need ourselves could not afford to sell as low as the States manufacturer, and, therefore would not effect the object. We must manufacture as much as them or not compete at all. And as to the idea that if we did not find a sufficient market among ourselves, we could, perhaps, send our goods east and undersell the enormous and gigantic establishments that supply the whole continent and portions of Europe; in the first place it will take far more capital than we can control for years to get such magnificent establishments in full operation here; and if we did get them before we obtained the necessary market, we should be compelled, before we could enter the field and sell as low, to outrival in low, oppressive wages, those who are already grinding the blood and bone out of humanity to enable them to carry on their huge competitions with each other. This, nobody amongst us would consent to do; and, therefore, we respectfully urge that, desirable as the establishment of home-manufactures certainly is, no reduction of wages that our capitalists wou'd permit themselves to urge, or our workmen agree to accept, could, under the circumstances effect that object.

But, not only have we, as shown, not the market to keep factories of the necessary size running at present; but, with respect to that class of articles, the manufacture of which is specially contemplated, we have not the material in the Territory to keep such extensive factories going. We have, it is said, abundance of pottery clay, if it would be wise to reduce every kind of labor in the Territory just to sell one article. We have also a world of mineral wealth, but the working of that is not specially included in the proposition, and if it was, such profitable products would not require special low wages to effect *their* working; but as said, of the kind contemplated, we have not enough to fill the programme of competing with the East. We have not cotton enough yet; and the prices which our cotton-raisers in Dixie must pay for produce and merchandise, will not allow them to sell it as low as it can be bought by establishments that would rival us in the East.

We have not even hides enough in this Territory to produce sufficient of the varieties of sole and upper-leather—especially upper-leather—that we need ourselves, much less the amount needed to keep such giant manufacturies as we should need, going. We have not wool enough for our own consumption at present, much less, enough to supply a market of the extent required to carry out the project. Of course, we may get enough in years to come, and we should work steadily to that point; but why reduce wages TO-DAY in anticipation of such huge factories, before we have them or the material to keep them going. To reduce wages when we get suitable establishments, sufficient market and material to work them, would be right enough; but to day we have neither; and while in this condition, shall we reduce wages as the most direct road to gain them? This is a theory which the wisdom of our brethren will doubtless reject as soon as they begin to carry it out, if not before. The rule of commerce—a law which no one can violate without loss, and which all business men subscribe to,—is always to be PREPARED to do a big business before you reduce your prices! To reduce before you have your establishments sufficiently large, enough material to manufacture all you need, or your market large enough to sell all you can make, is to invite certain and irretrievable ruin, whether applied to an individual or a Territory. And if it be incorrect in principle to reduce prices till all these conditions are fulfilled, there can be no reason why wages should be reduced in anticipation.

II.

Having said so much as to the present prices proposed for labor, we now wish to present what we consider serious objections to the principle of fixing uniform prices for labor or skill of any kind.

Mankind cannot be run into grooves or ticketed off like articles in a wholesale store. There is every variety of value among men of each particular trade. This will apply equally to laboring as to mechanical work. There are scarcely any two men equally valuable to an employer. If you procure men to dig your garden, one will dig it as well again as another. One man will even saw, split and pile wood so as to be worth half as much again as his fellow-laborer. No prices can be fixed for labor of any kind except such as are fixed by an acquaintance with each man's special work. Even *average* prices cannot be fixed for work, except as fixed by competition, because you must leave abundant room to raise or lower wages to suit the variety of cases that will occur; and as soon as you leave latitude to suit certain cases the principle of competition immediately comes in and sweeps your average prices overboard. Suppose we resolve to declare that, as a community, we can fix prices to suit ourselves, irrespective of the laws of

competition, and what is the result? We have immediately one of two difficulties to meet. either we must admit that every man's labor is as valuable as another's—no matter the difference of ability displayed, or we must admit a difference and settle it in every case by the judgment of a third party.

That we must do one of these two things is evident. Let us as a community resolve we can fix arbitrary prices, and immediately every unskilled laborer in the community has a right to say at once, "There is now no cause why I should not have as much for working a whole day as any other man. I need as much to eat. and drink, and wear, and I love to see my wife and children surrounded by luxuries as much as any other man. We are all brethren, therefore give me as much. You can do so for you have no laws of trade or competition in your way to prevent you. If the community can fix prices to suit itself, it can fix prices to suit us all. and I would like as much as any man in the Territory." This is what every man can logically say, and the demand must be complied with; and every man of skill and energy be reduced to the level of the most ignorant and unenterprising in the community.

Suppose, however, we declare a difference of value in labor, we have then the greatest difficulty of all to meet. Once we admit that a difference of value should exist, and conclude to determine that price by officers of some kind, they will not only have to examine and value the workmanship of every man in the community. but they will have to inspect and attach a separate and distinct price to every fresh piece of brainwork. artistic or mechanical skill, as fast as produced. For nothing could. in that case, have any value till they determined it. As all articles. and men's skill itself, would incessantly differ from time to time. it would take a committee as large as the community itself, to run round, watch and endlessly compare the value of every article produced—and then they could not do it. Who can satisfactorily determine the comparative value of two pieces of brainwork or artistic skill? Who can tell the value of one piece of carpentry, plastering or masonry—one piece of sculpture—one piece of carving—one picture—one invention—one architectural design—one piece of musical composition—one piece of acting, one piece of engineering, one piece of poetry. one day's management of a business, or one effort of statesmanship over another. so as to satisfy every soul? No man or men on earth could do it. No wisdom inferior to that of God. Himself, in all the plentitude of His wisdom. without one shade abated from the boundless perfection of His knowledge, could do it, so that all could feel that the true, exact point was reached. And where is there even a foretaste of such perfect wisdom now? Less than this perfection of judgment to the senses of men. and the whole plan would break itself up in endless differences of opinion and scenes of confusion; for the divine intellect of man and right of individual judgment. as to the worth of its own labor. cannot be fettered or restrained worlds without end.

On the other hand, to avoid these difficulties, should we decide to have uniform prices for all, and begin to class men at one dollar a day or at ten. that moment we shall kill all their ambition and enterprise. Unless an opening is left for men of any trade or profession. to get more than each other, if they are worth more. there is no incentive for the development of skill or intellect. The greatest booby in his calling can claim as much as the man who has toiled day and night. and bent all his energies to obtain excellence and superiority. All are swept into one dead level. Skill, talent, energy. all are covered up, and the very motive power by which the Creator has moved the world from the beginning to perfection in every art and science, is extinguished and dried up for ever.

It may be said, however, that the Gospel is destined to bring us to such a condition, that the motive power of self interest which has hitherto been the main spring of the world's progress, is to be superseded by so much of the love of God in every man's nature, that all will be willing to sink their individuality, and labor for the glory of the community as fervently as they now do for themselves. Assuming this to be true, it will have to be when the present almighty grasp of self is released from our bosoms, and the nature of angels taken in instead. Judging by all we can see of men's conduct to-day, we are a thousand years at least from that blessed period. The writer has searched deep, and searched wide, and, although he has found some who say they are willing to bring themselves to this order of things if God should require it—and commence to work every day of their lives for their neighbor's good and blessing as much as their own—he has found none who are anxious to commence, even at the rate of six hours a day for the same object, until God *does* command it. From which he concludes that the fear of God in most of us must be rather stronger than the love of man. At any rate, when the nature of angels does so come upon men, that the thousand passions and strivings of the human bosom for wealth and increase to one's self, are all hushed and superseded by an equal amount of joy in seeing the balance of that wealth transferred to other hands to possess and enjoy—come when this glorious day will. there is no danger in the world of its overtaking us as a thief in the night; and least of all any reason why we should revolutionize labor or put it at one uniform level expressly to meet such a contingency. That the inhabitants of Zion will, at some distant day attain to such a Godlike condition that they could do all this. if needed, we are perfectly sure; but we are equally sure that to dry up the present sources of ambition before that vast transformation of human nature shall come, would be to kill genius and enterprise. and produce a dead and stagnant community.

In conclusion we will say we wish to go with our brethren and see eye to eye with them in all things that they do for the public good; but these reasons, in a more or less connected form. are floating through the minds of hundreds, who feel them as strongly as we do; but who are too timid to give them expression however oft invited. Such objections should, we consider, be met, and if incorrect, removed for the sake of unity. We therefore collect them together, and present them, that if baseless they may be swept away, or if otherwise, remain and prevail as all true principles should and will

RETURN OF OUR MUSICAL EDITOR.

Professor Tullidge, after a lengthy visit to the southern settlements, during which he has been engaged in the cultivation of music in that part of the Territory, has returned to this city. He intends to furnish us shortly with an article on the progress of music in such settlements as he has had an opportunity to become sufficiently acquainted with.

We understand that it is the intention of the Professor to start a class for instruction in reading music at sight, commencing with the simplest elements of the science. This will furnish a splendid opportunity for such as are desirous of mastering this art, as the Professor is unsurpassed in ability for conveying clear ideas on this most interesting subject to the student. Terms can be learned on application at the office of the Utah Magazine.

We are also pleased to announce that Mr. Tullidge intends to form a select Harmonic Society for the cultivation of classical music secular and oratorial. This society will be open free to all versed in music, and aided by the best professional talent of the city.

Notice.—An article on the JOSEPHITE PLATFORM will appear next week.

THE POPESS JOAN.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

Romance has its illustrations in history as well as in books of fancy. A woman is ever its center object, for she is the proper subject of romance. We see among the world's great characters, queens, and noble ladies, and their lives have given to history, not only its most gorgeously embellished pages touching the quality termed romantic, but in them have been worked out some of the most lasting benefits to the race. There is generally however, in the career of famous women, as much matter for historical scandal as of the more beautiful romance. The very naming of representative ladies among the world's great characters will at once suggest Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Mary of Scots, Catherine De Medicis, Catharine of Russia, and the more gentle type of modern times, Queen Victoria. But few of our readers, however, are aware that there has figured in the world also a Popess.

There having been but one Popess in all history, and she reigning as the successor of St. Peter, in the character of a man, we will break the philosophic thread of our biographies to relate the romance of her life.

After the illustrious Charlemagne had conquered the Pagan Saxons, desiring to convert them to Christianity, he sent to England for learned priests to come over to his help. Among those who went over to Germany, to aid the great emperor in his missionary enterprise, was a young English priest, accompanied by a girl who was with child by him. The lovers well concealed their secret, but on their way they were compelled to stop at Mayence, at which place the young Englishwoman gave birth to a daughter—the subject of our romance —the Popess Joan.

It is said that Joan grew up a beautiful girl, and, under the fond care of her learned father, she manifested such extraordinary mental culture, that she astonished all the doctors of learning who came to see the beautiful prodigy. This admiration increased her love for science, and she wooed it with such an uncommon devotion that, at twelve years of age, her capacity and eloquence as a teacher of the high branches of knowledge were equal to that of the most distinguished men of the Palatinate.

But the romance of a woman's life is love. Mother Eve has in every sphere some fitting daughter to represent her. It is certain that our first parents played their part in Paradise, very much like two lovers getting themselves into a difficulty together. And so did the beautiful and accomplished Joan and a certain young student of an English family, who was a monk of the abbey of Fulda. He was seduced by her beauty, and became desperately enamored of her. "If he loved well," says the old chronicler. "Joan on her side was neither insensible nor cruel." Had there been no restriction in Paradise, there would have been no sin, and no farce to amuse theological sages. So, had there been no celebacy in the Romish Church, Joan would have been a respectable wife of an intelligent young priest, and the world would not have had the romance and scandal of a Popess.

Joan fled with her lover from her parental roof Laying aside her name and female character, she dooned the attire of a man and assumed the name of English John. She then followed the young monk into the abbey of Fulda, built by the uncle of Charlemagne. The superior of the monastery was deceived by her disguise, and he placed her under the direction of the learned Raban-Maur.

But the lovers, better to preserve their secret, deemed it wise to quit the convent and go to England, to pursue their studies. They soon became, for their erudition, the most distinguished in Great Britain. They next visited other countries to observe the manners and customs of different people, and to acquire a thorough knowledge of many languages.

France was first visited, where Joan, in her character of a monk, disputed with the French doctors, and attracted the attention of the most celebrated persons of the age. The lovers next journeyed towards Greece. Traveling through ancient Gaul, they embarked at Marseilles in a vessel which bore them to the capitol of Hellenes. The lovers were now in the very home of the classics, where philosophy and polite literature had flourished ages before France or Great Britain were redeemed from barbarism.

When Joan and her lover arrived in Greece, she was only twenty years of age, and in all the glory of her youthful beauty; but her monkish garb concealed her sex, and her countenance, pale from vigils and severe mental labor, gave her the appearance of a handsome youth, rather than that of a lovely woman.

During three years, the lovers lived together in Greece, pursuing their studies in philosophy, theology, literature, the arts and sciences, and divine and profane history. Under the most renowned masters, Joan is said to have fathomed everything, learned everything, explained all. To her universal knowledge, she joined an extraordinary genius for eloquence, so that all who were admitted to the academies to hear her, were carried away with admiration and astonishment.

But while in Greece, in the midst of this triumph, Joan received from the hand of Heaven, the heaviest stroke that can befall woman. Her lover died. But from her despair, there was born a vast ambition. It was to reach the highest pinnacle of earthly power, for already was the papal throne elevated above the empires of the world.

Joan resolved to quit Greece. In that country, she was where men wore long beards and where she could therefore no longer conceal her sex, while in Rome; men were commanded to shave. Moreover, Rome presented to her the field for her great ambition.

Arriving in the holy city, Joan obtained admittance into the academy, called the school of the Greeks. She entered for the purpose of teaching the seven liberal arts, and especially rhetoric, for which she possessed so marvelous a talent. St. Augustine had rendered this school already famous, but our learned heroine increased its reputation, thus proving that even in man's own peculiar sphere of philosophy and intellect, a woman will sometimes eclipse the most celebrated of the opposite sex. To the ordinary courses of this famous school, she introduced a course of abstract science, which lasted three years. Rome was enchanted by her. She was, though her sex was unknown, the Sirene who won the hearts of priests and sages; and, undoubtedly, her woman's tact and inspirative nature, gave her a subtle fascination over men who felt her woman's power, but understood not its secret cause. What bewitchment is there in the female nature!

Joan was quoted as the most splendid genius of the age, and the Romans in their admiration for her, gave her the name of the Prince of the Wise. Lords, priests, monks, and especially doctors of learning, deemed themselves honored in being her disciples. "Her conduct" says Marianus Scotus, "was as commendable as her abilities. The modesty of her discourse, her manners, the regularity of her morals, her piety and her good works shone forth as a light before men." But this saintly propriety of conduct was nothing more than an example of that exquisite duplicity of priests so often manifested when aspiring to power. Joan, though a woman in disguise and easy in her virtue, to reach the chair of St. Peter was compelled to be equal to the most apostolic of the

opposite sex, in consummate hypocracy. She played well her part; and as the career of Leo the Fourth drew to a close, she permitted intrigues and cabals to be formed for her election. A powerful party declared for her; and it was proclaimed in the streets of Rome that she alone was worthy to occupy the throne of St. Peter.

Leo the Fourth died, and the cardinals, deacons, clergy and people unanimously chose our distinguished heroine, as the most fitting successor of the chief of the Apostles.

It is a very singular fact that these famous female sovereigns have ruled nations with greater capacity and wisdom, and much more to the best interests of humanity, than the majority of emperors and kings. On the one side, the most *illustrious*, and, on the other, the *best* of England's periods have occurred under the reign of two women—Elizabeth and Victoria. Spain was redeemed from the Moors by Isabella, and Columbus was her apostle, when he discovered America; Catherine De Medicis was equal to Richelieu; Catherine of Russia ranks with Peter the Great; and the Popess Joan was a mate for the best of the popes of Rome, in the wisdom of her administration and the benevolence of her policies, as the supreme head of the Church.

But again, Joan proved herself the woman; and again the woman proved that love was the romance of her sex. As a popess, love must be sin, for her office unsexed her.

Since the death of her first lover, Joan had preserved her secret as much by her exceeding chastity of conduct as by her prudence; but after she was elevated to the sovereign power of the Church, she chose a second lover from among her cardinals, though his identity was not fairly discovered. Their amour would most likely have forever remained a secret, and the world never known that a popess had reigned, had not Joan became pregnant.

The story runs that, one day, a man possessed with a devil was brought to her; and, after performing the usual ceremonies to cast the devil out of the man, she asked at what time it wished to leave the body of the possessed. The spirit answered—"I will tell you: when you, who are the pontiff and the father of fathers, shall cause the clergy and people of Rome to see a child born of a popess."

Joan frightened by the revelation of the evil spirit, broke up her council and hastened to her palace; but scarcely had she entered the inner apartment, when the demon presented himself to her again and said—"Most holy father, after your accouchement, you will belong to me, soul and body, and I will seize upon you in order that you may burn forever with me."

But the popess, in order to appease divine wrath, imposed upon herself severe penances, covering her person with rough hair cloth and sleeping upon ashes. At length, an angel appeared to her and offered her the alternative between "the eternal flames of hell" or an exposure before all the people of Rome. Joan accepted the latter.

Soon after this, on one of the great festivals, Joan mounted on her horse, went to the church of St. Peter, in solemn pageantry, surrounded by her ecclesiastical dignitaries, nobles, magistrates, and accompanied by a vast crowd of people; coming forth from the cathedral, the procession, on its way towards the church of St. John of the Lateran, but, before arriving upon the public square, between the church of St. Clement and the Colliseum, the pains of child-birth seized the popess, the reins escaped from her hand, and she fell from her horse upon the pavement. Her convulsions were frightful; she was disrobed of the sacred ornaments, her sex was exposed, and, in the presence of the immense crowd, she gave birth to a child. In spite of her horrid suffering, the priests surrounded her to hide her from all eyes, and threatening her with their vengeance. Unable to survive the terrible scene of her shame and her pains, Joan rallied her strength to bid adieu to the cardinal priest who held her in his arms, and ended her mortal career. The child was strangled by the priests who surrounded her; but the Romans in remembrance of their former respect and attachment for her, performed for her the last duties of the Church, and placed the child in the same tomb with her. She was not, however, interred within the limits of a church, but on the spot of the tragedy; but over her tomb a chapel was built, with a marble statue representing the popess in her pontifical robes, a tiara upon her head, and a child in her arms. Benedict the Third demolished this statue; but the ruins of her chapel remained till the fifteenth century. Some of the visionaries of the Romish Church profess to have discovered Joan's tortures in hell, where she is suspended, according to them, throughout eternity on one side of its gates and her lover on the other side, without being able to be reünited.

Out of this singular circumstance of the reign of a popess grew up a curious custom at the inauguration of the successors of St. Peter, called the proof of the pierced chair.

As soon as a pope was chosen, he was conducted to the palace of the Lateran to be consecrated. He was first seated upon a chair of white marble placed between the two gates of honor. Rising from this chair, he thundered forth: "God has raised the poor out of the dust, and the needy from the dunghill, to seat him above the princes." Then the great dignitaries of the Church took him by the hand and conducted him to the oratory of St. Sylvester, where he was seated on a similar chair, but pierced in the bottom. Here his person was exposed, and two deacons approached him to satisfy themselves anatomically that their sight had not deceived them. Then they testified with a loud voice—"We have a pope!" and the assembly responded—"Thanks be to God!" The priests then came forward and prostrated themselves before the chosen one, raised him from the chair, encircled him with a silken girdle, and kissed his feet. Next followed the enthronement. This ceremony of the pierced chair lasted till the sixteenth century, and the curious and unseemly test grew out of the fact that a woman once deceived the cardinals, and sat two years upon the throne of St. Peter. Such is the romantic history of the "Popess Joan."

LYCURGUS AND PERICLES COMPARED.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

Pericles will compare favorably in statesmanship with the brightest intellect that the world has ever known. He was not, like Lycurgus, a lawgiver; he did not strive to seize society by the tail and by the law of force, arrogate to himself the right to determine the future of his country. Pericles gave evidence in the acts of his whole life, that he possessed a lively sense that the world had existed for many ages before he was born. Finding that it was peopled by mighty nations, and adorned with thousands of beautiful cities, at the time of his advent upon the stage of life, and that permanency was written on the pages of the history of the past, he evidently admitted the possibility of its getting along pretty well long after his term of life's probation was ended. Pericles is to be admired from the fact that he accepted the existing state of things, as palpable facts; in other words, he accepted the world as he found it, and believed it was much easier to *direct* than to *snub* society. We admire Lycurgus for his honesty, but we admire Pericles more, because he was not only honest, but was also cosmo-

politan in all his characteristics; and did not like "Simon," of jocose memory, strive to "*wig-wag*" society at his pleasure; but sought rather to use the existing winds, tides and currents of actual life in guiding the ship of state, and reaching the best harbor possible under the circumstances.

Pericles did not originate the characteristics of the Athenian State—that was pretty well established before he was born. In like manner, we may say, Spartans were exclusive, sombre, and intolerant in character, long before the days of Lycurgus. The Spartans never partook much of the spirit of colonization. The laws of Lycurgus extinguished what little was left in the Spartans of the spirit of colonization. Athens on the other hand, had been an active colonizer long before the days of Pericles. This great statesman fanned and kept alive the spirit of colonization, and by judicious contributions of food, and free transportation, he periodically rid Athenian society of dissatisfied and adventurous spirits, who were always captivated by the vision of far-distant and far better lands; where they soon found to their astonishment that to begin at the "stump" brought them in direct contact with the sternest and most trying realities of a hard life. Sobriety, industry and economy, were taught by that most stern and inexorable teacher, necessity. The maternal instincts of the "mother country," combined with the fraternal reliance of the humbled colonists, cultivated and developed social and commercial intercourse with distant lands.

In proportion as the commerce of Athens was more extensive than that of Sparta, so was her knowledge of, and intercourse with, the races that divided the sovereignty of the earth more extensive than that of her exclusive neighbor. Who, that is at all conversant with the world as it is in the nineteenth century, will fail to see at once the natural irresistible result of this difference in the habits and customs between the Spartans and Athenians.

While the Athenians, in their commercial voyages, were brought in contact with more advanced civilizations, and received the impress of more advanced social developments, and artistic forms, from being at first *imitators*, they would, in time, equal, and finally surpass the originals. The rude, exclusive Spartans, living in burrows, huts of turf, or primitive log-cabins, supported by the labor of their women and slaves, while they sat around in idleness, or at the public tables discussed their little subjects, would inevitably increase in pride, self sufficiency and ignorance. Is it astonishing, then, that a leading Spartan would, when circumstances rendered it necessary for him to go out among men, open his eyes in wonder. In such case he would have to confess himself just what he was—a barbarian, or entrench himself behind his ignorance, and contemptuously inquire of the architectural Athenian, "Sir, do trees grow square in your country?"

Pericles did not inherit a throne. He was not heir to a sovereignty that ruled by Divine right—he was born a private citizen of a republic. It is true that the forms of republicanism which prevailed in Greece were of the rudest discription. The custom of the Athenians of discussing all the great questions of state, as well as matters of minor importance, in the public assemblies of the people, and by acclamation receiving or rejecting measures of the utmost importance, was productive of nearly all the evils that befel her as a republic. It often gave opportunity for the orator with the longest tongue and most engaging address, to sway the multitudes by appealing to their passions, rather than their judgment. The noisiest and most forward persons in a mixed assembly are generally those who are the least troubled with *brains*. The right to vote by acclamation, or a show of the palm, was the privilege of all present. The inexperienced youth, and the imbecile brawler from the street, ranked equal with the wisest statesmen in a show of hands. In the language of a celebrated writer, "The measures presented were the productions of the wisest men, while the judgment upon them was often left to fools."

The Athenians were, as a people, extremely jealous of their liberties. Taught by the experience of the past the value of liberty, they were very watchful with regard to the conduct of any man whose wealth, talent, or influence made it at all likely that he *might* be dangerous to the State. We give these particulars of Athenian life and political condition, to show more clearly the difficult *role* that Pericles had to play in his capacity of ruler of Athens.

Pericles inherited a very large estate from his father; but in this he was in no way superior to very many of the leading men of Athens. His influence and power was based altogether, and alone on the people's confidence in his integrity as a man. So honest and just was he—so far above all the temptations of avarice, that although he controlled for a period of nearly forty years the whole political, commercial, and financial operations of the government, he never added so much as a drachm to the estate left him by his father. His perfect disinterestedness was admitted by his political opponents. His perfect control over himself is finely illustrated in a circumstance that is recorded in Athenian history. A rude, passionate, and hasty fellow, once became offended at him for some supposed injury done himself. While Pericles was in public transacting some important state business, this fellow opened his batteries upon him, denouncing him with the most opprobrious epithets, as every thing mean, vicious and contemptible. This he repeated from time to time during the whole day, and at night followed him all the way to his residence, abusing him in the same strain. Pericles' equanimity was not in the least disturbed; he transacted his public business as if nothing unpleasant had happened; and, upon his arrival at his own door, called for a servant with a torch, and bade him light the gentleman to his home.

This great statesman was an enthusiastic patron of the arts. Nearly all of the great buildings, whose magnificent ruins astonish and delight the beholder to-day, were erected under the auspices of Pericles. It was only during the ascendency of such a man that a Phidias could flourish. That great artist lost his own life, and risked the ruin of his noble patron by the exercise of a piece of harmless vanity. In one of the great battle-scenes adorning one of the temples, executed by him, he sought to hand down the impress of his own physiognomy and that of his friend Pericles, in the personages of two of the chief actors in the great contest. The jealous Athenians starved him to death in prison, and would have banished Pericles, could they have fastened upon him the fact of his collusion in the sacrilege. Not wishing to prolong this article, we will close with the declaration that Lycurgus perpetuated a warlike barbarism in Sparta, while Pericles enlarged and beautified Athens and led her people on in the paths of social and artistic greatness and renown.

HOW SWEET.

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the water of the Nile
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LI.

ALMOST HOME.

Spiritual Alice Courtney was almost home. She was pillowed up in her bed, from which she never rose again in mortal life. She had sent for Terese with the request that she would bring the bridal wreath of flowers which her hand had thrown. The family, who were gathered in the chamber of the dying maiden, awaited the coming of Terese.

Footsteps were heard without; a slight agitation was manifested by those within; but a feeling of solemnity pervaded every heart excepting that of Alice, which was filled with a divine peace.

Terese entered the room, led by her venerable grandfather, and Judah Nathans followed.

"Sister Terese, come to me." The Hebrew Maiden obeyed the call, and flew to the bedside of the dying maiden, and kneeling, she took her hands and saluted them with kisses and tears, for she could not speak.

"Terese, kiss me as a sister: let me kiss you as Walter's future bride."

"My sister, O my sister!" returned our heroine, and the two brides elect kissed each other with more than mortal love.

It was the presence of death, perhaps, that brought these angels of earth to this state of perfect affection. But the very fact that such peculiar circumstances as those which now encircled the two destined brides of Walter Templar, bringing them to the state of perfect love, without jealousy, shows that in heaven where love is perfect indeed, these two holy ones would not be less in harmony. They were in harmony now on earth.

"Sister Terese, your grandfather has told you all?"

"Yes, sister Alice."

"And you consent, sister Terese?"

"Oh my sister, my more than sister, would to God I could die in your stead;" and the Hebrew Maiden threw her arms around the neck of Alice Courtney, but she answered not directly to the question. Alice, however, took it as a sufficient reply.

"You must live to fill my place, sister Terese. God has willed it so. You, He has called to be Walter's bride of earth for many a happy year; me, He has called to be Walter's spirit-bride. I will watch over you both, and share in all your joys. There will no jealousy enter my heart there to see you and dear Walter blessed. If Alice has not felt that baser passion on earth, she will not be tortured with it in our second Paradise where all is love. I should never have allowed Walter to have plighted his troth to me, had I not known I was not long for earth. Sister, I loved him as you love him: I know that he loves you; I feel that he loves me also like unto you; and in loving him, there was joy in the thought of being united to him before I departed for my spirit home. But I would not have parted him from you; so I designed in my union, and through my death, as we of earth call it, to overcome these errors of religion, which have perverted the conscience of your good grandfather, and my beloved papa."

"My darling, you have prevailed," said Sir Richard Courtney.

"The God of Abraham has made the child wise," said Isaac Ben Ammon.

"The human heart is the divinest book of revelation" added the infidel Judah Nathans.

"Our families, Terese," resumed Alice, "declared that the Christian and the Jewess could not wed, even though they loved as truly and righteously as you and Walter loved, and the stern conscientiousness of your grandfather and my father, in maintaining the fidelity of their covenants of religion and division of races, parted for a time the twain whom God had joined together, and whose hearts were still one after the cruel divorce which they had wrought. Pardon me, papa, for thus judging you."

"You are, my child, judging me indeed, and giving to my darkened mind new light."

"Pardon me, good old man, for also judging you, who seem to me like one of the Patriarchs of your chosen race."

"Maiden, thou art weighing me in the balances," answered the Patriarch with humility.

"At the first visit of your uncle Judah to my family, sister Terese," resumed Alice, still addressing our heroine, "I knew not the secret of my own heart. Indeed it had none then, yet I wept and wickedly thought that I should not have been as noble as my sister Eleanor, in resigning Walter, and then, when the stern fiat came that the Christian and the Jewess must not mate, I wept at this. I saw my cousin Walter stricken down, and his life threatened with the blight of a great sorrow. Then I tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted. Daily I shared his solitude, and my presence alone was endurable to him. This pleased me, but I was careful not to let my presence disturb his sorrow. I grew to love him, sister Terese; but with that love, came the realization that, like my angel mother who is waiting for me above, my mortal days were ordained to be but few. My noble Walter towered above me like a God by my side, in his grand sorrow, and I felt that he was long for earth. Almost an idolatry for him possessed me: but no jealousy for you, for it was then that I thought most of you. It was at that time that there grew up in my mind the fancy that you were destined to be his bride of earth, I his bride of Heaven. Instead of feeling as your rival, I became as one with you in my dream. It was still these twain whom God had joined together, but I became identified in your oneness, and I saw myself as a spirit hovering above you both. Then came the accident, when I was thrown from my horse, which brought me nearer home. My former fancies now altogether possessed me, and I resolved to imitate the nobleness of my sister Eleanor."

"My beloved Alice, you have more than imitated her" said Courtney's eldest daughter.

"Resolving to bring you and Walter together again," continued the dying maiden, "I consented to become his spirit bride for in doing so I believed that I should convert my father to a higher wisdom, for I knew that he could not withhold from his dying child: and then my union with Walter seemed to give me the right to live for him and you on earth, and afterwards above. As I rose towards my spirit home, I saw the love and unity of heaven, and Jesus was revealed to me in his own divine nature. Oh, papa, I knew then how wrong you and Terese's grandfather had been. There is no division of races where *He* dwells; no discords of creeds disturb the harmony of those who have put on Christ in heaven. When He reigns on earth the Christian and the Jew will mate in love; and all mankind be as God's children."

"Angel Alice, you have converted your father to a Christian religion," said Sir Richard to his daughter, feeling then as one of those little children.

"Maiden, the Nazarine is beautified to Isaac Ben Ammon, in thee," said Terese's grandfather.

"Philosopher, bow thy head to this angelic teacher. I have solved the problem at last. *Faith* is the highest wisdom."

Thus spoke Judah, the infidel.

"And now, sister Terese, leave me, for the angels are coming soon. Leave with me that bridal crown of flowers. Their presence will consecrate it to-night. You shall give me to Walter to-morrow, as his bride of earth, for a moment, and I will betroth you by my bridal gift of flowers, and then the angels will come."

CHAPTER LII.

GONE JUST ABOVE HIM.

It was on the following day and near the hour of sun-set. A bridal group were gathered in the chamber of Alice Courtney. The ceremony of marriage was about to be performed—the linking of hands, typical of the union of souls. In this case, it was touchingly suggestive of the glorious conception of marriage for eternity, for the spirit of the bride was waiting to soar above. There was also foreshadowed that blending of earth and heaven, to which the highest inspirations of the human race mount up as on the wings of a present immortality. Even should earth never reach its state of spirit-blending, that throbbing immortality within us, will ever be yearning after that blessed consummation. Linked with the spirits just above us is the conception which is always coming towards us, and our subtler being senses that linking when we are in the very night of spiritual darkness.

"Could there be but light on this—oh could there be but light, how near should we find ourselves to those above—just above—just above!"

Thus thought Alice Courtney, Church of England divines had not taught her this, orthodoxy had obscured her vision as it has that of the whole world, but she was now so near her spirit-home that she began to see its light.

"Death is a great blessing, not a curse," mused the infidel Judah Nathans. "Adam gave us everlasting light, when, by death, he gave us spiritual immortality, *if there be such a hereafter state.* He took us out of a mummied mortality, to which it matters not if no resurrection brings us back."

Alice Courtney was just rising into that state of higher life to

which death exalts us, but before departing, a priest of the English Protestant Church, was present ready to link her in marriage with the beloved one of earth. She wore upon her spiritual brow the wreath of flowers which she had thrown to Terese. They were almost withered, but still she wore them, for their language pleased the fancies of her mind. The Hebrew Maiden was by her side, dressed in white, to give to Walter his bride of heaven. Isaac Ben Ammon was there, gazing upon the dying maiden, appearing in the scene like one of the ancients, waiting to bear a spirit above; Sir Richard Courtney was there; his sister was there; Eleanor and young De Lacy, her lover, were there; imagination must picture *them*; language cannot describe the state of mind of the Courtney family. Walter held his "spirit-bride" by the hand; the clergyman, with his book open, was about to begin the service. There was another present; it was Judah Nathans. But he kept himself in the back-ground, as though he felt himself not good enough for that circle—not near enough to Alice even to be her witness, but never did he in his nature so well illustrate—*Not All Dross*,—as at that moment

The marriage service of the Church of England was performed. Alice and Walter were one forever.

"Until death us do part!" had no meaning in that solemn ceremony, though the form of words was used. All felt, even to the orthodox minister, that the union was one of eternity, not of time; and the phrase—"Until death us do part" never sounded out of place to the Rev. Arthur Blair, until he united Alice Courtney to Walter Templar. Indeed, the Church of England divine paused when he came to the passage; and for a moment there was a silence more expressive than a book of commentaries; and when the reverend gentleman broke that silence with a voice sonorous with solemnity and uttered "Until death us do part!" a kindred thought ran through the minds of all—"Death has nought with this." That single instant gave them more light of revelation on marriage than they had ever received before. They had now met one case of a marriage for eternity.

That union of two souls, not to be separated by death, had received an earthly ceremonial form. It was a type of countless millions of such unions which we shall find hereafter in our Paradise above.

"Let the bridegroom kiss the bride!" added the Rev. Arthur Blair, as he closed the ceremony.

Walter Templar kissed his bride of heaven, and wept; Terese kissed her sister bride and wept; Sir Richard and Lady Templar kissed the bride and wept; indeed, there was not an eye of any present, which was not baptized in tears. Even Judah Nathans felt that he was as in the waters of Jordan then. It is the heart more than the intellect that brings us all to the state of grace.

"Walter—my Walter—husband! the angels are come."

These were the first words of Alice Courtney, after the close of the ceremony. None answered, for all knew that the moments of parting were indeed come. They were silent to catch the last words of the dying maiden-wife.

"Sister Terese, the angels have come! Your hand, sister. Weep not for me,—all is well. I give you to my husband, to fill my place on earth, even as you just now gave him you love to me. Sister Terese we are not two but one in him."

And Alice Courtney joined the hands of Walter and Terese, and then continued:

"Kneel, my beloved ones, that I may be able to reach your heads." And when they knelt she said, "Sister Terese I place on your head my bridal-wreath. When the flowers are withered and dead keep them in remembrance of me. Like my spirit their perfumes will have gone to heaven. Walter, my husband, let my hands bless you."

"My wife—oh my wife! Thou art indeed my spirit-bride!

It was the first time that Walter had dared to break with speech the spell of the heavenly presence after the marriage, and rapturous was the look which Alice gave her husband, when she heard from his lips, for the first time, the holy name of wife.

"Husband," she said, in a tone of ineffable love, "I shall be only just above you—only just above. My spirit shall minister to you and Terese, and shall share in all your joys. I know the angels mingle with their dear ones on earth."

"I believe you, Alice: I believe you, my wife."

"You will always believe that I am near you, Walter?"

"Always will I believe my bride of heaven is near me."

"And you, sister Terese?"

"I will always believe my angel-sister Alice is near me, also."

"She will be near you both. But there is a cloud in your future: it has troubled me: yet I see all bright beyond it. If that cloud should overshadow you, husband, sister, will you believe Alice near you then?"

"We will!" was the simultaneous response.

"All is well: all is well," returned the maiden-wife; and then, after a moment's pause, she said in a wearied voice, as though languishing to be gone.

"Papa, kiss me; mother, kiss me!"

Sir Richard and Lady Templar, in turn, hung over their dying daughter an instant and wept again, for they knew it was the last kiss on earth.

"Sister Terese, kiss me." The arms of the brides encircled for a moment in a fond embrace. Perfect love was indeed between *them*. Alice fell back upon her pillow, exhausted by the effort, but recovering with a great struggle, she said:

"Walter—husband! you the last!"

The bridegroom took his bride in his arms and kissed her gently, again and again, then held her to his heart for the space of five minutes, amid breathless silence, which Alice broke with her dying voice, which scarcely seemed to be a sound:

"Walter, the angels *are* come. I am going! Only just above—just—above!"

And the spirit of the bride went *only just above him!* Walter Templar held in his arms the inanimate clay.

We must pass over the first half-hour after the "flight" of the spirit of Alice Courtney, and the scene of the weeping family who stood around her bed. Judah Nathans was the first to leave the chamber; and he went forth from that angel-presence, musing to himself in profound thought:

"I think, to-day, there is an immortality; I wish I could *solve* the problem!"

Such was the state of that strange man's mind. To-day, he thought there is an immortality; to-morrow, perhaps he would doubt again. Yet Judah Nathans was traveling towards a state of faith.

The ministering care of friends for the beautiful tabernacle of the departed one was performed, while the angels were ministering to a spirit new born into their sphere.

At length, Walter Templar was alone with his dead—dead! Oh! not dead, but more abundantly living. All that night, he remained alone with her feeling in close communion with her spirit. To him, her presence was as palpable as before. All that night, she seemed with him. Indeed, he had never felt her influence and presence as much as then. Her very being was suddenly blended with his own being. His soul went out of him into her, and her soul took up a new abode in him. They were one more than though she had remained on earth—one, not in flesh, but in soul. He realized her own beautiful views of spirit-blending from the sphere above into the sphere of earth. Heaven and earth were married that night in those two.

Thus spent Walter Templar his nuptual night in holy communion with his "spirit bride;" and when he went forth from her chamber in the morning, he said to the bereaved parent:

"Father, my bride *is* gone only just above me!"

CHAPTER LIII.

MIDNIGHT BEFORE DAY.

Nine months have fled since the death of Alice Courtney. Her mortal remains were embalmed and brought to England where she was sepulchred with her race. The first grief of her family has subsided into a holy remembrance of the sainted dead. They deemed that to mourn for her would trouble her gentle spirit in her home of peace. It is more fit that we lament over the unblessed, than over our angels who have gone before us, to prepare our way—to be as ministering spirits to us and perchance to plead often to the Angel of Mercy in our behalf. There is a profound philosophy in the Catholic notion of the intercession of the Saints, which our own faith continues, at least, in one case:

"Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren"

This intercessional and ministering agency of those whom we term the "dead" in behalf of the living of earth, who are more properly the dead, is perhaps more universal than we deem. And so the Courtney family, thus impressed by the beautiful termination of Alice's mortal life, looked up to her, not as dead, but as their ministering spirit in her sphere "just above."

Hence, Sir Richard Courtney and his family had already begun to prepare to carry out the intentions of Alice in the consummation of the union between Walter Templar and Terese Ben Ammon. Moreover, Courtney and his sister were desirous to accomplish the union between Eleanor and Frederick De Lacy. There was, too, the redemption of the De Lacy estates close in the prospective, and Sir Richard and Lady Templar were now overjoyed to see their

hopes of twenty years so near fulfillment. There were, therefore, so many reasons for the immediate marriage of Eleanor with Frederick De Lacy, and Walter with Terese, that six weeks from the date of our present chapter the grand wedding was arranged to take place.

Judah Nathans, the sceptic and the man of evil—for, with his strange perversion of mind, he still persisted in thus classifying himself—he had resolved to clear the mortgage from the De Lacy estates that his niece might present the canceled bond to her husband on her wedding day. Sir Herbert Blakely's agent, Lawyer Wortley, had been duly notified by Judah, who had also written to his former master whom he had too well served. Indeed, Walter Templar had been for the last three weeks in London with Terese's uncle and Lawyer Wortley, to settle the De Lacy affairs. A singular circumstance connected with the matter was that Sir Herbert Blakely had accepted the new situation, and had written to his lawyer, authorizing him to conclude the business in his behalf, on a certain date, providing he himself had not returned to England at that date. He said in his letter that, notwithstanding his great disappointment and rage at first, he knew that what "Snap" had resolved as a necessity, he would accomplish; and, therefore, there was left to himself no alternative but to bow to that necessity. He, however, was profuse in his reproaches against his ancient mentor, whom, he observed, had betrayed both him and his father. So far, all this seemed genuine, and the date named by Sir Herbert was the day fixed upon for the redemption of the De Lacy estates with or without the presence of Blakely. That date was one week before the marriage of Walter and Terese, which had been arranged accordingly. But had Judah Nathans known that Sir Herbert's letter had been written in England, though sent to Italy to be posted, he would have understood that his former master was about to play some treacherous part, and the dark sequel of our story would not have been now to come.

The departing spirit of Alice Courtney had forseen the dark cloud in the future of Walter and Terese, before the bursting of the refulgent sun. The fulfillment is near; it is now the "midnight before day." This is so generally found true in our common experience that the fact has given rise to a familiar proverb: It does oftentimes seem that the very fiends are at work most vigorously just at the point where our happiness is to be consummated. How often does the home-bound sailor get wrecked on his native shores. But then, this is all simple enough in its explanation. It is because he is *nearer the rocks* of his native land, instead of far out in the deep ocean, where it is always safest to be in a treacherous storm. Sir Herbert Blakely and the De Lacy estates were Walter Templar's rocks; and he was nearer upon them because he was nearer to his shore. This fact made his "midnight before day." Will any of the characters of our story be wrecked upon those rocks?

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SUPPLANTER AT WORK.

There was a lone inn on the London road between Bath and Sherbourne, about twenty-five miles from Courtney House. Turning off about two miles below, a horseman journeying to Sir Richard's mansion would find his shortest way through an unfrequented English forest which was just the place for a dark deed. The Bath and Weymouth coaches were in the habit of stopping at that inn for their changes of horses, and the landlord had received instructions from Sir Richard Courtney to have ready on the afternoon of the 10th of November, 1824, two of his best horses for gentlemen on their way from London. The keeper of that inn was Jacob Blakely, a plebeian first-cousin of Sir Herbert Blakely, though the relationship in society had been somewhat ignored.

On the afternoon of this tenth of November, two horsemen muffled in cloaks, entered the coachyard of the "Dragon's Head"—the sign of the inn They dismounted and entered. The landlord who seemed to expect them, showed them into a little back parlor. One of the horsemen was an Italian, the other an Englishman.

"Jacob," observed the Englishman to the landlord as he threw off his cloak and laid his pistols on the table, "is all prepared?"

"Yes, Sir Herbert."

"And the men whom I dispatched here?"

"Yes, Sir Herbert; and six more villainous-looking rascals I never saw."

"They better suit my purpose, then. Bid them here at once for their orders, for Sir Walter Templar and his companion are not more than an hour's ride from the inn. Is my carriage also ready, blinds down, chains fixed to bind our man,—for he will be like a lion caged;—in short, is all ready?"

"I have myself attended to every thing, Sir Herbert."

"Then show these villainous cut-throats in. They should cut his throat," Blakely added to his companion, after the landlord had departed, "but that I have a sweeter morsel of revenge in store."

"My friend, the blood-letting is the better way to rid yourself forever of your enemy," observed the Italian.

"What, Orsini, do you not better understand revenge? Sir Walter Templar shall rot in the dungeon of De Lacy castle. Will it not be better than sunlight to your eyes to see him in that dark dungeon with but a little flickering lamp to show him the misery of his years of captivity, for such it shall be to him. I swear it by the iron will of my father."

"I confess your view is pleasant, Blakely. I would give much to see him daily rage in that dungeon of your castle, for I have not forgotten the humbling Sir Walter Templar gave me before my companions in Rome"

"Aye, by the fiend, that castle shall be mine yet. I will strike the very name of De Lacy from it. I will be Templar's jailor, though it should cost me the rest of my days to do him this service. But he will rot;—he will rot: two years at most, and his carcass will be food for the rats in his dungeon. But hist! here come our men. On with our masks, Orsini."

The six ruffians entered and crowded aronnd the table, almost filling the room. The landlord placed a decanter of brandy on the table and left.

"Well, my men, are you all ready," asked Sir Herbert Blakely.

"We are," replied their leader.

"Then let five of you away to the old lodge in the forest. Let the other be at the cross roads with the carriage. Two hours hence the work must be done. It will be then just about dark. I and my friend will follow our men. We will keep a little out of sight, until just before they reach the old lodge, when we will put spurs to our horses and in a moment be to your assistance. Come, drink, but not too deeply, for remember you have no lamb to play with to-night."

"There is a purse—fifty guinias for each. To-morrow morning you shall have the like sum. Six months hence the dose shall be repeated, if you hold your tongues; if you don't, they will bring you all to the gallows. Now, be off with you."

In another minute, Count Orsini and Sir Herbert were alone, when the Italian observed:

"It is lucky that Farinelli is with Sir Walter Templar."

"You are right, Orsini, for all the suspicion of foul play will rest upon him. They are known to have been once rivals;and we will let the other be known that Farinelli attempted to assassinate his rival in the old monastry at Rome."

"Yes, Blakely, the jealous Donna Clara must be brought in to reveal that part. I left her in a towering rage, last night, when I told her that Farinelli was about to leave London, to visit Terese at Courtney House; and when Sir Walter is missing, it will be easy to pursuade the *prima donna* that he put him out of the way to make the prize his own. I hate Farinelli as much for spoiling my game with Donna Clara Garcia, as I do Templar for defeating me in the duel."

"Well, we shall have revenge on them both, Orsini. I have no cause against the foster-brother, but I will profit by the former advice of my old mentor. Yes, Snap was wise. Farinelli was chosen well by him to bear my part in his own, and if I can keep my connection with this night's work, and my presence in England hid from him, all will be as I would have it. Snap would not betray me and my dead father, but for the greater necessity as he calls it of the marriage with his niece. But Templar out of the way, and that necessity will be gone; and the De Lacy estates will still be mine."

Soon afterwards, Sir Walter Templar and Farinelli galloped up to the door of the "Dragon's Head," and lept from their foaming steeds. We need scarcely say that there was perfect good will between these two men who have played principal parts in our story. On Walter's side, he had ever regarded the foster-brother with friendly feeling; and his respect for him was not lessened by his over-jealous care for Terese. In fact, he also knew of his morbid love and the peculiar position which Isaac Ben Ammon had brought him into; but, as Farinelli was the first to withdraw from the proposed misalliance and return to his old relations of foster-brother, Terese and Walter treated him with the same consideration as before. There was one circumstance, however, that Farinelli had hid: it was his attempt to kill our hero in the ruined monastry. Well would it have been for the foster-brother had he confessed all, for it would have helped to clear him from the suspicion of the dark deed which Sir Herbert Blakely had resolved to saddle upon him.

Our hero and the foster-brother entered the lone inn together, having first committed their horses to the care of the hostler and

ordered fresh ones to be ready in half an hour. They were both on their way to Courtney House, to which Farinelli had been invited to spend a few weeks with his foster-sister, before her marriage, and to stay till after the wedding. This was done out of tender regard for the young man and to reconcile him by generous treatment to the sacrifice which he had made of his own hopes to secure the happiness of his foster-sister.

In half an hour, our hero and his companion refreshed by rest and generous fare, were again in the coachyard of the "Dragon's Head." A moment afterwards, they were in their saddles, mounted on fresh steeds.

"And now, Farinelli, for a twenty-five mile ride in the dark," said Sir Walter. "I love a ride by night. Away, my friend."

"I am with you, Sir Walter."

And away dashed the young men; but scarcely had they gone, when Sir Herbert and Count Orsini were standing by their own fleet steeds.

"Jacob, is your son George with the carriage?"

"Yes, Sir Herbert."

"Can he be fully trusted, Jacob? for we must dispense with those ruffians when our man is secured. They must not know me nor where Sir Walter Templar is taken. Can George be trusted?"

"You forgot, cousin Herbert, that we are interested as much as yourself in your holding the estates."

"Curse you, I had forgotten that you had a tongue to blab of your relations. Yes, you and George inherit after me, so I may trust you both."

"You may trust us, cousin Herbert," retorted Jacob Blakely with a grim smile.

Sir Herbert and Count Orsini again masked, for as it was now dark, there was no fear of their meeting any one on the road. The caution was merely to preserve them from being recognized by Sir Walter Templar and the ruffians in their execution of the work close at hand. The two plotters now galloped off at full speed to the performance of their night's business. The plan was to separate Farinelli from his companion; and, after detaining him for a few hours a prisoner, to let him go unhurt to carry the news to Courtney House that suspicion might afterwards fall upon him, while Sir Walter Templar was to be hurried off to the dungeon of De Lacy castle.

CHAPTER LV.

TOO MANY FOR HIM.

Sir Walter Templar and the foster-brother had turned off into the road through the forest of which we have spoken, and soon they heard the clatter of horses hoofs behind them. They had at first however no thought that they were pursued, for they heard but the sound of two horses in the distance. Other horsemen might lawfully be on the road as well as they, and even if aught sinister was in the circumstance, Walter felt that he and his companion were a match for any two: his bold spirit was nothing daunted. But as they came in sight of the ruins of the lodge in the forest he thought he saw figures moving in the front, for the moon was shining brightly out.

"Farinelli, look to your pistols" he said. "There may be danger abroad. I see figures of men moving in the distance, and the horsemen behind are gaining upon us. Gallop boldly onward but be ready."

"I am in no way alarmed, Sir Walter," was the reply.

Our hero and his companion attempted to pass the lodge at a gallop, but the six ruffians threw themselves across the road, and the horses suddenly finding themselves as facing a wall of masked men, reared on their haunches in fright. Had not the movement been so unexpected, and the horses thus terrified, Sir Walter and his companion would have fired and broken through the robbers, as he at first took them to be. The ruffians siezed upon the reins of the affrighted steeds, and the riders had no power to defend themselves to advantage, though they fired, but without any deadly effect. By this time, Blakely and Orsini were upon the spot, when Sir Herbert, without speaking, shot Templar's horse in the head, for he readily recognized our hero from his companion by his towering form. Walter and his dead steed fell together. Three of the ruffians busied themselves in capturing Farinelli, whom they bore unhurt to the lodge, thus separating him from his friend. Sir Walter, in the meantime, disengaging himself, sprang to his feet and prepared to use the butt of his heavy horse-pistol. The ruffians hovered around him irresolute, for they saw they had no common man to deal with.

"Fools, sieze him." said Sir Herbert in a rage, seeing this irresolution, thus incautiously betraying himself.

"Ha. You!" ejaculated Templar. Then I understand it all.

Thus saying, our hero sprang upon the leader of the ruffians and felled him to the earth. In another instant he was grappling with the other two.

A few words from the Italian, advising Blakely to shoot Templar, told who was the other mysterious personage.

"You, too, Count Orsini!" observed Walter, as he caught up one of the ruffians and hurled him over his head, in true English fashion, and then, with his fist, he sent the other reeling to the ground by a mighty blow from his iron-fibered fist. But before he could profit by the advantage, two from the lodge, who had bound Farinelli with cords, siezed upon our hero, while a blow on the head from Sir Herbert's life-preserver brought Templar senseless upon the ground.

"Bind and gag him, my men," said Blakely in a tone of satisfaction at the capture. "Then look to your comrades."

"Our leader is dead," said one of the men. "His skull is broken," he added.

The one whom Templar had thrown over his head was fearfully bruised, and groaning at a few yards distance, while the other arose bewildered by the blow given him, but muttering curses.

"Away with our man to the carriage while he is senseless, and take your leader afterwards to the inn. If he is dead, his booty is yours."

"Ay, ay, your honor," one of the ruffians replied to the command of their employer, and then they bore Sir Walter Templar to the carriage.

They found George Blakely (the son of the inn-keeper) at the cross roads with the carriage, ready to start on his journey. It was about a quarter of a mile from the spot where the capture had been made, and which they reached by cutting across the forest. Sir Walter was still senseless when the ruffians laid him in the carriage, to which they chained him with the chains which had been fixed on purpose.

"That will do, my men," said Sir Herbert. "Now return to the forest. Let a portion of your number carry to the inn the body of your leader, and see that he is safely buried before the morning. At midnight, let the other stranger go, and be sure that he is unharmed, without as much as a bruise. Touch not his watch nor his purse: but estimate their value, and I will pay the amount extra to the promised reward of this night's work. If, at one in the morning, you are all at the inn, there will be the other fifty pounds each for you, with the share of your dead leader. If one of you is missing, there will be nothing. I will have no spies on my actions or course."

"All right, your honor," said he who now took the lead of the ruffians.

"And now away, my men. But stop a moment. Be sure you reload the pistols of this gentleman whom we have caged, and put them in the holsters of the saddle of his dead mare, so that it might seem that both the horse and its rider have been shot before assistance could be made: shot by his companion—do you understand."

Ay, ay! your honor; a brave plot. The suspicion will then all rest upon him.

"Exactly. Be discreet, and in six months from to-night, call at the Inn and there shall be another fifty guinias each for you. Quick, away with you all."

"Blakely, that is well arranged," observed Orsini, as soon as the hired ruffians were out of hearing.

"I think so, Orsini. All the lawyers in England will not clear Farinelli from this scrape. He will be charged with murder and hung; but that is no concern of mine."

"Not in the least, Blakely; but I must set Donna Clara Garcia on his track. She must be made to think that Farinelli has put Sir Walter Templar out of his way, to marry Terese. I know what a jealous Spanish woman will do: Revenge herself."

"And now, Orsini, we must be off, to reach my castle before the morning."

"You are right: so into the carriage, Blakely."

In another minute they were dashing towards the De Lacy castle.

A CRI-SIS.

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Above he heard sobbing and crying;
He inquired of his friend in an anxious way,
"If any were sick or dying?"

"Oh no," said he, smiling his best,
While they were discussing the ices.
"I've refused my dear sister a dress,
And produced a financial cry-sis."

"Do They Pray for Me at Home?"

Four Part Song. *A. C. Smythe, Logan.*

M. p.

1. Do they pray for me at home? Do they ev - er pray for me? When I ride the dark sea - foam, When I

2. Do they pray for me at home? When the sum-mer birds ap - pear? Do they pray for me with love, That my

3. Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win-ter blow? Do they pray for me with love, As they

p ritard *A tempo*

eross the stor-my sea? Oh, how oft in for-eign lands, As I see the bend-ed knee, Comes the tho't at twi-light

path may be less drear? At the home of ear-ly youth, Do they place the va - cant chair? When my heart so oft re-

watch the fall-ing snow? In the win - ter's chil-ly cold, Are their hearts for me still warm? Am I cher-ished as of

f *p adagio.* *A tempo.* *p adagio.*

hour. Do they ev - er pray for me. Do they ev-er, Do they ev-er pray for me?

f *A tempo.* *p adagio.*

turns, to the loved ones gath-er'd there, Do they ev-er pray for me? Do they ev - er pray for me? for me?

f *A tempo.* *p adagio*

old, Thro' the beat-ing of the storm, Do they ev-er, Do they ev-er pray for me?

f *p adagio.*

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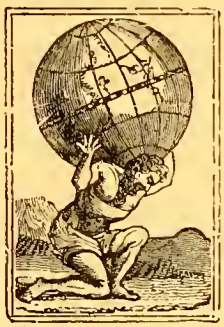

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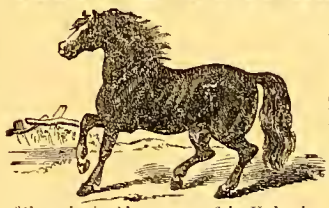

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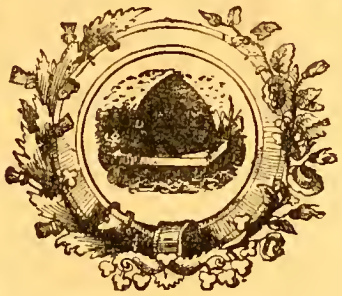
THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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No. 18] SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

Welcome rain or tempest
From yon airy powers,
We have languished for them
Many sultry hours,
And earth is sick and wan, and pines with all her flowers.

What have they been doing
In the burning June?
Riding with the Genii??
Visiting the Moon?
Or sleeping on the ice amid an Arctic noon?

Bring they with them jewels
From the sunset lands?
What are these they scatter
With such lavish hands?
There are no brighter gems in Raolcenda's sands!

Pattering on the gravel,
Dropping from the eaves,
Glancing on the grass, and
Tinkling on the leaves,
They flash the liquid pearls, as flung from fairy sieves!

Meanwhile, unreluctant,
Earth like Danaë lies;
Listen! is it fancy
That beneath us sighs,
As that warm lap receives the *largess* of the skies?

Jove it is descendeth
In those crystal rills,
And this world-wide tremor
Is a pulse that thrills
To a god's life infused through veins of velvet hills!

Wait, thou jealous sunshine,
Break not on their bliss!
Earth will blush in roses
Many a day for this,
And bend a brighter brow beneath thy burning kiss!

GLIMMERLY GAP.

CONCLUDED.

As Marks read those words, I broke out with a curse.

"What's the row?" he said. "Hold on. There's more."

I jumped at that.

"Go on. Quick!"

"All right. Come on. *Be on your guard!*"

I rushed out. Morris was watching. I waved my arm. The train moved on. It was scant four miles to Garrowfield, the last this side of Lindenbury. I went forward and looked out ahead. We were running pretty fast; thirty-five miles to the hour, I should say. We were up to our time at last. We were running through the Clitheroe Hills, the road winding up the valley of the Garrow; to the left the river flowed dark and silent. Now and then you caught a gleam from the gloomy current; here and there, the sound of its brawling over a stony bed. You saw the lights of a village, now and again, twinkling among the looming hills across the Garrow. Here we crossed a roaring culvert; then, the river running to the right, ran out on the high embankment at Mack's Ford, and so across by Half Mile Trestle Bridge.

I kept my eyes ahead; a horrible fear tormented me. That strange, four-times repeated telegram tortured me. The words were constantly in my ears. I heard them in the roar of the rushing train—"*Come on, come on, come on!*" And those other added words; what could they mean? Why were we to *be on our guard?* Where could that Lake Train be? Why had they not sent me word? It was a terrible muddle altogether. In nine years' running on railway trains I had never known anything like it. All the messages had come from Linden. The Lindenbury telegrapher I had known for years. His name was Henry Glenning, a tall, brown-bearded man of twenty-nine or thirty. I say I had known him long; I do not mean that I was intimate with him, but that I knew him as one knows the men he meets every day. He was a superior man every way, as we railway men go. We all owned to that in a tacit way, and most of us liked and respected him much. He was the last man on the line that any of us would mistrust. Temperate, punctual, somewhat taciturn, he was always at his post and never made mistakes. Of late, he had grown more quiet than ever; it was evident that some secret trouble was wearing on him. His face had got a careworn look; we noticed a streak of gray here and there in his hair and beard. But, if anything, he was more faithful than ever in his work in the Linden office. Of course, we never spoke to him about the change in him; but we did among ourselves, and were all sorry for him, in our way.

Farley said it was his wife was leading him a sorry life of it. He had married, a year or two before, a girl from Caromel Corners, they said, named Mary Winton, I think. Only the day before, coming down with the Garrow and Glen Kilns Express, I had met Blissom, with the up mail, at Haekerby Station, and said to him:

"What's up with Glenning, now? He looks dreadfully cut up."

Blissom was a Lindenbury man; I lived in Tidewater, myself.

"That Mary Winton's a-leading Glenning a naggy tramp of it, I hear," says Blissom; he knew Mary before she was married. "They do say she's a tarrier to go on when her

back's up, and gives it to Glenning all-fired." Blissom was a good fellow, but rough.

But, as I said, Glenning seemed all the more faithful since his home troubles; I never thought of doubting him. So we plunged on through the darkness. We had a passenger car that night, as it uncommonly happened, directly behind the tender. I stood on the forward platform, and kept an anxious lookout. The air was full of a thick drizzle; our speed made a strong west wind there, outside. On we went, keeping our pace well up—we had no right to go ahead of time—through Sadler's Drop, in the Clitheroe Hills, out then into the level country beyond. As the whistle blew for Garrowfield Station, I passed back through the forward car. The telegraph office in Garrowfield is a little east of the platform. Seeing the passengers look hard at me, I then first noticed that my clothes were dripping wet. Near the rear end of the car, an Irish woman sat, with her head on the window, fast asleep. I shook her roughly; I hoped she might get down here. She started up with a confused flutter.

"This Hackerby, sir?"

"Last station back," I said. "You're too far on."

"Ow, thin, an' what'll iver I do?" says she. "Shure, Dennis is afther expictin' of me, an' he'll think I'm kilt intirely."

"You must get off here," I said. "Come, be quick." The train was beginning to slow speed.

"Shure, thin, sir," she pleaded, "It's mesilf has an own sisther, in a laundery in Lindingbarry, itself. If ye'd be so kind to lit me down there. I haven't no money, sir; but I'd bring it ye bright in the marnin'."

"Can't do it," I said. We were close upon the station. I hustled her out, roughly enough, I suppose.

A gentleman, sitting by with his wife, had been watching us. I saw his face fire up as I hustled the woman out. He jumped up and faced me.

"What do you mean?" he says, all hot. "It's a brutal shame to put the woman off in the night, in a strange town, with no money. Here, I'll pay her fare."

I pushed her through the door; gave him no answer. He held me by the arm.

"Your name?" he demanded, sternly. "Mine is Charles Holden. I'll report you."

I was not angry with him—he did not know.

"My name is William Whipple."

I saw a fellow I knew on the platform.

"Caley," I calls, "show this woman a decent lodging. Pay—I'll make it all right."

I telegraphed to Linden:

"Shall I come on? Why don't you send me word of the Lime Lake Mail?

I don't think I breathed till the answer came:

"*Come on. Be on your guard.* Get here by Ten."

Good heaven!—it was maddening. What did it mean? what could it mean?

I rushed out, waved my arm madly to Morris.

"Go on, there—quick!" I yelled.

I ran ahead, and climbed up on the engine. I looked at my watch. It wanted six minutes of ten! I held the slip before his eyes. His face blanched white as a corpse.

"Good God, Whipple! it's seventy miles an hour!"

"I don't know what it means. It's some mad work. But we've got to obey orders. Drive like h—!"

I ran through the train taking the fares. How could they laugh and talk? Every minute I heard the scream of the train ahead, that I dreaded as I shall never fear death. The cars rocked on the springs. The passengers grew uneasy; the women looked fearfully one to another. Some men expostulated:

"Why are you running so fast? Do you want to murder us all?"

"We are ordered to be at Lindenbury by ten," I said. It wanted just four minutes. I saw the glare of Bell's Rolling Mills flash by—five miles and a half to L.!

I ran forward to the platform of the first car. By the forward door sat a lady, with a child in her lap, asleep—a little fair-haired girl of three or four. I see it as plainly now as I saw it then. I hardly know why, but little things that occurred that night seem burnt into my memory in colors of fire. I lie back now, here on this bed, where I have met, at stranger's hands, more true kindness and Christian courtesy than I had believed in before; and, shutting my eyes, I see that sweet child's face smiling in it's pure dreams, the mother's beautiful face brooding above it with a look of heavenly tenderness and love. I feel the heave of the hurling train, feel the car sway and spring with the terrible speed. I remember all, as I saw it hurrying through the car. I passed out on the platform. It wanted three minutes of ten. I knew we could not make it, though Morris was driving on with every pound of steam. I saw him standing at the levers, brawny and stalwart against the glare of the headlight, flying ahead on the track, one arm raised and grasping the lever, looking steadfastly forward, never turning his head to the right or left. I knew what he looked for—only too well! I shudder and turn sick to think of it now.

Before heaven, it was awful. To stand out there in that rushing whirlwind, clinging as for your life in that swaying, hurling flight; to stare forward into that awful darkness; to strain your sight until you were dizzy and blind, and your eyes were fire; and yet not dare to close them or turn away—deafened and stunned by the terrible jar and roar; heart and pulse faint with a horrible fear—the fear of sudden death!

Was I a coward?—who says it? May he be tried alike! God forgive me—what do I say? Pray heaven, no—that were a fiend's prayer. I do not say I did not care for myself. I did—who cares not for his life that is man? I thought of a little humble home sixty miles behind; of a little brown-faced boy, smiling in happy sleep; of a dear heart bending over the crib, perhaps; sewing by the lonely lamp; praying for me, it might be, out of her pure, true heart. I thought of these, and I prayed to Heaven to spare me to life and love. But more than of this, I say and I know, I thought of the hundreds that trusted to me for their lives—looked to me to see to it that they encountered no needless peril. To strain ahead into that awful gloom—to think and think of those poor souls in my charge—I swear it was torment.

I lost all sense of time and place, in the intense strain of sight and thought. I could not say where we were; it seemed we were running for hours. I knew what I looked to see—what I feared with a horrible dread; I knew only that.

Morris never slackened the pace; he drove his engine on with every pound of power. They tell me we made five miles in half a minute more.

Suddenly we leaped through a belt of deeper gloom; a heavy roll of thunder struck my ears with a stunning crash. I knew it was Merrill's Gap. The road lay level through the plain ahead to Glimmerly Gap beyond. Half of the way was passed; we hurled on; terrible as fate.

Suddenly, out of the blackness of Glimmerly Gap, there flashed—oh God!—a great, white light!

I went in and shut the door.

They must have seen it in my face. When I turned and looked forward again, the lady with the child stood at my side. I shall never forget the look in her face; the child was clasped to her heart. "What is it?" she said.

She spoke in a whisper, more awful than any cry. The two engines screamed like charging demons; wheels reversed,

and every brake hard down, we went staggering, shuddering, grinding on to our doom. But, through all that terrible din, I heard that awful whisper from those beautiful, bloodless lips.

I pointed forward to the great, white light, glowing down the line straight upon us.

"*It's death,*" I said.

She answered me not a word. She lifted the child to her face, then clutched it to her heart, "Louise, Louise!" she moaned, and sank back out of my sight.

I stood and looked ahead. At the first alarm, the fireman had jumped. Morris stood to his post. I saw him whistle down brakes, reverse his engine, set his bell ringing, do all that mortal could do. Then he stepped back, steadied himself, and leaped out into the dark. I saw it all; it was only a moment's time.

That terrible white light dashed straight upon us—that awful, blinding glare of death!

I heard a horrid crash, like ten thousand cannon—like the rending of a world. I felt myself lifted and hurled through the air, knocked, battered, pounded, pressed, bruised, twisted, crushed, struck on the back, as with a steam-whirled shaft. Then I was lying on the grass with a blinding glare in my eyes. I heard a low, weak moan. I turned my head—a woman lay close beside me with a child clasped tight to her heart. There was blood on the beautiful lips—both were dead.

I remember no more. Heaven spared me the rest of that horrible night. I was taken up for dead. They brought me here, to St. Stephen's, to this bed, where I have lain these six long months—long months and very weary, though all that gentleness and skillful hands could do has been done for me.

I have the papers with the account of the disaster. There is a sickening list of killed and maimed—so long that I shudder when I look. Among the dead, I read: John Blisson, driver, off duty. Ellen M. Villers and child, Louise, of Glenbrook. Charles K. Holden, President of Clitheroe Bank. He knows me better now—where honor, and a brave, kind heart have found their just reward.

W. T. WHIPPLE.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL, 19th October.

From the Tidewater Herald, 23d April.

The wretched operator, Henry C. Glenning, of Lindenbury, whose drunken folly caused the terrible disaster on the T. & L. L. R. R., night before last, hung himself yesterday morning, in a barn near Glimmerly Gap. The evidence at the coroner's inquest went to show that deceased had partaken freely of brandy on the evening of the collision, after he was already in a state of evident intoxication.

In another column of this morning's *Herald*, we print the only full and reliable lists of the killed and injured. Among the latter, our readers will notice the name of Mrs. Mary W. Glenning, wife of the Lindenbury operator, who received "severe contusions of the head and face," and now lies at a farm house in a critical condition. Thus it strangely happens that the perpetrator of this terrible crime has his own wife for one of his victims. We learn that she intended to have taken the regular Down Night Express: but, being early at the station, caught, most unhappily, the belated Mail. Upon her person was found a through ticket from Hilary, next west of L., to this city. She was escorted, we understand, by a Mr. Mason, an old and esteemed friend of the most unfortunate lady."

J. T. MCKAY.

MENDELSSOHN AND JENNY LIND.

EARLY LIFE OF THE GREAT SINGER.

Mademoiselle Polko's charming "Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, translated from the German by Lady Wallace," from which we made some extracts upon its original appearance in England, has just been published in beautiful style by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, of this city. The following passage relates to the artistic association of the great composer with the great singer:

"During the last winter of Mendelsshon's active labors in the concerts of the Gewandhaus, the apparition of Jenny Lind fell like a ray of light in the chequered world of phenomena.

> "There is a high and holy band
> Whose inspiration needs no guide.
> No ancestry of power and pride,
> To lead them to the promised land."

says Voltaire. And such a being was the fair Swede, whose youthful history Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer has so poetically described. Even when still a child of three, she seemed the lark of her parents' dusky house; as a girl of nine, she attracted the attention of all lovers of music, and entered the Conservatorium of Stockholm as a pupil, where her charming voice, her fine ear, her marvelous musical memory, her industry, and her captivating modesty, made her the favorite of her singing-master—the most meritorious of musicians and composers—Berg. She appeared in various childish parts, written expressly for her, and the public was enchanted with the silvery tones that streamed from the lips of the little fairy. Probably her continuous studies at so tender an age was the cause of her sudden loss of voice, to the horror of her teacher.

"During four long years did Jenny Lind, with astonishing perseverance, pursue her theoretical and technical musical studies in spite of her organ being almost extinct; and then the full sweet sounds came back almost as suddenly as they had vanished. Her faithful master greeted with delight the melting tones of that sweet voice of which his beloved pupil had been so long deprived, and again brought her forward in triumph before the astonished public. She appeared as *Agathe*, in Weber's 'Freischütz,' amid an unparalleled storm of applause and delight. But there burned within her soul the longing to learn more, to hear more; the wings of this great artistic soul fluttered impatiently; the limits were too confined; so Jenny Lind went to Paris, in order to study with Manuel Garcia, the accomplished brother of Malibran and Pauline Viardot, those wondrous double stars in the firmament of vocal art. The severance from her home, the fatigue of the journey, and a feeling of isolation affected the tender organ of the young girl to such an extent that the celebrated maestro, after having tried the voice of his new pupil, uttered that well-known verdict. '*Mon enfant, vous n'avez plus de voix!* Take entire rest for three months; exercise your voice with caution *et puis je seriacharme de vous revoir.*'

"A quiet tearful year ensued—a year of hopeless study, of deepest sorrow and ardent longing for home. After the lapse of three months Jenny Lind began to study, with incomparable energy, under the direction of Garcia, day by day, shedding tears on her pillow at night, and dreaming of her distant home; but, amid all her dreams, she seemed always to hear that pitiless voice, saying, '*mon enfant, vous n'avez plus de voix!*' Like the young palm-tree, however, under the pressure of the heavy rock, which every one thought must have crushed it, so did this regal talent continue to shoot upward to the blue sky, under the weight of home sickness. Still, no word of praise escaped Garcia's lips; he only commended the industry, perseverance, and the facile organ of his pale, quiet pupil, whose voice appeared to him irremediably injured and feeble. Many other brilliant vocal talents, too, were at that very time blooming in his *parterre*, before whose glowing tints the delicate water-lily paled.

"It was reserved for a grand and fervent artistic soul to discover her value, and to transport her from darkness into light.

Searching artistic eyes found her out; the most exquisite artistic ear felt the ineffable magic of her voice. To Giacomo Meyerbeer the world is indebted for the gift of Jenny Lind. He heard her one evening sing Alice's aria in 'Robert.' '*Va, va, dit-elle, mon enfant!*' and was deeply moved. No other voice had ever conveyed this sweet and tender entreaty of a dying mother to her son with such touching fervor; it became almost a prayer, and the composer of 'Robert' felt that it was tones such as these that had floated in his soul when he wrote down that 'last greeting, from a departing soul.'

"Jenny Lind now returned for a short space to her northern home in order previously to study the German language in Dresden, and to prepare in entire seclusion for her first appearance in Berlin.

"In October, 1844, she made her *debut* in the Royal Opera House as 'Norma,' and then as Vielka, in Meyerbeer's 'Feldlager,' exciting a degree of enthusiasm quite unparalleled on these boards either before or since.

"When she appeared in Leipzig, on December 4, 1845, the concert public were in a state of feverish excitement; and when at length she came forward on the raised platform, a slender girlish form, with luxuriant fair hair, dressed in pink silk, and white and pink camellias on her breast and in her hair, in all the chaste grace of her deportment, and so utterly devoid of all pretension, the spell was dissolved, and the most joyous acclamations ensued.

"Jenny Lind only looked beautiful when she sang, and also in the portrait of her done by Magnus in Berlin, now in the possession of Professor Wichman, and which may well be called a glorified one. She was pale, and had no freshness of complexion, nor were her features either regular or in any way remarkable. Music alone, and nothing else, transfigured her countenance so wonderfully; it then became actually transparent, the soul within shining brightly through the earthly veil in the most enchanting manner.

"And it was thus she sang, on that evening in the Gewandhaus, Bellini's 'Casta Diva,' the duet from the 'Montecchi e Capuletti,' 'Se fuggire,' with Miss Dolby, the letter aria from Mozart's 'Don Juan,' and two of Mendelssohn's songs, 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,' and 'Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth.'

"I cannot remember how I got home after that concert; I only know that I trembled and wept, and never closed my eyes all night. It was not, however, the 'Casta Diva,' with all its pearly adornment and florid graces, not the lovely Giuhetta, nor the stately Donna Anna who haunted my thoughts, and whom I seemed ever to hear; it was exclusively the ineffably sweet, ethereal, almost unearthly; 'By the first rose thou hap'st to meet.' And what must Mendelssohn have felt, who was seated at the piano, accompanying the singer, and from whose soul this lovely flower of song had sprung!"

ALFRED THE GREAT.

NO. I.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS

Here we come to the very best type of civilized man, and the most exalted Christian that the middle ages produced. Born in barbaric times, it is surprising to find how little of the barbarian there was in Alfred. His intellectual tone of mind, and the truly Christ-spirit which he sought to inculcate, is in happy concord with the enlightened and advanced views of modern times. We can endorse nearly all of Alfred's philosophic conceptions of religion to-day, and his state policy and illustration of just Monarchical economy stand out as the brightest example in the history of kings. James Stuart's execrable economy of kingcraft and divine right of princes is put to shame by the enlightened views of the great Saxon lawgiver. He conceived the grand thought that to be truly great was to be truly good, and that goodness should be the attribute of the king preëminently. This goodness was his highest divine right to reign over his fellows. The king must be a father to his people or he was no proper king. This view of the Saxon lawgiver has a very touching and practical illustration in his counsel to his son and successor, Edward, just before his death.

"Thou, my dear son," said this wise man, "sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee two instructions. My son, I feel that my hour is coming. My countenance is wan. My days are almost done. We must now part. I shall to another world and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee (for thou art my dear child), strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak; and, with all thy might, right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God, above all things, be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so shall He help thee, the better to compass that which thou wouldst."

Here is political wisdom of the very highest order. No kingcraft is in this. It is sound state-policy grandly noble in its philosophy of a sovereign's duties and supremely touching in its beautiful simplicity.

Alfred's conceptions are purely Saxon. There is no priestly mysticism of divine right, but a thorough English view of religion and human liberties. Indeed we see how natural it is for that nation which brought forth an Alfred to also bring forth constitutional governments, and lastly republican institutions. Alfred is no accident of his race, but its legitimate offspring, and his genius and character are English to the last degree. He is, moreover, Protestant; as much so as Oliver Cromwell, John Milton and the rest of the Puritan demolishers of kingcraft of England and America. His legacy of wisdom to his son Edward, as well as the literary and philosophical fragments which he has left, manifest that healthy simplicity so characteristic of Protestantism in its religious and political economies. That grand mysticism of the Romish priesthood, which awed nations and reduced them to mental and spiritual servitude is altogether un-English and un-American; and that it is so, we have only to go back nearly a thousand years to Alfred to find the proof thereof. George Washington himself was not a better illustration that the Saxon race are in their genius both Protestant and republican than was the immortal lawgiver of England. Absolutism and despotism are as unnatural to it, as kingcraft must ever be to the American mind. This race is, therefore, the proper parent of liberties and human progress, as much in its own essential nature and genius as it has been in the actual facts of history.

Mark how the great Alfred places the law above kings: "And, son, govern thyself by law." Here is the opposite conception to that blasphemous assumption "The king can do no wrong." "The law is not made for kings." "The king is above the law!" Such doctrines are monstrous even in barbarous ages but they are supremely repulsive when attempted to be applied in modern times. They have cursed the world for ages and would curse the world for ages yet to come, were they still maintained. But they are irreconcilable with the Saxon genius, whether applied in Church or State, and Alfred only anticipated a universal sentiment of his race when he placed the law of right and truth above the throne.

We have seen that Charlemagne, in working out the new civilization of the world, was a necessity to Popes; but Alfred the Great had a higher character and a diviner mission. He

was a necessity to Christ, for he was more like Christ in his genius and nature than Charlemagne. The one gave the imperial tone to the world, and it was warlike and barbaric, true it was more than up to the state of the popes, but nowhere near the state of Jesus; but Alfred gave the world its christianizing and humanizing tone. The one was something of a Cæsar and though he blended the priest with the king, which made him also something of a David, he better illustrated the imperial potency of a Christendom, than its divine spirit of love and its ultimate aims—human good; but Alfred was truly an apostle of humanity; as a lawgiver he was the prophet of constitutional rights both for subjects and rulers, and, as the king, he was a witness that the sovereign should be a father to his people. That part of civilization, then foreshadowed in Alfred the Great, was a radical necessity, not only in the Christian economy, but also in human development. This is a necessity independent of Christ, though since he has come, we take him as the type of all the ultimates of good ordained for man.

Alfred, and the part of civilization which he represents, we consider, belong to the advanced conditions of the race. He is, very properly, raised up by Providence after Charlemagne, for, though we do not claim for him any preördination, nor imagine that any of these great men of history are brought up by Heaven in a special and definite design, yet the course of human progress cast them up on the surface of events, and, in a general sense, the times may be said to bring forth the men. Alfred and a Saxon race were among the world's necessities, as much as Christ and Christianity; and Alfred and a Saxon race have been among the mightiest and most blessed facts of history. Without them indeed Christ and his civilization would not stand to-day where now they stand. Charlemagne and the French nation could no more have filled in the better part of human progress and brought forth a Protestant Christianity than did Napoleon and his grand army of conquest. That part specially belonged to the nation which brought forth an Alfred and a George Washington; for, though separated by ages, these two men and their works were the natural outgrowths and manifestations of the Saxon people and genius.

More than to any other nation we believe that Providence gave to England and, after her, to America—the lands of Alfred and Washington—the mission to work out human liberties and a Protestant Christianity. And, just at this point we are brought to the difference between a philosophical infidelity to which France and Germany have come from despotic forms of Church and State and that enlightened faith which always characterized England and America. The continent of Europe, in embracing Christianity, received it more in the grandeur of ancient superstitions and priestly mysticism belonging to heathenism rather than in that beautiful simplicity of a divine spirit and principle exemplified in Jesus and the fishermen of Galilee. Indeed the Roman and the Grecian genius which in former civilizations had received the finest elaborations both imperially and intellectually, had demanded as a necessary condition of acceptance a Christianity as imposing as the Roman empire, and as captivating as Grecian philosophy and art. A magnificent priesthood was, therefore, necessary, and a magnificent religion, with its *trappings* and *tinsel*. Charlemagne rising up, after the dissolution of the Roman empire, as the sucessor of the Cæsar's rule and the Cæsar's mission, both to the nations and to the Church perpetuated the genius of empire and Christianity blended, and continental Europe was typed with absolutisms both of Church and State. To this Romish form of civilization represented by Charlemagne and his successors in conjunction with popedom, there was needed another form to balance the world, and finally to save it by securing to it human liberties and the simplicity of the Christ-spirit and principle. That better form was the Protestant or Saxon, which is very much the same in effect and nationally—not ecclesiastically speaking—Alfred the Great and George Washington are the two proper types—the one the beginning, the other the culmination. From Alfred to Washington, the genius which inspired them, as the two "Fathers of their country," has traveled persistently to human liberties and a broad vigorous Christianity, which has much of faith but little of priestcraft and absolutism in it. On the other hand, from the successors of Charlemagne and the successors of St. Peter, have come absolutisms of Church and State, which, finding an explosion—not a solution—in the revolutions of modern times, loses religious faith in German mysticism and French infidelity. These are the issues of two civilizations—the Catholic and the Protestant—the absolute and the republican. Let us go back to the writings of the great Saxon lawgiver, and see how much like a republican George Washington he evolved his economy of government, and how much like a Puritan he manifested Christianity. Here is Alfred's exposition of divine right,—it is that of goodness:

> If then it should ever happen, as it very seldom happens, that power and dignity come to good men, and to wise ones, what is there then worth liking but the goodness and dignity of these persons; of the good king, not of the power? Hence power is never a good, unless he be good that has it; and that is the good of the man, not of the power. If power be goodness, it is so far this, that no man by his dominion comes to the virtues, and to merit; but by his virtues and merit he comes to dominion and power. Thus no man is better for his power; but if he be good, it is from his virtues that he is good. From his virtues he becomes worthy of power, if he be worthy of it.

This is eminently republican in principle and strikingly illustrative of the Saxon or Protestant conception of Christianity even as far back as Alfred himself, and that simple thought that good was the only divinity either in Church or State, in after ages led the men of England under Cromwell to demolish kingcraft and priestcraft with one mighty blow; since which, the Saxon race have never fairly set either up again. The following is another passage from Alfred, expressive of his views and feelings as a king, and containing an allusion to his hesitation in accepting the crown of England:

> O Reason, thou knowest that covetousness and the possession of this earthly power, I did not well like, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom, but, oh! I desired materials for the work that I was commanded to do. This was that I might unfractiously and becomingly steer and rule the power that was committed to me. * * * * * * *
>
> These are the materials of a king's work, and his tools to govern with; that he have his land fully peopled; that he should have prayer-men and army-men and workmen. * * *
>
> "For this purpose I desired materials to employ that power with, that my skill and power might not be given up and concealed. But every virtue and every power will soon become oldened and silenced if they be without wisdom. Therefore no man can bring forth any virtue without wisdom, hence whatsoever is done through folly, man can never make that to be virtue.
>
> This I can now truly say, that *I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the men that should be after me my remembrance in good works.*

Here is another passage from the literary works of the English lawgiver, upon the equality of man and what constitutes nobility.

> What! all men have a like beginning; because they all come of one father and mother. They are all yet born alike. This is no wonder; because God alone is the father of all creatures. He made them all and governs all. He gave us the sun's light, and the moon, and placed all the stars. He created men on the earth. He has connected the soul and the body by His power, and made all men equally noble in their first nature. Why, then, do ye arrogate over other men for your birth without works? Now you

can find none unnoble. But all are equally noble, if you will think of your beginning, creation, and the Creator, and afterwards of your own nativity; yet the right nobility is in the mind. It is not in the flesh as we said before. But every man that is at all subjected to his vices, forsakes his creator and his nobility; and thence becomes more ignoble than if he were not nobly born.

Alfred entertained the very lofty view that no nation could be great whose subjects did not possess the fullest extent of constitutional liberties, and pursuing the same vein of philosophic logic, no king could be truly great, who governed a servile people. So impressed was he with this judgment that he has applied it to God to affirm his wise policy in permitting man to do good or evil, inferring that even God could be only truly great in ruling over free men. The passage is in the form of dialogue.

I said, "I am sometimes very much disturbed." Quoth he, "At what?" I answered:

"It is at this which thou sayest, that God gives to everyone freedom to do evil as well as good, whichsoever he will." * *

"Then," quoth he, "I may very easily answer thee this remark. How would I now look to you, if there were any very powerful king, and he had no freemen in all his kingdom, but that all were slaves?"

"Then," said I, "It would not be thought by me right, nor also reasonable, if servile men only should attend upon me."

"Then," quoth he, "It would be more unnatural, if God in all his kingdom, had no free creatures under his power. Therefore he made two rational creatures free; angels and men. He gave them the great gift of freedom. Hence they could do evil as well as good, whichsoever they would. He gave this very fixed gift, and a very fixed law with that gift to every man unto his end."

Thus we see that Alfred the Great was eminently Protestant and republican in his conceptions of religion and State government. The nation which brought forth an Alfred was certain to enlarge human liberties, and in time, work out a Christianity which should embody the noble simplicity of the spirit and gospel of Jesus, stripped of all mysticism and priestcraft. And thus it has been: Protestant constitutional monarchy came first, and then in America, the still grander exposition of Protestant republicanism. Alfred the great and George Washington are at length on one platform.

ABOUT THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

BY MRS. L. B. PRATT.

We reprint the following from the *Phrenological Journal:*

MANNER OF BURYING THE DEAD.

When one of the islanders dies, the relatives and friends assemble and mourn. they commence with a low wail which rises and increases in volume till it can be heard half a mile. These exercises continue for some time, but are suspended whenever a new friend enters the house. Then they begin to eulogize the dear departed. Their excited imaginations and overwrought tenderness lead them to portray in the most glowing terms, the many excellencies of the deceased. Each in his turn extols and magnifies the virtues of the lost one. The more immediate relatives, hearing these things repeated over and over, are more deeply impressed than ever with a sense of their irreparable loss, and again they all resume their loud wailings. A listener, though a stranger to the bereaved, can not refrain from tears. These exercises sometimes last for several hours.

Another of their peculiarities is the bringing of presents to the dead. Each friend brings a piece of cloth, and every piece is bound about the body of the dead, often making a package the size of a common barrel. This envelop answers the purpose of a coffin. The native cloth is not porous, and when made thick, will not admit air. Mr. Pratt knew a man who wrapped his deceased wife in such quantities of *tapa* (native cloth), that he was enabled to keep her body a whole year on his bedstead, where he slept by her side. At length the sorrowing man was persuaded to bury his dead.

It was a custom on Tuboui to leave a habitation where a beloved relative had died, never entering it again, but going away and building another. I went into a house on that island where, five years before, a young girl fourteen years old had died. Her parents had immediately moved to another village, and occupied the house no more. There was standing in it a large mahogany chest, containing everything that formerly belonged to the beloved daughter, even her books and the toys of her childhood. The house was considered as the grave of the departed. Her mother, true to her own affectionate nature, cut off her beautiful, long, glossy hair, spread a thick covering over herself, sat down upon the ground, and refused all consolation. Mr. Pratt, being absent at the time, returned while she was indulging her inordinate grief. He went to her, told her that the Lord would be displeased with such excessive repinings; that she must arise and be baptized, and she would find peace and comfort. She harkened to his words, embraced the gospel, and was ever after a faithful member of the church. She had one daughter left, an interesting girl, whom we all admired for her beauty and modest deportment. Her mother watched over her with all the solicitude that a cultivated mother could manifest toward a beloved daughter in our civilized country. The religion of Jesus Christ refines and purifies the hearts of those who live for it, whether white or black.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The parents make contracts of marriage for their children while they are very young. This is kept a secret from them until they are of suitable age to understand and appreciate it. Under some circumstances they frequently come together and live very happily. At other times, the knowledge of the contract creates an aversion, either in one or both, and they refuse to be joined. Very few of the elderly people know their own ages. Some plant a tree at the birth of a child. They are particular in observing the changes which take place in the appearance of the bark of that tree from one season to another, and in that way determine the age of the child. The young children learn to write with great facility. Another of their peculiarities is changing their names whenever an important event transpires in their history. If a child sickens and dies, the father perhaps assumes the name of the diseased, and ever after bears it. A child fell from a tree and was killed, and the mother took the name of the tree.

REAL WEALTH.

The following is from the pen of an esteemed correspondent at Eagleville. We do not give his name, but many know him "A. Little," be the same more or less. Shall be glad to hear from him again.—Ed.

The means of gratifying all the wants of our fallen natures is not real wealth. It is but the floating within our reach the passing substance of transitory things, in which we can take but a short interest; for, if they do not leave us before, at death we must leave them.

There is no real wealth without eternal possession; it is not affected by the changes of mortality; it consists of pure affections and holy desires: of knowledge that cannot pass away, and which connects the mortal with the immortal, and a possession of the keys of power to open the way to eternal progress and development.

Viewed in this light, many who think they are rich will, in the end, find themselves poor, very poor; and some who are now thought to be poor, will prove to be rich in the elements of life eternal.

If the source of our happiness passes away, then must our joy cease. The cottage of the laborer is as capable of being the abode of felicity as the palace of the noble. It may exist in the humble cot as well as in the luxurious home of the wealthy.

There is no easy road to lasting peace and joy. There are no blessings without labor and sacrifice; no pleasure without pain; no sources of joy like those which we know cannot pass away; and we can realize no other heaven than that we fit ourselves for.

The blessings of life are more equally divided than many suppose. Men, whether rich or poor, generally have about as much trouble as they feel the ability to endure. If there are exceptions, they are as often with the poor as the rich. None get through this world without sharing the evil with the good. This is the order of creation. This is man's destiny, without which he would not feel the measure of his creation.

MUSIC IN THE SOUTHERN SETTLEMENTS.

NUMBER ONE.

THE CHOIR AND BAND OF AMERICAN FORK.

We have long desired to become thoroughly acquainted with the progress of music in the settlements; and, in our tour through the South, we have taken every opportunity to hear for ourselves the advancement of the art.

When visiting towns and cities outside of Salt Lake, we have endeavored to stimulate both the local bands and choirs, by inviting them to appear before the public in conjunction with our professionals, in giving musical entertainments; for experience has proved to us that the mixing of amateurs with professionals is the best plan to stimulate them to the study of music.

The first choir and band that drew our attention was at American Fork. On conversing with Bishop Harrington, we found that he was not only a true lover of sweet sounds, but was anxious to inspire others with the same feeling; he not only sanctioned the study of music, but has stimulated his band and choir to excel, by attending their rehearsals; and, notwithstanding that the Bishop is a great admirer of good melodies and varied harmonic combinations—to be found in classical compositions,—he is fond of a joke, and can hear without a shudder a good comic song, when judiciously rendered.

On our first visit to American Fork, we were much pleased by the willingness and promptitude of Mr. Hunter, the choir conductor, and Mr. Grant, the band master, in coming forward to render their assistance to the profession, without fee or reward, in a public entertainment for the amusement of their fellow-citizens. In fact, very little notice was required in bringing together an audience. The united exertions of choir conductor, band master, and their members, gave more publicity, and excited more interest in the settlement than five hundred bills would have done posted against the walls, when coupled with the Bishop's remarks at a public meeting. This unselfish assistance, is worthy of notice, and amateurs in general should follow the like example instead of expecting pay for their services, when the instruction they receive by mixing with professionals at public entertainments is an adequate compensation for their trouble, not to mention the amusement they have themselves at the entertainment.

Should they have to devote their time for the purpose, when it should be employed in their daily avocations, then they should be remunerated for that loss of time.

In returning to our subject, we must say we were also much pleased on finding that a number in both band and choir were creditable sight-readers. The advantage of knowledge, experience and practice in music is above all things for perfect rendition. Look at the time that is saved by the study of reading music at sight. There are many passages in musical compositions that the ear cannot fathom; and more especially in classical music, which are next to an impossibility to be caught up by ear, without an expense of time and practice. With a good conductor, a choir of perfect sight-readers, the interpretation of the works of the giant authors are rendered practicable.

There are two ladies in the American Fork choir, who are very creditable vocal amateur sight readers. Their names are Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Featherstone. They sing duettos very prettily together, and the qualities of Mrs. Evans, we have proved. At the last concert which we gave at American Fork, we sang a duetto, sung by the Rainer family when in England, —which composition is out of print; Mrs. Evans only ran it over twice at a rehearsal, and we sang it at night at the concert, though the execution of that piece was not so very simple, yet she gave much satisfaction.

We have also heard the choir rehearse anthems somewhat classical in their construction and harmonic combinations, and we have been told by the conductor that many of the members were reading them at first sight. We do not assert that the interpretation of the poet and musician was fully brought out by them, because that would require good professional rendering, but the performance at sight was creditable for amateurs, and proved what could be done by perseverance and practice.

Mr. Grant, the choir master, has opened a small musical establishment for the sale of cheap musical instruments and works of instruction, and he told me, when on my last visit, that he was pretty well patronized; and many were studying the divine art for their own and their fellow-citizen's amusement.

This is progression.

MURPHY AND MACK'S MINSTRELS have just closed a successful engagement in the Salt Lake Theater. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Evening News* have written extensively, though not very critically, upon their popular musical performances. The Musical Editor promises a review next week of the Murphy and Mack Minstrels, and especially of the rival performance between Mr. Mark Croxall, of this city, and the celebrated cornet player, R. W. Kohler.

PLEASE FORWARD AT ONCE.—Such of our subscribers, whose subscriptions are now due, are requested to forward the pay at once, as we need it. The present great dearth of means has kept back so much of the pay due to us that scarcely one subscription in four has yet reached us. We blame no one for this, but we ask all to remember that our expenses are very great and that every little helps.

Such of our friends as have PROMISED TO PAY AT CONFERENCE TIME, are requested not to forget their promises, as we RELY UPON THEM.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

THE "JOSEPHITE" PLATFORM.

Lately, two sons of the prophet Joseph, Alexander and David Smith, have arrived in our city on a mission from a little body in Illinois. We have conversed with these young men, and are of opinion that they are conscientious and desire in their way to do good, but are singularly ignorant of the spirit of their father's movement as presented to the world at large, and accepted by ourselves. On this account we think their experience here may be useful to them, as they have evidently, never yet looked at their father's mission from our stand-point and are therefore, unconscious how monstrous their propositions look to us. For their sakes, as much as our own, we shall portray their proposition in our own colors, that they may see how it looks to those who have, for over a score of years, fought the battle of their father's movement in this land. If satire or ridicule appears to edge our pen, it will be, simply, because the movement they unfortunately represent is a satire on itself and ridiculous in its own right. To us, the "Josephite" movement is one thing and the sons of Joseph another. They are its disciples and not its originators. As to Joseph Smith, the head of the system itself, we have reason to believe him honorable and highminded. His assertions of his father's non-practice of polygamy—so inexplicable to our people—being to our minds the unfortunate result of the tutorings and impressions of his early youth. We say this fearlessly, having long since got past the idea that everybody who opposes us is wicked and corrupt. At the same time, just as fearlessly we wish to exhibit to our misguided brethren the inconsistency of their platform as it appears to us.

As we understand it, these sons of the Prophet have visited our city on the grateful mission to inform those members of the church who maintained at the peril of their lives, the organization of their father's church when it was threatened with destruction, that they are under the curse of God for so doing. They come to tell them that they should have allowed the organization to have gone to pieces, and that they, and the whole church, should have waited, lifeless, dead, disorganized and unknown in the world, until their brother Joseph, then a boy, grew up to be a man. They also come to tell all who joined this church since Brigham Young has presided over it, that all we have felt in our souls as tokens of a divine movement in this land, has been delusive, and only so much leading us to a sink of apostacy and the work of the devil. This is strong language, but it is what their doctrines practically amount to. After this statement of our condition, apparently ignorant of the inconsistency of their proposition, they request us still to believe in their father's mission—not perceiving that when we cut out of our lives all the spiritual testimony that brought us here, they and their father are cut out with it.

This view of the case, however, strong as it is, only represents a little of the folly to which we are invited by our young friends. To show fully the weakness of their position, in our eyes, we must go back and exhibit the character of the movement presented to us by their father, and compare it with the programme and organization they offer to us in exchange.

When, nearly forty years ago, Joseph the Prophet presented himself before the world, it was with the unqualified assertion that he was sent to open a dispensation of Revelation which should never be closed or interrupted in its progress, until the institutions of the heavenly world were everlastingly established upon the earth.

Whether his Elders traveled through Great Britain or America, they called special attention to this point. Well do we all remember, with what prolonged emphasis and unction, they dwelt upon the idea that such of the ancient church as thought *their* day of revelation would never cease, were deceived—for an apostacy had to come in *their* case. But not so with this dispensation. Here was to be the grand contrast. No apostacies—except such futile ones that the church would easily triumph over—were ever to occur again.

All who were members of the church in America or England, in the days of Joseph, know this was the programme announced, and to which we pledged our faith. On the strength of this statement, the thousands of Mormonism joined the church abroad, and on the strength of it, we have all followed the organization to these mountains. To this the entire Territory will bear witness—whether from this country, England, Wales or Scotland, it is the same. We never knew or heard any other doctrine; and now, at this late hour, after from twenty to forty years uninterrupted reliance on this great proposition of the Prophet Joseph, along come two of his sons to tell us, in effect, that their father and his Elders grossly deceived us—to assure us his mission did not fulfill its programme, but fell through; that a grand apostacy and breaking up of the entire organization of the church did take place—no matter how much denied; that all the predictions about the "fullness of times" and the "last dispensation which was never to fall away" were mere flourish,—in a word, that the church was based and extended and flourished on a lie;—which church, in the innocence of their souls, they ask us still to accept as divine.

Let us sketch the history of the little body that send us this manifesto: Some nine or ten years ago, a few of the former members of the church in Illinois persuaded the eldest son, Joseph, to accept the presidency of their body. Up to this hour, the world was utterly unconscious of their presence as, indeed, it is to day—with the exception of so much notoriety, as their opposition to Brigham Young, and the simple name of Joseph Smith's son attaches to them.

This little body was in existence some time before they could induce the son of Joseph to attach himself to their organization. When he did so, he was followed in due time by his brothers, Alexander and David. The "Reörganized Church of Latter-day Saints," consequently, was not started by "young" Joseph Smith or his brothers,—they are simply converts to it. It was, therefore, no church started by the Revelations of God and angels;—the church came first and the revelations—two we believe in number—have arrived since

After an existence of about nine years, this "quiet inoffensive" little system, as it is generally termed, when an occasional reference is made to it in the East, although presided over by a "prophet" and "twelve apostles" and heralded, with a grand statement about "revelations and latter-day glory," has not made half as many converts, or stir in the world, as plain, unadorned John Wesley, who pretended to no special inspiration, did in a couple of months; for the bulk of its disciples are simply such as were converted to "Mormonism" years ago. In a word, we do this "reörganized church" no injustice when we say that it has not made America

feel its presence as much in nine years as Joseph the Prophet did in one. They only come up into sight once in a while, when some editor discussing the future of Utah, incidentally informs his readers that there is a society in Illinois who do not believe in Brigham Young or polygamy; when they receive a patronizing pat on the head in passing, and are again forgotten.

This statement may appear overcolored to our "Josephite" friends, but it is true to our experience. In our Eastern trips on Magazine business, we have, personally, traveled seven thousand miles through the United States without hearing a solitary reference to their existence. Now we, by no means, intend to infer that obscurity in the *beginning* of a system, argues against its divinity; but a Divine mission certainly will have vitality and force enough to make the world aware of its presence; and this, the "Josephite" movement has certainly failed to accomplish.

It is an obscure system of this kind, then, that calls upon us to throw away our faith in the imperishable nature of Joseph's movement and accept their discordant and powerless one in exchange. Had brothers David and Alexander gone to a strange people who never heard their father's programme, we could comprehend their position; or did they come to ask us to *dis*believe in him, we could understand that. But to ask those whose souls have been animated with the sublime faith of an eternal system let down from the upper worlds, never more to return until humanity was beautified and lifted up to God, to throw away their faith in the power of the Heavenly World to carry through a grand movement in spite of every obstacle when once begun; and believe in the Divinity of a movement that belied all its promises and was broken up and perished ere it had scarce commenced, is to ask us to reject the whole thing as a humbug. The fact is, we neither want Joseph Smith's system or that of his sons', if their statement of the apostacy be true.

Among other pleasant little things growing out of this doctrine of an apostacy, which brothers David and Alexander bring, they come to tell us that God "CUT US OFF WITH OUR DEAD" about twenty years ago, without previously mentioning the fact to us. We cannot help thinking how well a people "cut off from God" can feel, providing they have plenty to eat and don't know it. Now that we do know it, however, we do not feel particularly alarmed, although "our dead" may; for upon them and their still dead-er ancestors, who can scarcely be responsible for our sins, this sort of thing must be uncommonly hard. If they are not astonished at this kind of treatment, it must be because they are used to it.

To prove the "cutting off" of Brigham and his followers, a passage from the Doctrine and Covenants is brought forward, which says in effect, that, if, after having had "*sufficient time*" to build a temple for baptisms for the dead, the church should fail to comply, they should be rejected. But there is another passage in the same Revelation, which is *not* brought forward, but, upon which, a very wise silence is preserved, which brings in a proviso—that if "*their enemies come upon them and hinder them from performing that work*," the Lord will no longer require the completion of the temple, but accept of their work as it is. How the poor Saints went to with their might; how, with sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, they built that house; how their enemies *did* "come upon them and hinder them," as anticipated in the Revelation; how they, nevertheless, through blood and tribulation, consecrated it, incomplete as it necessarily was, and thus bore testimony of their zeal and devotion, is no more mentioned by "Josephite" preachers, than is the statement of the Revelation that in such case, the threatened rejection would all fall to the ground.

Next to the apostacy of the church, the falsity of polygamy is the text of our young friends. Not that they specially exert themselves to prove it contrary to the Bible or to nature. Their especial zeal is spent in trying to prove that their father did not practise polygamy, basing their arguments on certain assertions in the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and in the Times and Seasons.

Now, we all know, that before to-day, in this very city, members of this very "Josephite" party have admitted that Joseph Smith did practise polygamy, and have absolutely argued that God permitted him to be killed as a punishment for so doing; but we will pass this contradiction and muddling of their own statements, and accept their present view. It is just as good as any. Here, in this city, with a dozen women who were married to Joseph Smith; with scores who were married by him, personally, to other men in polygamy; with hundreds who were taught the doctrine from his own lips, they expect us to believe their father never taught it to the church.

Their grand argument in opposition to this mass of living testimony, is found in certain letters of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, which simply prove that they consider the denial of the principle for a time preferable to bringing destruction and death to thousands. But what does this amount to? David and Alexander can prove Joseph Smith denied polygamy, and we can prove he practised it. Both are true. He both practised and denied it. Why not believe both facts? There is no question about either. The only point left for anybody to decide is whether he acted wisely in so doing—whether, in fact, it would have been wiser to have acknowledged polygamy and periled the lives of his people, or retained the fact until he believed he could safely announce it. It is simply a matter of opinion upon which everybody must judge for themselves; and Joseph Smith had as good a right to judge for himself as any other man upon whose shoulders rested the safety of thousands.

Years ago, the mass of this people accepted both these facts, as well as another one: that former revelations of Joseph's confined a man to one wife. The only difference between ourselves and the "Josephite" faction on that subject being, that we have grown to understand that Revelations are progressive, while our Plano opponents are ignorant of this great truth. If they do not want to waste their time and ours, let them cease the stringing together of texts, and prove that God does not give Revelations to suit the Times; and when they have succeeded, we will worship a wooden God in preference to such a Deity—one who belies every instinct of light he has placed within us.

We want to tell our misguided brethren in Illinois, and elsewhere, that the truth of polygamy does not rest upon Revelations; it rests upon the facts of human nature. If it is not possible for one man to purely love two women, and for two women to purely love and live with that man, then all the belchings or thunders of Sinia cannot make it right to practise polygamy. Revelations can bring a truth to light, but they cannot create it. Either Polygamy is in harmony with our true natures or it is not. If it is not, all the Revelations of Joseph Smith or any other prophet are not worth the snap of our fingers. What matters it then, whether Joseph did or did not deny it. Is it true is all we ask. Supposing Joseph Smith had revealed that Geology was a true science, and that his sons could now show us a ton of his letters declaring it was false, what should we care while the rocks remained as evidences of the science? We should go to the earth's strata to test the question, and not to his letters or Revelations. And so with polygamy: Joseph but revealed a principle, and we now go to the facts of men and women's natures for its confirmation or rejection.

So much we say as to Polygamy resting upon letters or Revelations. As to the bare question whether Joseph Smith practiced it, no court of justice ever had as much living testimony to prove any man ever did anything, as we can present to prove his endorsement of polygamy. His wives that he lived with, his friends that he tutored in it, all are present for reference. But Alexander and David declare that *no amount of evidence* shall convince them. While in their present frame of mind, we do not see how their own father could convince them upon his oath. It is certainly evident that, could he reappear upon earth with a score of wives and a hundred children, they would still refer to the *Times and Seasons* to prove it was all delusion. There is one comfort in all this, however: should the government ever want to handle our people for polygamy, Alexander and David can prove—notwithstanding their wives—that they never practiced it, having, in times past, denied it equally with Joseph Smith, they ought to be able to clear them on the same grounds.

And now let us say a word as to Heirship and Presidency. We have heard a great deal said about Joseph Smith of Plano being entitled to lead the church, because he was the son of the martyred Joseph. So far as any of Joseph Smith's sons are concerned, we simply hope and pray that they may so far grow out of their present position as to obtain both honor and influence among the people to whom their labors legitimately belong; but if we know the true feeling of our brethren, it is that they never intend Joseph Smith's, nor any other man's son, to preside over them, simply because of his sonship. The principle of heirship has cursed the world for ages, and with our brethren we expect to fight it till, with every other relic of tyranny, it is trodden under foot.

What the world needs is not heirship, but inspiration, power, force, life, genius. Can any man give it these, he is called of God, and his ordination is in his heart and brain. When God wants any other man to lead this people, he will bear this royal signet of divinity or he and the people that follow him will wither up together.

In passing, let us say, in the kindest feeling, to these sons of Joseph, whom we love for the good their father's mission has brought to us: you bear an honorable name, but, for all the influence and respect it commands, you are indebted to Utah and its people. Had this community allowed the church to have gone to pieces, when the present members of the "Josephite" body scattered in despair, who would know or care anything about Joseph Smith or his sons to-day? Who, after the leader of an organization had been shot in jail, his disciples scattered, and his system broken up and silent for sixteen years, would have gone hunting for his children, had not the system they have been taught to despise perpetuated his organization, and kept their name before the world?

In sending their missionaries to us, this little "Josephite" band at least show their innocence and simplicity of character. We see in a moment that they know nothing of the liberal and progressive character of the scheme we embraced. True, they talk to us of a church of Revelations that are "going to come;" but they are not to be progressive Revelations. When they do come, they are to harmonize with all past revelations, as if we want Revelations to harmonize with all the misconceptions and traditions, more or less mixed up with the Revelations of every prophet that has ever appeared. What we need are Revelations that will break the fetters of the past, treat all previous prophets and times, as children and days of infancy, and sweep on to those grand conceptions of God, a future life and progress, that are now breaking in upon the human mind. The creed of brother Joseph would tie us down to his father's Revelations whether they denied the testimony of our eyes as seen in the rocks, or the evidence of our senses as to what was babyish in Moses or the prophets. They would pin our faith to the story of the Garden of Eden, with its dust-made man. About twenty years ago, some of us could have listened to the twaddle about Adam and Eve in the Garden, and God Almighty discovering to His surprise that among all the bears, and lions, and tigers, there was not found a suitable companion for Adam. Or, to use the words of Moses, himself, after describing the creation of the beasts,—"But for Adam there was not found a help-mate for him"—as if the Almighty might not have known that very well before; unless He supposed that Adam could have taken an Elephant to his bosom, or induced a tiger to prepare his meals. And then, as if struck by a bright idea, creating woman as an after-thought. Going to work and undoing the mis-made man, taking him to pieces as a little girl would a badly made doll, extracting a rib, and closing up the place again. What we need are Revelations that shall emancipate mankind from all theologies based on such fables as these. And of this, brother Joseph's creed offers us no hope.

With respect to the two or three "Revelations" that have already come through Joseph of Plano, we have examined them, and must say in all kindness, that any uninspired man of average intelligence could impart more valuable truths in ten minutes than they contain together. Joseph, himself, could tell more in the same time, in his most uninspired condition. Doubtless some spirit has given them—for we do not believe for a moment that Joseph is an impostor;—but who the individual is, is of no consequence, because they amount to nothing. Of course they dictate the doing of this or that; but they clear up no mystery of human existence, and reveal no truth that touches our souls with its beauty. They are simply what any ordinary personage in the body or out of it could tell us to do, if he chose.

As to Joseph himself, so far as we can learn, he very modestly claims no converse with angels as his father did. As his brothers say, that was only necessary to establish the church. He has but inspirations or impressions of some kind. Of course, plenty of other people may have no more; but why come to us with a blast of trumpets, about "Revelations and Prophets" "as it was in the beginning," when it amounts to no more than this.

To sum up. If "Josephism" be true the mission of Joseph Smith simply amounts to this:—The Heavenly world after commencing a movement for the benefit of humanity, and proclaiming to all the world that it should never pass away, allowed it to be broken up and perish as an organization for sixteen years. During which entire period, not a sound was uttered or an effort made in its behalf; while its thousands of deceived followers, who had embraced it in love and faith, believing in its immutability, were left scattered and sheperdless, without one word of comfort or direction, and the system as a whole prostrate and dead. After which weary interval it began again in a weakly sort of a way; in ten years of a fresh start obtaining less influence than a tenth-rate sectarian church. This abortion of a divine mission with its interruptions and disorganization; its falsification of its programme; its valueless revelations of to-day; its insignificance and lack of converting power, the Josephites ask us to believe in, as the grand "Dispensation of the fulness of times." All we have to say is, that any movement which brings about no more among earth's millions in nearly forty years than Joseph Smith's has done, if it is to be measured by Plano and its little system, has not much of God in it anyway—and the earth might as well be without it as with it. In a Divine system we have a right to expect power and force, and practical results surpassing the ordinary effects of men's labors. If Joseph Smith's mission has been continued in these mountains, it has accomplished something—it has

gathered a people—founded, in fact, an inspirational nation, who, no matter what they may be to-day, can at any moment be awakened by the electric touch of communication with the invisible worlds; and what that fact means "tongues cannot tell." If it has not done this but is to be judged by the results of "Josephism," it has done nothing, but what any sectarian system could have done in a far more powerful way; and the cry should immediately be taken up by every Latter-day Saint throughout the world,—there has been no Prophet—no mission of God amongst us, "To your tents O Israel."

HUGH MILLER AND MOSES.

In the following extract, we give the effort of Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, to reconcile the Mosaic account of the Creation, with the facts of science in general and Geology in particular.

That our readers may understand the difficulties which Professor Miller attempts to solve, we must briefly give Moses' account of the order in which things were created, as follows:—

On the "First Day," light was divided from the darkness. On the Second, the "waters above the firmament were separated from those below." On the Third Day the seas were separated by themselves, the dry land appeared, the grass, herbs, and trees sprang into existence. On the Fourth Day, the sun, moon, and stars, were brought into being. On the Fifth Day, enormous fishes, such as great whales, together with winged fowl, were made. On the earlier portion of the Sixth Day, cattle and creeping things were produced, and, at or about its close, man appeared upon the scene.

It will be seen that according to Moses, light was divided from the darkness before the sun, moon or stars were in existence, to divide them. This is a difficulty which some have attempted to explain by the idea that light being a substance latent in the elements, could therefore exist without the aid of the sun or moon. Leaving this to be as it may, a greater difficulty still exists.

According to Moses, we have grass, herbs and trees before there was any sunlight to sustain them in existence; a thing about as easy to understand, as it would be to suppose that Cain was born before his mother. The sun being as much the parent and supporter of vegetable life, as is the mother the fountain and supply of her child's being, only more so.

This, and other difficulties, too numerous to mention, Hugh Miller attempts to explain. Not by supposing Moses historically correct, but by imagining that the story of the Creation was revealed to him by *vision* and not by description. In other words, he supposes that a series of huge panoramic views, by divine power, were made to appear before him, each representing the earth at a successive stage of its progress; and that Moses described things as they appeared—just like any other looker-on who did not exactly understand the process.

Thus supposing, according to usual geologic theory, that the earth was, in the beginning a molten mass,—within undergoing a cooling process—the seas upon its surface would boil like a pot. The thick stratum of steam covering its surface would "wrap the earth in a darkness, gross and palpable as that of Egypt of old." This, Mr. Miller thinks, would present a view to Moses exactly corresponding with his words that, "In the beginning the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

After a time, the rays of the sun would struggle through this mass of clouds, forming a faint twilight. This, to Moses' uninformed mind, would, of course, be the "division of the light from the darkness," and be precisely his first day's work.

This process proceeding until the clouds in huge masses separated themselves from the surface of the deep, would naturally be described by Moses as "the waters above the firmament" being separated from the "waters below the firmament" and agree with his second day's work.

Next in order, the dry land would begin to appear as low marshy continents, rising out of the seas, upon the surface of which a rank vegetation—grass, herbs and trees—would appear. This would correspond with the third day's work.

In the next great period, the steam, mist and vapor, having passed away, the sun would shine forth in unobstructed glory by day, while the moon and stars would be seen undimmed at night.—While gazing on this panorama, Moses would imagine that they had but just sprung into being, and hence would ascribe them to the Fourth day's work.

According to the demonstrations of Geology, fish of small and insignificant species, must have existed in the waters long before the fifth period of creation; but Hugh Miller supposes that as these were hidden in the depths of the seas, which in turn were more or less enveloped by clouds and mist, they would be unseen by Moses in his past visions; until the scene becoming serene in its character and grandly illuminated, he would perceive, for the first time, great monsters sporting in the deep, while "winged fowl" flew through "the midst of heaven." Describing things only as they appeared to him, and not as they truly occurred, he would represent these creatures as not being brought into being until the fifth period.

On the Sixth, or last Day, Moses says that cattle and creeping things appeared, and finally man himself. This would correspond with geological research, which shows that gigantic mammals, birds and reptiles received their greatest development about the period immediately preceeding man's advent.

With these remarks, we think Hugh Miller's points will be fully understandable. It will be seen by the acute reader, however, that by this kind of reasoning, the Mosaic account of the Creation is not proved true, we are simply furnished with an explanation of how Moses could have been divinely inspired, and yet describe things contrary to the way we know they must have occurred. With this preface, we present the extract.—Ed.

"Let us suppose that Moses first hears the great doctrine orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming, vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter,—it sinks beneath the dim, undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer.

The light again brightens,—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea,—invertebrate, mayhap ichthyic, (fishy) life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapor of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere they lie, thick and manifold,—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them, too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere,—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the

seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against a low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep;—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea level; and a yet further flat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees,—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky over head; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmitted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea; and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full orbed in the east,—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens,—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine woods, recovered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic (fishy) food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great "*tanninim*" tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a "seething pot or cauldron." Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends,—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the fields graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature,—the lion, the leopard, and the bear,—harbor in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene; and the work of creation ceases forever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labor, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

> "The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos;"

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY J. H. MARTINEAU.

'Tis eve. The sunlight gilds with golden hue,
The snowy, cloud-encircled mountain top;
And in the darkling, shadowy vale, the dew
Of flower and leaflet gathers drop by drop.
The hour is silent, save the murmuring rill
That leaps along its steep and rocky bed,
Or save the distant, faintly tinkling bell,
Or soft-winged bat that circles round my head.

I see again my father's reverend form,
His grave demeanor and his stately air,
His sparkling eye with love and friendship warm,
The forehead—crowned with silver-sprinkled hair.
My mother! Ah how sacred is that word!
The first that by the infant lip is spoken—
The last that on the battle-plain is heard
From thousands, ere their thread of life is broken.
I see again her kind and loving face
That o'er me bent in childhood's blissful slumber,
Her gently beaming eye, her quiet grace;
Ah! who can e'er those happy mem'ries number!

I hear again a spirit-whispered song
My sister used to sing, while at her feet
We nestled closely round. Her voice hath long
Been silent now. The cold, white winding sheet
Enwraps our loved one's form, and on the stone,
Her name engraven is with moss o'ergrown.
A lily pure and spotless blooming bright—
The spring of life she graced, then passed from sight.

I had a brother once—a baby-boy
Scarce two years old, with soft and gentle eye
And waving hair—his mother's latest joy—
And happy as the bird that flitted by.
Years since have passed. I never saw him more,
But have been told that on the battle-plain
Of Murfreesboro, reddened deep with gore,
He rests among our country's valiant slain.
No purer patriotism than his was found;
No braver heart our banner gathered round.

How many tried and trusted friends are gone!
How many a time our aching hearts have bled.
How many an old and half-remembered song
Hath brought to mind those scenes forever fled!
And time is passing still;—to-day will be
Soon numbered with the past—eternal past—
While rush we on towards eternity
That stretches out so broad—illimitable—vast!

Logan, August 12, 1869.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN THE DUNGEON OF THE DE LACY CASTLE.

All that night, the carriage which bore Sir Walter Templar dashed along as fast as a pair of stout coach-horses could go towards the castle of the De Lacys. For the first two hours, our hero remained insensible and then it was noticed that he began to revive, which was indicated by stifled moanings and a struggle to release himself from the cords which bound him. After that, Walter remained quiet, though he occasionally moved himself as if to relieve by change his uncomfortable position. The fact was that, after our hero regained his consciousness, he endeavored to collect his thoughts and grapple in his mind with all the circumstances before him and his present condition, and he deemed it unwise to exhaust himself by useless struggles. He, therefore, was very quiet, but busy with his reflections for the remainder of the journey.

At length, the carriage drove up to the avenue of fir tree on the De Lacy estate, referred to at the opening of our story. Blakely and Orsini then alighted and, with the aid of George, they bore Sir Walter Templar up the dense and winding avenue towards the secret entrance of De Lacy castle. Our hero, though now sensible, was weak and powerless from the loss of blood which had gushed from the wound in his head. Besides, he was still bound with cords and gagged.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards, the conspirators entered the narrow, heavy oaken door which admitted them into the secret apartments of the castle. Reaching the room which "Snap" had named Sir Herbert's Den, they laid down the body of our hero, and placed the lamp, which George had lighted, on the table. The "Den" was as elegantly furnished as when we first introduced our readers to it at the opening of our story. They rested for a moment or two, and each of the men helped himself to a glass of brandy from the decanter on the table, for the apartment had been evidently prepared for occupants, but Walter Templar was not to be one of them.

"Come, let us bear him to the dungeon of the castle," said Sir Herbert Blakely to his companions.

The baronet then touched the spring of the concealed panel which flew open and revealed a passage leading to the picture gallery of the castle. This passage on the outside seemed to be a piece of curious ornamental masonry, connecting the wing built by the recluse of the De Lacy family with the main building. From the outside, it looked something like an arched bridge constructed as much to separate the wing from the castle, as to connect it, and, as on the inside, there was no apparent communication between the two buildings, this bridge was supposed to be a solid mass of stone-work. The passage also being very narrow and low, it seemed nothing like a corridor.

The three villains again took up the body of our hero and entered this passage, which was both dark and damp. Reaching the other end of this tunnel-like piece of stone-work, for such it looked inside, they laid down their prisoner, and Sir Herbert taking hold of the handle of a crank connected with some concealed machine in the wall, turned it round a number of times, though with great difficulty. Gradually what seemed solid masonry moved and a large stone slab forming the door, entered into a groove in the wall. Through this, the men bore our hero, and now found themselves in a legitimate corridor which led them into the picture gallery of the castle, where still hung the portraits of the ancestors of Lord Frederick De Lacy. Almost beneath that gallery where hung those pictured guardians of the De Lacys, deep in the earth was the dungeon where the supplanter designed to entomb Sir Walter Templar during the rest of his life or until, as the vindictive man himself had said, Walter should rot—rot beneath the castle which he had resolved to redeem for his friend. Passing through this picture gallery, they entered another corridor. Here they found a large iron door, which also opened by means of concealed machinery. It was, however, evidently a door and known to connect with the dungeon of the castle, but the secret of its working had been always kept by the master of the castle. It had been communicated to General Blakely by Lord Reginald De Lacy, rather as an antiquated curiosity of barbarous times than with any intentions of present use. The iron door was opened by Sir Herbert, revealing a strong flight of stairs built in spiral form, down which they descended. At the bottom of these, they entered a short passage on the base of the castle, and descended a second flight of stairs—these of stone. At length they reached the passage leading to the dungeon, and, in another minute, the three villains, now thoroughly exhausted, laid Sir Walter Templar down before the heavy iron grating of his prison, into which he was cast, upon a bundle of straw which had been recently placed there to receive him. Sir Herbert Blakely now took the gag from our hero's mouth, and loosed the cords that bound him.

"Sir Walter Templar," he said, addressing his prisoner, "you are now free so far as the limits of this dungeon. Excuse us for gagging and binding you. It was doubtless uncomfortable, but necessary as our mutual friend "Snap" would say."

Walter condescended no reply, but he arose and staggered to an oaken chair in his dungeon, by the side of a rude table on which was a lamp which Sir Herbert had lighted.

"Sir Walter, there is bread and water you will perceive before you. It is but two days old. The fare is not the best, I confess, but it is according to custom. You are my prisoner; I have constituted myself your jailor. At present, the relationship pleases me, though I know not how long it may so please me. You are weak, I see, from loss of blood and your bonds. We will leave you now,—eat and rest,—but will return, for I cannot forego the satisfaction of explaining the exact state of our mutual affairs."

Still Sir Walter made no reply, but he raised his head from the table upon which he had leaned, and threw at his jailor a haughty defiant look which told that his spirit was nothing subdued, though his strength was well nigh gone, from his wound and treatment that night. But had he possessed at that moment all his physical prowess, it would have been dangerous for Sir Herbert and his companions to have been in the dungeon of that lion-like man.

In a few moments more our hero was alone. He then drank deeply of the pitcher of water on the table, for he was parched with thirst; next bathed his face in a bowl of water which he saw near him, and washed the blood from his head: afterwards he partook of his simple fare of bread and drank again from the rude pitcher. His meal done, he knelt for a few moments as in silent prayer, and then rising, approached the heap of straw and laid himself down to rest. In this quiet, self-possessed conduct there was much of heroism and philosophy, for the truly heroic are never petulant in their great trials. Our hero was soon in a peaceful sleep, for he was worn out by the tax upon his system that night. The fact also was that Walter was desirous to fully recover his strength to meet the three villains on their next visit to his dungeon. He meditated an attack upon them, and an escape from the castle if possible.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SUPPLANTER AND THE AVENGER TOGETHER.

Sir Walter Templar slept for full six hours on his heap of straw, and then he arose and fed his small lamp from a small can of oil which he saw upon the table. He readily appreciated that his jailor designed to allow him the light from his tiny lamp, thus relieving his darkness, but, at the same time, making his situation visible. There was an exquisite sense of revenge manifested in this. Evidently, a long captivity was intended, and our hero at once concluded that his vindictive enemy had resolved to crush his spirit and gloat over his miserable condition, before making away with him, providing he had also resolved to take his life as the sequel. Walter was, however, thankful for this, and he deemed that there was a Providence at work to save him even in his enemy's fine plan of revenge.

Our hero also perceived that, while he had slept, a basket containing his simple faro of bread and water had been passed through an iron-grated window which opened from the outside. This basket he took from the shelf fixed to received it; and then he again bathed his face to prepare for his simple meal. Again he knelt, as he did before, before he partook himself to rest, for Walter had been trained by his uncle Courtney to devotional duties, and from the purity of his life, he had retained the beautiful practice of his boyhood. He was not a praying man in the Methodistical sense, but he was a religious man in the High-churchman form. Rising from his knees, he ate a hearty meal and felt a degree of thankfulness and a wonderful self-possession.

He remembered, too, at that trying hour, what Alice his "spirit-bride" had told him on her death-bed concerning the cloud in his life, which she saw before him, and he remembered her promise that she would be near him then. Exalted and poetic minds, as we have before said, are generally sensible to beautiful superstitions; and Walter was under the fascinating spell of the spirit of

his dead bride. He believed that *she* was near him even in that dungeon, and he experienced a strength of mind and a resolute purpose from the assurance.

After his meal, our hero again bathed his head to comfort the wound, which had not been serious, though it cost him some loss of blood. He felt, however, his strength nearly recovered; and to put his system into its usual vigorous condition, he took rapid exercise to and fro in his dungeon. This he kept up for an hour, and then, hearing footsteps echoing in the stone passage leading to his cell, he returned to his seat and leaned himself upon the table as though from physical weakness. Scarcely was he in this position when the heavy bars fell from the iron-grated door, and Sir Herbert Blakely, Count Orsini and George, the inn-keeper's burly son, entered the dungeon.

"Sir Walter Templar," began Sir Herbert, after he had contemplated our hero for a few moments, "I see you affect not to notice our presence. The same haughty spirit with which you braved me when you was a boy, you still maintain. That spirit I will crush out of you. I promised you, this morning, a statement of our mutual affairs. Will you *condescend* to listen, Sir Walter Templar?"

"I will listen, sir," replied Sir Walter, who desired to learn the situation.

"You are patient, but I doubt not I shall inspire your rage before I am through."

"Sir Herbert Blakely, I remember the answer of a princess of England to her jailor in the tower. If you remember it, too, you may take it as the answer of my class to such as you."

"What may that answer have been?"

"This, Herbert Blakely: 'We are of the nature of the lion, sir, and do not war with mice.'"

At this answer, the supplanter's face flushed to the very roots of his hair, for he understood the supreme contempt which the remark implies: it was that of one of the proud nobles of England against an upstart who claimed rank with them. Sir Herbert was about to give vent to his usual burst of oaths, but he restrained himself, for Orsini, one of the ancient nobility of Italy, was present, and he wished not to give his captive the opportunity to play the lion, and he be the mouse, then.

"I understand you, Sir Walter," he answered, "and will take up the subject where you have suggestively brought it: one of your class then was beggared; my father, who was much such a man as those who founded the old families who lord over England, made himself more than a match for many of their descendents and won a baronetcy. Among the rest of his acts, he supplanted the De Lacys, and both he and his son swore that this castle and the estates belonging to the old family should be ours. Your uncle and father came between us still, we kept to our purpose. My father, and then your father, died, and I offered a hundred thousand pounds more in behalf of the beggar boy, providing the estates were transferred fully to me. This would have been done but for you. There was a challenge sent through Lawyer Wortley from a haughty boy of fifteen. It ran thus: 'Tell the supplanter that when Sir Walter Templar is a man, he will meet him and exact vengeance for the De Lacys.' Do you remember?"

"That boy is a man, and answers the supplanter in the same spirit."

"It is well, Sir Walter Templar, and now we meet: you are the captive, I your jailor. Now listen! I have resolved to play the avenger—your own character—as well as the supplanter. You designed to redeem this castle. You shall rot in its dungeon. Is not my vengeance poetic? To confess the truth, I am so enticed by it that, instead of killing you at once, I wish to have the pleasure of seeing you pine to death before rotting; and to give you a conception how much you are mastered, I will inform you of matters of which you are ignorant. You remember, Sir Walter, while in Italy, some unknown attempted to assassinate you on the night of the duel with my friend, Orsini, here?"

"I remember the titled ruffian aimed at my life first, and then set on his hireling."

"Liar!" said Orsini, furiously.

"That Orsini had nought to do with the attack upon you," continued Blakely, "you will believe when I inform you that the unknown man was the jealous foster-brother of Terese Ben Ammon."

Walter was overwhelmed with astonishment, and a light broke in upon him; yet, though he saw some wicked design in the revelation, he did not fully understand the connection of the circumstances of Italy with the present case.

"I see you are curious," resumed the supplanter. "Well, this same foster-brother was with you last night. He was captured, but not hurt or robbed. At midnight, he was freed to carry the strange news to Courtney House. This morning, of course, a search was made for you, when, doubtless, your dead horse was found, and in the holsters of the saddle I caused to be placed your pistols loaded, as though they had not been fired. The supposition will be that you and your steed were killed without resistance. Upon whom will the supposed murder rest? The circumstances are singular, are they not?"

"Villains! I see it now. You would attach the supposed murder of myself to an innocent man. But Heaven will thwart you. There can be no motive traced to Farinelli, and my own family will stand by him."

"You forgot, Sir Walter, that Farinelli has the motive of jealousy which, though concealed by your family, will come out on his trial."

"Through your means. Well? Go on, sir."

"And with the fact of his love and jealousy, the greater fact that he attempted to assassinate you in Italy! Is not that enough to hang any man upon the best of circumstantial evidence?"

"You forget, Herbert Blakely, that you are in England, and that you also designed to take my life in Italy."

"So Judah Nathans told you that, did he? But I learned wisdom from him. I am not in England, but in Italy still. There are letters from me on the way at this moment, dated from Rome, to various persons in this country. So you see, we are proof against suspicion. I shall not move in this affair, nor appear in England until after Farinelli is hanged.

"That will I prevent. Templar to the rescue!"

"Templar to the rescue!" was an ancient war-cry of our hero's family. As it rang through that dungeon and echoed in the vaulted passages without, Walter sprang from the chair in which he had been reclining as in a very feeble state, and, bounding towards Sir Herbert Blakely, he caught him with one iron grip at the throat and the other at his waist, and with the tremendous strength which he possessed, now concentrated for the great struggle which he had resolved upon, he hurled his foe far from him. It was another such an effort as he had put forth when he threw Farinelli in the old monastry at Rome. Sir Herbert lay senseless on the dungeon floor.

"Templar to the rescue!" again he shouted as he sprang upon Orsini; but the young noble being somewhat prepared, struggled with all his might. He would, however, have been speedily overcome, but the burly George Blakely, the inn-keeper's son, seized our hero by the throat from behind, and holding him till he was black in the face, he was borne by his two antagonists to the floor, to which, with great difficulty, they contrived to chain him. The noble and the peasant-giant—for George was gigantic—then carried Sir Herbert senseless away with them, leaving our hero chained in the dungeon of the De Lacy castle. Will the guardian spirit of Alice, his bride, watch over him now?

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The mysterious disappearance of Sir Walter Templar had occupied the public mind during the three weeks which has elapsed since his incarceration in the dungeon of the De Lacy castle. The press throughout the country had filled its pages with the circumstances as far as known, accompanied with numerous speculations and opinions thereon.

Murder in England has always been a crime which has shocked the heart of the country. The English may not be greater lovers of justice than the people of America, but they are by far more strict concerning the majesty of the law, and when the crime touches human life, law does become in our parent country a grand expression of justice. Let but the life of the meanest subject of the realm be touched, and the whole country is in alarm, from the Secretary of State who holds his prerogatives over the criminal, to the crowds assembled at the village taverns, or the knot of workmen in each shoemaker's garret. A murder is the theme of discussion everywhere in the land, until the assassin is captured, and then self-constituted juries in every town, try him before the judges and jury of the crown find him guilty or not guilty. Such a sentiment of severity is there in England touching murder, that a merciful Secretary of State often deems it his imperative duty to let the law take effect, and not to advise the crown to pardon even when the case is doubtful. From this severity in the mind of the English public against murder, have occurred a few executions of innocent persons upon fallable circumstantial evidence. There is perhaps a too severe sense in the public mind that, if a person is murdered, somebody ought to be hung for the awful offence; and this, fifty years ago, was

stronger by far than at the present time. Mercy and humanitarianism may doubtless have wise protests against this; but after all, we much prefer the English sentiment of severity against the taking of life to that criminal disregard of authorities which permit innumerable murders in all the States and Territories of America, without bringing the offenders to justice.

So the disappearance of Sir Walter Templar occupied the English mind, and the newspapers were eloquent upon the theme. Sir Richard Courtney offered heavy rewards for the capture of the murderers, if murder had been committed, or for any revelation which would lead to the restoration of our hero to his family, if living. A nobleman of high character and vast estates was missing, and his uncle, whose influence in the country was great, was moving "heaven and earth" to bring his nephew to light alive, or to avenge his foul assassination if slain by the masked men whom Farinelli declared had attacked them. At length, the country became loud in the demand for the arrest and trial of somebody for murder, for the handsome reward of ten thousand pounds which his bride-elect had offered to any person who should be the means of restoring Walter alive to his family, had met with no results. The other reward of five thousand pounds, offered by Sir Richard Courtney, was for the apprehension of the criminals. The anxious heart of Terese had prompted the best policy to offer a large sum for his life, rather than for the knowledge of his death. It is not unlikely the sum would have been claimed by one of the ruffians who had captured our hero, had not Sir Herbert Blakely kept them entirely in the dark, not only as to his own identity, but also the intended fate of his prisoner. Neither of the hirelings knew whether Walter was dead or alive. They were all in nearly as much mystery as the public, and knew not, on the other hand, who to impeach as their employer. To have confessed would have been only to put their own necks in danger without bringing their principals to justice. There was one, however, who could have given light upon the subject, and that was the inn-keeper, Jacob Blakely, but he and his son George deemed themselves the heirs of Sir Herbert, and were as deeply interested in concealing all, as was their rich relative. As for the hirelings, they, through the the inn-keeper of the Dragon's Head, had received a promise of a reward equal to that offered by Sir Richard Courtney, (five thousand pounds) providing the entire secret was kept inviolate.

The efforts made by the uncle and bride-elect of Walter much alarmed Sir Herbert Blakely and Count Orsini, for eminent detectives were scouring the country, to fathom the mystery. Blakely was therefore compelled, not only to give large inducements to his hirelings to keep their secret, but both he and Orsini were more than resolved to fasten suspicion upon Farinelli. Indeed, what to them, at first, was only a wicked provision in their own behalf, soon became an actual necessity. They knew that, with this restless search which was being made, somebody must be convicted, and Sir Herbert saw that, unless that somebody was found, suspicion would travel to himself, in spite of the fact that he was supposed to be in Italy. Moreover, he feared the acute mind of his ancient mentor, "Snap," whose wealth had supplied Terese with the means to set the best detectives of England to work. Blakely knew that, if once "Snap" was fairly on his track, all would be over with him. Therefore it became absolutely necessary to make the foster-brother the victim at once. Indeed, the name of Sir Herbert Blakely had already been connected with the affair. Courtney, before magistrates, had testified upon oath that he knew of no secret enemy of his nephew in all England; but he affirmed that he had reasons for believing that such a one did exist in Italy, whom he also had reasons for believing had entertained designs upon the life of his nephew. At present, he said, he was not prepared to communicate the name of that person. This, which the papers duly recorded, had alarmed Sir Herbert more than all besides. Courtney was evidently on his track, and, as a masterpiece of precaution, Blakely had already returned to Italy, leaving his cousin George as jailor to Sir Walter Templar. He left his prisoner in safe hands, for, as already observed, George and his father deemed themselves Sir Herbert Blakely's heirs.

Three weeks had passed since the disappearance of Sir Walter; and the public began to clamor for the arrest of the *some one*. At last, the suspicion fell upon Farinelli. The papers at first talked cautiously of his strange connection with the circumstances—the fact that Walter's horse was shot in Farinelli's presence, while he himself was struggling with his own assailant; and stranger than all, that Walter had fired upon the masked men, yet his pistols were found in their holsters as though they had been untouched. All the appearances indicated that both Walter and his horse had been shot before resistance could be made. To this, the papers added the fact that the foster-brother had escaped unhurt, and without being robbed. Finally, it was concluded that, if Farinelli's statement was correct, some wealthy enemy, with more than a common motive, must be at the bottom of the affair; but it was admitted that the motive could not be traced to Farinelli, and that the confidence of Courtney's family at present shielded him from positive suspicion. But yet vague doubts against him existed in the public mind. These were now soon to give place to a revelation of the strongest of human motives—love and jealousy and the most direct circumstantial evidence—the proof of his attempt to assassinate Sir Walter Templar in Rome.

CHAPTER LIX.

DRIVING A WOMAN TO DISTRACTION.

The Courtney family were in London. The capital was deemed the best place from which to operate in investigating the complicated case of Walter's disappearance. From the metropolis agents could be set to work all over England, and their management directed by the most experienced officers of the detective department. Daily, Terese held consultations with them, either at their offices or at her own house. Her woman's instincts led her to believe that Walter was living, and the hope thereof and her resolution to find her lover kept her from giving way to despair.

Several times since our heroine had been in London, Donna Clara Garcia had called upon her, for since her flight from Rome, Terese always received the *prima donna* with cordial friendship. Moreover, she had before the disappearance of Walter, sought to bring about a union between Donna Clara and her foster-brother, and had cheered that lady with a hope of the event. Appearances were favorable; Farinelli had paid the Spanish woman considerable attention before he left London with Walter to spend a few weeks with his foster-sister. Indeed, Donna Clara thought that several times Farinelli had been upon the point of proposing to her to become his wife; and so he had, but he was not quite cured of his hopeless love for Terese, though fully reconciled to her marriage with Walter. He had, therefore, postponed the avowal of his intentions to Donna Clara until after the union of our hero and heroine; but as he parted from her, who would have given her soul for his love, he breathed into her ear, coupled with his tender farewell for a few weeks, a significant hope for her own happiness. The poor lady was in an ecstasy of bliss, and she looked forward to his return to her with a certainty of a union between them.

But a great calamity had come to interrupt, not only the happiness of Terese, but also her own. Farinelli was again in London; but he was now constantly occupied with his foster-sister to clear up the mystery around them, for he was so deeply involved in it. Moreover, the suspicion had now began to attach itself to him, and he was distracted thereby. This should have been a sufficient reason why he was now always with his foster-sister in her search for her lover, and why he was not at the feet of Donna Clara. But jealousy knows no reasoning. It was enough that Farinelli was with another and not with her. Again the Spanish woman began to look upon our heroine as her rival again. She began to entertain misgivings concerning Farinelli, and, this time, from the many mysterious circumstances; those misgivings threw her into even greater distraction than that in which we saw her in Rome.

This morning, Donna Clara was reading the London newspapers, in which the name of Farinelli was extensively mentioned. After reading the reports and various speculations of the editors, she fell into a profound reverie. There was much concern in her mind, for the safety of the man she loved, lest the crime of murder should be fixed upon him by the conclusions of circumstantial evidence, for almost everybody by this time, believed that Sir Walter Templar was dead. But if Donna Clara was concerned for the safety of the foster-brother, she was also tortured with jealousy, —and jealousy in a Spanish woman's nature is terrible: it overwhelms every other feeling.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a fiendish burst of passion, "Did the blood-hounds of the law but know, as I know, that Farinelli *had* the motive, how soon they would pounce upon their prey. Not the motive! Does he not *love her?* and, therefore, did he not *hate him.* Yes, Farinelli has deceived me. I think he has put his rival out of the way to possess Terese. He is playing the arch-villain to us both. Ah! were I but certain of this, I would teach him what it is to trifle with me; I would denounce him to the law. No, no, I could not do it. Heaven preserve me! Heaven preserve me."

Again, the Spanish woman fell into a reverie. After a few minutes, she went to her writing table and prepared to write.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I *will* write to him, and conjure him to fly with me to Italy: he must, he shall fly with me."

The Spanish lady wrote her letter to Farinelli, and was about to seal it, when the servant announced—

"Count Orsini."

"Donna Clara," said Orsini "I am delighted to see you. I have just returned from my provincial tour, and could not resist the pleasure of calling upon you first. Lady, you are diviner than ever."

"Do you think so, Count?"

"To me, Donna Clara you are ever divine, because I worship you. When I am near you, I am a lover, when absent from you, an idolater."

"Indeed, my dear Orsini, it must be confessed you are a very persistent and troublesome wooer."

"And shall still persist, lady, until I win your favor, notwithstanding that some gossips have declared that you are engaged to Farinelli."

"The gossips speak not from the text Orsini. I have not seen the fellow since he has returned to London."

"I had good reasons for thinking as much. He is constantly with the Jewess who rivalled you in Rome. I shall never forgive myself for being one of the sinners who forsook you for her. So Farinelli has deserted you again?"

"Deserted me, sir Count?"

"I but repeat the public scandal Donna Clara. But it is nothing strange that he should desert you, when he has swept so much from his path to reach the Jewess."

The Italian noble was pursuing a bold course. He had come on purpose. His object was not merely to woo the lady, but also to set her fierce jealousy upon the track of Farinelli.

"What has he swept from his path?" asked Donna Clara, turning deadly pale, while her heart sunk within her.

"My dear friend," answered the Count insidiously, "I have naught to do with Farinelli's affairs, but simply to urge my own. He might for aught I care, remove a host of rivals from his path, for, did they stand between me and you, I would do the same, and, therefore, do I seek to win you from him by saying that I believe he has swept Sir Walter Templar from his path to win the Jewess."

"'Tis false, Count Orsini, false as your own heart!" returned the Spanish woman, fiercely, though the tempter's words told upon her fearfully."

"Have you not read the papers, my dear friend?"

"I have read, sir Count, what the fools have written."

"I thought so, Donna Clara. Now mark the logic of the case. The press affirms that no *motive* for the deed can be traced to Farinelli, but sagely adds that, if the motive had been found attached to him, never was there a case of greater circumstantial evidence: Farinelli would be pronounced by all to be the murderer. But you and I know that there does exist the motive! He has loved the Jewess,—he does love the Jewess. He is madly jealous, as all we Italians are; and like every true Italian, he would kill his rival. Is not that the logic of the case."

"Why, then does the family of the Jewess protect him?"

"Because, Donna Clara, Judah Nathans is himself somewhat implicated."

"In what way, sir Count?"

That is my secret lady. I have said that I have naught to do with Farinelli's affairs, only to win you from him. I have no design to attach public suspicion on my countryman."

"I do not give you credit for so much generosity, Orsini; and to confess the truth, I had concluded in my mind that you were the assassin."

"I the assassin, Donna Clara? What reason have you for such a far-fetched judgment. What motive had I against Sir Walter Templar?"

"Orsini," answered the lady severely "I know more of your affairs and treachery than you imagine. Baglioni, who is in London, and was here to-day informed me fully of the circumstances of your duel with Sir Walter Templar in the old monastery, and of his noble and your ignoble conduct."

"Baglioni shall answer that to me at the cost of his life, or mine," observed the Italian, calmly, but with a fierce scowl upon his countenance.

"Moreover, Baglioni said even to-day that he was more than half resolved to urge his suspicions against you, and to testify to his knowledge that you designed in malice to take Sir Walter's life in Italy."

"Baglioni shall answer to me for this, I repeat. But let that pass. Your words, however, Donna Clara, force me to confess against Farinelli what I just now withheld. Yet,—no, I will not—he is my countryman, and it will but pain you to have your worst suspicions confirmed."

"How know you, Orsini, that I entertain doubts concerning him. But quick. Keep me not in suspense. What is it you conceal touching Farinelli?"

"Orsini answered not for a moment, but seemed to reflect deeply. This suspicion and resolution of Baglioni troubled him. He knew that the Marquis was an honorable man, and that he had entertained since the night of the duel a sincere admiration for Walter Templar. Orsini knew that his word would have great weight; and, at the time when the public mind was impatient to fix upon some one, a charge against himself might turn out seriously. Moreover, it had been testified that two horsemen were seen on the road besides Walter Templar and his companion, which, however, had been rebutted by the counter testimony of the inn-keeper. If therefore, he should be brought into court and be recognized as one of the mysterious horsemen, more might be traced home. He was pleased notwithstanding, that he had found a legitimate excuse to confess to Donna Clara the secret against Farinelli.

"Quick, Orsini; keep me not in this suspense," said the lady, breaking in upon his reflections.

"Be it so. But you will bear me witness, Donna Clara Garcia, that this is forced from me?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then, my friend, on the very night of the duel, Farinelli attempted to assassinate Sir Walter Templar in that same old monastery, after Baglioni and our company had departed, and he was hurled bleeding and crushed upon the marble floor. Sir Walter, who knew not who it was that assailed him, took no further notice of the would-have-been assassin and left him to his fate. Judah Nathans bore him to the house of the Jew, Isaac Ben Ammon, which led to some interesting family discoveries. Are you satisfied?"

"Holy Virgin. I see it all. It is, indeed, true. He has, then, removed his rival to win the bride. But I will denounce him I have sworn a fearful oath and I will fulfill it. You will be required, Orsini to repeat your statement in court. He shall learn what it is to trifle with Clara Garcia."

"You will bear me witness, lady, that this has been forced from me?"

"Fear not, Count. But now leave me, Orsini, for I would be alone."

Count Orsini immediately obeyed the lady's wish, satisfied that he had struck deep the poisoned arrow. He knew her fierce passions, and rightly judged that, in her distraction, before she fully realized the terrible result of her actions, she would betray her lover.

As soon as Donna Garcia was alone, she went to her chamber, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept bitterly. Her stiffled sobs shook her as a tree is shaken in a fierce storm.

"Mine in life, or in death!" was her fearful vow in Rome, and she was determined to fulfill her oath.

"It will be my death," she wailed as she writhed upon the bed; but it shall also be his. I will denounce him. Oh, he shall know what it is to betray me, when I shall have betrayed him."

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

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MORE THAN 100,000 PERSONS
Bear testimony to the Wonderful Curative Effects of
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"The Life of all Flesh is the Blood thereof."—Purify the Blood and the health of the whole system will follow. It is a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic.

These Bitters are not a gilded pill, to delight the eye or please the fancy, but a medical preparation, composed of the best vegetable ingredients known.

CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS,
Manufactured from the native Herbs and Roots of California,

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FOR INFLAMMATORY AND CHRONIC RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, BILIOUS, REMITTENT, and INTERMITTENT FEVERS, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLADDER, these BITTERS have been most successful. SUCH DISEASES are caused by VITIATED BLOOD, which is generally produced by derangement of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood healthy, and all will be well.

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HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.

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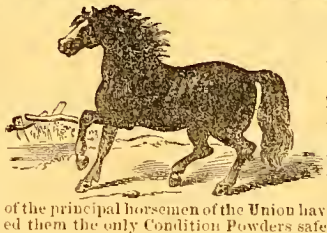

These celebrated and renowned powders for horses and cattle have been tested by an intelligent public for sixteen years. Hundreds of the principal horsemen of the Union have pronounced them the only Condition Powders safe to use and work the horse. There is nothing in them to expose the animal, but, on the contrary, everything to improve them. The proprietors of horse railroads, omnibusses, and stage owners in all the principal cities use them; and their combined testimony stamps them one of the wonders of medical science. Letters sufficient to fill a small book are in our possession, testifying to their goodness. Merchants are requested to warrant them, and refund the purchase money should they fail to give satisfaction.

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STRENGTHENING
PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the results of studies and experiments of Dr. Scheent, of South Carolina; of Dr. Wm. Wagstaff, now Baron Wagstaff, of Horace H. Day, the distinguished manufacturer of rubber goods; and of Thomas Allcock, Chemist and member of the College of Pharmacy of New York, now General Allcock, etc., etc.

Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced.

Even in paralysis, where articulation was suspended, the use of the Porous Plasters to the spine restored the articulation, and materially reduced the paralysis. In fact, the patient could help herself, while before the Porous plaster was applied she was as helpless as a baby. We refer to Mrs. Sally Elliot, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored. That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

Dr. Henderson, of Farmsville, Louisiana, says: "The counter-irritant effect of Allcock's Porous Plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use."

Dr. Johnson, of Hartford, says: "My daily experience confirms the very superior excellence of your Porous Plasters. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in a shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. Surgeons should make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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Dr. Sterling's testimony: "For two years, I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder blade, and the other over the small of the back; and for the past three months, I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain.

I advise all who suffer from nervous diseases to lose no time in making a trial of the wonderful Porous Plaster.

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—OF THE—
POROUS PLASTERS.

The Porous Plasters possess the soothing, warming and sustaining qualities of the combined plasters of the dispensatories. An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in Local Rheumatism, in Tic Doloreux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, etc., etc., attributes all their sedative, stimulative and pain-relieving effects to their ELECTRIC qualities. He asserts that they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and *that* being restored pain and morbid action cease. He was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these plasters. He affirms that Head-ache is cured by one worn just below the breast-bone; that one placed over the navel will cure hysteries, as well as dysentery, and affections of the bowels.

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ARION PIANOFORTE

GRANDS AND GRAND SQUARES.

7⅓ OCTAVES.

The "*ARION*" is the very best Piano for the Great West, because it stands in tune longer than any other Piano. It requires no repairing or regulating; shipping any distance, or dampness does not affect them.

WHY?

It commences where the "First Premium" Makers stop, and upon the most improved Modern scale makes four patented improvements; which make the Arion more simple, yet stronger: increasing its volume and beauty of tone, while rendering the instrument more enduring.

WHAT THEY ARE.

First. The patent *Arion* Reversed Wooden Agraffe Bridge, which retains all the purity of tone only found in a wooden bridge (the rest whereon the strings lay), and obtains all the solid prolonged strength of tone of the metal Agraffe, without that acute metalic noise which the metal Agraffe develops by use.

Secondly, The Patent *Arion* Compound Wrest-Plank, which holds the tuning pins, is six thicknesses of hard maple, the grain of each layer runs in a different direction. The advantages are, the 20 tons strain of the strings cannot split our *Arion* wrest-plank, as frequently happens in other Pianos, and when people say "*My Piano won't stand in tune*," all other makers must use the single wrest plank with the grain running only one way.

The *Arion* Tuning-Pins have end wood to hold them on every side, while all other makers can have it only upon two sides of their pins.

Thirdly, The Patent *Arion* Diagonal Sustaining Bar, extending parellel with the steel strings under the over strung Bass strings. The *Arion* is the only Piano wherein the enormous strain of the large steel strings is resisted in the natural place and direction. Using this bar renders the weakest part in all other over strung Pianos the

STRONGEST IN THE ARION.

Fourthly, The Patent *Arion* Iron Frame concentrates all the metal in front of the tuning pin line, and its frame is let into (butted) the front edge of the wooden wrest plank, thereby preventing the great strain of the strings upon it from splitting or moving it one particle. All other "Full Iron Frames" cover the entire wrest plank, and when it is split it cannot be seen, the wood of the *Arion* wrest plank is seen.

THE ARION STANDS UPON ITS OWN MERITS, unsupported by either luncome, weak facts, or useless or complicated Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

KNOW THE ARION.

The Musical Director of the New York Conservatory of Music, *Edward Mollenhauer*, says: "The *Arion* I bought of you is the best Piano I ever played on; that rolling bass and silvery treble, etc."

John H. Woods, Piano Dealer, Oswego, N. Y., says: The tone is truly immense, and surpasses anything in the shape of a Piano we ever saw or heard of, etc."

Horace Greely said: "The *Arion* is the best Square Piano, superior for its clearness and brilliancy of tone," &c.

Louis Wagner, Fort Leaverwerth, says: "My Piano arrived here in splendid order. Its tone fills my parlor with melody—it is the wonder and admiration of all who hear it. Miss ——, who is teaching the Piano desires me to order one for her," &c.

We desire agents in every city where we have not appointed them.

COVELL & CO.,

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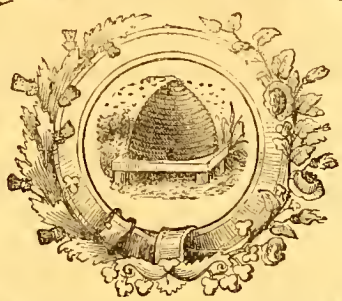
NO. 19, SEPT. 11, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH AND ALL Mucous Diseases of the head, nose and throat.
This is a Medicine never before used or known to the public. Dr. Cady, the discoverer, **was a sufferer from this terrible disease for twenty years,** and after testing all the remedies extant—without relief—in his efforts to obtain a cure he discovered this UNEQUALLED REMEDY, which cured him in the short space of eight weeks.
It has been thoroughly tested, and has not failed in a single instance. Several of the most obstinate cases have been thoroughly cured by this remedy, after every other known medicine had failed. Every one who has tried it will testify to the truth of the above statement.
Every one afflicted with Catarrh should give it a trial and find out for himself whether it is a humbug.
Price, $2 per Bottle. Sold by GODBE & Co., Salt Lake City.

Use **Dr. Farr's Invigorating Cordial,** the greatest Purifier of the blood, and invigorator of the system ever offered to the public. It is a certain preventive and cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Fever and Ague, and all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. It is an entirely vegetable preparation, compounded upon the latest improvements in medical science—the combinations of which make it agreeable to the most delicate system, and at the same time acting as a mild stimulant. For sale by Brown, Weber & Graham, Nos. 10 and 12 North Second street, St. Louis.

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I HAVE A LARGE QUANTITY OF GOOD SLABS, for fuel or other purposes, at my Mill, in South Mill Creek Canyon, 12 miles from the Temple Block, which I will sell at six dollars per cord, for cash or other good pay. Lumber constantly on hand.
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Barley

and Wheat,

On account of DEBTS due us.

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Salt Lake City Sept. 11.

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Saratoga
A
WATER.

The Saratoga "A" Spring Water is probably the most effective mineral water found on either continent. It has ten per cent. greater mineral properties than the celebrated Congress Spring; four times that of Baden Baden of Austria; five times that of Aix La Chapelle in Prussia; twice that of Vichy in France; nearly three times greater than the renowned Seltzar of Germany; and equally over the Spas of Bath, England, and Kissengen in Bavaria.
The reputation of this water is based upon its effects in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and spleen. It acts with wonderful benefit in cases of chronic dyspepsia, constipation, gravel, gout, Scrofula, cutaneous affections, general lethargy, soreness and prostration of the system.

Agent for the Saratoga "A" Spring Water.

JOHN F. HENRY,
8 College Place, New York.

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AND CURLING FLUID,

Contains nothing injurious to the hair or skin, and imparts a BEAUTIFUL GLOSS, prevents the falling of the Hair, and keeps it in curl.
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THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 19] SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869. [Vol. 3

PHILIP, MY KING.

BY MISS MCLOCH.

Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For around thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When thy beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart-bars undoing,
Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers,
My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

CLEVE CLIFF.

A TALE OF THE COAST.

In the autumn of 1860, among the visitors at the pretty watering-place, Clevedown, on the south coast, was Arthur Golding, a good-looking, stalwart young fellow of nine-and-twenty, who had run his yacht into Clevedown Bay at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Burnet, the father of a college chum. It was the holiday season, when most Londoners were at the sea-side or in Scotland; and Golding, tired of law, was glad of the opportunity for a quiet cruise round the coast of Sussex and Hampshire, with an occasional look in at the Isle of Wight. Arthur was tired of another estate besides that of law, and his friend Frederick Burnet, also a young barrister, had set about seriously to look for a wife for him.

"I tell you what, old fellow," said Frederick at last in chambers; "you can't do better than marry Miss Wraxall."

"And who," languidly asked Arthur Golding, filliping the ash from his cigar, as they looked over the London leads at the London sparrows, "is Miss Wraxall? It's a hideous name."

"Yes, isn't it? Golding's a better: make it Golding. At all events, come to Clevedown, where my father is going this season, and where I am to join him and the family, and where Miss Wraxall is to be as well. She's a splendid girl."

So it was arranged that Golding should moor his yacht in Clevedown Bay, and try his fortune with the desirable Miss Wraxall. Frederick wrote to his father, and procured a warm invitation for Arthur; and when the London season terminated, the two young men looked cheerily forward to their next meeting by the sea.

In September, Arthur Golding arrived at Clevedown. Mr. Burnet had rented for the autumn a roomy house on a down overlooking the English Channel, whose breakers tumbled incessantly against the foot of the cliff near the summit of which the house stood. To the right of this residence, facing the sea, were various other villas scattered along the coast. To the left was the coast-guard station, and, further on, a lofty headland overhanging the channel, known as Cleve Cliff. The cliff sloped concavely towards the sea, whose waves had hollowed out a cavern in its rocky sides. At the summit, approached with difficulty even from the land side, and from the sea quite inaccessible, an old and time-eaten railing of wood afforded hazardous protection against falling into the ocean. Behind these rickety rails was a seat, from which the view was magnificent.

When Arthur Golding ran his yacht ashore farther down the coast where there was landing, he found the house pretty full, and among the visitors the desirable Miss Wraxall. Assuredly his friend had not exaggerated her attractions. Tall, dark, of majestic figure, and a southern type of beauty, almost startling in the suddenness with which it fascinated the beholder, hers was the loveliness most splendid when at its dawn, but apt to wane as soon as maturity is reached. The black bands and coils of her hair roofed a brow singularly white for so *brune* a beauty; but the chief expression of the face lay in the eyes—dark eyes, that blazed rather than

lighted at the merest approach to excitement—eyes which were mostly lovely, but might be terrible. A strong and passionate nature was revealed by glimpses in the quick waking of those eyes. A nature which could evidently love ardently, and might hate fatally.

"Your friend—Miss Wraxall, I think you call her—is remarkably handsome," said Arthur to his hostess the evening of his arrival.

"Clara? Yes, Clara is generally admired and used to admiration," answered Mrs. Burnet. "You know she is not only handsome and clever, but rich. To do her justice, though, admiration has not spoiled her. I think she is utterly indifferent alike to flattery and devotion."

"Money has spoiled her, of course," thought Golding, "as it does most women. She regards all men as mercenary who approach her with a civil word. It's plain that my plan, supposing I cared to go in for Frederick's absurd suggestion, would be to adopt the reverse of civility. That is, if I wanted to make an impression. But I must study her a little first."

Whatever course his study might lead him to, it is certain he put his plan into immediate operation. He was barely civil to Miss Wraxall from the first. In a day or two, he contradicted her openly. He would artfully start a general discussion, in which he foresaw that she would take a certain side, whereupon he would immediately adopt the opposite side, and browbeat her. All this, too, without seeming to care to pursue the subject, but with a contemptuous indifference, which at first galled her and raised her anger. Then her dark eyes would flash out their rage, and bitter words sprang to her lips. Having succeeded in rousing her, he would apologise and retire, with a sarcastic smile, which told her plainly (for she was quick-witted at reading expression) that he deferred to her sex, and not to her individual judgment; that he yielded to politeness, not to conviction.

Now Clara Wraxall was strong-minded in some things, and despised the vantage-ground of her sex. She liked to meet an intellectual antagonist in fair fight, and beat him out of the mental field; and Arthur Golding manifestly showed her that, as a woman, she was not worth arguing with at all.

This line of conduct was a new experience to her. She had been accustomed to smooth suitors, who deferred to her in all things; suitors who were fascinated by her beauty, suitors who sought her money, suitors who were afraid of her wit. But here was plainly one—no suitor either—who cared for neither beauty nor wealth, and who scorned her mind. At first she was piqued, then enraged, then interested. She would conquer this handsome and independent antagonist, this man who actually in her presence dared to call his soul his own. She laid her entrenchments for his subjugation. Once more she offered mental battle, but with a repetition of the old result. Then she fell back on her beauty, and put on her most winning and dazzling airs. But Arthur held mockingly aloof, though he laughed to himself to see how well his plan was working.

"I say, old fellow," said Frederick Burnet, one afternoon as they were pulling about the bay in a four-oar, "I believe the gorgeous Clara is actually smitten with you. I never saw her take such evident interest in a fellow before. She absolutely mopes when you are not present, and lightens up when you appear, like—like—"

"Fusees, Fred: you are generally staggered at metaphors. Or say lucifers, if you prefer it."

"Talking of Lucifer," said Burnet, "you never saw Clara thoroughly in a rage, Golding. Somehow I think she has softened down, and got more lamb-like within the last week or two. I wonder if she would take to you? You ought to go in at once, and try."

Golding made no reply; and they pulled towards the beech. Landing, they came upon the coast-guardsman.

This coast-guardsman was quite an institution at Clevedown, as solid and invariable in his way as Cleve Cliff. Stationed in front of an arrangement of flagstaffs which resembled the mast and tackling of a ship, or else marching up and down a line of planks, which was to him as the quarter-deck, from which he from time to time threw a distrustful glance at the ocean, he presented a figure with which the visitors at Clevedown were familiar. They would often stop and speak with him, and take a look-out through the telescope from which he was never dissociated; though they never by any chance succeeded in discovering anything by that dubious medium. In fact, the impossibility of making any object out by means of that telescope afforded to ignorant landsmen a clue to the habitual moodiness of the coast-guardsman. It was generally believed by the Clevedown visitors that no mortal soul had penetrated the haziness of that telescope, not even himself, but that he was pledged to maintain its character before the world, and the necessity of guarding so solemn a secret affected him with chronic depression. Anyway, he was a taciturn, irreconcileable man; one not to be won over to confidences; one who would never acquiesce in any statement, however self-evident, without opposing it first with a flat contradiction.

"Keeping a sharp look-out, Jack, eh? said Burnet in passing.

"No, sir," returned the obstinate coast-guardsman, "I can't say I am. I'm doing my duty. That's what I'm doing."

He shut up his telescope with an air which plainly said, "Tortures shall not wring from me the confession that this instrument is an awful imposition."

"And that duty is to look after the other duty—the national duty—the revenue. And very proper, too, Jack; you're a patriot. Have a pull?"

The coast-guardsman relaxed in grimness at the sight of the proffered pocket-pistol. He even accepted it without qualification.

"Anything stirring?" asked Arthur.

"No, sir," said the coast-guardsman. "There's been a suspicious-looking craft cruising about, and Slippy Jem is not to be found. But we've got our eye on him, for all he's so 'cute."

Slippy Jem, a gentleman suspected of being engaged in the smuggling way, was, like the celebrated telescope, a source of profound uneasiness to the coast-guardsman. He had hitherto been cautious enough to keep clear of direct implication with any smuggling transaction, though not of suspicion. This extreme wariness on Slippy Jem's part was another reputed cause of the officer's depression.

"Desperate villains, smugglers, aren't they, Jack?" observed Burnet.

"Oh, they're not desperate," answered Jack contemptuously. "Lord bless you, they're not game enough to be desperate—at least not on this coast. Up Kent way they show a little fight now and then, but here they haven't the spirit of a tom cat. Why only about ten weeks ago, my mate came on a party of about twenty of 'em, running brandy. They had landed on the rocks out yonder, at night (it was precious dark), and they were hauling the casks with ropes up the cliff. When they caught sight of my mate, down they let the casks and was off in a jiffy. He's less than me, and I ain't a big man, but he was enough for twenty of that sort. And Slippy Jem, he's a nice fellow to call a smuggler, I don't think. If he'd only come out and show himself, I'd know where to have him. But will he come out?" continued the coast-guardsman, in a tone of profound disgust. "No, he won't."

This obstinate spirit on the part of Slippy Jem so affected the coast-guardsman, that there was evidently nothing more to be had out of him. The two young men walked up the down towards the house.

"I wonder what light would come into those eyes, if I made love to her," thought Arthur, with his mind on Clara: "whether they would soften now. Gad! I shouldn't go into raptures if they did—I don't care for her enough, in spite of her beauty. Still, I should like to try, as an experiment in natural history."

He sought her out that evening, and altered his manner towards her. Hitherto sarcastic and indifferent almost to rudeness, he now adopted a gentler—even a tender tone. The change in him threw her into an almost childish delight. Her old enemy was at last striking his colors.

Delicately, and with insidious approaches, he narrowed his entrenchments, nearing the citadel day by day, until he knew that a sudden assault would carry it. As yet he had never told Clara Wraxall that he loved her, but he allowed her to infer it in a hundred nameless ways; and in as many more he knew that she loved him. The inference left her very happy, and somewhat softer in mood—certainly softer towards him. And he? Well, he was not in love with her as yet, though the unspoken love-making gratified him with the pride which conquest brings.

They now spent most of their time together. The household at the Burnets said they were engaged. Arthur and Clara said nothing.

Three or four weeks went by in this pleasant manner, when an arrival roused Arthur Golding to a sense of "his goings on." One day Burnet said—

"Golding, I'm sorry I shall have to leave you to-morrow; but don't let that hurry your departure. I've promised to look after some business for my father in Scotland, and must start at once. By-the-bye, some cousins of ours are coming to-morrow, so you'll be consoled for the loss of one in the domestic circle. I commend Kate Burnet to your special attention, she is a nice little girl. But I forgot; you're taken up already with the magnificent Clara."

Next day the cousins arrived: the said Kate, her brother Edward, a lad of nineteen, and a mamma, a lady so aged and stiff-limbed that she seemed to have been excavated from some geological formation. A very short space of intercourse with the new-comers taught Arthur Golding two important facts. The first was that the youth Edward was as hopelessly and insanely in love with Clara Wraxall as a young man of his age generally is with somebody older than himself; the second was that Kate Burnet was a pretty, gentle girl, whom it would be quite possible to like very much at first sight, and love very much ever after.

And then he fell suddenly and strangely in love with her. He could not tell how it happened, he could not reason on the matter at all; he simply tumbled down a kind of amatory abyss, and came to consciousness when he was at the bottom. He had not interchanged many words with her, and he had been flirting desparately with Clara; yet here he was at the end of it—all but engaged to Clara, and in love with Kate. He took himself to task severely, mentally shook himself, and metaphorically boxed his own ears for a senseless noodle. It was all to no purpose. He did not like Clara a bit, and he loved Miss Burnet to adoration.

He watched that silly young Edward flutter round his goddess, and internally wished he could consign her, a human cargo, to Edward's care, freight and imposts paid. He was afraid of Clara now, afraid lest she should discover the true state of his heart. Not for himself he feared, but for Kate. He could not say what that passionate nature might dare against a successful rival. He would put an end to her hopes at all events by withdrawing himself. He had never declared his love; it was only a mild flirtation, nothing more. Of what, then, could she complain?

It was a well-meant but a wrong headed resolution, viewing the woman with whom he had to deal; and again he blundered in trusting to his own nature. True, he could withdraw himself from Clara's society, but it was not so easy to keep out of Kate's way. The "metal more attractive" exerted a fatal influence over him. School himself as he would, he found himself irresistibly impelled to Kate's side. He might have put an end to this conflict for ever, by leaving Clevedown. He was a free agent of course. But then, what man in love *is* a free agent? Thus he lingered on, and the days sped by, and Clara Wraxall, he could see, was brooding over his altered manner. She had tried various little arts to win him back; she had even endeavored to excite his jealousy by flirting with the infatuated Edward, transporting that youth to the seventh heaven, from which she soon precipitated him by comparing him disadvantageously with Mr. Golding. From that moment the young lover hated Arthur with a devouring, jealous hatred.

Not altogether in idle purpose had she struck this chord in her young lover's breast. For the slight which she felt Arthur had offered her had grown with broodings over it into an insult, and Clara was one of those women whom it is not safe to insult. She had already conceived the wish to do him a sudden and deadly injury, for she knew she was supplanted. Once or twice the temptation had occurred to her to wreak some evil on Kate, but she rejected that thought as impracticable. "It would only turn his liking for her into love," thought Clara, "if he thought she had suffered for his sake. Besides, my quarrel is not with that poor doll, it is with him. I would rather he suffered if any one." And then, with a somewhat vague purpose, though it pointed to the one end —namely, the design of dealing him a blow, though how or when she could not determine—she bethought herself of the plan to secure an instrument for herself and an enemy to Arthur in her young lover Edward.

One morning the family were discussing over the breakfast-table the particulars of a tragedy recorded in the newspapers. A woman of the lower order, stung by jealousy, had stabbed to the heart the mistress of her husband, and had been placed on her trial for murder. Mr. Burnet was laying down his opinion that the accused would escape with penal servitude, having received such strong provocation.

"She was a fool," burst out Clara, her dark eyes lighting; "she should have killed her husband; that would have been the fuller revenge. Did she think to hurt him by destroying his paramour? Why, even though she had done it with impunity, what would have been the result? That he would have forgotten his loss in a month, and taken another. It is the nature of men to sin, and to wrong, and to forget. The coward—the mean dastard! she should have stabbed him."

"Hallo, Clara," exclaimed Mr. Burnet, opening his eyes, "we shall have you coming out in the tragic line next—a Medea of the nineteenth century."

She rose from the table, leaving Arthur decidedly uncomfortable, and walked down to the beach, her passionate spirit on fire. Walking fiercely onward, she came on the coast-guardsman.

"Is anybody ever drowned hereabouts?" she asked the coast-guardsman abruptly.

"No," returned that obstinate functionary; immediately adding, "three years ago a man tumbled off Cleve Cliff, and never came up again."

She looked toward the cliff.

"Well, then he was drowned, wasn't he?"

"Some say he was dashed on the rocks," answered the coast-guardsman grudgingly.

"Was anybody with him when he fell?"

"His sweetheart."

"Perhaps she pushed him over."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the coast-guardsman; "what should she push him over for?"

Clara Wraxall made no reply, but walked to the summit of Cleve Cliff. The placid ocean, beautiful in the morning sunlight, was laving the foot of the rock beneath her as she bent over the hazardous railing.

"An easy plunge and a swift death here," she thought, "if the worst came to the worst. Depend upon it that girl pushed her lover down. Perhaps he deserved it."

She stayed there an hour ruminating. "I don't know," she reflected, "that I could ever kill a man with my own hand, however much I might hate him; but I know I could see him killed without putting forth a finger to save him." So saying, she descended the cliff and returned to the house, where, with the irresolution which was her one claim to womanhood, she set about a last effort to win back the straying affections of Arthur Golding.

But all her arts were to no purpose. Arthur remained cold and distant, and her womanly instinct detected a rival. One day Golding had determined, for the seventieth time, to leave Cleavedown on the morrow, and announced his resolution to his host.

"What, leave us now at the best part of the autumn?" exclaimed Mr. Burnet; "oh, nonsense! It's too late to shoot, and for idling purposes there's no place like the south. Besides, we've our picnic to-morrow on Cleve Cliff. You must stay for the picnic."

And Arthur yielded and stayed. Oh, those picnics—disastrous ever to the peace of incipient lovers! Blessed beyond the name (unfortunately unrecorded) of the man who invented sleep—blessed by young hearts is the man who invented picnics. If Arthur had been as learned in psychology as he was in the law, he would have shunned the new danger. But he was ignorant, or perhaps courted danger—at all events, he went. The inevitable fate befel him. A row to Cleve; a shifty banquet on the grass; a stroll over the headlands looking on the sea; a ramble down the rocks to the blue water; and he found himself with Kate. They were alone, and the tide was coming in. (I have remarked that tender hearts are always softer when the tide is coming in; doubtless because the moon regulates both alike—love and water.) The day was declining; an autumn evening, calm and cool, growing apace. Arthur Golding could stand it no longer.

"Miss Burnet," he began; "Miss Burnet—Kate—may I call you Kate?"

You know what followed. When a gentleman begins by addressing a young lady by her surname, and immediately substitutes the Christian name, it usually leads to one result. Arthur Golding obeyed the immutable law; and before the sea had advanced another foot it was all over; his love was told, and a sweet admission obtained in return.

The tide was at its flood.

He walked up Cleve Cliff, a cooler man. Kate Burnet had rejoined her fossil mamma. Kate loved him, and had confessed it. So far, that was satisfactory. But how about Miss Wraxall? He lit a cigar, and pondered over that problem, looking down over the rickety rail on the cliff-head into the sea, on which the shades of night were thickly falling. He thought over it until the difficulty of the situation had melted into clouds as thin and unsubstantial as the wreaths of smoke curling from his cigar. Turning to join the picnic party, now wending homeward, he encountered the subject of his meditation.

"Miss Wraxall!"

She was pale, and unnaturally calm; he could see that, dark as it was getting. She advanced full upon him.

"Sit," she said. "They are going home. You are too late to overtake them. You are too late to overtake *her*. Sit down."

"Pardon me—I——"

"Sit, I say. I have something to speak to you about."

He bowed, and sat down on the rustic seat on the cliff. He could do little else, in common politeness. She took a seat beside him, placed her hands on his knees, and looked into his face.

"Arthur"—her voice was troubled: "why have you changed towards me?"

He did not reply; the truth being that he was for the moment nonplussed.

"Arthur Golding," she resumed, after an awkward pause, "for the last month you have led me to believe you loved me. You *told* me so. Silence, sir! If ever looks—lying looks—spoke love, yours did. Did they not?"

He had recovered himself somewhat by this time. "If they did" he answered coldly, "I am unfortunate. I do not love you, and have never loved you."

She started up, her hot blood on fire, and her passion overmastering her. "You love that chit—that doll—that baby-face; you have thrown away me for her; you have trampled on a woman's heart for a thing of plaster, with the soul of a puling child! Is it not so?"

Her fierce incentive almost bore him down. He rose, and stepped back towards the railing on the edge of the cliff, she fiercely following.

"Speak, you smooth-tongued villain!" hissed Clara Wraxall; "am I not right? Do you not love Miss Weazen-face?"

"You can say nothing of Miss Burnet," answered Arthur, "that does not raise her in my estimation and make me loathe you more."

She threw up her clenched fists in the whirlwind of her passion. "If I were a man, I would throw you into the sea for those words. I would strike you dead before me if I could. Hah!" she cried, looking over his shoulder, down the path which led to the land side of the cliff; and to his intense surprise she flung herself into his arms, clasping him close, swaying backward and forward, and emitting shriek upon shriek of piercing shrillness.

"Good heavens, Clara, what can you mean?" exclaimed Arthur Golding. "Are you mad?—Clara!"

Still she clung to him, screaming, and affecting to battle with him. A dim figure ascended the cliff by the pathway—came nearer, and revealed Edward Burnet in the shadows of the growing night.

Clara Wraxall burst away from Arthur, and flew to the new-comer. "Oh, Mr. Burnet," she cried; "you—*you* will at least protect me! That man has insulted me—has offered me violence."

"Mr. Golding!" exclaimed the astonished Edward, recognising him.

"Thank heaven you came," she sobbed. "He—I cannot say how grossly he endeavored to wrong me."

Arthur Golding, standing against the railing, had, up to this, had no opportunity to interpose a word. With an infatuated cry of fury the young man rushed at him and aimed a blow at his head with a thick stick which had aided his ascent.

"Scoundrel!" cried Edward, delivering the blow.

Interposing his arm, Arthur Golding received the blow—a severe one—while with the other hand he stopped the young

man's mad rush. There was a momentary scuffle, a push from Golding, and Edward Burnet was hurled against the railing, which crashed beneath his weight, and he disappeared over the edge of the cliff.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Arthur Golding, horror-stricken. "What have I done?"

"You have killed him," screamed Clara Wraxall. "He is dead. You have murdered the brother of your beloved."

And like one possessed she fled screaming down the path and was lost in the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARRIVAL OF A "PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN."

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT IN SALT LAKE CITY!

THE LIGHTS HAVE TO BE EXTINGUISHED!!

A TRAIN THROWN OFF THE TRACK IN CONSEQUENCE!!!

Jingo, our special reporter, sends us the following account of the arrival of an Express Train. We are somewhat behind the times in presenting it; but, as many persons living in the country were not present, and should they come to the city now, could not possibly catch that Train, as it left about a week ago, we present the following for their especial benefit:

Stirred up by the occasion, our reporter commences with the following beautiful poetical effusion:

Oh were ye ne'er a school-boy!
And did *you* never, *Train*,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er shall feel again?

The first *Train* on the U. P. R. R. arrived; a stage belonging to Clawson and Caine was run over by it. An immense crowd gathered immediately. Strange to relate, this *Train* ran all the way from Boston without a *tender behind*, and was propelled entirely by *gas* instead of steam. Fearing an explosion, a portion of the gas was turned off immediately, but there was still enough left to run the *Train* for an hour and a half. Gentle reader, did you ever see a *Train?* 'Tis quite a *sight*—we stepped on a *train* once, and we saw *sights* —shall never forget it. From what we saw of this *Train*, we think it couldn't be easily *switched off*. On examination this *Train* was ascertained to be Geo. Francis Train. The proprietor held forth on his grievances at the theater. We didn't go into the *gal*-lery fearing we should find too many *gals* there, and might step on a few *trains;* besides we are not accustomed to moving in the *upper circles* of society. These circles are much frequented by individuals who have been *re*-fined by Alderman Clinton, whose services in this respect cannot be over-estimated. No matter how coarse, how ignorant or how illiterate a man may be, he can seldom appear twice before the Alderman without becoming *re*-fined. In fact, his refining influence can only be equalled by his philanthropy: he loves to place *lost characters* on the *road*, advising them, at the same time, to work out their own salvation.

On entering the theater, we were much affected to see all the people sitting in *tiers*. After clapping some time, Train made his appearance and remarked that he ought to be in bed—said he would just as soon be hissed as clapped—we suppose his indifference in this respect arises from the fact that he has recently been *clapped* into jail.

As the audience voted for an "incoherent" account, *we* determined on the spot to satisfy them. The people were charged 75cts. and 100cts. a head. George Francis assured us he always took the *cents* of the people, whether they had any or not, but never kept any *sense* himself; here's where we felt to *goinside* with him (it being our own practice.)

Said he had spoken one hundred and seventy-eight nights, which he attributed to the fact that he didn't chew nor drink, nor spend any time in *gamboling*. We don't perceive anything remarkable in this, our wife has addressed us two hundred and seventy-eight consecutive nights in this city, and don't seem to weaken—we must admit, however, that she drinks and chews, as far as the dilapidated state of her teeth will admit.

The lecturer is a figurative speaker we should judge from the illustrations on the black-board: in the first place, he drew a large audience; also drew a thing like a balloon, which he said was San Francisco; said it was about to go up, but explained that the railroad cut the gas out of it. We suppose it is all right, but not being accustomed to gas, didn't see it in *that* light. His strongest point was where he pointed out the U. P. money on the black-board; many present couldn't see that, but would have been very glad to have done so. He got off the track two or three times, but this is excusable in a *Train* that *runs* on the U. P. R. R. It was 9½ o'clock before he became a *through Train*.

We understand that George Francis held forth a second night, proving himself a swifter *Train* than ever, running at the rate of about ten thousand words an hour. Photographs of his powerful sketches on the black-board can be purchased of Savage & Ottinger—or elsewhere.

You may re-*lie* on this report.

BY JINGO

PLEASE FORWARD AT ONCE.—Such of our subscribers, whose subscriptions are now due, are requested to forward the pay at once, as we need it. The present great dearth of means has kept back so much of the pay due to us that scarcely one subscription in four has yet reached us. We blame no one for this, but we ask all to remember that our expenses are very great and that every little helps.

Such of our friends as have PROMISED TO PAY AT CONFERENCE TIME, are requested not to forget their promises, as we RELY UPON THEM.

"Well, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us to gain this victory?"—"Do!" replied Mike; "may it please your honor, I walked up bouldly to one of the inimy, and cut off his feet."—"Cut off his feet! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general. "Ah, an' faith that was off already," replied Mike.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendôme, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered.—"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But its more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow.

PAT CROWLEY.—'Tis the swate morn of Saint Valentine, Mrs O'Flam—and we ought to be pairing. I've brought ye some of the craythur that'll warm ye as much as the bright stars in your charming face devour me. And I've brought ye some geeses from my bit of a farm. Hark! to the music they make; and better than all—Pat Crowley has brought you his heart—his heart—Mrs O'Flam, and swears by the saint, who taught fond couples to pair, that he cannot do without ye, at all, at all. Consint to be mine.

[Mrs O'Flam cast her eyes on the "*geeses*," and "*consinted!*"]

Our "boy," a new importation, wants to know if the Indians in this country are generally well educated, because he has heard that Washakee is the best red (read) man in the Rocky Mountains.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

WOMEN AND THEIR "VANITIES."

It is hard for men who do not comprehend a woman's nature to understand the passion for personal adornment which possesses the sex. We call it vanity; it is no such thing. It is pure nature, and a divine nature, too, manifesting itself. Every instinct of woman's being leads her to desire to appear beautiful, she can no more help it than she can help breathing. It is a passion that has been implanted within her as much for man's gratification as her own. To kill it, is not only to crush one half of the life and happiness out of her being but to kill our own. It is a sorrowful fact—no matter whether produced against our will or not—but all conditions of life where women are compelled to wear poor, ill-shaped, or wretched clothing, are depressing to her spirits and destructive of her vitality. These remarks are called forth by the fact that from our earliest youth we have been afflicted with homilies and lectures on the sinfulness of finery and show in woman. On examination, we have come to the conclusion that the difficulty lies in the fact that most of our human teachers are afflicted with an incurable desire to grip human nature by the tail and steer it, instead of allowing it to direct itself.

So it is, anyway, with this subject of women and personal adornment in particular. Men try to crush it in one generation and it comes up like an overwhelming sea in the next. It never has, nor ever will be cured. It will never die out till the passion for love and mating between the sexes expires. It has to be accepted as a great divine outworking in the female bosom, implanted to play its part in producing the life and variety of this state of existence, as well as that of worlds to come.

The great truth concerning this world is, that man, unaided by woman's faculties, cannot make this life as beautiful as it can be made. All the conceptions of all the men that ever lived, put together, would leave a void. There are elements of pleasure—charms of existence which a woman's brain alone can conceive of. Woman can appreciate intensity and depth of spirit and that which is eternal in affection, but she has a more vivid conception of what is necessary in the way of external beauty. She feels, without understanding why, the benefit of colors and forms to our wearied senses; and yet it is not she that loves them, it is great Nature within her that realizes our needs, and seeks to gratify us through her brain. In following her instincts for self-adornment, she but yields to a force, no less than God, working to surround us with beauty and grace.

Why cannot women do without such an eternal change in fashions? asks one. Why not get one good perfect pattern of a bonnet or a dress and stay at that? For about the same reason, we reply, that great grandam Nature cannot be content with one style of face, eyes of one expression, or noses of one cut, but exhibits herself in a thousand shades of variety. There is an echo of this divine passion for change and variety in woman's nature. To be fully happy, she must not only be adorned with what is beautiful or pretty, but she must have constant change. This is no weakness, folly, or vanity; it is a spirit inborn within her organization, calculated for the pleasures of the present life; but the full utility of which will never be seen till in the spheres of eternal beauty in worlds to come; women shall bring this very power and quality to bear in producing a paradise in which the senses will never tire.

We consider, then, that instead of repressing the yearnings of the female heart for objects of decoration, the taste should be cultivated within all reasonable bounds. The wife may indulge these desires, reckless of the anxieties that fill her husband's mind. But this is simply an extreme, and one that should never be argued as a reason why the considerate and loving wife should not be indulged to the fullest legitimate extent. We hold that every husband should cultivate in his wife the love of beauty and variety for his own sake. If poverty binds his hands, let the *desire* still prevail—even if he cannot gratify it as fully as he might wish. He should cherish every manifestation of this womanly nature, down to the simple adornment of a flower in the bosom or a rose in the hair. It is Nature outspeaking what she would have woman look and be.

Of course we look for something in a wife besides attention to external beauty or grace. We need womanly tenderness, motherly love, and wifely devotion,—without these no woman is complete. They are imperishable qualities that never can be replaced by external show; but to our mind, there never will come a time when women will become so good, pure, or loving, that they will be able to afford to dispense with the least outward perfection. In fact, the more truly a woman's mind becomes cultivated—unless it is a mere half cultivation of one side of her nature—the more will she desire to harmonize, not only her appearance, but every external amidst which she moves, with the purity and loveliness that reigns within her being.

We are aware that there are two sides to every subject, and there is an opposite side to this, which every true woman will realize in advance. But we are pleading now the woman's side of the question, and we would plead it on more points than that of personal appearance alone, because everything which brings light into women's eyes and pleasure to their hearts is a bequest to man. Some men go along shutting their hearts against everything a woman needs but the bare utilities of life. They cannot see that food, clothing and shelter are not half what a woman needs. She can exist on these—as thousands do—but she does not live: she is organized to need far more, and will perish from her heart outward, unless she has it. Tens of thousands of poor, petrified women, with scarcely a vestige of the merry girls that were each once the life of home, drag through a miserable existence, because men cannot understand that what they call their follies, are their necessities, their life—the very food upon which they feed. Women were not made simply to bear children, and do man's drudgery, shut up within a weary round of domestic duties, wearing out their pleasureless lives. They can be made to do this; but the husband, even when he cannot fully help it, pays a fearful price in the loss of that brightness and life that should animate his home. He gets a mummy instead of a wife. Women need life, variety, change,—in one word, they need pleasure far more than man. They cannot properly subsist without it. They are made for it more than man. They need attentions, and must have them, or they do not live. Few understand how cheap a woman's pleasures are. A trifling present, a manifestation of thought or affection concerning her, outweighs the value of a kingdom in her estimation. It has to be learned that women have no slight gratifications. The least are immense to them. Of course, they need love more than all. They need not the follies, but thet enderness of courtship

carried along their whole lives. For this, thousands pine and live a daily death. What is a home, clothing, and food to them but the barest mockery of existence, without attention and love. It is the element which alone they fully breathe. Neither can they be fully happy, nor reflect half the sunlight, embosomed within their natures, back upon their homes, unless opportunities to gratify their taste for external beauty exist, more or less, around them. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, but these are important, general truths; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, until men understand these necessities of woman's nature and make a business of gratifying them, they will rob themselves of half their pleasures, stunt their own natures, and kill the life and sweetness of their own homes.

"STEADYING THE ARK."

There are a few people in our Territory who, whenever an independent idea is expressed on any philosophical or theological subject, immediately call out, alarmed, that the speaker or writer in question is "steadying the ark," meaning thereby that such person is trying to dictate the church. As if—whether the speaker's intention was such or not—the action of independent thought could, by any possibility, be dangerous to an imperishable system like ours. It is a fear of having something of this kind said about them that has deterred many a person from expressing conceptions of the truth of which they were assured,—but which did not happen to tally with popular opinion. The existence of such a fear dwarfs and stunts the intellect as well as the spiritual growth of men; and being contrary to "Mormonism" which was offered to us all as a gospel of free thought—and free speech, too—should be broken down.

Why should men, who believe they have a gospel founded on the laws of eternal nature, fear that such an ark should be steadied or jostled? Fancy, the architect of the Temple, with its ten-foot granite walls and its thousand-tonned foundation, getting excited and calling out that somebody was trying to "steady" the Temple; and then fancy a gospel, ancient and imperishable as the fixed stars of eternity, being "steadied" by anybody. Men can have but little faith in the sublime immovability of their gospel who talk this way.

Those who feel in their hearts that they are built on final and unalterable truth, can afford to look calmly on at the wildest effort of free thought, knowing that every new scrutiny will only reveal to the truly intelligent mind a new beauty—a new point of harmony with all other facts. Instead of being alarmed or annoyed, their cry continually is—"steady us if you can." On this point, we feel much as our Delegate, Hooper, expressed himself about the Railroad bringing us to the scrutiny of the world: said he, in effect, "If our system won't bear to be brought face to face with the world, the sooner the miserable thing is broken up the better;" and all proud of their religion will say Amen. But here comes in a curious fact of human nature: the very same men who will say Amen to Bro. Hooper's remarks and who will trumpet to all the world their challenge for scrutiny of "Mormonism," and glory in every outside attack, the moment one of their *own* brethren expresses a thought ahead of their own, will point him out and say—"That's a dangerous kind of thinker—he's trying to steady the ark." And, with a whip of this kind—which, of course, is unsanctioned by the spirit of our divine priesthood—they unintentionally crush free thought out of their brethren's souls.

Our own opinion is that, when we invite men to use free speech and free thought to get into the Church, we should not call upon them, or ourselves, to "kick down the ladder by which they and we ascended to Mormonism." They should be called upon to think on as before, no matter who has or has not thought in the same direction.

There is one fatal error, however, which possesses the minds of some, and out of which this fear of "steadying the ark" has grown; it is this: that God Almighty *intended the priesthood to do our thinking.* Hence, if you say to such men, "What do you think on such a subject?" they will answer, "I don't know. What does the Priesthood say about it?" This is an extreme of a true doctrine. It is right to respect the priesthood but never to the crushing out of our own individuality. It is folly to suppose that the priesthood requires this. As far as we understand the spirit of that divine priesthood which rules this and all other worlds, it glories in bringing out the individuality of every man to the utmost. Instead of seeking to bring all to one dead level, and regulate all by one brain or twenty, it throws men back on to themselves to learn God there. It says: "Look within; you are a lens in which God is mirrored; His bright reflection is upon you; His voice is within you, speaking." Priesthood is simply an external oganization, instituted for the sake of order, and for the more correct and speedy promulgation of true principles. Its authority is to teach, and help the growth of the individual—not to swallow him up. God has taught more to the individual soul, directly, than he ever has through any external organization He ever instituted. Even when He teaches through the organization, He has to witness it within the soul after all, or it is worthless to the man. Still, it is priesthood that does it even then, for it is the invisible priesthood that is around us—"the spirits of the just made perfect," who whisper to the soul the way, the truth, and the light. But they cannot whisper to him who dares not think, for it is in and through thought alone that they can get at us. They work in harmony with all who truly represent the spirit of the priesthood in this life; and all go on together without discord. Could such fill us with their divine inspirations, their voice would be: "Think freely, and think forever; and above all, never fear that the 'Ark' of everlasting truth can ever be 'steadied' by mortal hand or shaken."

MY SISTER, CHARITY.

BY JOHN LYON.

What a world of thought gleamed from her blue eyes!
So chequered and spangled with glowing light—
Like the gold-tinged clouds of a thousand dyes
That peopled a scene of visions bright;
And the light that sparkled from out each pole,
Around the ball of each lovely star,
Was the fire of heaven, that lightened the soul—
And shone from her father's home afar.

She laughed as she looked beyond earthly space,
In the joyous smile of her infant glee.
As she gazed on the angels, whose fond embrace
She longed to regain, in eternity.
Her eyes were dimmed by the mists of time,
For the veil of earth was yet unriven;
She saw and conversed with those souls sublime,
That she loved and knew, in the courts of heaven.

Her infant innocence gladdened the heart,
That love from the well of affection drew,
But those hopeful tears had a burning smart,
In the mother's eyes, when she sighed adieu—
For her eyes grew dim in their heavenward gaze,
And their motionless light grew cold and dead,
Yet they gazed on, from their marble vase,
Long after the spirit from earth had fled.

Salt Lake City.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Train is a man of marvelous idiosyncrasies of character. He has thereby puzzled the world. "Where shall we class the man" is the thought of nearly every one who has listened to his great speeches; "where shall we class him" you ask again, after having spent a few hours in private *abandon* with him. He is most extraordinary, unique, is your most sage conclusion; and then you go to sleep to dream about him, more mystified than ever. Yet this mystery is not because he is an unsolvable problem, but for the reason that he is an uncommon one.

The simple truth is—George Francis Train is a man of genius. He is charged with marvelous inspirations. A prophet in his sphere, he is carried along by the torrents of thought and agitation that overwhelm our times. The farcical finds in him its expositions, because the age is more farcical than serious; but the farce is not his. His mimiery is the rebuke. Society is insincere; brother George is earnest; and in his terrible earnestness, he caricatures, not his own metaphysics to make himself palpable, but the great men of his times; he crowds them pictorially into the public mind to force it to realize how infinitesimal they are, and how much of petty quackery there is in the policy of nations. But there is a subtle method in all this, not charlatanism—the capacity of a man mastering exploded policies to give to national administration a new era. Were George Francis Train living in an age terribly earnest like himself, we then should see him simply an earnest prophet of the times gravely propounding to legislators his vast schemes, and interpreting the voices of propheecy which he hears everywhere around him, proclaiming coming events. But the world is practically infidel and will not hear the grand but awful inspirations of races redeemed from slavery, of the women sovereignized, despotic empires or dilapidated monarchies overturned, and virgin republics conceived throughout the earth. In spite of the fact that the black race has been redeemed in an epic war, by the side of which the action of a thousand Iliads would be but as petty squabbles, the unfulfilled part of a Providential programme still seems madness when proclaimed by the Prophet of the Irish nationality—the champion of woman's rights. The earnest heart of the man is pained; and in fierce scorn, he turns back the ridicule by consummate acting. Hence the charlatan,—hence the mountebank. Does he accept the epithets? Not for a moment. Yet he tells you he does, and fools you more abundantly in proving it. But the words of Napoleon at the college of Brienne, when he was stung by the railleries of his proud school-fellows—"Bourrinne, I will do these Frenchmen of thine all the mischief in my power"—would be aptly paraphrased in the mouth of George Francis Train.

One of the prophecies which the man has heard the age utter is that he *shall* be the President of the United States. How wondrously extravagant! That is so. And so it would have been wondrously extravagant in any of the former Presidents, from Greoge Washington to General Grant, had either declared it *prematurely*. But this "prematurely" is a stupid word, meaning nothing touching great events. There is more probability to-day of Train being our next President than there was, before the Revolutionary war, of Washington founding the mightiest republic the world has ever seen, or before the Southern Rebellion, of Grant being in the White House, in 1869. Is the question then one of capacity? Surely Train is equal to Grant. That is practically decided by the present disgust of the nation; for our General-in-Chief has not sufficient capacity even to entertain us. Now over and above the very common capacity needed for a king or a president, Train has his splendid madness; in the possession of which he is the equal of any man living.

It is wondrously extravagant to expect to see Train in the Presidential Chair! I have said it is, and yet he will be there. I repent having written the last part of my sentence, but I am proving a point on paper as George does on his blackboard; for this impulsive affirmative, followed by the fear of having made a fool of one's self in affirming, is what tens of thousands of thinking men will feel, while the million will say ay and not take it back. Train is a philosopher and knows this. And so *he* affirms in his supreme egotism—I *am* going to the White House—I *will* go to the White House—You *shall* see me at the White House; get out of my way, for I am impatient to be in the White House; I will play Napoleon to you all, if you won't let me into the White House. This impresses society, and the man knows it. Yet he says it, not for effect, but because he cannot help saying it. He is a volcano of presidential prophecies concerning himself. It is his policy to let you know his programme, but then he is a mountain of aches to let every hill realize his eminence: so his subtle policy goes hand-in-hand with his simplest necessities, his vast ambitions germinate his noblest inspirations.

This prophecy about himself is to Train the greatest prophecy of the age, for it involves all others. For him, all things were created and all opportunities born. The woman's cause was made for him; and their cause has just come up at this nick of time for his special glory. He is the self-constituted Adam of all the female race—a thousand times greater polygamist than Brigham Young; and the woman's platform is, for the future, morally and socially the uppermost one and the most unique-looking plank ever erected by a political agitator. George Francis also knows this, and he and the ladies share the glee together. The men on that plank at first are few. Train glories in this, because it is his own special track. The ladies need a champion, and it is peculiarly in conformity with their tastes to have a man to champion them. Together they make a very pretty caricature; but they also make a tremendous cause. There is, therefore, self-congratulations between brother George and the fair sisterhood.

Then, there is the Irish race. They also were created a few thousand years ago specially for Train to run them on the track of their new dispensation. Every event up to the present time has been so much preparation, nothing more. Their Prophet will make them believe this or something very like it. Has he a million Irish votes? He says so. And he will verify his words by the constant assertion—"I am the leader of the Irish race." "Get out of my way, for I *am* the leader of the Irish race." First a wondrous extravagance is manifested in the man in his affirming that he *will* be President of the United States; wondrous assumptions ever rapidly follow, and a wondrous audacity maintains them. Ten to one, if he lives, these combinations will make him President of the United States, almost in defiance of America: her *permission* is not asked. Oh, do not think it difficult to reach the Presidential chair. It would be impossible for a man in the street to reach the roof of his house, but there are men who can fly to the moon. George is one of them. Things seemingly distant are closer to genius than things near, for genius is always in the air, while common talent is on the solid ground. Train understands this, for he understands himself. He is flying, not *reaching*. He will get the moon; and the majority will say, by-and-by,—"Confound the fellow, let him have her, for she has her woman's rights in the case, to choose." Grant found the moon in his flight, having been blown up to her from the mouth of the cannon, and

he has been in a cloud ever since. Most likely he will amuse himself by cutting *his* bride up into little stars. Now George is flying after a new one by design, and he is blown up by his own volcanic genius.

Train is a Prophet of new inspirations—not an egotist. Let that be distinctly marked, for it is the correct psychological reading of the man. He hears the prophecies of his mission always and everywhere. He eats with them, drinks with them, goes to bed with them, and gets up with them. He is also one of the very few prophets who have gone about fulfilling his inspirations. And he is ever meeting society with—"You carry Cæsar and his fortunes: Be not afraid, Cæsar is in your boat." The assumptions are like his earnest spirit, immense, but there will be tens of thousands strengthened thereby. A paragraph now upon the solidity of his platform, and then a metaphysical and physical summary upon the man.

In the first place, the woman's cause is the cause of the age, revolution is the method of that age, and republics are the institutions of the future. Not sectional, but universal revolutions are demanded. The very atmosphere is charged with their tremendous combined agencies, the human heart everywhere palpitates with the throbs of the mighty change. There is an awful prophecy abroad; its voices startle every man's ear who is in psychological communion with the times. The burden of the prophecy is—"And I will overturn, overturn, overturn until he comes whose right it is to rule, and I will give it him." George Francis has heard this, and thinks he is the man meant, and so he is, unless some greater man steps forward to lay a mightier claim. There is then a seeming fitness in him to society's necessities. The women most certainly will hold the balance of power, a million Irish votes will back him, and revolution everywhere will need a general leader, Train is incoherent enough for all. Therefore the programme is sound.

Now for his personality: He is the most Napoleonic man of the age; his schemes are not less vast, his ambition equal, his belief in his mission unsurpassed, his will and audacity tremendous. His physique is like a mountain; he is an image-smasher by nature, and a champion of the weak and wronged, because he feels so much his own strength and power to defend. In this, he is a thorough American—he is, in fact, America incarnate—a type of her might, her splendid destiny, and her *egotism*;—the man is of a strange genius. Then he speaks from a battery of inspiration, and he *feels* somebody behind him, though he don't know who it is. He is a wonderful medium, but not a seer; and every inspirational people will find in him a champion, because he *can't* help it, and that is why the women have him in their Train, for women, like the Mormons, are inspirational.

THE SPIRIT IN THE WHOLE BODY.

BY JOHN LYON.

If philosophers and theologians, instead of laying down a theory that the head is the sole workshop and residence of the spirit in man, had established the fact that the spirit occupied the whole body and actuated every member thereof, they would have obviated many seeming contradictions, and given greater scope for their deductions on the capacity and nature of man, as a rational and accountable being.

Phrenology inculcates that all our faculties of reflection, feeling, and propensities are developed in accordance with the bumps on our heads. We do not intend in the forthcoming reflections to dispute this fact, but to show that the whole system of man's organization is actuated by the spirit which is in him, and not confined entirely to the formation enclosed by his skull.

It is affirmed, that the development of language is directly behind the eye; but will the brain give the eye its penetration, its beautiful lustre, its dullness, or its treacherous sneaking look? By no means. The expression of the eye, we should think, is brightened, or downcast in accordance with the pursuits and practices of life, and this must proceed from another source than the development of the organ itself. All these qualities of feature and expression may be seen at differents period in the same pair of eyes. Large eyes are said to indicate artificial language. What we understand by artificial language, is that power of speech which is acquired by imitation. This brings to my recollection the fact that, when at school, all the noisy rascals were large-eyed; but their vociferous disturbances did not proceed from imitation—the birch was the provocation. Their language was anything but imitation of what they had heard at home, or in school. And none of them ever became eminent linguists or orators.

It is the spirit that portrays in the eye the conceptions of hidden thought, which can be expressed without the organs of articulation, the joy, the grief, the knavery or murder, that beams or lurks in this wonderful organ, as it is influenced by passion.

We are taught that there is no brain beneath the ridge of the nose, yet how much of character can be read from a Roman, an aquiline, a straight, a snub, or a pug nose. The cheek bones, the lips, the chin, and the neck, are all proportionally illustrative of character as well as the breast, the body, the arms, the legs, and the feet. [thanks to Lavater!] and are just as significant to illustrate certain kinds of character, as, large bumps of comparison, firmness, or philoprogenitiveness.

And what is still more conclusive, we have found great mental activity in persons who were deformed by accident in their birth, or by misfortunes in after life, who, had their mental powers been dependent on their organization, they never could have become the wonderful prodigies of mental acquirements that they were.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF MAN'S FORMATION.

Think for a moment of men bordering on idiocy, being the greatest mathematicians in the world, and *that* by mental calculation, without the use of figures. Think of Byron having less brains than Southey, and then think of the whole character being expressed by the head. There is, also, the sense of feeling, which has the entire body for its development and operates in many ways, without the needful aid of brain assistance. How acute must be the feelings of a person born blind, when taught to read by the touch of his fingers, while running them over letters raised on paper, seemingly with as much ease as another person can read by the use of his eyes.

It is true that the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling, exercise their powers of sensibility through the organ of the brain; but who will affirm, or who knows that the head is the spirit's dwelling place? These faculties are so situated that they must, of necessity, act through the head to the other parts of the body. It is the highway, so to speak, to the heart, the stomach, and all the nervous system of man. In corroboration of this idea, musicians have been observed, after playing the greater part of an evening and morning, at dancing parties, to play tunes familiar to them with accuracy while sleep had so closed up their senses that they would start when spoken to, as if in a dream.

There was a blind mathematical philospher by the name of Sanderson who could distinguish counterfeit medals, and coin by the touch of his fingers, and who could tell the approach of

a horse at a very great distance by the same faculty. He discovered a horse to be blind by the cautious tread of its feet upon the ground. Here we have figure, distance, and sound, as well as the familiar use of a musical instrument where there was no large development of corresponding phrenological signs—and, in cases where the outer senses were dormant, showing that perception is not confined to the eye, nor sensation to the feeling of touch—all of which proves the existence of a discerning spirit in man, working throughout the whole body.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MURPHY AND MACK'S MINSTREL TROUPE.

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Evening News* having left us one little subject for criticism on the performances of the Murphy and Mack Minstrel Troupe, we will, in conjunction with our intended notice on the cornet duets performed by Mr. Mark Croxall and Mr. R. W. Kohler on Friday evening, August 26, commence our remarks with the untouched subject, namely, choral *finales* to songs.

Songs and ballads, when brought before the public by some popular and favorite vocalist, either male or female, are sure, not only to make a favorable impression with the audience, but the critic also will catch the inspiration, by the applause tendered to that priest or priestess of song. But in harmonic combinations, notwithstanding the purity of delivering united sounds, little notice is taken of such performances—when there is no melodial introduction—except by the musician, who delights in harmony as well as melody.

As simply constructed songs and ballads are the rage of modern times, we must certainly say that compositions that have a chorus *finale* are preferable to those composed principally for the display of the solo vocalist.

The harmonic *finale*, instead of being detrimental to the solo singer, is the enhancing portion of the song or ballad, and is frequently the cause of an encore, if the chorus is effectually interpreted.

We trust that no one will think, from the above remarks, that we are opposed to the expressive rendering of *cavatinas* and such like composition where the *rouladial* and other ornamental passages are written for the effective display of the vocal *artiste*, as we admire the varieties that music is capable of producing to its votaries; but it is the general non-appreciation of harmony with the mass where our remarks are directed, and we will now say that, in the song-choral branch of the divine art, we are inclined to the belief that Murphy and Mack's minstrel troupe cannot be excelled.

The greatest points of choral perfection are the unity of voices in producing the amalgamative blending varieties of intonation, and a practical use of the *diaphragm* for the full chest and *sotto voce* variations.

Also the method of bringing out with clear distinctness the combinations of direct and inverted harmonies that they might be known by the musician by their preparation and resolution. We noticed the perfection of these points in the rendition of many harmonic varieties contained in the choruses sung by the Murphy and Mack Minstrel troupe. We would also add that the voices were all excellent for the above style of harmonic vocalization; and we must also say that we have rarely met with a more pure and silver-like tone of falsetto than was produced by the alto singer in the choruses.

With these few remarks on the minstrel troupe, we will now refer to the two duets performed on the same evening by Mr. Mark Croxall and Mr. J. H. Kohler on their cornets of Horn's vocal duetto, "I know a bank," and Mendelssohn's composition, "I would that my love."

The part selected by Mr. Croxall at the rehearsal on Friday noon, Aug. 26th, was the one generally sung by the *primo soprano*, and Mr. Kohler took the *mezzo soprano*, for rendition.

This duet of Horn's being composed for the effective display of two principal voices, each of the performers on the cornet were on the same ground, both of them having the same advantage of proving their skill as solo executionists on the above instrument.

After the introductory symphony of eight measures, played by Professor Pratt on the piano-forte, Mr. Kohler opened the duet with a two-bar solo phrase, which he rendered with purity of tone and artistic variety.

The duet then commenced; but, in the first three or four bars, we discovered a nervousness in Mr. Croxall's tone on the cornet. The effect of nervousness is the disturbing *tremolo* in what is termed the vocal chords situated in the throat; which disturbance produces non-purity of tone and volume. With the singer, it is not only injurious to the tone, but it affects the enunciation also. However, Mr. Croxall soon recovered, and the two performers were then equally matched; and then came such breadth, such fullness and blending purity of sound delivered from the two cornets that we have not heard for many years, except at their rehearsal on the same day at the theater.

In the eleventh bar, closing the first division of subject, the double trill was introduced; but in the execution of this grace, we perceived a slight indecision as to the manner of rapidity in their performance of the double shake.

By the way of explanation, we will observe that there are different methods employed by the vocalist and instrumentalist in the execution of the trill or shake: some will commence this grace with extreme rapidity in starting, while others will analyze the trill and produce it slowly and increase with gradual velocity until they arrive at the *demi-semiquaver* quickness. Doubtless it was Mr. Croxall's and Mr. Kohler's non-knowledge of each other's method, and for want of more practice together, that caused the indecision we noticed in their execution of the shake. In fact, much united practice is required before perfection can be obtained in this most difficult ornamental finish.

With the vocalist, this grace is seldom used in the present day, excepting with female voices. The reason why it is not fashionable with male voices is, it takes too lengthened a practice to produce a perfect trill; and in fact the ornament cannot be rendered effective with the male voice; it belongs only to the female, because it is an imitation of the nightingale grace, and can only be imitated by the *soprano*, *mezzo soprano* and *contralto* voices, and such instruments as are smooth in tone.

In returning to the subject of the duet, we will observe that at the opening of the second division, the parts are inverted, and Mr. Kohler took the highest one, according to the inversion. It was evident that, when he caught up the melody, the musician was aroused within him; the occasional carelessness which we have noticed was thrown aside; he was matched with a player that put him on his mettle, and his reputation was at stake, and he was alive to the necessity of being the *artiste*, and then his tones were excellent; in fact, both performers were warmed up, and they gave us a most effective variety of intonation, and also a most spirited and truthful interpretation of passages contained in this division of subject, and again closed with the double trill.

This time, the shake was more equal and distinct: there was more care exhibited by both performers and a more perfect intonation was produced by them; and they also watched

each other's rapidity of executing this much varied ornament; and success was the result.

The third division opens with solos containing four measures in each and placed in the form of question and answer. This method of constructing the sections in the composition gave both *artistes* an opportunity of displaying their skill in expression, and varied coloring in the under and full chest intoning. This was a careful bit of friendly competition; each of the *artistes* striving to give full effect to the interpretation of the composition. The friendly trial produced a decided success, neither of them bearing off the palm of superiority, both aiming to render perfect the beautiful phrasing of the composer in this division.

The dancing triplets which followed in the last division of the duet, were gracefully and equally delivered in tone and in time; and the closing six-bar *accelerando*, was most energetically and effectively brought out; and considering the disadvantage of non-practice together—and that with Mr. Croxall it was almost at first sight, having only ran it through twice—we must in honesty say it was a fine rendering by both performers; and we were pleased to find that it elicited from the audience an enthusiastic—and we believe they considered it a well deserved—encore.

The duet that followed the encore was one of Mendelssohn's divine compositions called—"I would that my love." In this duet, Mr. Kohler took the principal subject, and here his fine-tone upper notes were heard with great effect. In changing the parts, Mr. Croxall took the *mezzo* or under one throughout the duet. There was no moving from one part to the other for display of the two registers of notes. But notwithstanding this change from the *primo* to the *mezzo* arrangement, it did not lessen the quality or purity of Mr. Croxall's tone on the cornet. This gentleman's method of practice is to render the lower tones equal to the higher ones, therefore, the change, as we have observed, did not lessen the effect of his delivery.

In this composition the performers had to vary their style of playing. There were no light tripping passages, or florid points of execution to display their skill in this line of rendering; but there were many effective and changing phrases of expressive beauty to bring out. There was a fine opportunity also opened to both *artistes* to display the under and full chest intonation on their instruments. There were also the advantages of the *decrescendo* and *crescendo* notes to render effective, and in all these points the performers were well up, and throughout the whole of this beautiful composition, the rendition was satisfactory to the learned, as well as the unlearned, in the divine art of music.

It must be remembered that it was no little trial to place Mr. Croxall—whose daily avocation prevents him from professional practice—by the side of such an *artiste* as Mr. Kohler, who, we well remember to have held the position as the principal cornet soloist at the Theatre Royal and Amphitheatre, Liverpool, England, where a first class band of professionals was employed. And to be enabled to draw a favorable comparison of Mr. Croxall's performance on the cornet, with Mr. Kohler, is a credit to our city; and we are pleased to have such an *artiste* residing among us.

We must not omit to mention the easy and watching method of Professor Pratt's accompaniment on the pianoforte, which added much effect to the rendering of *both compositions*.

In our next review of music by local talent, we intend to speak of the performance of our Orchestra at the Theatre.

The interpretations of the overture and other pieces played by the band on the reöpening night, deserve honorable mention. In our next we will be more explicit. The want of space is the reason of its omission in this number.

DAILY LIFE OF NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.

Perhaps our readers may be curious on the subject of the Imperial manner of life when staying at Fontainebleau. The Emperor rises very early, as indeed is his habit everywhere. By eight o'clock he has got through a certain amount of governmental business, and settled more than one important affair. It is only after occupying himself with these State matters that he retires to inspect his flowers, he is extremely fond of his plants, and waters them himself. The empress is not so matutinal; she seldom rises until half-past seven. It is well known that at Fontainebleau her majesty occupies Marie Antoinette's apartments, where she is surrounded by many of the belongings of that unfortunate queen. Her bed, which is gilded, at one time belonged to Mme. Dubarry; afterward the Dauphine had it, and retained it after she became Queen, and ultimately it was removed to Fontainebleau, where it remains stationary. At 11 o'clock the Emperor and Empress breakfast; when their majesties are at the Tuilleries, they are usually *tete a tete*, but at Fontainebleau all the household join in the breakfast table. When the repast is concluded, the Emperor takes a turn or two in the garden, and then return to his study for hard work. The Council of Ministers who assemble in Paris at one o'clock, do not meet at Fontainebleau until 4 o'clock. At 7 o'clock, dinner is announced; the household assemble at it, and generally some guests are invited from Paris. Dinner over, the company meet again in the Empress' department after a stroll in the park. The Emperor retires early, between 9½ and 10, but the Empress rarely bids good night before 11.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with terror, beheld his great peril. Another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations, but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked over the space below, and, with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved him.

LUNET.

BY A DALRYMPLE.

Oh the grave, the grave, oh who can tell
How many loved ones in thy bosom dwell?
Thou hast one, at least, I can't forget,
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

Lovely while living, fair and bright,
In death, still lovely robed in white,
Her cold lips I kissed, can I forget
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

Around my heart she'd fondly flung
Affection's cords while yet so young;
So dear to me, I called her pet,
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LX.

A WOMAN'S PLAN.

For the space of an hour the Spanish woman lay upon her bed, convulsed. Her grief, her jealousy, her ecstasies of revenge were followed by agonies of despair. The belief, which now possessed her, that Farinelli had murdered Walter Templar, to bring Terese at last to his arms, was torture, for, to her mind, insane with the one great passion, that seemed possible. Walter gone for ever, time, and the persistency of Farinelli's love, would conquer the Jewess at last. Many such cases had been, and why not this another? In her distraction she even doubted Terese. Yet her resolve to betray Farinelli was agony. For a moment she would relent, and prefer to see him triumph and herself forsaken, but at the next moment she would return to her fearful vow made in Rome —"Mine in life or in death."

At length Clara Garcia arose, having subsided to a calmness like that which succeeds the thunder-storm after its first expressions of fury, leaving nature doubtful whether or not a second burst more terrific than the first, would follow.

"I will save him," she said in this mood of frightful calmness; "I will *save*, not betray him; but I will save him upon one condition only."

The Spanish woman wiped her tears away impatiently, bathed her face and dressed to go out, after which she ordered her carriage.

"Yes, I will save him upon the condition that he will fly with me to Italy. But if not—well, never mind, that will come too soon if he refuses. Death to us both—Oh death to us both!"

"Shall I drive to the Park to-day?" inquired the coachman, as Donna Garcia stepped into her carriage.

"No; to Sir Richard Courtney's, No. 10 Grosvenor Square, haste, for I have an appointment there." And away flew the carriage to Sir Richard's house in Grosvenor Square.

Donna Clara found the family of the Courtney's at home, and in consultation with Sir Richard Brine, the most acute and indefatigable magistrate of the city, and chief of the London detective force. There were present also Farinelli and Judah Nathans. Terese now formed a part of Courtney's household, for since the disappearance of her son, Lady Templar in her affliction, cleaved unto the Hebrew Maiden as a sacred relic. Moreover, Terese's faith that Walter was still living, was now almost the only consolation left to the family. Donna Clara, therefore, though not particularly intimate with the Courtney's, visited Terese as at her own house, and received a cordial welcome. Farinelli was staying with Judah Nathans, but the *prima-donna* had not been wrong in expecting to find him at Sir Richard Courtney's

"Signorina Terese, you must pardon me for intruding upon you in your afflictions," observed Donna Garcia, "but I could not leave England for Italy without calling to bid you adieu."

"What, do you leave England so soon? I am very sorry for that" returned our heroine.

"Yes; I have received a most princely offer from the management at Rome to engage me for a year. Ha! Farinelli; you here? That is fortunate."

The foster-brother, who had been in conversation with Sir Richard Brine, came forward to speak to the lady, who pretended not to have noticed him before, though her eye had singled him out in deep conversation with Brine as soon as she entered.

"Clara!" Farinelli said aside as he shook her by the hand. "I pray you forgive me for not calling upon you since my return to London. This sad affair, and my own implication in it, have entirely absorbed my thoughts day and night."

The Spanish woman regarded him with a tender eye and a yearning heart, for the familiar name of "Clara" from him touched her, and in a moment made her disposed to doubt everybody rather than him.

"Farinelli, I must speak to you alone, this very night! I have that to say which must not even be whispered into any ear but yours. Where can we speak alone and without mistrust. I must tell you all, for this I came here to-day, and not to see *her*. Your very life is concerned."

"Why, Clara, what is it that so agitates you?"

"Not another word, Farinelli, here. The eyes of that man are upon us. Who is he?"

"Sir Richard Brine, the great mover of the detective force of England."

"Ah! avoid him, Farinelli, avoid him!" she said with a shudder, and then joining our heroine again added carlessly.

"Terese, I was just informing your foster-brother of the brilliant offer which I have received from Rome, and my intentions to accept the engagement and return at once to my sunny Italy. This foggy land kills the *artiste*. Three months singing in England destroys the voice for a year. I have not sung once to my own satisfaction since I have been in London, and I am sure the public is never satisfied when the singer is not."

"And yet the public is satisfied with Donna Garcia's wonderful vocal powers—more, that same public not longer ago than last night was carried beyond itself with admiration—for a London public is coldly critical—and to-day, lady, you are the theme of the papers as much as my friend Signor Farinelli."

It was Sir Richard Brine who spoke. He had marked the eagerness of her conversation with the foster-brother, and her sudden change of manner, and now her observation that she was about to leave England for Italy, at a time when London was taken by storm with her singing, was another item to note. Not that Sir Richard Brine suspected anything, but it was his professional business to observe all, note all, unravel complications, and, from apparent disconnections, trace out wonderful conclusions. Hence he had made one of his hazardous connections between the public talk about Donna Clara's singing and Farinelli's peculiar relations with the great Templar case without any special intention, yet not without some general method. Indeed, this method, of leaping from a striking circumstance to some other, seemingly very remote from it, Sir Richard Brine had found more than once to lead him to the identical clue, after which he had been diligently searching. He had often found, moreover, that the closest connections turned up appearing to the superficial eye the farthest apart. This, in criminal cases, where parties designingly place their connections at a distance to escape detection, he had also found to hold good especially. Hence, his peculiar method.

Donna Garcia saw in a moment that she had no mean person to match herself against in Sir Richard Brine, and she also realized how difficult it would be, even for Farinelli to leave England with her, providing he consented. Yet, that very increase of the sense of his danger made her more resolved to rescue him, if he only consented. The subtility of a woman's heart and brain, in protecting the one she loves, will, however, more than match the subtility of the detective, and so Donna Garcia felt herself a match for Sir Richard Brine. But boldness and originality were required, as well as subtilty; yet her plan was arranged during the conversation, which followed, and which she herself drew out concerning the speculation of the press upon Farinelli. Her policy was not to appear timid: and so she made a sudden charge upon the Director of the London detective force.

"I see you have Farinelli completely caged in London—absolutely prisoned!"

"Not so, lady. I must protest against your view."

"But I say yes, Sir Richard Brine; and I am more than ever resolved to fly from England."

"Donna Garcia has the world for her wings. England is to her no prison."

"Nor shall it be to Farinelli. He flies with me to Rome."

"Indeed, lady?"

"And, indeed, Sir Richard Brine! I have promised my hand to him in marriage" said the lady, boldly, lying to save him.

"I was not aware of that, Donna Garcia" observed Brine, somewhat embarrassed, for he was thus abruptly brought face to face with a case which he was inclined to grapple with, but knew not how, from its delicacy intrenched by boldness.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Richard! And as for your being aware that I had promised my hand in marriage to Farinelli on his return to London, that is not marvelous, nor would you now know it, but that I leave for Rome and am resolved on Farinelli's going with me—to escape *you*, Sir Richard Brine—to escape *you*, I say."

"Donna Garcia, you are unanswerable, and yet it certainly would *not* be wise for Signor Farinelli to leave England just at present. I grant, however, a justification for your anxiety, and also for this somewhat uncommon announcement."

"Do you hold my affianced husband a prisoner, Sir Richard?"

"No."

"Is he not, then, free to accompany me to Rome?"

"Friend Brine" observed Courtney, at this point, "I believe we have no right to interfere in this case. Farinelli is as free as ourselves. Not one of my family has the least doubts touching him. Nor has Mr. Nathans."

"None at all, I assure you," was the prompt reply of Judah.

"My niece told me before the disappearance of Sir Walter Templar of her anticipation of a union between her foster-brother and friend; and, from my knowledge, there has been no concertation between the lovers since the sad affair, which has occupied his attention."

"Well, well, gentlemen" observed Brine, "I am not authorized to interrupt our friend's departure from England under the very peculiar circumstances. So happiness and long life to the bride and bridegroom."

"God grant it!" responded Sir Richard Courtney.

Terese arose and kissed Donna Garcia. She understood the motive which had prompted her to her course, that afternoon, as indeed did all present; for, as we have seen the Spanish woman in her bold effort to save Farinelli, had not attempted to hide her motive. Sir Richard Brine was especially alive to this; and he experienced a professional admiration for the woman who could play such an original and determined part to get her lover out of his difficulties. He did not, however, think that Farinelli was guilty of any wrong, though he confessed to himself that he was much involved in complications from which a woman's wit had just rescued him. All things considered, now Donna Garcia had matched him, the director of the detectives was almost as much pleased as the Courtney family to find a legitimate excuse to allow Farinelli to leave England, for more than once he had felt it his duty to order his arrest. Nothing but his own conviction, backed by the confidence of the Courtneys, touching the foster-brother's innocence, had kept the detective from making that arrest. For the present, Farinelli was saved—not betrayed—by Clara Garcia.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

The evening shadows were falling in the library of Sir Richard Courtney, and the room altogether possessed a certain gloomy tone. Courtney was, as we know, much of a recluse, and in his sanctum he kept up an antique state which would have well become his ancestors, but the rest of his house was modern enough. Since the disappearance of his nephew, his library had been a deserted place, for he found no pleasure now in meditation, but spent much of his time with Sir Richard Brine or his agents in endeavoring to discover the mystery of Walter's fate. The director of the detective force stealthily entered the library of his friend and closed the door softly after him.

"Strange that Farinelli appointed the library for an interview," mused Brine. "A tender conversation might have passed between them in any part of the house without intrusion. A love gossip would not have interested me, and after the announcement this afternoon, every person would have been good-naturedly disposed to have left the lovers together. This interview has a mysterious import. It is no love gossip. I must find out what it is. Ha! I can conceal myself in this closet."

Though Sir Richard Brine had given permission for Farinelli to leave London for Italy, his professional instincts had been quick to take a new suspicion. He had marked the agitation of Donna Clara, in her first regards of himself, when conversing for a moment with her lover, but her subsequent boldness had thrown him off the track, but no sooner had the Spanish woman won her point than he observed the same troubled manner, when she exchanged words with Farinelli. His quick ear had caught the words, "In the library," and he concluded at once that there was to be an interview of mysterious import. As he felt himself, under the circumstances, responsible for Farinelli, having given him his permission to leave England, he resolved to fathom the present mystery.

"Ha! here they come," he said after he had waited for about five minutes, "and now to hide in this closet. If it is nothing but love nonsense I shall be sufficiently punished for my mistrust."

Sir Richard Brine, with a wry face, jammed himself into the little closet among Courtney's manuscripts, just in time to escape the watchful eye of Donna Garcia, who entered the library with the foster-brother.

"Are you certain, Farinelli, quite certain, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that no one can overhear us?"

"Yes, Clara; but what is the meaning of your singular conduct? Do not be offended, I endorse all you have done, for your design has been evident to all—it was to save me from the danger which I know surrounds me. But I cannot consent just now to leave England, though from this day the public shall know that you are my affianced bride."

"No, no, Beppo, you must not stay in England. You will let me call you by the familiar name that your foster-sister gives you?"

"Yes, Clara. Henceforth I will be Beppo to you. And now let us talk calmly of our own affairs, while the family are dining, for our absence will be excused. We have potent pleas, dear Clara," he added with a smile, throwing his arm around her, and imprinting on her lips the first kiss.

It was the first love-kiss that Farinelli had, in all his life bestowed upon a woman. He had, in other days, when Terese was a girl, often kissed her with a timid reverence when she had held up to him her inviting cheek. But this was really his first love-kiss. The Spanish woman, in her passionate devotion, had at length won his heart, which, though it still held Terese as its deity, now took to itself Clara Garcia as its companion. He had himself suffered too much to be pitiless, and, as observed, the devotion of the woman had won him.

For a minute or two the lovers, as we shall now deem them, were locked in each other's embrace, and passionate kisses were exchanged between them. Clara Garcia, in her delirium of joy, forgot her lover's danger—forgot everything in the world that was not compressed into that ecstatic moment. There was, however, one near whose state of mind was anything but pleasant. That one was Sir Richard Brine. He was cursing himself for his suspicions and calculating on an hour's most unpleasant position in the closet, but he had not long to wait for a theme to interest him.

"But, dear Beppo," said the lady, recollecting her lover's danger, and disengaging herself from his embrace, "I had forgotten, in my joy, the terrible subject for which I came to see you to-day and which induced me to take my bold and somewhat unwomanly step."

"Tut, tut, never mind it now, Clara."

"Oh, Beppo, did you but know the secret which has been breathed into my ears you would not say so."

"Well, what is it, Clara? It can not be so dreadful if it concerns me, for I have none."

"It concerns the disappearance of Sir Walter Templar."

"Walter's disappearance and fate! Then it does concern me deeply. What terrible secret have you learned, Clara?"

Sir Richard Brine, in the closet, was repenting his impatience, for he too was now concerned.

"Beppo, I would not be overheard for the world. Go and see if there be any one near the door."

She was obeyed.

"There is something uncommon here," thought the director of the detective force. In a moment Farinelli returned, and Brine threw all his sense into hearing.

"Well, Clara, what is it you have to reveal? There is none to overhear."

"Orsini was with me to-day, Beppo, and he insinuated against you suspicions of foul play towards Sir Walter Templar, and twitted me with what the papers say."

"Bah!" thought Sir Richard Brine, relaxing again, "that Orsini is a fool."

"He spoke to me of the motive," continued the lady, "and asked me what the judges of England would think if they knew of your mad love of old for Terese."

"Ha!" exclaimed the listener, nearly betraying his presence.

"Was that you who spoke Beppo?"

"I think so, Clara. You startled me. True this is known to Sir Richard Courtney's family, but did Brine know it, he would arrest me."

"For a moment, Beppo, I had the best of Orsini, and treated him as a designing villain. I told him a secret concerning himself, that of his duel with Sir Walter in Italy, and of his malicious purpose to kill his antagonist. Baglioni had informed me of this, and the Marquis is more than half resolved to bring about the arrest of Orsini."

"I will have my hand upon Count Orsini to-night," thought Brine.

"When I told Orsini of the Marquis' intention, he reflected deeply, and then he committed to me the terrible secret concerning yourself as he pretended for self-protection. Oh, Beppo, it touches your own life, for if known, nothing could save you in England against the charge of murder."

"What did Orsini say? Clara, I must know all, though I guess it too well."

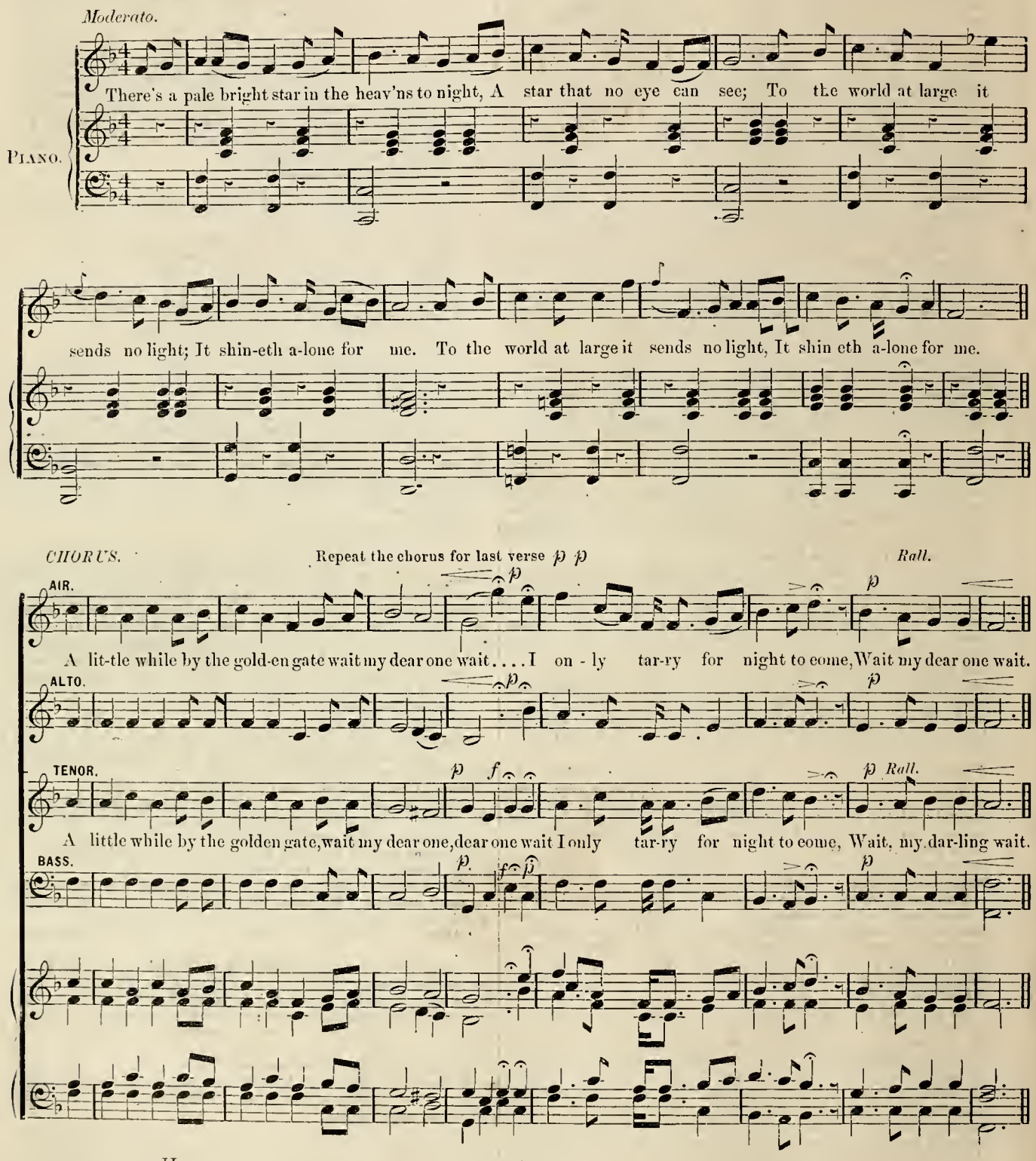
"He said, that on that same night of the duel, you in your mad jealousy, attempted to assassinate Sir Walter Templar. You struck him, but was yourself overpowered and wounded. This is the terrible secret that even Templar knew not, and which did Courtney know, even he would not shield you. Ha! What was that, Beppo."

"'Tis but your own agitation. Still I also fancied I heard a noise like papers falling. Yes, there they are on the floor, they fell from this table I suppose. But Clara, tell me you do not think me guilty of murdering Sir Walter?"

"Wait, my Darling, Wait."

Song and Chorus.

Music by C. J. Thomas.



II.

There's an angel singing in heaven to-night,
Singing a gladsome glee;
But the hurrying world can hear her not—
She singeth alone for me.

III.

I know who it is, for a while ago
We laid her away to rest
On the green hillside, where the wild flowers grow,
And the birds sing with joyous zest.

IV.

She is waiting for me by the golden gate
Of her bright and happy home,
And her crown, a star, casts a blessed light
On the paths where my footsteps roam.

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NO. 20, SEPT. 18, 1869. VOL. 3.

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THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

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HYMN TO THE SUN.

Oh fountain of beauty, of gladness and light,
Whose pathway is set in the infinite height,
Whose light has no shadow, whose day has no night.

We know not thy birthplace, oh wonderful one!
We count not the ages through which thou hast run,
But we render thee praises, oh life-giving Sun.

All day the glad Earth, in thy loving embrace,
Arrayed by thy bounty in garments of grace,
Lifts up to thy glances her beautiful face.

And at night, when her children need silence and rest,
With the light of her starry-eyed sisterhood blest,
She sleeps like a bride on thy cherishing breast.

When the sky-lark springs up at the coming of morn,
When the golden fringed curtains of night are withdrawn,
Then blushing with beauty the day is new born.

And the pulses of Nature in harmony bound,
To the waves of thy glory which move without sound,
And sweep unimpeded through spaces profound.

Ay, the life-tide that leaps in the bird or the flower—
The rainbow that gleams through the drops of the shower,
Oh wonderful artist! are born of thy power.

And the rush of the whirlwind, the roar of the deep,
The cataract's thunder, the avalanche-sweep,
Are thy forces majestic, aroused from their sleep.

Shall we wonder that, filled with devotion untold,
The awe-stricken Parsee adored thee of old,
Nor dreamed that One greater thy glory controlled.

And He, the Eternal, the Ancient of Days—
Whose splendors are veiled by inscrutable ways,
Did He frown on his blindness, nor envy thee praise?

Oh Sun! in the light of whose presense we see,
We ask—canst thou tell us?—what caused us to be?
And how are we linked to creation and thee?

We must perish—but thou, by thy wonderful powers,
Wilt rescue from darkness these bodies of ours,
And fashion them over to verdure and flowers.

But the jewel of beauty in life's golden bowl—
Oh answer us—say—dost thou also control
That Infinite Essence, the life of the soul?

There is doubt, there is darkness and fear in our cry:
Dost thou drink up the pearl of our lives when we die?
We listen—but silence alone makes reply.

It is well—for our spirits may know by the sign,
That a might hath evoked thee far greater than thine,
And we must seek Truth at life's innermost shrine.

That Center of Being, transcending all thought,
Whose might hath perfection of beauty outwrought,
Returns the great answer of peace which we sought.

And we know, when the race of the planets is run,
And the day shall no longer behold thee, oh Sun!
Our souls shall find light with that Infinite One.

Oh Source of all Being! whose name everywhere
Is sung in hosannas, or murmured in prayer,
We trust, unreserving, our souls to thy care.

CLEVE CLIFF.

A TALE OF THE COAST.

Stunned with the weight of his involuntary crime, Golding crept as near as he could to the edge of the precipice and looked over. To descend in the direction in which the unhappy youth had fallen was impossible; the cliff was as precipitous as the walls of a house, and at its base the retreating sea cast on the rocks a white border of foam. The night, too, had deepened with the swiftness peculiar to the time of year. He could see no trace of the young man. With a heavy heart he made his way quickly down the path on the land side; intending to get a boat and some assistance, and endeavor to find Edward Burnet alive or dead—the alternative he had only too good reason to fear.

At the foot of Cleve Cliff he met a party of alarmed villagers, among them Clara Wraxall raving. Then Mr. Burnet and several gentlemen from the pic-nic party hurried to the spot. And then and there Clara passionately denounced him as Edward's murderer.

The violence of her rage, the falsehood of the charge—false in its minuteness, a terrible lie in every circumstantiality—overwhelmed him. She had witnessed their quarrel: it was Golding who provoked it, she said. His jealousy of the young man had prompted the attack, and he had ruthlessly seized the less powerful stripling, and flung him over the cliff, breaking the railings in the act. He could not repel the hideous accusation which left every cheek pale, and a horror in every eye. Directing two men to guard him, Mr. Burnet procured a couple of boats, and headed a search at once hopeless and unavailing. In an hour's time they sorrowfully returned to land. Not even the dead body could be rescued from the cruel waves that washed the base of Cleve Cliff.

All that night Arthur Golding remained in guarded seclusion in the house of his former entertainer. Next day a magistrate's warrant was procured, and he was committed to

prison on the charge of attempt to murder. An examination before the magistrates elicited no new facts beyond the repeated statement of Miss Wraxall as to the circumstances attending the attack. Questioned as to the precise cause of the quarrel between the two young men, she admitted, with some reluctance.that their quarrel had been about herself. She had unconsciously (and oh, how bitterly she reproached herself now) afforded them a pretext for a violence which in the one had led to death, and in the other, to a crime which —judging from ominous expressions which he had confided to her. and which at the same time she had set down to the jealous ravings of a lover—she feared was premeditated. Arthur was then formally committed for trial.

A damaging part of the evidence against him, was the fact that he had had a slight tiff with the deceased on that fatal afternoon, and during the pic-nic excursion. It had amounted merely to a few hasty words provoked by Edward himself, in whose mind a jealous hatred of Arthur had been artfully sown by Miss Wraxall. Still, it was enough to prejudice the case against him. For Miss Wraxall herself a good deal of public commiseration was created, by her unfortunate connection with the crime, by her having been the witness of the murder, and by the manifest suffering which she experienced in giving her evidence. On Golding, public opinion was heavy and strong. Of all interested in the tragedy on Cleve Cliff. there were but two hearts that steadily refused to believe in his guilt—one, the unhappy girl whose lot it was to mourn a brother slain by a lover's hand; the other, sturdy Frederick Burnet, who had been summoned by telegraph, and who undertook, with all his legal energies, to conduct his friend's defence.

And Burnet never wavered in his confidence. "Pooh, pooh, old fellow," he said, in reply to Arthur's indignant denial of his guilt, "I never believed you killed poor Ned. and she doesn't believe it. And if mortal aid can pull you through, we'll do it. Keep your head cool, and make a plain statement of the matter as it happened. Put into writing. We'll pull you through yet."

But Arthur Golding saw little comfort even in being "pulled through." "Though I be acquitted" he said mournfully, "I was still the involuntary agent of his death. How can I ever aspire to her love, red with her brother's blood? I had rather be hanged on the whole."

But Burnet persistently set to work, and sent his scouts about in all directions. Many a confabulation he had with the old coast-guardsman, and never failed to return from these conferences with a cheerful mien. But on the points upon which he relied for the defence he maintained a reserve.

The day fixed for the trial dawned. The court was crowded, so deeply was the interest in the Cliff tragedy felt throughout the county. Mr. Burnet appeared as a witness, though his evidence showed nothing against the accused, and in cross-examination. his son managed to extract several instances which proved the amiability of the prisoner, and the unlikelihood of his committing so grave a crime. Kate Burnet had been cited, but was not called into the box, both counsel sympathizing with her distress. The chief witness for the prosecution was Miss Wraxall, who appeared in a modest garb of mourning, which set off her wondrous beauty, her pale face, and her matchless eyes. Calm, cold, and singularly unimpassioned, she gave her evidence with a clearness which seemed to tighten the halter round the prisoner's neck.

Burnet rose to cross-examine.

"You state, Miss Wraxall, that a bitter feeling existed between the deceased and the accused. Did you ever chance, by words of your own, to aggravate this feeling on the part of the deceased?"

"Never, sir."

"Did you ever signify, by any expressed statement, or by implication, to Mr. Edward Burnet that Mr. Golding occupied a higher place in your regard than he could hope to obtain?"

The counsel for the prosecution objected to this question; but Clara waived the objection.

"I can set this gentleman's doubts at rest. I never did imply to the deceased any such thing."

"What brought you, may I ask, on Cleve Cliff anterior to the accident?" pursued Fred.

"Anterior to the murder?"

"Please confine yourself to the answer."

"I went," said the witness, "to enjoy the evening air."

"Did anything of an excitable nature—any recriminations in short—pass between Mr. Golding and yourself previous to the arrival of Mr. Edward Burnet?"

"No."

"There were no reproaches—no violence of language?"

"Only on the side of the prisoner. He was sullen, and reproached me with slighting his suit; and said he was aware that he had a rival."

"He used no violence, however?"

"In speech he was violent," answered Clara reluctantly.

"But not in action? He did not embrace you, for instance —offered no personal violence?"

"No; he was very calm and collected."

"And you did not, when the deceased approached on the pathway of the cliff, call aloud to the deceased that you apprehended insult from Mr. Golding, and implored Mr. Burnet to protect you?"

"Certainly not," retorted Clara, with an ominous darkening of her brow.

"Please to recapitulate the events when the accused and the deceased met," said Fred Burnet, referring to his notes.

"Mr. Edward Burnet landed on the summit of the cliff, and the prisoner advancing, asked him what he was doing there; said he was aware of his pretensions to my hand, and would adopt immediate means to quash them. On Mr. Burnet's replying warmly, the prisoner struck him in the face. I was terribly frightened, and cannot recall what followed, but was immediately aware of the prisoner, who is an athletic man, dragging poor Burnet to the edge of the cliff, and flinging him over. My next recollection amid that horror" her voice failed here—"was his saying that he would serve me in the same way. On that, I fled down the pathway screaming in terror."

To the surprise of all concerned, the counsel for the defense sat down, and the cross-examination concluded. A few more witnesses were called, who proved the admiration which the deceased had shown for Miss Wraxall. Of these Fred asked no questions at all. Thus ended the case for the prosecution.

Then Burnet rose for the defense. "I propose, my lord, to call but one witness, and trust you will find his testimony sufficient to acquit my client. Let Mr. Edward Burnet be called."

A murmur of surprise ran through the court, deepening to an actual cry of relief and gladness as Edward Burnet, pale but resolute, appeared and made his way to the witness-box.

There was no need of the oath—no need of any crucical test. A hundred eyes recognized him only too gladly. His sister Kate fainted; Mr, Burnet burst into tears; the prisoner himself broke down with a sense of mighty relief. And Clara Wraxall looked at him, and over her face came a look of stony despair. It was Edward returned from the grave to balk her of her deadly revenge.

It all came out—the truth against the lie of the would-be murderess.

"But why," asked the sententious judge, "did you not come forward at once and clear the prisoner?"

Up jumped the irrepressible Burnet.

"I am responsible, my lord, for putting the State to that expense. In the first place, I only found Mr. Burnet quite recently. He had been picked up by a very respectable confraternity, who entertain grave doubts as to the advisability of supporting the revenue by payments on excisable articles; and they kept the young gentleman out of the way after restoring him, for fear of compromising themselves. In the second place I wished to prove to my cousin the utterly worthless character of the person upon whom he had fixed his affections. It was a sharp lesson, but I have saved him from a life of misery."

"Then," commenced the judge, "the evidence of Miss Wraxall——"

"Is, so far as my own knowledge of what she has said goes, a lie," answered Edward; and his lips were pale, but he wore the look of one who had awoke from a sad and bitter dream.

As Arthur Golding, with the sense of unreality still strong on him, walked from the court a free man, surrounded by congratulating friends, he met the coast-guardsman.

"I'll tell you, sir," exclaimed that worthy officer, with a burst of confidence unequalled in the recollection of the oldest fisherman of Clevedown, "how it all came right. That chap Slippy Jem was putting off on one of his expeditions to a smuggler's vessel in the bay at the very moment when Mister Edward tumbled off the cliff, and Jem and his pals picked him up and kept him out of sight after they'd brought him to. And from what I told Mr. Burnet, the lawyer, of Slippy Jem's ways and habits, that put him on the scent. And he found Mr. Edward sure enough, though they was afraid to produce him for fear of getting into a scrape themselves by letting out how they'd found him. But Mr. Burnet, the lawyer, squared Slippy Jem, and he's going to offer him the chance of becoming respectable, either as a missionary or the mate of a revenue cutter—he's free to choose which. And that's how it all came right, and it's the only time I ever knew good to come out of smuggling."

Never in the memory of man had the coast-guardsman delivered himself of so much spontaneous information; nor was he ever afterwards induced to hold forth for so long a time together, even at those subsequent periods when Arthur Golding, now Kate's husband, would pass his autumns at Clevedown with his wife and Frederick Burnet, and muse over the unaccountable disappearance of Clara Wraxall, as some said, over the broken railings of Cleve Cliff.

A CALIFORNIAN INCIDENT.

Some years ago, a poor, penniless adventurer arrived at San Bernardino. His clothes were in rags. His cheeks were hollow; and his eyes had that fierce, restless expression that is seen in one who has not for a long time tasted food. The stranger stopped at a farm-house, and, after some hesitation, asked for a meal. The farmer, who was well-to-do in the world, at once granted the request. Entering into conversation with the stranger, he found that he was endeavoring to make his way to the mines, but, miscalculating the expenses of the route, had found his means inadequate to bear him to his journey's end. The farmer was so impressed with his story, that he voluntarily lent the needy adventurer a sum of money to help him to his destination.

Time sped with its chances and changes, and found the once prosperous farmer, despoiled of his little property, seeking precarious subsistence in San Francisco, and getting a livelihood with difficulty. Such was the condition of his affairs, when, a few weeks since, a splendid carriage drove up to the poor man's door. A richly-attired gentleman alighted therefrom. It proved to be the penniless adventurer whom the now reduced farmer had once so generously assisted. Luck had changed with the former. He had traveled to Washoe, and engaged in the silver-mines, had amassed, like many others once poor, a rapid fortune. He had come to invite his benefactor, with his family, to take a ride, for the purpose of taking a look at a neat villa which he had just been purchasing in the suburbs. The party rode forth in high spirits. The morning was fine, and the air exhilarating. In due time they arrived at the villa, which proved to be one of the neatest in the neighborhood—a *bijou* of a place, with the cosiest of furniture.

When the visitors had satisfied themselves with admiring everything there was to be admired, and had partaken of a repast spread for the occasion, their entertainer turned to them, and said:—

"It is not so long ago but that you must remember the destitute stranger who came to your gate for wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and whom you sent on his way rejoicing with more money than he had seen for a twelvemonth. I am the stranger. With the proceeds of your generosity, I reached the mines. Success crowned my efforts. I am wealthy. I visited San Bernardino for the purpose of discharging my debt of gratitude; but you were not there. I sought you everywhere; and finally found you in your place of refuge, nearly as destitute as myself on the day when, overcome with hunger, I paused at your hospitable threshold. My mission is accomplished. You have been pleased to admire this villa. It is yours. Take it, with all that it contains; and may heaven enable you, my benefactor, to prosper as I have prospered."

To finish the story, the title-deeds were placed in the hands of the astonished farmer; and he is at this moment comfortably installed with his family in his new domicile, the happiest of men.

PLEASE FORWARD AT ONCE.—Such of our subscribers, whose subscriptions are now due, are requested to forward the pay at once, as we need it. The present great dearth of means has kept back so much of the pay due to us that scarcely one subcription in four has yet reached us. We blame no one for this, but we ask all to remember that our expenses are very great and that every little helps.

Such of our friends as have PROMISED TO PAY AT CONFERENCE TIME are requested not to forget their promises, as WE RELY UPON THEM.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

Of all the achievements of modern civilization, its discoveries in electricity are the most remarkable. Steam is gross and material; there is little poetical or great in the rattle of the train or the roar of a monstrous engine. We can easily account for the mightiest of machines impelled by boiling water. Gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, oxygen and hydrogen, seem the natural servants of inventive man. But when we attempt to catch the idea of the electric spark, it still appears almost as superhuman and terrible as when it flashed fear into the hearts of Greeks and Romans. It obeys with scrupulous accuracy; it performs the smallest as well as the most important tasks with equal care; it is as docile as was the genie to Solomon's seal; and yet it still remains shadowy, mysterious, and impalpable. It still lives in the skies, and seems to connect the material and the spiritual. Whence come these tongues of fire, these sharp shocks, these pale, ghostly lights that play around us and mocked the master they obey? Who is it that wields this electric elements which seems to be the very base and source of our existence?

Some such sentiment of mysterious awe pressed upon the mind of Thales, the Franklin of Miletus, when, twenty-five centuries ago, he probably discovered electricity. A sage of Greece, the philosopher's keen eye watched the minute phenomena of nature. His mind was eager for every kind of knowledge. He studied morals, metaphysics, life; and upon a narrow field of facts he erected vast fabrics of speculation, which were designed to embrace the whole origin and destiny of man. Phœnician voyagers, who were in the habit, in that dim age, of sailing out of the Straits of Hercules, and perhaps of coasting along the desolate shores of Europe until they reached the Baltic, brought back from the savage seas of Prussia a substance greatly prized by the ancients for its fair color and delicate transparency. It was amber, or electron. The natives found it floating upon the waves, or perhaps gathered it in from the mines which still form a source of the wealth of Prussia; and the amber imported from the distant north was an important article of commerce with the southern nations. But to Thales it possessed a misterious value. He discovered that electron, when rubbed, had the property of attracting to itself various light articles, such as feathers, threads, and floating filaments, as if it were endowed with volition. His discovery was the first step in the great science of electricity. But the philosopher did no more than record his observation, and attempt to account for it, as he had already done with the magnet, by ascribing to amber a soul. He supposed that some hidden principle of life lay in the yellow jewel from the northern seas.

The discovery was never forgotten, and the peculiar property of amber was noticed and commented upon by various ancient philosophers. Theophrastus, three centuries later than Thales, observed the attractive power of electron, and perhaps lectured his two thousand disciples upon the animated gem. Pliny the elder also describes the phenomenon, and believed, apparently, that the amber was rubbed into life by the action of his fingers. But the germ of the great science lay hidden in mystery. No ancient philosopher could for a moment have supposed that there was any connection between the animated electron and the wild electricity of the thunder storm; that the same power was active in both; and and that the secret of the amber was that of the thunder-bolt of Jove; that the precious electron was to create and to give a name to the most wonderful of modern discoveries.

Yet electricity, in all its varied phenomena, never suffered the puzzled ancients to rest. It flashed along the spears of their long array of soldiers, and tipped every helmet with a plume of flame. It filled even the immovable Cæsar with a strange alarm. It leaped down from the clouds and splintered the temples and statues of Rome, and did not spare the effigy of the Thunderer himself. It was seen playing around the ramparts of fortified towns, crowning their sentinels with a strange effulgence. Often the Roman or Greek sailors, far from land on the stormy Mediterranean, saw pale spectral lights dancing along the ropes of their vessels, or clinging in fitful outlines to the masts, and called them Castor and Pollux. But the science of electricity was still unborn. Meantime, in ancient Etruria, the parent-land of Italian superstition, countless students were being instructed in the art of reading by the lightning, the will of the gods. The heavens were divided into various compartments. If the lightning flash appeared in one, it was a favorable omen; if in another, it was fatal. The accomplished augurs, instructed by long years of study and toil, stood upon lofty towers, watching for the sudden gleam or peal of thunder, and knew at once by their divine art what undertakings would be successful, and when their warriors clad in brass, should go forth against Rome. The religion of ancient Etruria was almost a worship of electricity, and the land of Galvani and Volta was famous in the dawn of its history for the close study of electrical phenomena.

But no Tuscan augur or Roman priest made any progress in creating the science. Centuries passed away; Europe was torn by civil convulsions; men sank into barbarism and rose again into new activity; but the famous observation of Thales was never lost; and at length, in the opening of the seventeenth century, an Englishman named Gilbert began to study the properties of the electron. He was rewarded by a series of discoveries that, in the dawn of the science, made his name famous over Europe. Yet they were so meagre as to advance little beyond the early observations of Pliny. He enumerated various substances capable of producing electral action; he noticed the influence of the weather on the electron and the magnet; and from his labors sprang up a science known as Electricity. Gilbert's work, "De Magnet," was published in 1600, and soon the new science began to terrify and astonish men. Every fact, as it was unfolded, seemed spiritual and supernatural. Flames of fire played around the electrical substances in the dark; sparks glittered; sharp sensations, produced by the unknown agent, were felt by astonished operators; and a mysterious awe surrounded the birth of the wonderful principle. Men were almost inclined, like Thales, to invest the electrical substance with a soul.

An Englishman discovered electricity; a Prussian, in the land of amber, invented the first electrical machine. Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, who also invented the air-pump, formed the instrument by which electricity could be most readily produced: he placed a globe of sulphur on an axle, to be turned by the hand of the operator, while with the other he applied a cloth to the sulphur to produce the necessary friction. It was a rude, imperfect machine, but it was at once found to have made a great revolution in the science. Electricity, which had heretofore been known only in its feebler forms, was now given out in sharp sparks, and displayed a thousand curious properties. Sometimes it attracted objects, at others repelled them. It seemed at times to exercise a kind of volition. The weather effected it sensibly; dampness dissolved its strength; it was capable, too, of influencing bodies at a considerable distance, and was apparently independent of the usual laws of space. Yet the seventeenth century glided away, with its fierce religious wars and its wonderful voyages and settlements, while little progress was made in the knowledge of electricity. Newton paid no particular attention to the new science. He suggested, however, that the electrical substance was a subtle ether, filling nature, which could be set in motion by friction. Yet his bold, inquisitive mind was never strongly attracted by the mysterious study; the flashes and sparks of the electrical machines seemed, perhaps, a puerile entertainment to the great student of nature's laws. Nor did any other eminent philosopher of the age suspect that human hands would ever wield the thunderbolt or unfold by the aid of a globe of sulphur the mightiest principle in nature.

But in the next century electricity sprang at once into startling importance. A series of wonderful discoveries aroused the attention of almost every scientific mind in Europe. England again led the way in the path of investigation; Hawksbee invented the glass electrical machine, a great improvement upon that of Guericke; and in 1730 Stephen Grey began a course of experiments that unfolded the leading principles of the science. France took up the study, and the curious discoveries of Dufaye and Nollet excited the wonder of their contemporaries. Dufaye transmitted the electric spark through a cord thirteen hundred feet long; and at length, in conjunction with the Abbé Nollet, he performed an experiment, with wonder and terror, that seemed the crowning mystery of the science. Dufaye suspended himself

by a silken cord, and was then filled with electricity by the abbé. He presented his hand to his companion, half doubting the truth of his own speculations, when a brilliant spark shot from one philosopher to the other, and filled both with an equal surprise. Never had such a wonder been seen since the days of the Gothic warrior Walimer, who, according to Eustathius, flashed out sparks from his body, or the ancient philosopher who could never take off his clothes without emitting flames of fire.

Not long after, however, an event occurred that seems to have filled Europe with still greater wonder and awe. It was known as the Leyden experiment. Professor Muschenbrock, who wrote an account of it to Reaumer, can scarcely express in language the agitation and terror into which his unheard of sufferings had thrown him. He had felt the first shock of electricity prepared by human hands, and not the whole kingdom of France, he declared, could induce him to take another. He had been struck in the arms, shoulders, and breast, and it was two days before he recovered from the mysterious blow. The Professor, in fact, had invented the Leyden-jar. He had been endeavoring for some time to inclose electricity in a safe receptacle from which it could not escape, except with his permission; and at length succeeded in imprisoning the genie in a glass vessel partly filled with water. Suddenly he formed a connection between the two surfaces of the jar. The imprisoned electricity sprang through his body and shook him with a wild convulsion. It was a moment of horror. Novelty added its terrors to the unseen assault; his imagination was filled with an indefinite alarm; he shrank from his glass bottle as if it were tenanted by a demon. Yet we soon after find him recovering his spirits and once more experimenting upon his powerful instrument. The electric jar was soon employed in all the laboratories of Europe, and every where terrified philosophers by the vigor of its shocks. One lost his breath, and believed that his right arm was forever disabled; Professor Winkler was thrown into convulsions, and had recourse to cooling medicines to avoid a fever; Abbé Nollet received a severe blow—his body was bent, his respiration stopped, and he dropped the glass jar in terror. Yet the shock of the Leyden-vial soon became the favorite amusement of court and saloon. It was exhibited before Louis XV. at Versailles, and a chain of two hundred persons, having joined hands, received at once the mysterious blow. Each was severely shaken, and it was curious to observe, says a contemporary account, how the peculiar temperament of every individual displayed itself in the moment of terror. Soon itinerant electricians wandered over Europe, astonishing the unlearned and the rustic by administering electric shocks from the Leyden jar; and the mysterious machine became familiar to the people as well as to the court. The jar was improved by coating its sides with a thin metallic covering; its power was increased; it was used in medicine to revive the paralytic, or to open the lips of the dumb; long sparks were drawn from it that resembled flashes of lightning, and that killed unfortunate little birds; a battery of jars was at length invented by Franklin that gave shocks that reminded one of the terrible power of the thunder-bolt; and the whole scientific world felt that it stood on the brink of some unparalleled discovery.

The name of Franklin had now grown great in electricity. His mind was of a peculiar cast that recalled the vigorous simplicity of the Greeks. He was a modern Solon, a speculative Thales. He had wandered away from Boston a printer's apprentice, and had found employment and success in Philadelphia. From his parents he had received no inheritance except the noble:—a spotless example, a healthful constitution, a sane mind; and after a vigorous struggle and several failures, the philosophic printer had won the respect and attention of his fellow-townsmen. He founded schools, libraries, and various useful institutions in his adopted home, and at forty-five had become one of its most useful citizens. Still Franklin lived obscure except to his narrow world, and his eminent powers had won him no general renown. He had, perhaps, pleased himself in his youth with the hope of excelling in letters; he had formed his style by a careful study of Addison; he wrote clear and sensible essays that showed the purity of his taste and the weakness of his fancy; and yet in literature he had been far excelled in notoriety, if not fame, by his unprincipled companion Ralph. Franklin's rare humor, the wit of a philosopher, shines out in his "Busy-Body," his "Almanac," his "Ephemera," or his famous "Whistle;" he uttered keen apothegms that live like those of Solon, and sharp satires that want the bitter hopelessness of Diogenes. But his literature scarcely possessed the shining marks of genius, and was plain, cold, and lifeless. He was an excellent writer, but he was never great.

His genius, like Bacon's, lay in the power of swift induction from moral or physical facts. In morals he was the wisest of his contemporaries. He taught young mechanics that "time is money," that "credit is money;" that purity, honesty and self-respect were better than wealth, luxury, or any other success. His own labors were unceasing; he wrote, toiled, thought incessantly for his fellow-men; he was noted and observed for his modesty and discretion; his acute mind was ever seeking for useful novelty in science and conduct; and hence, when Franklin came to stand before mankind, covered with his splendid scientific renown, and the representative of the new republic that seemed about to revive the classic refinement of a better age, he was received in the courts of Europe as a worthy successor of the philosophers of Athens and Ionia. As Washington appeared before the world clothed in the purity, the probity, the valor of a Fabricius or a Cato, so Franklin was universally compared with the acute sages and philosophers of Greece.

To Franklin electricity owed the most wonderful of all its achievements in the eighteenth century. The obscure provincial was led by accidental circumstance and his own eager fondness for knowledge to enter upon the study of the new science. Peter Collinson, a member of the Royal Society, sent over an electrical machine to Philadelphia, and Franklin at once commenced a series of experiments that led to remarkable results. Never, he wrote to Collinson in his first letter, March 28, 1747, had he been so engrossed by any pursuit. All his leisure moments were given to his machine. His fellow-townsmen thronged his rooms to watch his novel researches. His labors were rewarded by constant discoveries, and his wonderful inductive powers soon led him to unfold, in his admirable style, the hidden principles of the science.

In 1747, he commenced writing to Collinson, in a series of letters, an account of his researches in electricity. He gave clear directions for the performance of various beautiful or instructive experiments that were wholly new and surprising. He explained the phenomenon of the Leyden-jar; he showed how iron points attracted electricity; and at length he declared that the lightning and the thunder were produced by the same agent that was to be seen in the mysterious bottle, and he urged the English philosophers to draw down the electricity of the skies by placing iron points upon high towers or poles and thus test the accuracy of his theories. His suggestions, it is related, were received by the Royal Society with shouts of laughter. They refused to print Franklin's papers in their Transactions, and they seem to have looked upon his speculations and experiments as scarcely worthy of notice. They thought them the silly dreams of an ignorant provincial.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

No. 1.

By special request, we republish our articles on "Woman and Plural Marriage," with some further thoughts on the same subject. These articles are entirely new to two-thirds of our present readers, and most of the subscribers to our former volumes are anxious to preserve them on better paper than that on which they were originally printed.

Hepworth Dixon says, in effect, that the next great question of the world is Marriage. He is correct: the next time the Great Managerial curtain rises, Marriage will be the drama, and it will be played through before it falls. Among other questions, that of plural marriage has to be tried, not *versus* single marriage, but alongside of it. The Mormon proposition is not to make plural marriage obligatory on the world, but to declare its necessity and legitimacy under certain circumstances. The Mormon proposition amounts to this, that all women are entitled to be married if it takes the institution of plural marriage in the world to effect it. This much it says for society at large and for itself: that plural marriage, practised within certain conditions, is a portion of a divine system based on the facts of men and women's natures. As to polygamy in the abstract, it is, like monogamy, neither pure nor impure. Polygamy, as practised by the Mormons themselves, may be very impure and degrading, or it may be very pure and elevating. In and of itself, it is neither one nor the other, but open to both results. It is just what it is made by its practisers. All that is necessary to make a doctrine divine is that it be *capable* of producing divine results, when practised in its true spirit; its susceptibility to abuse is nothing to the question.

During our journey East, how often have we heard the shallow remark, made, too, with a look of astonishing wisdom, that if a plurality of wives be right for man, a plurality of husbands must be right for women; for "what is sauce for the goose *must* be sauce for the gander" you know. Our reply to this has been that a plurality of husbands would be just as right as a plurality of wives, if it was equally in harmony with men and women's true natures, but it is not. It is in the nature of woman to concentrate all her wifely affection upon one object. It is not within the scope of her being to do more; a plurality of husbands is, therefore, impossible to her. Women of a loose, voluptuous order may *live* with more than one man, but no true woman, since the creation, ever loved more than one man, as a husband, at one time. There are women in the world who feel as though an affection for more than one man was possible to them. This is because they have never yet had their true womanly love drawn out. Let any such woman realize her true ideal of a husband—and all women will do so sooner or later—and her soul will be filled. Beyond that pure point she cannot go. It is not so with a truly developed man. As to the capacities and necessities of a man's soul, he is differently organized to woman in this respect; and all men who do not stifle and overrule the voice of their true nature know it more or less. Polygamy of the brutal, degrading kind is open, we know very well, to all men, and the lower the man the nearer it is to him; but polygamy of the true kind is just a question of growth; a question of enlargement of nature. When a man's nature is sufficiently unfolded, love becomes a necessity of his being, and he loves in exact proportion to the increase of his soul's capacities. Hence polygamy is not a necessity of all men's natures; indeed there are men so low in the scale of being that the domestic relations have never yet been developed within them at all. If they desire women, it is for their sex alone; their natures know no yearning for wife or child. This is simply undevelopment, or lack of growth. They are in the bud yet; they have never blossomed. They may wear beards like Methusaleh's, and be wrinkled with age, nevertheless they are but full-grown children—not men. A quality of manhood has yet to be developed within them. And the same fact applies to women: they may pass into the scar and yellow leaf of age, but unless the wifely attachments and motherly instincts have grown up within, them they have not yet reached perfect womanhood. Upon these facts all marriage is based. Its institution and intention are to cultivate and bring out these qualities, because without them men and women never know the full pleasures of their being, and, not knowing them, cannot enjoy the full felicity of life here or life beyond the grave.

Upon this broad foundation rests the true basework of polygamy. Its object is the development of the whole man, including the growth of the affections, and not the mere accumulation of women and children. There are many sides to a man's nature, and while one wife can draw out and fill one portion, she can do no more. In man, immortal man, type of eternal deity, there sleeps infinite qualities, endless powers only to be developed as they are called out by the necessities of his life. Single marriage does this in degree, but plural marriage with its thousand-fold conditions, can alone act on all sides of his being, develop, and bring into play all the latent powers within him. True, divine polygamy, can do this, but not the polygamy of lust, nor the polygamy of ancient barbarism, multiplying wives and children like cattle,—it must be the polygamy of love. When it is less than this, it is of the earth earthy, gross and degrading.

Where is the justice of polygamy to women? It is here: A woman has a right to all of a man's nature that she can impress and fill, but she has no right to that which she cannot occupy. If in heart and brain man increases beyond her capacity to impress, she has no right to prevent others from yielding that which she cannot herself supply. This is all there is to it. While she can rightfully claim that no woman shall divide the love herself has created, she has no right to that which she cannot draw forth, and which would be locked up in her husband's bosom silent and unused for ever as far as she was concerned.

All this, it will be seen, pre-supposes marriage based in every case on reciprocal affection of the purest and most elevated kind. There are men who believe in mechanical marriage—in the piling up of huge families just for the sake of numbers. Such men accumulate women but not *wives*. Against such marriages we raise our humble but indignant protest. Such marriage leads but to barrenness and sterility of soul, and is double-dyed damnation to both sexes.

As we have said before, plural marriage is not necessarily obligatory on all men, any more than single marriage. In our humble estimation, it should flow from the necessities of man's higher nature, and be demanded by them. True, there are exceptional cases where single marriage life has developed matrimonial love unknown before; and the same occasionally may be true to an increased degree of plural marriage; but it is a risky business and an inversion of the natural course. Doubtless there are men and women who would forever remain dwarfed and stunted in paternal and other natural

instincts, did not God by his providence, or through his servants, throw them into situations which—like hot-houses—*draw* out qualities which the natural sun failed to ripen; and better to be saved that way than to be lost, to our place in human hearts, or kept back for indefinite periods from holier and happier spheres of life. But the true course appears to be, for marriage of any degree to be induced by love *previously* germinated within the soul; and for plural marriages to be entered into in exact proportion, only, as the increasing capacities of men's souls, and the enlarging perfection of their natures demand it, through endless ages.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.—Next week we shall present an Editorial, which has been crowded out of our present number, on the wonderful story of the Earth and its past and future, as pointed out by the Earth itself

THINGS UNACCOUNTABLE.

CLAIRVOYANTS, ORACLES, VISIONS AND SEERS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

(From the N. Y. Independent.)

The tendency has been, and now is, to ascribe all inexplicable things to the agency of the Devil. The clouds of ignorance and superstition are perhaps as much expelled from Massachusetts as from any portion of the globe; yet I know several persons who would have thought the French girl, Angelique Cottin, possessed by a devil, if they had seen inanimate things rush violently toward her, and others whirl away, insomuch that she produced a general commotion in the furniture in every room she entered. But the learned Arago, after months of careful examination of these phenomena, decided that they could be mostly explained by laws of electricity; but that there was also some other mundane force present, not yet ascertained. There are many apparently well authenticated accounts of *places*, as well as *persons*, characterized by unaccountable sounds and motions. It was very natural that things so much out of the common course should become associated with traditions of crimes committed in such localities—especially with murder, which excites more fear and horror than any other crime. The house where the Rev. John Wesley lived so comfortably, in the midst of knockings, thumpings, rattlings, and rustlings, would have been deserted in the Middle Ages, and reported to posterity as a devil haunted mansion.

We of the 19th century have swung off to the opposite extreme, and scornfully reject all statements not inexplicable by known laws. More than forty years ago I became convinced of the existence of that gift of clairvoyance. I was laughed at by some of my intimates, who attributed what they termed my credulity to a fondness for mystical reading. But, in fact, mysticism had nothing to do with my convictions on that subject; it was the practical side of my nature which had been convinced by an array of evidence examined and published by scientific men in Paris. And, after all, there is nothing new in clairvoyance, except its name. The Grecian Apollonious born a few years before Jesus, was reverenced as one inspired by the gods because he could see the hidden thoughts of others. On one occasion, when he had just landed in Alexandria, where he was a stranger, he met several men, all unknown to him, who were being led to execution for robbery. He stopped the officers who had them in charge, and, pointing to one of the prisoners, he said: "Don't put that man to death. He is not guilty." From respect to the great reputation of Apollonious, they paused to listen to him while he entreated them at least to delay the execution While he was thus keeping them engaged in conversation, a courtier rode towards them in furious haste, crying out, "Spare Phorion! Torture extorted a false confession from him. He is proved innocent." At another time when Apollonious was lecturing in Ephesus, he suddenly stopped in the midst of his discourse, and exclaimed; "The tyrant is killed! This very moment the deed is being done." He then went on to describe the particulars of Domitian's murder, which was afterwards proved to have taken place in far distant Rome, at the precise time and in the manner he had described. I long ago came to the conclusion that clairvoyance furnished an explanation of the universal credit obtained by oracles in ancient Greece and Rome. There is a striking illustration of this in the case of Crœsus, king of Lydia. Wishing to ascertain which of the oracles was most reliable, he sent messengers to seven different places, giving directions to inquire what Crœsus was doing at a specified time. In order to be employed in a manner not likely to be conjectured, he occupied himself with boiling a kid and a tortoise in a covered brazen vessel. Six of the answers were false or evasive; but the reply from the oracle at Delphos was as follows:

> The odors that to my senses now rise
> A tortoise boiling with a kid supplies,
> Where brass below and brass above it lies.

The Pythia at that place was probably, clairvoyant; and seeing things at a distance, described them as she saw them. This power being out of the known laws of nature, was regarded as a direct inspiration of the gods. When the priests were unable to find a person in this abnormal condition, they resorted to trickery and double meanings to keep up a profitable reputation; and thus oracles fell into discredit. Socrates is represented as saying: "The Pythia, when *insane*, have produced many advantages both public and private: but when they have been in a *prudent state* they have produced little benefit, or indeed none at all." Modern observers of these strange nervous states will interpret the remark of Socrates by the help of the well known fact that clairvoyant power is developed by disease, and lost by the recovery of health. Cassandra of Troy was probably deranged in her nervous system when she had visions, which we are told uniformly proved true. Cicero describes seers in his time "whose minds inhere not in their bodies, but flying abroad do *behold* things which they predict" Indeed, the very word seer is akin to clairvoyant. The physical condition of Joan of Arc was in some respects peculiar, and her nerves were in that keenly sensitive state which usually accompanies the development of clairvoyant power. Several things of her are explained by this supposition alone. When the courtiers of Charles the seventh expressed surprise at his implicit faith, in the visions of Joan, his reply was to this effect:—

"One night my mind was in such agitation concerning the wretched state of my affairs that I found it impossible to rest. Long after all were asleep, I lay awake thinking of the perils that surrounded me, and seeing no hope of any earthly succor. In my distress I rose from the bed, and kneeling on the floor, I confessed myself a miserable sinner; but implored God and His glorious mother to have compassion on me, and send some aid by which I could drive the invaders from my kingdom, and govern it in peace. A few days afterward, this maiden craved an audience, to deliver a message, which, she said, Heaven had sent by her. When she came into my presence, she told me what thoughts had revolved through my mind that night, described how I had risen from the bed and knelt upon the floor, and repeated to me the very words of my secret prayer. By that token I was convinced that God had sent her to me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROME AND ITS GREAT ONES.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

We are on sure historical ground, when we assert that there has never yet existed a tribe or nation on the earth who have not endeavored to trace their origin back to some great hero, who had either directly descended from the gods, or was immediately related to some distinguished personage, blessed with that happy relationship. Find a man, if you can, who in imagination traces out the branches of the genealogical tree, to which he belongs, that ever looks downwards in the social scale for the founder or trunk of that tree. Every Anglo-Saxon living has descended from some of the old Saxon Thanes, as every English noble has from William the Conqueror, or some of the great chiefs in his courtly train. Find the man of English blood, if you can, who will acknowledge his descent in a direct line from one of the churls or serfs who sported an *iron collar* in the days of Harold, or in the time of his victorious successor, William of Normandy. The tiara or crown is more pleasing in perspective, than the gutter or dunghill, the frowning castle or lordly palace than the hut of turf. Who would rend the misty veil of the past and claim his descent from some poor, despised member of the family of Muggins, when it is possible to install some renowned Orlando, as the founder of his house? Who, of all the members of the shoddy aristocracy of America, so honest or so humble, as to put a piece of old iron or a bone, a bar of soap or a tallow candle on the panels of his carriage, as a symbol of the origin of his wealth and grandeur, instead of the Lion and Unicorn, the "*Fleur de lis*," or the "Shamrock" and the "Thistle?" If, then, such be the pride of our race now, let us make some passable allowance for the proud and haughty Roman in his efforts to aggrandize his progenitors, by claiming that their advent into the world was as grand, marvelous and strange as were the power and greatness of their descendants real.

NUMA.

The great and wise successor of Romulus, (the miraculous), appears to have been a man of wonderful parts. Of course it was discovered that the gods had so managed it that he was born on the twenty-first day of April, the *very day* upon which Romulus, of happy memory, had first laid the foundations of Rome. He was of distinguished parentage, and an especial favorite of the goddess Egeria. He was of a happy and contemplative character, fond of the deep solitudes of the groves, and with reluctance—very great reluctance—exchanged the quiet garb of a private citizen for the imperial purple. He was blessed by the unseen powers with frequent heavenly interviews. Numa was, intellectually, far in advance of his contemporaries. His conceptions of the Great God of all the gods and goddesses, were, that he "was not an object of sense nor liable to passion, but invisible, incorruptable, and discernable *only* by the mind." He taught the Romans never to worship the Deity either in the shape of man or beast, thus adopting the Pythagorean or Grecian mythology in preference to the lower and more contemptible worship of the Egyptians.

The Romans, being an agricultural people, could not possibly have received a tradition like that believed in by the descendants of Abraham, who were essentially a pastoral race throughout all the first ages of their history. Abel offered the flesh and blood of his flocks and was accepted, while Cain, an agriculturist, offered the first fruits of the ground and was rejected—what people would follow a mode of life condemned by the gods of their worship? Numa taught the Romans that the gods did not delight in blood, and were only to be propitiated by libations of wine and sacrifice of flour and other fruits of the ground. The Israelites incorporated the oil and the wine, butter and honey, mint and cumin, frankincense and myrrh, with the substances pleasing to Deity as fast as they became producers of the fruits of the soil after their permanent settlement in Palestine. Numa, like all the wise and astute politicians before his time, at once united the tiara with the crown, and claimed to be "Pontifex Maximus," as well as king. This greatest of all the Roman lawgivers, was evidently a man of peace. He sought, by justice and clemency, to break down the barriers of caste and race, and unite all the tribes of Rome into one people. With far-seeing policy he made amity and peace the watchword of his reign—thus proving that peace conduces more to permanency and prosperity in a state than rapine and war. Not only were the people of Rome softened and humanized by his peaceful example and precepts, but his influence extended to the other cities and principalities of Italy. Festivals, games of diversion, and sacrifices to the gods occupied their leisure hours, and the nationalities of Italy mingled together, without apprehension of danger, none molesting or making afraid. There is no record in Roman history of invasion, insurrection or war in the reign of Numa. All was peace and happiness in the reign of this great and good king.

Numa was a writer as well as a king and kept voluminous records of all his laws and the incidents of his reign. He wrote essays on religion and philosophy, which he commanded should be buried with him forbidding the Romans to burn his body; as was their custom with their dead. His body and his records were carefully hid away in two stone coffins.

Four hundred years after his death, a prodigious fall of rain washed the covering off his tomb—the coffin that had contained his body was found entirely empty, while the one containing his manuscripts was, with its contents, in good preservation. Joy filled the hearts of the people. What light for Rome might not be contained in those glorious rolls of parchment. The most dignified Romans were solemnly set apart to examine them, who, to their own astonishment, were obliged to report to the Roman senate, that, for the sake of religion and the state, the contents of those records should not be published. Consequently those sacred records were carried to the "Domitiurn" and burnt. "Glory follows in the train of great men, and increases after their death; for envy does not long survive them, nay, it sometimes dies before them;" the well-known shortcomings of the living representatives of greatness, clothes with immortality dead heroes. Did our readers ever know of a grey-haired sire or matron of three score years and ten, who failed to mourn over the fallen condition of society? "Where now," say the venerable pair, "do you find such sons and daughters as we were in our youth? Where now the parents who govern so wisely and well as we governed our children? Oh, dear, what is the world coming to?" What a shock to the Romans! How must the starch have been taken out of their conceptions of the great personages who figured in the glorious days of Rome, as it had been, to find that the far-famed records of the laws of Numa, together with all his discoveries in religion and science, should be so outrageously behind the times as to be unfit to be published. Tradition had vamped and revamped the laws of Numa, time had lent enchantment to his life and religious teachings, but here was the incontrovertable testimony of his *own* writings—*his own* witness of the developments of the age in which he lived; no sacriligious hand had ever handled them; no enthusiastic admirer had ever touched and retouched them, casting their faults into oblivion, and, in fervency of spirit, enlarging upon their excellencies. Here

they were, as he himself had left them, four hundred years before; the verdict of the most enthusiastic admirers of Numa and his times declared them unfit to be proclaimed—the interests of State and religion forbade it. Was it that Numa was not a wise, a great and a good king in his day? Was it that he had not improved Rome and her people by his example and precepts in his time? No; it was because tradition upon tradition had impressed upon the Roman mind the exceeding superiority of Rome and the Romans, of past ages, to the Rome and the Romans then living. Numa's own testimony proved that the laws and institutions were but the crude conceptions of a powerful but *barbaric* mind. That Rome and the Romans had grown, developed, expanded, and had proved to themselves that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was good, and that it was far better to have all their conceptions of the glorious past fall, than again to go back to the barbarism of their forefathers. If the doctrine of the Millerites and all their admirers be true, that man, in his advent into the world, came in at the "big end of the horn" and in the progression of ages, the race is becoming more and more wicked, more profanely ignorant of God and Godliness, and, physically, weaker and weaker, when, we ask, will the end come, and the race fizzle out? If, on the other hand, it be true that mankind entered upon the present life at the small end of the horn and, with the progress of ages, are expanding, and growing in capacity, as the horn enlarges in size, how glorious will be the day when posterity bursts out at the bigger end?

ALFRED AND THE SAXON COMMONWEALTH.

NO. 2.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

Alfred ascended the throne at the period when the Saxon Heptarchy was expiring, and the Danish invaders contended with the Saxon possessors for the dominion. Britain had been divided under eight Anglo-Saxon governments, and the island was, therefore, ruled by an Octarchy, though the Heptarchy—or the seven governments—is the most familiar historical denomination.

And here, with the ascension of Alfred the Great and the Danish invasion, we are brought at once to a very interesting consideration in the growth of England, and the development of her Commonwealth. We see the nation which was destined to play the most important part in the history of the world, passing from its semi-barbaric state, into one of consolidated empire, which, had it not done, England could never largely have contributed to the world's civilization. Ancient Britain had been divided under its petty kings and chiefs, and even to the ascension of Alfred, England had not assumed the form of a capital kingdom, but was portioned out between a number of Saxon Princes, who had by their preeminence and wars among themselves, set up their respective governments. France, it will be seen, had therefore, the start of several centuries before England in her imperial course, under the first dynasty of Clovis, and afterwards that of the family of Charlemagne, but while the huge empire of Charles the Great broke up into smaller empires; kingdoms and dukedoms represented in Germany and France from the day that the Saxon Heptarchy, or more correctly the Octarchy was succeeded by Alfred's consolidated kingdom. England has traveled to *unity* until at last it culminated in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This may be accounted for partially by the peculiar genius of England and her commonwealth, which binds law and order with a supreme love of liberties. England is revolutionary and progressive in her very genius and constitution, and not in diseased epidemics, consequently she has traveled to an imperial unity from the day that Alfred became the father of the English nation, while France and Germany have reached all its forms of popular governments through volcanic irruptions. Indeed, the passage of Great Britain into a modern republic would be as legitimate a development as her passage from a hereditary kingdom into a constitutional elective monarchy, she having already elected William, Prince of Orange, Queen Ann and the Hanoverian dynasty, after the great revolution which threw James Stuart from the British throne.

The great English unity was brought about by the famous invasion of the Danes, and with the rising of Alfred, the Providence of the world shows two phases—a nation destined to lead the vanguard of civilization, forced to consolidated empire by fierce invasions and the raising up of a man worthy to found an empire, and to infuse into it a genius compatable even with our modern forms.

Ethelred, King of Wessex, was mortally wounded in his battles against the invaders, and Alfred, by his brother's death was elevated to the throne of Wessex. Ethelred left children, but the critical state of the country induced his Earls to choose his brother Alfred to succeed him.

During the first year of Alfred's reign, as King of Wessex, a succession of the fiercest conflicts took place between his army and the Northmen. The west Saxons fought eight pitched battles with the invaders, many thousands of whom fell, but new fleets of them perpetually swarmed on the German Ocean, and poured upon England the invading tide. It was now fairly a war between the two people for the occupation of the land, and within a month after the accession of Alfred, the Danes, in his absence, vanquished his troops at Wilton. This made the ninth great battle fought in West Saxony during the year. Alfred now made peace with the enemy, and they quitted his dominions.

For the first seven years of Alfred's reign, England saw a succession of great struggles, with short cessations of hostilities between the invading Danes and the Saxon possessors for the occupation of the country. During this period, Alfred by no means won his immortality, nor fulfilled the promise which his valiant conduct gave in the reign of his brother, Ethelred. Then came that famous historical episode in his life, when he lost his kingdom, and became a fugitive in his own land. But the sequel brought forth Alfred purified and ennobled, and gave to him the dominion of all England. It was not until after he was an outlaw, that he merited his title of the Great king, and the father of his nation.

The "locusts of the Baltic" in the words of the old chroniclers, having spread themselves over a part of the kingdom of Mercia, being joined by new swarms, advanced into Wessex, and next took possession of Chippenham, in Wiltshire. At this formidable invasion, the inhabitants fled to other regions; some passing over to France, while the country generally submitted to the invaders, and Alfred himself became a fugitive.

This part of English history has been a marvel to the Chroniclers; for Alfred seems neither to have played a worthy part, nor his countrymen a very heroic one in submitting, almost without resistance, to the invaders. The cause is supposed to have been chiefly from some grave faults of the Saxon monarch in his early reign. Asser, his loving tutor and biographer confesses his royal master's sin. He says:—

"We believe that this adversity occurred to the king not undeservedly. Because in the first part of his reign, when he was a young man, and governed by a youthful mind; when the men of his kingdom, and his subjects came to him and besought his aid in their necessities; when they were depressed by the powerful, implored his aid and patronage; he would not hear them, nor afford them any assistance, but treated them as of no estimation. Saint

Neot, who was then living, his relation, deeply lamented this, and foretold that the greatest adversity would befall him. But Alfred paid no attention to his admonitions, and treated the prediction with disdain." Asser further says. "The Lord permitted him to be often wearied by his enemies, afflicted by adversity, and to be depressed *by the contempt of his people.*"

The following incidents of Alfred's great humiliation in the loss of his kingdom, and fugitive life, we quote from writings about contemporary with the Saxon lawgiver. The author of the life of St. Neot written in Alfred's time, speaking of the meeting of the invaders and the English, says of Alfred, that when the Danish army approached:—"He was soon lost; he took flight, and left all his warriors, and his commanders, and all his people, his treasures and his treasure vessels, and preserved his life. He went hiding over hedges and ways, woods and wilds, till through divine guidance he came safe to the isle of Athelney." Matthew of Westminster continuing the subject, says:—

"In the extreme borders of the English people towards the west, there is a place called Æthelingeie, or the isle of the nobles. It is surrounded by marshes, and so inaccessible that no one can get to it but by a small vessel. It has a great wood of alders, which contains stags and goats, and many animals of that kind. Its solid earth is scarcely two acres in breadth. Alfred having left the few fellow-soldiers whom he had, that he might be concealed from his enemies, sought this place alone, where, seeing the hut of an unknown person, he turned to it, asked and received a shelter. For some days, he remained there as a guest and in poverty, and contented with the fewest necessaries. But the king, being asked who he was and what he sought in such a desert place, answered that he was one of the king's thegns, had been conquered with him in a battle, and flying from his enemies had reached that place. The herdsman believing his words, and moved with pity, carefully supplied him with the necessaries of life."

The famous incident of King Alfred burning the loaves with the scolding he received from the herdsman's wife, is thus described by Assar, Alfred's friend and tutor:—

"He lived an unquiet life there, at his cowherd's. It happened that on a certain day the rustic wife of this man prepared to bake her bread. The king, sitting then near the hearth, was making ready his bow and arrows, and other warlike instruments, when the ill-tempered woman beheld the loaves burning at the fire. She ran hastily and removed them, scolding the king, and exclaiming, 'You man! you will not turn the bread you see burning, but you will be very glad to eat it when done.' This unlucky woman little thought she was addressing the king, Alfred."

We are told that the munificent Alfred afterwards rewarded his peasant host, whose name was Denulf. Observing him to be a man of capacity, the royal prophet of our Saxon civilization advised the peasant to apply his mind to learning and to assume the ecclesiastical profession: he did so, and the king made him his bishop of Winchester, which position he held till his death in 909. The fullest account of Alfred in his little island of refuge, when he began to rise above his abject state, to assert his heroic character, is left by the Abbot of Croyland, who says:—

"The king, overwhelmed with the disgrace of poverty and dejection, and instead of his royal palace being confined to a vile hovel, was one day casually recognized by some of his people, who, being dispersed, and flying all around, stopped where he was. An eager desire then arose both in the king and his knights to devise a remedy for their fugitive condition.

"In a few days they constructed a place of defence as well as they could: and here recovering a little of his strength, and comforted by the protection of his few friends, he began to move in warfare against his enemies. His companions were very few in number, compared with the barbarian multitude; nor could they on the first day, or by their first attacks, obtain any advantages; yet they neither quitted the foe nor submitted to their defeats; but, supported by the hope of victory, as their small number gradually increased, they renewed their efforts, and made one battle but the preparation for another.

"Sometimes conquerors, and sometimes conquered, they learnt to overcome time by chances, and chance by time. The king, both when he failed and when he was successful, preserved a cheerful countenance, and supported his friends by his example."

Alfred and his companions, in their little island of refuge led an uncertain and unquiet life, obtaining their subsistence by plunder, hunting, or fishing in the adjoining districts. With his small force, Alfred constantly harrassed the Danish army, when he found any of their camps or companies exposed. Whether victorious or repulsed by an overwhelming force, he always retreated with such celerity to his unknown asylum, as to baffle his pursuers, and soon he was found again harrassing the enemy in some distant quarter. "By day and night" says the historian "at dawn, and in the evening twilight, from woods and marshes, he was ever rushing on the Northmen, with all the advantage of selection and surprise." By these expeditions Alfred inured himself to war, obtained a knowledge of the country, won the hearts of his followers, gathered recruits to his standard, revived the spirit of the country, and made himself a skillful general.

A touching incident is told of Alfred during his residence in his fenny isle. His troop was abroad on one of their expeditions, but Alfred was at home with his queen and one thegn. As was his custom, he was reading the Holy Scripture, which he would vary with reading the annals of his country, and the actions of illustrious men. While thus engaged, a feeble knock and a cry of hunger was heard at his gate from one of his people. Alfred laid down his book and called his thegn to give the poor claimant some food, but the thegn found only one loaf and a little wine in their store. But the good king, who had now resolved to be the father of his people, divided a pittance between his family, and gave the rest to the mendicant: the beggar for once had the share of a king.

Alfred had been in his retreat six months when he resolved to surprise the main army of the Danes, which still continued in Wiltshire, encamped under Bratton-hill at Eddendun near Westbury. Having resolved to inspect the camp of the enemy, he assumed the character of a harper, and thus disguised, he went to the Danish camp. His early love of Saxon poetry and music stood him in good service now. His executions on the harp and fine singing excited the admiration of the Danish soldiers, and he was placed at their kings table to enchant him and his officers by his vocal and harp performances. Here he heard the conversations of the Danish chief and his officers, and while in the encampment, observed the position of the enemy. His bold design accomplished, he quitted the Danish camp without molestation and returned in safety to his little isle of refuge.

Music.

OUR ORCHESTRA.

It is most astonishing, but nevertheless most true, that, however near to perfection our home-talent may arrive in rendering the works of classical and other authors of modern date and variety, the less, we believe, they are appreciated by those who should encourage them by their applause to greater progress.

Notwithstanding this lack of appreciation of our home legitimate talent, we are not slow in tendering to foreign musicians, not only the approbation they are deserving, but we sometimes go to an excess in our applause, and not unfrequently the house is brought down by a specie of clap-trap so tickling to non-classical understandings.

Our present remarks apply to the Murphy and Mack minstrel band, who, in all truth, deserved much of the applause they received. But, we would ask, were they superior to our own Orchestral band? Let us analyze and see: Did the leading violin player of the Murphy and Mack minstrel band produce more

clear, more graceful, more expressive and rapid executions than our own leader, Professor Careless, is in the habit of producing from his instrument—the violin. We answer to this question without fear of contradiction, that he did not. In following up our question, we will ask—Did the second violinist render more effective execution with his instrument than our Mr. Beesley is in the habit of doing? Did the contra-basso player produce more euphoneous and voluminous tones than our own Mr. Midgely produces in general? To each of these questions we answer—They did not.

Of the cornet executions and purity of tone brought out by Mr. Croxall on the above instrument, we have given our opinion in the last number.

There is only one instrument less in value—the flute—than found in the Murphy and Mack minstrel troupe, and to compensate for this disadvantage, we have the brilliant, clear and expressive executions of Professor Pratt on the Grand Piano-forte, which is combined with our Orchestra.

We will follow up our questions still further by asking—If we have as good performers in our Orchestra as we find in imported bands, why is it that we do not appreciate them better by giving them that stimulating applause which they deserve, and is so much needed to keep them up to the mark by constant and punctual practice; for without honest stimulation, they lose their zest for progression.

We noticed that Murphy and Mack's band received encores for many pieces of clap-trap, while we allowed, at the re-opening of our Theater, the very effective rendition of Rosini's Overture to "Semiramide," which is so beautiful in its development of rare and choice subjects, notwithstanding its faithful interpretation by the members of our Orchestra, to pass without a single clap, and without a single expression of approbation for the care bestowed by the performers in rendering effective this fine telling composition.

In conclusion, we will say—Let us throw aside our lethargic propensity of non-appreciation of home-talent, and render to our band the applause they so much deserve by their effective interpretations of the Great Masters; at the same time, let us remember that the Orchestra is no small item in the evening's amusement. We will also advise our Orchestra to persevere in their study and practice which will enable them to compete at all times with any imported talent that may be introduced at our Theater.

The Drama.

THE ADVENT OF NEIL WARNER.

Silence is broken by the advent of Neil Warner; the apathy of the theatrical public is charmed into speech. On the morning after the performance of Richard III, the young English tragedian was the subject of conversation in the city. The public had unexpectedly met an *event*, and events are very rare. As for the critic, he has found something to say—more he has found the *impulse* which forces him to an utterance. The highest compliment which the critic can pay to a great *artiste* is the confession that he *cannot* be silent. Sheridan's reply to Boswell, upon a certain occasion, is very much the critic's constant feeling. Said the author of the best biography in the world, as he met Sheridan in the street—"Have you read my Life of Johnson." "Yes, d—n you!" was the characteristic reply of Sheridan. "but I wouldn't if I could have helped it!" So the critic goes to see Richard III, with a deep resolve not to be moved to admiration. There must be one, at least, in the house analytic, not enthusiastic. This cynical disposition is doubtless very much because there have been so many Shakspearean celebrities, but so few actors with real dramatic nature. The dramatic genius is the highest endowment of the poet. It was the possession of this in the greater degree that placed Shakspeare a head above Milton. As a poet, Milton was his equal: as a creator of epic subject, his equal; but in the protean nature of the dramatist, which conceives and brings forth character as nature does its offspring, the author of Paradise Lost was very much the inferior of the prophet of the English Drama. Now, no actor can be really great, or claim brotherhood with Garrick, Edmund Kean, the elder Booth, or the Kembles, except he also, as well as the poet, possesses this dramatic genius. Neil Warner is endowed with this very rare gift, and he is one of the very few men now upon the stage of whom this can be affirmed. We care nothing about this gentleman's celebrity; it is his quality that gives him weight, and like a true *artiste*, he comes to us in the *simplicity* of his name.

Mr. Warner opened his engagement in Salt Lake City, as Richard III. There is not in all Shakspeare's plays a character so difficult to render as that of Gloster, but from the very moment that this great actor made his first *entree*, the audience appreciated that Richard was before them, and the illusion remained in their mind throughout the entire performance. We shall give to him a special page of review in our next, after we have seen his full capacity.

Correspondence, Etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Payment of Wages.—We have received a very sensible letter from friend Joseph Silver. Joseph, with his usual hard sense, but of course a little ironically, proposes, as workingmen have so long done work in advance of wages, that it would be refreshing to have a change, and get wages for a little while paid in advance of work. There is more truth than poetry in this proposition. As Bro. Silver says, workmen have to wait from one month to two years for pay, and use up more time in its collection than it is worth. This is the experience of us all; we need a radical change, and must have it. What we would urge upon employers and workmen, is a weekly settlement of wages. Labor is the workingman's capital, and there is no more reason why he should give it to an employer, and wait weeks or months for the pay, and then take it in dribbles, than there is that a merchant should hand a calico dress over the counter, and wait months for the money. Weekly settlements, we are aware, are not as easily made in trade as in cash, still, where there is a will there is a way, and this is a reform long needed, and which should be loudly called by both capitalists and workmen. We intend some-day to give our views on the very many bad influences attending the system of trade or barter.

The Days of my Youth.—A piece of poetry with this designation has been received without a name. Our object is to give a local interest to our columns. We cannot, therefore, publish without a name.

Sickness among Children.—We are of opinion that much of the dysentry, distressing our children is more canker than anything else. A little pure olive oil, would, we are assured, do more good than anything else. Try it, all.

THE SPIRIT IN THE WHOLE BODY.

BY JOHN LYON

CONCLUDED.

In continuing my remarks, in proof that the spirit of man has not its seat or residence in the brain more than in any other member of the body, I shall investigate, with as much perspicuity as possible. The next reasons I shall advance are that the outward development, or bumps, have, in some instances, no corresponding cavity in the interior; again, when disease or surgical operations have, in consequence of accidents, physically affected certain, so-called, organs, the patient has still retained the intellectual and moral power and sentiment as formerly. The same result has been proved in the case of the amputation of a leg or an arm, when the actual feeling or sensation has been retained in the region formerly occupied by the toes and fingers, long after they were severed from the body. It may be said that this was in consequence of the nerves having their seat in the brain, and

retaining their sensation and sympathy for the dissevered parts. This I admit; but this is only adding to the proof that if our reflection from sensation remains with the nerves in connection with every other part of the body, as it is constituted, it will then follow that the spirit is in *every* part of the human frame, through the nerves, as well as in the brain. Let us refer to the acuteness of the hands and feet, in the performance of arts, manufactures and trades. For example: the compositor, who sets up type for the press, has not only to remember the orthography of each word (which in most manuscripts is very imperfect), but also the punctuation, and all the different divisions of the cases in which the type is kept; yet, when he is an expert workman, and understands his business thoroughly, he can converse on various subjects and perform his labor at the same time—as if his fingers retained all the consideration necessary to perform their seemingly intellectual task. So it is with many writers and copyists.

In working certain kinds of cloth, the feet of the weaver have often to thread their way among a number of treadles, which are entirely hidden from his sight, yet, after having his feet once trained to work out the pattern, he can go on with his business with as much ease as if it required no trouble or study to accomplish the complicated fabric in hand. His feet will be performing all the movements necessary, with an intelligence akin to the fingers of the compositor, or the copyist, while he is talking politics with his shop mates, or debating some intricate subject on theology. The somnambulist is also a wonderful exemplification of human action, performed without the aid of wide-awake reflection.

In intellectual compositions, however, or any real mental study, the head seems to be more in requisition than any other member of the body. But the art of writing and spelling is as natural to the hand as thoughts are to the head—that is, to a person in the habit of writing. Indeed we sometimes exchange the use of our outer senses, without taking any notice of it; for example: in writing, we *speak with the hand*, and in reading, we *hear with the eyes*, just as a blind man can recall the name of a person or place, or thing by the silent touch of his finger on raised letters. To prove this assertion in respect to hearing, it has been observed that persons born deaf can hear sounds otherwise than through or by the auditory nerve, which is said to be placed at the extremity of the inner passage of the ear leading to the brain. The plan to prove this statement is by taking a slim piece of wood, three or four feet long, and placing it between the teeth of the deaf person, putting the other end, in the same manner, between the teeth of the operator, who projects the sound to him. In this way, persons born deaf have been enabled to hear sounds, although unable to understand their meaning, because sound is merely the symbol of something, and has no meaning until one is attached to it. We would here observe that it is evident that the nerves of the teeth communicate to the soul or spirit in man, as well as the auditory nerve. But this does not prove that the brain is not the workshop of the spirit any more than the heart or stomach; indeed, the heart has a greater claim to be called the seat of sensation, as it is there we feel any sudden shock first, when fear causes a momentary stoppage of the circulation. The stomach, also, has a powerful effect, when deranged, on the whole body, being the laboratory in which materials are prepared to nourish and cleanse the blood and to strengthen the nerves and muscles.

In conclusion we would remark that, where there is no phrenological development, to indicate the operations of the mind, that we know of, we often find it in vigorous power, without the appliances of study, in cases where evidently it is not flowing from the head alone, but is dependent on the lesser members of the body as well; demonstrating the statement that the spirit is not particularly confined to the head, but is everywhere diffused throughout the whole body of man, and that itpossesses the same formation, spiritually, as the physical system it inhabits. It will also be seen that physiognomy, physiology and phrenology combined are necessary to elucidate character; and, as a combined philosophy, more consistent with the revelations of God to man than either apart, and more adapted as a science, to man himself as a progressive, intelligent being, formed physically and mentally to attain to the full perfections of his creator, with all the attributes of God, to be developed in time, and throughout all the endless ages of eternity.

THE TRUE JUSTICE.

The French courts have struck the marrow at last. Hitherto, when a betrayed and unhappy girl is driven by want and madness to destroy the fruit of a passion, not regarded as legitimate except under the mummery of statute and priest, she has been roughly laid hold of by the public authorities and handed over to as speedy a punishment as could be meted out to her. In all such cases, only the unfortunate girl becomes the object of condemnation and punishment. The Hester Vaughn tragedy led certain persons, who make it their vocation, to look more closely into the modes of dispensing justice, and with a result not altogether expected even by those who took an active part in the same. The poor girl's pertinacious determination not to reveal the name of her betrayer, by whose direct agency she had been brought into her state of woe, only excited a profounder sympathy for her situation, while it likewise provoked many sharp inquiries as to the right of the guilty partner to screen himself from his just share of the consequences. Possibly a few such glaring instances of injustice will avail at last to direct popular attention to this most important point, and we may then get at something like an equal distribution of a penalty which one person, and she always the most helpless, is forced to bear alone.

A case has recently occured in France that pretty well illustrates the observations above made to our readers. A young girl went from a distance to live in the family of a married man, a manufacturer of embroidery. After a time her friends suspected a criminal intimacy between the man and herself—and endeavored to procure her removal. She stoutly denied the charge, however, and insisted on continuing where she was. Time passed on, and circumstances gave their suspicions the character of facts. She appeared *enciente*, and then suddenly the symptoms disappeared. The case came to the notice of the authorities, and the girl was taken in hand. But, be it noticed, not the girl alone. The partner of her guilt was arrested along with her, and both were held for trial. The case duly came on, and the evidence brought about a conviction. But it was not such a conviction as we are accustomed to in this country. The *girl* was acquitted—but the *man* was found guilty. She went free; he was sent to prison for the term of ten years, to be devoted to hard labor! There is the difference between justice in one country and in another.

Now let our laws be so amended, obediently to the spirit of reform which is abroad; that in every such case the girl goes free and the man gets the punishment—or at least so that the man shall *share* in the penalty which he would cowardly bring down on her head, and we shall have reached a stage of progress in a most important matter. It is shockingly wrong that so unequal a measure of punishment should be *meted* out on the party which is the defenseless one.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LXIV.

FARINELLI IN NEWGATE PRISON.

It was the morning after the arrest, and Farinelli was now lying in Newgate prison. To say that he had passed a sleepless night would be telling but little of the state of his case. He had not slept, for he had barely survived a night of torture. How can a man sleep upon the rack! True, his was a mental torture, and the rack upon which he was broken, was his imagination. It is a dreadful thing for a man to be charged with murder, and the higher-toned the mind, the more horrible to it is the charge. In such circumstances, a man cannot help picturing to himself the shuddering horror which runs through a nation at the very mention of the murderer's name, and among another class, the cool manner with which he is morally and almost literally dissected: for there is something very like a dissection in the prospects of an execution. There is also the public trial, with a thousand eager faces staring at you, a thousand eager ears waiting to catch the judgment of "guilty or not guilty." How can one, so charged, shut out that picture? But worse than all, there is the scene of the gallows, with a horrid crowd of twenty thousand human wolves waiting to see you drop into eternity with the last convulsive spasms of strangled life, which may be well supposed to describe the mental agonies of the condemned at the near prospect of entering suddenly into the awful presence of the Creator. How can one charged with murder shut out the picture of that last frightful gallows-scene, or what stoical mind resist the overwhelming sensations and thoughts of that last moment before dropping from the scaffold into eternity. Even, though a man should be innocent like Farinelli, those pictures, on his first night in Newgate, would certainly rise to appall the mind; they would be vivid even when the prospects of an honorable acquittal were bright; but, when the circumstances were as black as those which surrounded the foster-brother of Terese Ben Ammon, then every view which he could take would be dark and ominous indeed. These remarks will sufficiently describe the state and feeling of Farinelli, on his first night in Newgate, charged with murder.

"Sir, can I do anything for your comfort?" said one of the warders of the prison, who entered his cell about ten in the morning, to take away his untouched breakfast.

"No, my good man, I thank you," the prisoner replied.

"Sir Richard Brine has instructed us to show every consideration to you, Mr. Farinelli," said the warder. "All but your liberty is at your order, sir."

"I am grateful to Sir Richard, and also to yourself, for your respectful attention; but I need nothing except an answer as to whether anyone has called to see me; and also, if any particular friend would be permitted to visit me here."

"Most certainly, sir; though no one has called this morning."

"Thank you. That will do," said Farinelli with a sigh; and the warden left him.

"I thought, at least Terese's uncle would have been here this morning to see me," observed the poor fellow, despondingly. "Will my foster-sister visit me here? Oh, could I but see her and receive her forgiveness for my mad act in Rome, with an avowal of her belief in my innocence of this treacherous crime, I should be half reconciled to my fate; but I fear she will not come. Will Clara, too, forsake me? No, she will not. There is one consolation. She would cleave to me even were I guilty."

And thus Farinelli continued to muse and agitate himself with doubts and speculations until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the warden entered and announced Sir Richard Courtney. The baronet was accompanied by Lord Frederick De Lacy, Judah Nathans, and one, more welcome still, his foster-sister, Terese.

Farinelli could not speak, so great was his agitation; but his gentle foster-sister seeing his emotion and understanding his feelings, ran and threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh my dear brother Beppo," she said in tremulous accents, "I weep to see you here, not in belief of your guilt."

"And do you, indeed, forgive me, sister Terese, for what I *did* attempt?" asked the poor fellow, anxiously.

"As I hope God will forgive me of my wrong thoughts," she replied, wording it as though Farinelli's had been but a thought and not an act.

"Bless you for that, my sister; bless you for that!"

"My uncle Judah has told us everything and has taken all the blame upon himself," observed our heroine paliatively.

"That is more than his due. He but tempted me."

"And therefore am I—not you—to blame, my friend," put in Judah Nathans. "You were tempted through your better nature. Angels fall—not devils. No fiend ever tempts me, except my own necessity. I fall from nothing, for I am of my father, the devil; but you, Farinelli, were a soul blinded by its own nobility, as much as by its passions; and my master's necessities placed me at your elbow to push you over the brink of your perdition. Legally, I am invulnerable, for several times I held you back from murder; nor was murder my design, for I loathe it. Sir Herbert Blakely designed assassination; your morbid passions fascinated you with the same thought, and I played the Mephistopheles to you. Don't fret yourself with that affair, my friend. You but simply grazed the hand of Walter Templar, while he was nearly the death of you. And then, my dear fellow, were I superstitous, I should say there was a providence in the affair, for it led to the strange discovery of my family; and will even yet lead to the fulfillment of Sir Richard Courtney's family purposes. Walter may not be found, but the De Lacy estates will be redeemed by my niece, which most likely never would have been the case, had you not, in your insanity, struck at Walter's life."

"You aim to take self-reproach from my heart by your considerate sophistry, sir; but I thank you all the same," observed the prisoner gratefully.

"No sophistry; but the simple truth, Farinelli. Now, your *mumby-pumby* moralists generally call this looking at the truth from *all sides*, sophistry; but I look in the face of Truth, on every side, for she has many faces. Meet her on one corner of the street and she seems a different person to the one you met on the other corner; yet, it is Truth herself, and not two persons. Now, the stupid judges and jury will meet the facts of your case in Italy and believe that the truth in England has the same face. We must show to them, my friend, that she has another face in England. For this purpose, I start for Italy to-night. I am certain I shall find the solution of this problem in Herbert Blakely."

Sir Richard Courtney had been conversing with Lord Frederick De Lacy aside, leaving Judah Nathans and his niece to speak to the prisoner first; but they now came forward, and Sir Richard Courtney cordially offered his hand to the poor victim of circumstantial evidence.

"My poor friend," said Courtney, sympathetically. "I beg you to consider my presence here to-day as a testimony of my belief in your innocence of this dreadful charge. As for your act in Rome, I forgive as I know my nephew would also forgive."

"I will answer for Walter; here is my hand, both for him and me," joined in Frederick De Lacy; and he shook the hand of the prisoner with the impulsive warmth of youth and that natural generosity which so characterized the friend of Walter Templar.

"Lord Frederick and myself have visited you, Signor Farinelli, to impress upon the public mind the confidence of my family in your innocence. Our visit will, of course, be reported in all the London newspapers."

"Sir Richard, I appreciate your noble generosity towards me," returned the prisoner, deeply affected.

"Count Orsini," continued Courtney, "has stated his case under oath, this morning: but both myself and Lord Frederick have delivered a formal statement in the case, affirming our faith in your innocence, with our grounds of suspicion that Blakely and Orsini were the two mysterious horsemen. Mr. Nathans came not into court, for he will not appear against his old master, unless at the last moment, to save your life. He has been, however, busy preparing to go to Rome for the purpose of establishing the fact that Herbert Blakely was on that night, not in Italy; and tracing his return to England before the date of Walter's disappearance. I have also left other contingencies of the affair entirely in his hands for your sake."

"To be brief, Farinelli," here put in "Snap," "Sir Richard has pledged himself to me that, in case Herbert Blakely has the power, and will restore Walter Templar, no action shall be taken against him. This is as much to save your life as to find Walter, if living. If Herbert Blakely consents, well; if not, I shall have found the *necessity*; he shall not escape *me*, his race shall have been run. Now, my friend, we must leave you."

"There is some one else, brother Beppo, waiting to enter when we depart," whispered Terese.

"Is it Clara?" the prisoner enquired anxiously.

"It is Clara Garcia," answered the foster-sister.

In a few minutes more Farinelli's first visitors to his Newgate

prison cell had departed, but another comforter flew to him, and was clasped to his throbbing heart: It was Clara Garcia. This terrible adversity had but drawn them nearer together.

CHAPTER LXV.

SNAP AND HERBERT IN ROME.

In Rome again. It was in the evening and at the beginning of the month of May. Herbert Blakely was alone in his luxurious room in one of the most fashionable hotels. He was drinking wine and smoking his cigar, and the fantastic cloud that constantly encircled his head showed the intensity of his thoughts, for he puffed away like a man self-absorbed. He had been reading a letter from his confederate, Orsini, relating the arrest of Farinelli and the other circumstances of the case which so deeply concerned him. One point especially pleased him: it was in the fact that Snap kept aloof from bearing witness against him. His last thoughts were of his ancient mentor. As he reflected upon him, he puffed away at his cigar more furiously, the fire of which was now blazing at his very lips, but he noticed it not. The evening was fairly set in; a man had just entered softly and stood near contemplating him. Suddenly he threw away the bit of cigar which had just burnt his lip, at the same time impulsively confirming his thought aloud:

"Yes, I think I can trust the fidelity of Snap to my dead father. Snap will not betray me."

"You can trust my fidelity, but can you trust your own? I will not betray you, but will you betray yourself?"

"Devil! what brought you hither?" exclaimed Herbert Blakely, starting to his feet in amazement.

"My purpose, as you know, or I should not have come," Snap replied.

"What purpose, rascal?"

"What purpose, Herbert?—your own good, and to prevent my heel from hurting my dead master's son."

"Ha! say you so?" exclaimed Blakely.

"Herbert, you have seen me shudder when that heel has trod upon a worm, for, as you know, I love not hurting."

"Fool, am I your worm? You shall find the serpent's sting in me, if you dare to plant your heel."

"Nay, Herbert, the serpent's sting is mine; and perhaps, being myself a living thing upon the ground, from sympathy I do not like to tread upon the worm. But while I hate to hurt, you have seen me in the dissecting room take the knife from the surgeon's hand and cut up his subject with a passionless celerity that has won the applause of a crowd of surgical students. That was science. The treading on the worm has disgusted me, the scientific cutting-up of the human body fascinated me, for it shuddered not beneath the knife, but provoked me to skill by its lifeless apathy."

"Blockhead! Come at once to your sticking point, for I see you are feeling your way towards it; but remember I am not a lifeless lump of flesh any more than I am your worm."

"I have come to Rome that you might not be a subject for some surgeon's knife, after the hangman has fingered you."

"Bah, fool! To your sticking place, I say."

"Well, Herbert, my illustration was to impress upon you what you so well know, that I am scientific without passion, without hate, without conscience, without morals, without religion, and, until my sister's child entered into my heart, without human affections. Life here and hereafter—if there be a hereafter—is to me a science; and my necessities are my dissecting knives. I come to prevent you, if possible, from putting one of those knives in my hands to cut you up, for I shall do it quickly and passionlessly, if I begin."

"Come, come, Snap, no more of this. Let us talk as of old, and I suppose, as of old, I must bear your monitorship."

"Very good, Herbert; let it be as of old. And now I have lighted the lamp for you, I will help myself to your wine. You should never sit in the dark."

Snap, during his conversation, had taken the lamp from the mantel-piece and lighted it, just as he would have done when he was in Sir Herbert's service; and he threw himself into a chair.

"Well, Snap, what would you say to me. I ought to be angry with you for betraying my father and myself in the De Lacy affair."

"That, Herbert, is not true. I pledged not myself to your father to war against my sister's child, and to blight her life nor to murder the man whom she would choose for her husband. Facts and relationships have met me within the last eighteen months which neither he nor I nor you dreamt would turn up. Herbert, you and I must accept them. I am on the side of my sister's child, but I would preserve you from yourself."

"By the Fiend, Snap, you anger me, but go on. Your business in coming to Rome; pray, what may it be?"

"To ask you to restore Sir Walter Templar to my sister's child, if he be still living, and to save Farinelli from being hung."

"Fool! Do you not remember that we both for years tried to remove Walter Templar from our path, and that it was you who chose Farinelli as our instrument?"

"I deny nothing, but I knew not then that Walter and Terese were nearer to me than all others in the world, nor how much I and mine owed to Farinelli and his dead mother. Herbert, it is in vain for you and me to parley over this matter. What is cannot be changed. The necessities of my family outweigh those of yours in my mind. They have come unbidden and unsought between you and me."

"Well, let the affair rest thus," answered Blakely impatiently.

"Herbert, I would save—not destroy—you, which I certainly shall if you submit not to my necessities."

"Let us end this, Snap. Come, drink and be friends at least in desire."

"I am your friend, Herbert, for the sake of the old bonds and associations. But tell me where is Walter Templar? Have you killed him?"

"Why, what a blockhead you are to think that I should confess to you, if I did."

"You might in safety, if it came not too late. If Walter is dead, tell me, and I will keep your secret; for, if he is not living, to hang you would not bring him to life again. I should regret his death, but would not betray you. But Farinelli must —shall be saved, if possible, though I will not betray your life away even to save him."

"Do you not see then, Snap, that were I concerned in the death of Walter Templar, you are placing impossibilities in the way of both. My confession would not save him, but destroy me."

"No, Herbert, for I believe that Walter Templar is living. Restore him or give some evidence that I can handle to prove that he is living and will return to his family and that Farinelli will be saved."

"And I say again, were this in my power or were I concerned in the disappearance of Templar, of which I have read in the papers, I should destroy myself."

"Not so; I have come with guarantees of your safety. Sir Richard Courtney pledges himself and his nephew that, if Walter is restored, the secret shall be kept, and the world made to believe that common robbers contrived the whole. The story shall be framed to suit the case."

"Fool, do you think that my father and I have aimed for the De Lacy estates so long, that I should play the baby now. What I have done, I have done, and shall stand by it."

"A point more, Herbert, and I have also done. You still calculate on the De Lacy estates. My niece will redeem them."

"Traitor," roared Blakely fiercely, and then adding: "But you are matched there. Neither Courtney, nor the beggar De Lacy would receive the mortgage, as a gift from your niece, without her marriage with Walter Templar, who is dead, and by a deed of special provision, as you know, the mortgage of the estates cannot be transferred from my father and his heirs into strangers' hands. The entail was cut off by Lord Reginald and his son, that we might possess before or at the end of fifty years from that date, with the joint action of both sides. I will never resign, and unless redeemed, not transferred mark, to strangers' hands; even in my lifetime the De Lacy inheritance may be mine by the natural course of events. I have resolved. So let there be no more folly."

"I know every point in the case, Herbert, and as you are aware, I never play a game unless *I hold the winning card in my hand.* Beware, or I shall crush you. The worm will be beneath my heel. Before I leave Rome, I shall see you again. Consider, and beware how you provoke me!"

And Snap arose and left the room, while Herbert Blakely started to his feet and paced the floor in his rage like a very demon.

"He holds the winning card, does he?" reflected Sir Herbert to himself, after his rage had been tempered a little by reflection. "What in the Fiend's name does he mean? Yet, if Snap says the winning card is in his hand, then it is there for a certainty. I will at once to the Savinelli brothers, they are the three most expert bravos in Rome. So, my ancient mentor, you have pronounced your own doom in telling me you hold the winning card; for, if I now lose a trick, the hangman wins the game against me."

Sir Herbert Blakely took his hat and went out to seek the three notorious bravos whom Count Orsini had recommended to him.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ONE INTELLECT AGAINST THREE CUT-THROATS.

During Snap's stay in Rome, he visited not again his former master until the night before his intended departure for England. Significant notes, however, were sent by him to Sir Herbert, the last one appointing a meeting in the afternoon, but Herbert answered by note that a previous engagement would detain him till the evening at eight o'clock, when he would receive him. Snap dared not delay a day; though he liked not Herbert's appointment at night, he saw no alternative. The appointment was kept.

"So, Snap, you are come," observed Blakely

"I am come, Herbert," was the characteristic reply.

"I am glad of that, old fellow," the other returned with bluff frankness; "and now sit down and let us have the old confidence; or at least, let us know our situations."

"With all my heart," he answered.

"But first, Snap, the wine; I take brandy; yours, I think, is wine."

"Wine with you, Herbert. Remember, I never let the winning card out of my own hand. Poison may be brewing in the cup.

"Wine be it, then; and from the same glass. My toast, Snap: Our oath at my father's death-bed."

"And mine, Herbert: May you have your father's wisdom, and not the fool's design."

"Severe, my Mentor, as usual; but characteristic," returned Blakely, laughing. "And now for your budget."

"Herbert," began the mentor, with sharp directness, "you was one of the mysterious horsemen, who attacked Walter Templar and Farinelli, aided by the six ruffians; Orsini was the other."

"By the Fiend, Snap, a good beginning; go on."

"I have discovered that you left Rome, and was away two months. Your course was towards England. You have copied my method: to be where you seem not to be, which means that you was in England, when your seemings were in Rome.

"Which, my old Mentor, you have to prove."

"Sir Herbert Blakely, now mark me well, for I am not, as you know, a man of many words, when my resolve is at the lip. I will prove that you and Orsini were the mysterious horsemen. If you let me leave you to-night without coming to my terms, if possible, I will save Farinelli, though I destroy you. Decide for *I have* decided."

"And so have I, Snap. I shall not give a point. For once I will show my father's iron will. So let the matter end. And now for an hour with our wine before we part as old friends."

"Herbert, I implore you to accept the conditions, for, if I depart, your course is run. I would not have the hangman finger you. Again I implore you for your father's sake."

The Mentor spoke with deep feeling. Never in his life till then had he said to any one—"I implore you."

"Snap, for my father's sake, I will not budge an inch. Are you convinced."

"Yes, convinced that you are rushing on your fate."

"Never mind, an hour with our wine, and then we part."

"I fear, Herbert, that when we meet again, it will be death to you."

They drank their wine, spent their hour together and then they parted. That hour showed how little of malice there was in Snap's nature, even when he had resolved to destroy, and how much like an omnipotent will his conception of *necessity* was to him, when he doomed Herbert Blakely.

As soon as the mentor was departed, Herbert threw on his cloak, took his hat and followed, thinking to himself—

"Your time, Snap, has come—not mine. You die to-night.

The mentor had gone about half a mile, when he entered a narrow streeet, through which he was obliged to pass to reach his hotel. Directly afterwards, he heard a man's footsteps following boldly as though to challenge observation, not to startle by stealthy approach.

"Ha!" thought Snap, there is one on my track, or I much mistake. I am on the watch, to-night, my friend. Look well to it that your tickings offend not my nerves. I am a coward and like not footsteps behind me at ten at night. Now, if that man has a wise guardian spirit, it will whisper in his ear that the devil protects his own children, and as I am one of *his* elect, that man who follows is in danger of meeting the devil in his path."

The mentor was just passing a cross-street, when he heard another coming towards him from that direction; but he kept on his course without turning or without hurry, continuing his characteristic musings.

"Now, I like this. It is professional. There is method in the fellows. Two hired cut-throats or I am a blockhead; and it is only Herbert who honors we with that epithet. I am not sorry that Herbert has set these bravos on my track, for it will reconcile me to the necessity of hanging him. I like it not though, for the gallows is the fool's death-bed. Now I shall save those two worthies behind me from the gallows. They will owe me gratitude. There should be more of them, for they keep up an even distance on my track. If it is the Savinelli brothers of whom Orsini boasts, there is one more to come. Ay, there is the other from the cross street on the left. So I must prepare."

But Snap seemed not to prepare, for he simply put his right hand into his trowsers pocket and, if it was for a pistol, it could only be a small derringer, which against three men, would be as nothing. The men came now rapidly towards him, scarcely hiding that they meant an attack. Had he ran, they would have been on him in a moment, for they were as fleet grayhounds well practiced to the chase. Scarce ten paces now separated them from their intended victim, and the three were abreast. They seemed to hesitate, for they could not understand the coolness of their man. They were forced, however, to immediate action, for one of the principal streets was near. Like an arrow from a bow they sprang forward, but Snap, like a cunning cat, was ready. As a flash of lightning he turned upon them, his hand lept from his pocket, and two of the bravos staggered and fell almost at his very feet. The third also reeled, but he rushed forward and made a fierce stab with his long stiletto, but Snap warded off the blow with his cloak, for it was wildly directed; and, as he did so, he slapped the third bravo on his temple seemingly with the palm of his hand, the third of the brothers Savinelli lay dead at his feet. In the hand of Snap was a silver instrument like a derringer; it was of curious workmanship, and cunningly contrived. No ball had been in it, no report had been made, but it had been charged with a deadly power more subtle than chloriform. He had pulled the trigger, which raised a stopper at the muzzle, and discharged the deadly powder direct in the face of the bravos. The third of the Savinelli brothers he had killed with a stroke from a small poisonous bayonet, which had sprang out of his pistol-like instrument.

"There, my friends, you have escapee the gallows. You owe me much, believe me you do. Good night. And now, Herbert Blakely, your turn will come next."

And Snap walked calmly away as though nothing had happened, for he had killed his men scientifically.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TRIAL.

It was the night before the great trial of Farinelli. The grand jury had found an indictment of murder in the first degree. On the morrow the people of London were promised one of the greatest criminal trials at the Old Bailey known for many a year. Indeed the country, as well as the city, was in an excited suspense, for the case was a singular one. The Courtneys and the family of the bride-elect were known to be on the side of the prisoner, and their testimony of confidence was expected to weigh mightily in his favor; and what was still more emphatic, Sir Richard Brine was also in his sympathies on the prisoner's side. That severely conscientious officer, however, had been very strict in discharging his duty to the Crown. Yet, his agents had scoured the country to find, if possible, some other head to bear the crime of the charge or to discover some clue to Sir Walter Templar, dead or alive. His efforts had been all in vain, and to-morrow was the day fixed for the prisoner to be brought to trial at the Old Bailey for murder.

But while on one hand, this known sympathy of the Courtneys and Sir Richard Brine weighed in Farinelli's favor, it, on the other hand, told against him. The public were jealous that justice was not about to be given. The English people are always thus jealous on the side of the Crown; and they had now found a case that peculiarly touched their honor of law, and put them on their guard. Every effort had been made to clear the prisoner, and the country was therefore indisposed to give a point which was not proved by the evidence in the case. Moreover, the common people as usual complained against class favor, swearing that had the prisoner been one of their order, short work would be made of him. The Crown was also jealous, while the best counselors had been retained for the defense. The trial therefore bid fair to be a great event in the criminal history of England.

It was six o'clock on the night before the trial. Courtney, Lord Frederick De Lacy, Isaac Ben Ammon, Terese and Clara Garcia were spending the evening with the prisoner, by the permission of Sir Richard Brine.

We need not say that it was an anxious group gathered in Farinelli's prison, nor dwell upon the conversation which had occupied the last hour. We will take them up at the point where their

anxiety for the arrival of Judah Nathans had reached its highest pitch. Letters had heralded his return, and he ought to have been in London at three o'clock. Sir Richard Brine was at Courtney House in Grosvenor Square awaiting him to learn of the success of his mission to Rome, and to bring him immediately to the prison.

"By the staff of Jacob," observed Isaac Ben Ammon in his anxiety, "something hath befallen Judah, or he would have come to the deliverance of Israel ere this."

The venerable Hebrew, through the sad history of his own life and especially during his banishment to dreaded Siberia, had been in the habit of identifying his own captivity with the captivity of Israel. Thus he continued in his succession of troubles the same habit of thought. Israel was in captivity again in the person of Farinelli, for the old man was wandering in the afflictions of those around him.

Neither one of that troubled group answered to the patriarch's observation; but for the next five minutes they all sat in silence, and it seemed to them that the very throbbings of their hearts could be heard. Isaac Ben Ammon again broke the silence:

"Yes, Judah should have been here ere this. By Jacob's staff, something *must* have befallen Judah, or his brother Benjamin would have been delivered from prison ere now. What if the cup was in Benjamin's sack, the boy put it not there. He must be delivered, though all his brethren have to become his hostages. Where is Judah, that he comes not to the deliverance of his younger brother?"

And thus the patriarch, in his great concern for the foster-brother of his grandchild, wandered in his mind, mixing his Hebrew reminiscences with Farinelli's case. Still none answered the old man, for all were too much oppressed with their own thoughts. Suddenly Terese exclaimed:

"My uncle Judah *is* come. I hear his footsteps!"

As she spoke, the door opened and Sir Richard Brine and Judah Nathans entered.

"The God of Abraham be praised," returned her grandfather, lifting his long arms, but trembling hands, high to heaven in thankfulness; and then he hurried to his nephew and laying his hand upon his arm in that dignified but imploring manner of a patriarch, appealing to the strength of his house, he said:

"The God of David hath brought thee hither, Judah, just in time to save thy brother from the Philistine. Bid the officer open the prison and let the lad go free."

"Uncle Isaac," replied Judah, seeing that the old man's mind was somewhat wandering, "Uncle Isaac, the judges of the people must set him free."

"Nay, Judah, nay; I trust them not. There is no Daniel among them. They will not judge the young man in righteousness."

"Uncle Isaac, there *is* justice in England."

"Alas, alas, Judah, I thought thou wouldst have come as David with the sling and the stone, and thou but tellest me of the tribunal of the gentiles. Did it not condemn my son Benjamin to the knout and myself to Siberia? Alas, there is no hope in Israel!"

The patriarch returned to his chair comfortless, and leaning upon his hands, buried his face in his long, white flowing beard. The disconsolate Hebrew was a fitting picture of the rest, for all realized by the manner of Sir Richard Brine and Judah, that the journey to Rome had been in vain. Their hearts died within them. The dreadful day of the trial, on the eve of which they stood, appalled them all. Even Judah and Sir Richard Brine were more than usually troubled, for, in one respect, these two very dissimilar men were alike: they generally felt masters of their cases; but now they were themselves mastered.

"I perceive, Mr. Nathans, that you have been unsuccessful," observed Farinelli, who was the first to speak after Isaac Ben Ammon.

"Not so, my friend," he returned.

"Ah, what sayest thou, Judah?" caught up the venerable Hebrew. "Thou hast succeeded? Thou bringest deliverance? The God of Jacob then be praised!"

"I have satisfied myself, friend Farinelli," continued Judah, "that Sir Herbert was one of the mysterious horsemen who waylaid you, and that Orsini was the other. Sir Richard Brine is of the same opinion; but Sir Herbert Blakely will confess nothing, nor accept any terms for restitution."

"Mr. Nathans," said Courtney, "it is a painful question to ask, for I fear the reply; does Herbert Blakely *dare* to accept our terms; do you think my nephew is living?"

For the moment, the questioner almost forgot Farinelli in his concern for Walter. "Snap" was silent, for, as we know, he had not wrung this fact from his former master.

"Uncle Courtney, let me answer," impulsively broke in Terese, coming into the foreground:

"Walter is living! Remember the prophecy of my sister Alice, on her death-bed. Did she not foretell this? Did she not exact from me a promise not to doubt that *she* would be near in the night that she foretold? She is *near* us even now. She is near Walter always. I have dreamt of her oft, and she smiles upon me and bids me hope; and when she leaves me, she whispers 'All is well.' Yet have I seen her sorrowful, because, when she has bidden, I could not follow her, though I know not whither she would lead. But even then, she has always whispered, as she vanished, 'All is well,' and I have awoke comforted. Uncle Courtney, Walter *is* living, and I shall stand by his side at the altar as my sister Alice appointed."

"I wish, my dear young lady, the judges and jury could hear you speak thus, and be influenced as much by your words as I am," observed Sir Richard Brine, struck by a thought which seemed to flash from him into the mind of Terese, for she continued even more impressively:

"Put me, Sir Richard Brine, into the witness-box to-morrow, and my words *shall* make the thousands in that court assembled *feel* that Walter Templar is living!"

"I will, lady!" answered Sir Richard Brine, hopefully. "At least, the voice of eloquence from a woman's heart—from a lovely maiden's inspired lips will move the jury more than the most learned counselor in the land."

"It is a happy thought, friend Brine," said Courtney.

"My grandchild shall move the stones to tears," said Isaac Ben Ammon.

"I believe my niece's words," added Judah; "but science must demonstrate. Truth is but the path to knowledge."

How fitly that subtle thinker and his inspired niece illustrated the one *knowledge*, the other *faith*.

Sir Richard Brine realized that the law, as well as science, required demonstration; but he kept to his bright thought, and it was arranged that Terese, on the morrow at the trial, should be placed in the witness-box. And then Clara Garcia drew our heroine aside and whispered:

"Save him, save him; and, if you love him, I will resign him to you; but save him, save him!"

"Sister Clara," replied Terese, reproachfully, "if I save him, it is for you."

Thus it will be seen that her morbid passion of jealousy still blinded Clara Garcia; but her deep love and Farinelli's danger had brought her to the sanctification of self-sacrifice.

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A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly-dressed wife by his side;
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And he like a king in his pride.

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The carriage, the couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich, and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could,
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world; whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

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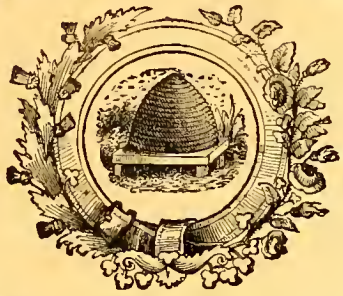

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

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WHITE LILIES.

Lilies, sweet lilies, brilliantly white,
Bliss to each bosom, sweet summer's delight,
Souls breathing perfume upon the still air,
Lilies, sweet lilies, meek, graceful and fair.

Lilies, sweet lilies, clear, clustering gems,
Chaste as the vestal, June's rich diadems—
The classic in form, in beauty, and birth,
Charming the heavens and cheering the earth.

Lilies, sweet lilies, fresh, fragrant, and white,
Emblems of glory, the pure and the bright;
Vainly glad Flora bedecks the *parterre*,
We sigh, lovely lilies, if ye are not there.

Lilies, sweet lilies, brilliantly white,
Filling our senses with grateful delight,
Crowning with lustre, slim sceptre-like stems,
Lilies, sweet lilies, June's rich diadems.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

I.

The fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette—a girl of five years—stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone—alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself as a broad mantle, and about all who enter its presence? The very fullness of life on that summer noon, hints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and heightened, by contrast, the rigor and abysmal silence of that slumber upon which Von Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans—the yellow-fever—had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighborhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Fate had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of Hebrew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event, had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy his mother died; the frail Southern lady had pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife—step-mother to the motherless boy—proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, induced to contemplation; his large, lustrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passionate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition toward mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy border-land where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.

After a residence of some years in Italy, he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mother's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was only sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of Huguenot ancestry—a girl who could scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had none of that *distingue* style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the spiritnality of his nature introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teacher. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and

some of whose literary productions he read to her—then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hebrew melodies, and as she listened it seemed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soared to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration; it was also true that his grand sympathies found through her humble, womanly charity a way to their expression in the trodden ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together for six years, and now the end had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, bewildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an abyss which his thoughts—subtle and deep as they were—could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetzlar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny—as it seemed to him—namely, the question of a future life, presented itself anew. But, eager as were the questionings of his soul, he seemed comforted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of his intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred presence-chamber of his tenderest emotions.

"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise drooped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a fancy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom—a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It cannot be that my rose is lost to me forever!" He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race: he recalled *Phædo* and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messiah" swept over his soul—so susceptible to the impressions of music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncertain shore. Oh, if the master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus: "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

II.—APOCALYPTIC.

The dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined, the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French cemetery.

Two men met the sombre cortége as it returned from the cemetery whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met the procession at different stages of its course.

One of these was Doctor Eugene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet Street. Both by his dress and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his tastes and mental constitution he was very much of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrank from ugliness and deformity with almost a shudder. Yet this man, to whom disease was disgusting, made it the great study of his life. This lover of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skilled in its alleviation that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage the sorrow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his heart was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" and the frequency of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sympathy. Looking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear gray eyes that almost changed their color under the influence of emotion, you would have said: "This man is a child of nature—open as men rarely are to all material influences, palpable or subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swayed by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility."

The other man to whom we alluded was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession he also looked upon the faces of the chief mourners, and knew that Louise von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the insignia of their great sorrow. He had once been a lover of Louise—if any thing could be called love which was cherished in Martin's heart: it was certainly the purest and worthiest emotion that had ever entered there. But she, with that unerring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had avoided him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong intellect, and with consummate impudence. He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attaché to the Medical College which he had entered some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been sauntering along the street, but as the procession passed him his steps were arrested as by some suddenly conceived purpose. "Ah!" he chuckled to himself—"a capital idea! Bold—but why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river-side, still chuckling to himself as one might over some splendid joke. Reaching the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of seamen lounging about the wharf, where lay a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for some distant port. A conversation followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some bargain was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold pieces into their hands.

When we left Doctor Gurdon he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the outskirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protégé of the doctor's. This youth ushered the doctor into a parlor where three or four other students were evidently awaiting him. This was the "Gurdon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account: it was a kind of episode, as related to the regular operations of the College. The Doctor was to lecture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the Human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a suitable "subject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parlor, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided "subjects" in this way on previous occasions.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly original. An hour passed. It was ten o'clock, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing interest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. His mind was abundantly stored with narratives of peculiar psychological

experiences illustrating his theories. After midnight a knock at the outer door was recognized as Martin's. The long-expected something was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the mysterious parcel was opened by Spaulding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes slowly opened that should have been forever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment and terror, and then, without a word, fled from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountably proceeding Subject.

III.—THE SECOND LIFE.

A transformation has been wrought—a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that of resurrection. It was not simply the awakening, as from a sleep, of one who had seemed dead, and who had been laid away for an everlasting slumber. It was a *new* life. The eyes so familiar to Pierre Martin had not recognized him. The world upon which they opened seemed as new as it does to a new-born child. The past to this awakened sleeper was literally a blank. This woman was mentally an infant. The words which fell upon her ears seemed meaningless, and she could utter none in reply. She was carried away in a carriage, which Spaulding had procured, to Doctor Gurdon's mansion, where she was placed in the care of the Doctor's house-keeper—the only other occupant of his house. In all mental affairs—in all respects, indeed, except as to her age—she was a child; though she learned more rapidly than a child could have done.

Doctor Gurdon's mansion was well suited to his character. It was costly and beautiful, was furnished with all the elegance that the most refined taste could suggest or that wealth made possible, and was surrounded with beautiful grounds. It was in this bright home of luxury and art that his "patient" began her new life. The doctor at first regarded her with a simply speculative interest. She was a case inviting study. He studied it. Very soon, however, science yielded to sentiment. For this woman in her new life was very attractive. She was as different from her former self as a butterfly from the chrysalis. As Louise Darvon or Louise von Wetzlar she had been a simple, earnest, spiritual being, self-sacrificing, and the very impersonation of character. The brain is the flower of the body; and it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had matured and decayed a new and different flower had blossomed. Serious she had been; now she was gay. She had been deep-natured; now the movement of her thoughts was light and airy. Perhaps the change could not be more happily expressed than by likening it to the transformations which have affected whole races, bearing them from their rude Pelasgian life into their Hellenic or artistic era. Only these were gradual changes as compared with that sudden and almost miraculous transformation which had here been effected.

It is not wonderful that Doctor Gurdon found in this woman so much to study, not that his studies grew to have an additional interest from the beginning of love for her in his heart. But whenever he thought of her past he was puzzled. He did not even know her name. Who had she been? There was no clue to the mystery. She remembered absolutely nothing. It is true, however—and this should be mentioned here for the benefit of those interested in the purely psychological features of her case—it is true that when she happened to be in places that *ought* to have seemed familiar, there did come to her inner sense a vague shadow of reminiscence—something that could scarcely be called an impression, it was so faint and indistinct. Especially was she haunted by this ghost of reminiscence when she was in the French cemetery (it was there that the Darvons had all been buried), which she quite frequently visited during the summer that followed her strange resurrection. This puzzled her, and caused her to linger about the place, as one which was in some way connected with the inexplicable wonder of her life. But the idea was as faint and shadowy as the fragrance of the flowers that decorated the tombs around her.

Doctor Gurdon had never told her of even the single fact of which he was cognizant. He intimated that she had been ill, and had been placed in his charge in so accidental a manner that he did not and could not learn her name even. With this she was forced to be content. She knew that the doctor loved her, and she was perfectly happy in loving him.

But he was troubled by a horrible doubt. He feared some possible interruption of this new life—either through her return to her former mental state, or through some intrusive claim from others who had known her, and who might discover her present retreat. He therefore guarded her most jealously, and felt anxious when she was out of of his sight. After all, his great fear was Pierre Martin, who must be able, he thought, to bridge over the hiatus between the two lives of this woman.

IV.—THE TOKEN.

Heinrich von Wetzlar, since the loss of his wife, had again become a recluse. A year had passed, and still the sharpness of his grief had not been dismissed. Notwithstanding his doubts in regard to the reality of a future life, he felt that a tremendous affirmative argument now existed for him in the necessity of an unseen world to his individual soul, since his Louise belonged to that world.

The old desire to wander had returned, and he contemplated an early departure for Europe. With this in view he went, toward the close of a summer afternoon, to visit the French cemetery for the last time.

This cemetery was peculiar. The dead there were not interred underground, but laid away in vaults, one above another, on either side of a long aisle, where one might walk and look upon the outer gates of these silent chambers of the dead, with decorations of flowers and crosses resting upon their projecting marble sills. Along this aisle Von Wetzlar walked until he came before the chamber allotted to his wife. As he halted and gazed upon the portal, stooping somewhat as he leaned upon his staff, one could see that he had grown many years older since that marble entablature had sealed from his vision the dear companion of his soul. As he gazed he seemed to be transported back to that summer noon, a year ago, when the shock of death first fell upon his heart. His soul was not now agitated as it had been then. At first the marble repose of the place, though in some sort a symbol of death, soothed and invited him. Then the suggestions of life that were thrown out even here seemed to answer his old doubts and to give him hope. The clambering roses and the trailing ivy towered above the stony silence, as if hinting of ever-flowing change, as if whispering to his heart: "There is no place of rest! For see! out of the very dust life rises tremblingly but triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remembered how this same idea of life and motion, as contrasted with deathlike stillness, had once occurred to him in reading that passage in the Twelfth Odyssey, where Homer describes the cave of the Naiads. It all came back to him now—the picture of the Naiads weaving forever at long stone looms, and of the wild bees humming and honey-making round cups and casks of stone, while evermore the waves entered and broke upon the stony floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

CONTINUED.

Fortunately, however, for science and mankind, Collinson was more intelligent, and saw at once the value of Franklin's researches. He published the letters, and they drew the attention of Europe. Buffon read them in France, and persuaded his friend Dalibard to translate them into French; Franklin's rare and beautiful experiments were repeated in Paris; Louis XV and all his court hastened to see them, and were charmed and amazed at Franklin's genius and the wonders of the new science; public lecture-rooms were opened for their performance, and all Paris thronged to the rare exhibition. The letters were translated into many languages, and suddenly the name of the obscure printer in Philadelphia became one of the most renowned in the annals of science. His theories were assailed by Abbé Nollet and a party of the French philosophers, but they also found many defenders; and a large school of enthusiastic men of science, struck by the vigor of Franklin's genius and the novelty of his discoveries, assuming the name of Franklinists.

"Still, however, Franklin's most daring speculation as to the unity of the electricity of the earth and the air, which had awakened the derision of the whole Royal Society, remained untested by experiment, and the philosopher prepared, with doubt and dismay, to attempt its verification. He felt that his fame must rest upon his success. If he could draw down the lightning from the skies by presenting his iron points to the thunder-cloud, he must attain a renown that would live forever. If he failed, by the incompleteness of his instruments or any unlooked for accident, he would seem to merit the scorn which European philosophers were prepared to pour upon the presuming provincial. Philadelphia, too, offered no convenient tower or steeple on which to fix his iron points; while the modest inquirer was probably anxious that his first experiment should be made with no one present to witness his possible failure. His inventive mind suggested a simple expedient. He formed a common kite from a silk handkerchief stretched upon two crossed sticks; on the upper part was placed the iron point; the string was of hemp, terminating in a short silken cord, and at the end of the hempen string hung an iron key. Such was the simple apparatus with which the philosopher set forth from his home, on a cloudy day in June, 1752, to draw the lightning from the skies, to penetrate a mystery upon which ages had meditated in vain. He took his son with him as the only witness of his secret adventure. As the rain was falling, he stood under a shed and raised his kite. It was no doubt a moment of strong and unprecedented excitement, and we can well imagine that Franklin watched his kite slowly ascending with a keener interest than Etruscan augur or Roman priest had ever felt as he awaited the omen of the gods. A cloud passed over; no trace of electricity appeared; the heart of the philosopher sunk with dismay. But suddenly the falling rain made the hempen string an excellent conductor, and Franklin saw that its fibers began to be stirred by some unusual impulse. He applied his hand to the key, and at once drew sparks from the skies. He felt that he had triumphed; but the first thought of his generous nature no doubt was, how to make his discovery useful to mankind; and one can scarcely avoid lamenting that no vision reached him in the moment of his victory of that wonderful instrument with which another American philosopher has nearly girdled the earth and made electricity the guardian of civilization.

Before his own success, Franklin's theory had already been tested and proved in Europe. The French King, Louis XV, was a strong Franklinist, and urged Buffon and the other philosophers to try the experiment of the iron points, according to Franklin's directions. On the 10th of May, therefore, Dalibard, erected a bar of iron 40 feet long, at Marly, and succeeded in drawing electricity from a thunder-cloud. It should be remembered, too, that the Abbé Nollet had suggested the connection between lightning and electricity before Franklin wrote; and that the idea had arisen in the minds of other philosophers. Yet Franklin could not have been acquainted with their theories, and no one before him had ever suggested any means of forming a connection with the thunder-cloud. His theory and his method were altogether original.

Again Europe was startled by a novel thrill of wonder and excitement. The electrical sparks of the Abbé Nollet and the famous experiment of Leyden sank into insignificance before the sublimity of the new achievement. Franklin, the modest philosopher of half-savage America, snatching the thunder-bolt from the skies with his kite and key, was the wonder of the hour. Kings became his disciples; princes flew kites in summer showers and repeated his experiments; Europe was covered by a chain of iron points from Paris to St. Petersburg; and the study of the lightning became as universal as in the days of Etruscan superstition. Franklin was covered with honors. The Royal Society of London, eager to repair its former neglect, elected him a member and awarded him its highest prize. In France, Russia, Germany, he was still more highly honored; he was the most famous of philosophers. From this time, too, until near the close of the century, the science of atmospheric electricity was studied by eager observers. The thunder-cloud was the favorite subject of learned inquiry. Brilliant hopes of further discoveries were entertained that were never fulfilled; and one eminent philosopher fell a victim to the dangerous research. Professor Riehman, of St. Petersburg, had erected an iron rod in his observatory for the purpose of repeating the American experiments, and ventured too near the instrument; a sudden flash descended the conductor, struck him upon the head, and passed through his body. He fell dead against the wall. He is remembered as the martyr of the science. Professor De la Garde, of Florence, was struck down by an unexpected shock, but recovered. Yet danger seemed only to add new interest to the attractive study. Franklin invented his lightning-rod, which was at once employed to protect the homes and the public buildings of Europe and America; and his disciples were every where engaged with kites and points in an effort to disarm the thunder-bolt of its terrors.

The thunder-cloud was mapped out and described by countless observers. Its black mass, floating heavily over the land, was the favorite subject of speculation. Philosophers, from the sides of tall mountains, observed that pillars of vapor rose upward from its midst as if to draw electricity from the upper sphere, and that while the lower surface of the cloud was often smooth and even, its upper side resembled the scenery of an Alpine landscape. Franklin had supposed that no single cloud ever gave forth lightning, but other observers asserted that small white clouds sometimes rose from the sea and shot forth at pleasure sharp flashes of fire and peals of thunder, prolonged like the roar of artillery. But the most singular electric clouds were those that issued from volcanoes. Pliny had noticed the fiery lightnings that hovered over the eruption of Vesuvius, and modern observers saw with wonder that often the clouds of ashes and vapor that rose from the burning mountain would float far over sea and land, and sometimes kill men and animals by a discharge of the most destructive lightning. Sir William Hamilton relates that, in 1794, during the eruption of Vesuvius, the thunder roared around the mountain-top, the lightning flashed and that clouds of light ashes were carried by the wind near-

ly three hundred miles, to Tarentum, where they destroyed a building by a violent discharge. The thunder-cloud, too, was sometimes seen to shoot its lightning upward. In Styria there was a church erected on the summit of a lofty peak called Mount Saint Orsula. Here, in 1700, a medical student who happened to be in the building, saw below him a dense mass of black clouds that were evidently the seat of a violent thunder-storm. Above the student, the heavens were clear, the sun shone brilliantly, and no one in the little church looked for danger in the dark mass of struggling vapors below. Yet suddenly a tongue of fire shot upward, struck the building and killed seven persons at the side of the observer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THINGS UNACCOUNTABLE.

CLAIRVOYANTS, ORACLES, VISIONS AND SEERS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

(From the N. Y. Independent.)

CONTINUED.

The devout and earnest Joan was doubtless a sincere believer in her own inspiration; but she was, as we all know, burned as a witch in league with the Powers of Darkness. The fact that some nervous women could see things that were happening hundreds of miles away, perhaps, gave rise to stories of their riding great distances through the air on a broom, and returning with miraculous swiftness, by help of the Devil. Yet such stories were received as evidence on judicial trials; and many a poor woman who did not herself know what was the matter with her, was condemned to death thereon.

I have read an article, in (I forget what cyclopedia), under the head of "French Prophets," which gives a remarkable account of clairvoyant power among the Hugonots in the time of their terrible persecution. While they were hidden in forests and caves, in constant fear of being discovered and slaughtered, it is stated to have been no uncommon thing for men, women, and even children among them to be seized with strange spasms, during which they described truly at what place their pursuers were, what was their number, what sort of looking men were leading them, and in what direction they intended to move. Was this the effect of an extreme tension of the nerves, produced by prolonged anxiety and fear?

Sir William Forbes, who resided many years in India in an official capacity, published a book of "Oriental Memoirs," in which he states that he was often told of Bramins who possessed the power of seeing and hearing things far distant from them. He says an English lady, who was a friend of his was one day walking on the beach, looking out upon the sea, and thinking of a son she supposed was then about to arrive in India. Seeing a stranger coming from the opposite direction in the garb of a Bramin, she left a wide space for him to pass, being aware that devout Hindoos considered the vicinity of foreigners a contamination. To her surprise, he stopped, and said, "You are thinking your son may arrive to-day. The vessel you are expecting will not arrive till three days from this. Your son is not on board, and you will never see him again." Recalling what she had heard of Hindoo prophetic power, the anxious mother said, "Is he dead?" "No," replied the Bramin, "he is not dead; but he will never come to India." The vessel arrived at the time predicted, bringing tidings that her son had relinquished the plan of coming to India, on account of an eligible offer in America. She never saw him afterward.

It may be remarked that the climate of India tends to produce delicate, nervous organizations; and this effect is doubtless much increased by the habits of devotees, who live upon the slightest possible food, stifle all physical instincts, avoid giving any attention to outward objects, and bury themselves in profound contemplation—those being the means prescribed by their religion for attaining to complete absorption in the "Universal Soul."

The German writer, Zschokke, in his autobiography, tells of a singular clairvoyant power which he possessed for many years, and which always remained an enigma to him. It came upon him at longer or shorter intervals, without any wish or preparation on his part. Sometimes when he met a perfect stranger a series of visions would suddenly present to him the preceding events of his life. At first he ascribed this to vividness of imagination; but he was greatly puzzled when he ascertained by inquiries that his visions were invariably true. He relates some remarkable instances of this declaring that he gives them publicity because the record of such phenomena may aid future investigations concerning the complicated structure of man. He treats the subject very rationally, says that the mysterious gift appeared to come upon him quite accidently, and that he never knew it to be of any use to himself or others. He says he never knew any one endowed with a similar faculty, except an old man whom he met in Switzerland, selling oranges; who, as soon as he set eyes upon him, related many of the antecedent events of his life.

Swedenborg, it is well known, possessed this faculty in a very uncommon degree. While at Gottenberg, he described truly the progressive ravages of a great fire as it was then raging in Stockholm, fifty miles distant; and he repeated to the Queen of Sweden, word for word, a secret conversation between her and her brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, which had occurred years before. He exactly described the place in Prussia where they had their private interview, and told the day and the hour. Many similar things are related of him and vouched for by credible witnesses.

The wife of a former orthodox minister in Medford, Mass., told me not long ago of a singular clairvoyant experience which came upon her during the crisis of a fever. The son of a neighbor, in whom she was much interested, had gone to sea, and was at that time homeward bound. Late in the night, as her husband sat watching by the bedside, she screamed aloud; and being asked what was the matter, she exclaimed: "The ship that Frederick is in, is in a terrible storm at sea. Frederick is climbing the mast. The great waves will wash him overboard. Oh, save him! Oh he has dropped into the sea, and the furious winds are driving the vessel away from him. Oh, help him! Help him!" Her husband was so much impressed by the vividness of her description and the agony of her tones that he looked at his watch, and wrote down the hour and the day of the month, with a record of her words. Before long, tidings came of the shipwreck of the vessel and the loss of nearly all on board; and, by subsequent interviews with the captain, it was ascertained that the ship had been wrecked in a furious tempest, at the very hour when she had a vision of it, and Frederick had been washed overboard in just the way she described.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLEASE FORWARD AT ONCE.—Such of our subscribers, whose subscriptions are now due, are requested to forward the pay at once, as we need it. The present great dearth of means has kept back so much of the pay due to us that scarcely one subscription in four has yet reached us. We blame no one for this, but we ask all to remember that our expenses are very great and that every little helps.

Such of our friends as have PROMISED TO PAY AT CONFERENCE TIME are requested not to forget their promises, as we RELY UPON THEM.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE STORY OF CREATION,

AS TOLD BY THE EARTH ITSELF.

Says the Doctrine and Covenants:—"After a Revelation of Jesus Christ, the works of creation throughout their vast forms and varieties clearly exhibit His eternal power and Godhead." Not only is it true, that these "works of creation" reveal the power and wisdom of the Creator, but they unfold in the greatest simplicity the history of creation itself.

What that story is, we shall endeavor to tell. It will be seen that it contradicts the traditional idea, which has been handed down to us, that God created everything best at first, and that all the successive generations of men, beasts and vegetation, have been gradually declining in perfection and beauty ever since they left the creative hand. We shall see that the "Golden days" never have been in the past of any period, but that every period has been better than the one it succeeded. If this view cuts away our faith in the excellence of bygone times, it will replace it with a far brighter view of the excellence of future ones,—which is far better to us, for we are moving towards the future and not the past. We shall see that the superiority of the great future, so brilliantly predicted by Prophets and Seers, will not depend upon some manifestation of miraculous power to commence at some future date, but will be the result of inevitable laws of nature which have been in operation for millions of years; thus presenting a solid basis for the thinking mind to rest upon and giving us a far deeper assurance than blind faith can ever attain.

We start, then, with the assertion that, in all things relating to this world, everything has been worse in the past, and that the further back we go, the worse it has always been. There are four grand lines of evidence up which we shall trace the proof of what we have asserted,—as seen in the history of the Earth, its plants, animals, and in respect to man. We shall see that in relation to each of these departments of Creation, the poorest specimens of each species first came upon our globe, and that, as ages rolled along, they were replaced with better of their particular kind; and that not only has each species been improving within itself, but that the species themselves, were introduced upon the earth on the same principle of sending that first which stood lowest in the scale of life and being. From this, we shall deduce the grand law of progress which runs through all being and upon which our certain hopes of an inevitably glorious future for humanity may with certainty depend.

Some weeks ago, in an article entitled "How the Earth was built," we sketched in a simple way the construction of our globe, showing that it was once somewhat smaller than at present, but that, in the processes of nature, it had taken on a number of layers or strata, like so many "peelings" of an orange, one over an other, each layer being for the time the surface of the globe, upon which its animals and plants existed until covered up by the various strata that followed. In consequence of this process, these layers are found in the same relative order all over the world; while packed between them are deposited the remains of the races of plants and animals that flourished on each succeeding surface. The lowest strata, of course, contains the remains of such specimens of life as first appeared, while each of the succeeding layers, as they rise one above the other, exhibit to us the various kinds of plants and animals of our earth in the exact order in which they were originally brought into existence. With these layers before us, we can, of course, tell from the remains embedded between them, what kind of plants and animals first appeared, what second, and so on till we have learned the order in which all the chief classes of animal and vegetable life were brought into being.

Within the leaves of this great book of Nature, we can read the history of our globe without speculation or doubt. Geologists may and do speculate as to the ages that it took to form these deposits or crusts, but there is no room for speculation as to the *order* or rotation in which they and the specimens of animal and vegetable life accompanying them came into existence. There they stand, to-day, with their contents for reference. No matter in what part of the globe we dig through these layers, the one same answer comes back, that, wherever the earth has been undisturbed by earthquakes or volcanic changes, the various strata of the earth—so far as they are found complete—with the specimens of animal and vegetable life belonging to each period, are found in the same invariable order.

Having such a plain and perfect record in the globe of its history, let us go back, then, to our question as to whether constant progress, or a constant decline in perfection, has marked Creation from the beginning.

As to the Earth itself, the answer is direct: it once was a barren granite ball, upon the surface of which, not an inch of tillable soil existed. It was in fact an enormous barren rock without one sign of animal or vegetable life, and upon which not a sound was heard but the roar of the waves as they washed its caves. From this condition, it became covered in time with a scanty soil, composed of the substance ground from the pulverized rock itself. As age succeeded age, it took on, layer after layer, the rocks, the minerals, and the soil necessary for the use of intelligent man. Thus it started at its worst, a desolation upon which no vegetable or animal could, by any possibility, exist. Every fresh period as it rolled along, added to the richness of its stores, and its perfection as a globe. Its history is a grand testimony that the eternal order of Creation moves from worse to better, worlds without end.

We will turn now to the same imperishable record and see the order in which the plants or vegetation of our globe were produced. They will teach us the same great truth. In the earliest ages the first plants that existed were little shapeless masses of vegetation found floating in the waves; while on the land, not a trace of vegetation was yet found. After the lapse of ages, mother earth herself began to produce in a feeble way. Her first efforts, as universally attested in the rocks, being the production of half-formed flowerless plants without proper stems or leaves. In later times, she put out greater efforts, and then came plants, still flowerless, but this time with distinct stems and leaves—such as the humble fern. Even then, puny and stunted specimens came first, the nobler kind of fern appearing only in later formations. With plants of this lowly class we find trees with imperfect substitutes for leaves as seen in our mountain firs, accompanied by a few plants with coarse palm-like leaves.

Such an earth as this was ours once, and it took vast periods and changes to reach this imperfect condition. Trees and plants existed, but, as yet, no rich leafy foliage waved in the breeze—no flowers adorned the earth with their beauty,

for Nature had not arrived at that perfection in her works. But true to the principle of everlasting progress, she moved on, and in later formations, although evidently separated from the times to which we have referred, by vast periods, proper leaf-bearing plants at last appeared; they were, however, still only *plants*, for no leaf-bearing trees accompanied them. It was long after this before full leaved trees appeared, while the highest order of forest and orchard trees—with the flowers which deck our gardens—only arrived at, or about, the period immediately preceding man's advent on the stage. Thus we see that Nature traveled slowly but surely up the road to perfection, age after age, improving on her work, and preparing for the great day when man, the crowning glory of creation, should appear upon the earth's surface. In no case in the history of plants do we find perfect specimens of nature's workmanship followed by inferior kinds. The poorest, the least shapely, those least evidencing designing skill came first, and Nature in every case improved as she went along. Here, as we might expect in God's movements, we have order, system, and a divine fitness displayed in this grand march of creation from shapelessness and imperfection to full development and beauty.

If the invariable order of Nature's progress from good to better is plainly marked in the vegetable world, it can be still more clearly traced in the order in which God introduced animal life upon our own planet. Here, indeed, Nature began with her poorest and weakest efforts, and worked steadily upwards. In those strata formed in the earliest days of our earth's existence, we find nothing but little flabby masses of life without limbs, or bones of any kind, to support them—like the oyster or the poor jointed worm. The utmost attempt at shape for vast periods was the star fish, which consists of five spongy protuberances, spreading out from a center,—a creature almost as much like a weed as a fish or animal of any kind; yet, this was Nature's greatest triumph for the whole of such periods as it took to deposit many of the strata that cover our globe.

After these, came creatures of more developed form, and displaying more of creative skill, for fish, with internal bony structures, of a small but simple type appeared. These were succeeded by fish of a more highly organized kind. Up to this period they were the sole monarchs of the deep, and of the entire realm of animal life, for as yet, not a solitary bird or beast existed on the land. Then Nature, traveling upwards in her developments, produced more highly endowed forms, in creatures of a half fishy, half reptile order, which could exist partly on land, and sea together; as seen in such huge monsters as the Plesiosaurus, a species of lizard like marine animal, and the Ichthyosaurus, a kind of reptile-whale—animals manifesting greater mechanical skill in their structure than all that had preceded them. These were followed by reptiles as a distinct species,—creatures of a still more highly organized and perfect kind. During this period nature seems to have made her first effort at navigating the air, as illustrated in the Pterodactyle—a flying reptile or monster bat—whose remains are now embalmed in the rocks; while traveling on to still more exquisite organizations, birds, although of coarse and gigantic species, appeared upon the scene.

Then a still higher class of life was produced—land animals came into being, although of a somewhat undeveloped order—pouched animals which do not mature their young in the womb, but perfect them in a fleshy pouch prepared for the purpose. Then animals of the class mammalia, which produce their young, perfect and entire came into existence—although the chief specimens first introduced were of the coarse, unshapely, and thick-skinned class. Still traveling to higher developments of creative power, these were followed by animals of finer and more shapely kinds—Nature branching out into the thousand forms of "wild-beast" life which have more or less been perpetuated down to our day. Later still came the finer and more delicate domestic animals of our times; while last of all, to crown this pyramid of Natures efforts, man—embodying within himself all the excellencies of workmanship, the perfection of mechanism, found in all the combined orders of life which had preceded him—appeared upon the scene, a fit and glorious apex to the whole! Who that follows in his mind this line of progress, we have so briefly sketched, from the incapable—and apparently unconscious—inmate of the sea shell or the spongy star fish, up to man, in all his beauty of structure, and glory of form, but can see that Nature's course has been one invariable upward movement from the remotest times—one constant improvement upon her class of work in every succeeding period. And when we find the same line of proof in the progress of the earth, from a barren rock to a rich alluvial globe, stored with mineral and vegetable wealth, and find the same story of progress reëchoed in the history of plants, from the days of the stemless and leafless species to the foliaged trees and odorous flowers of our own times—who, we say, but must conclude with us that Nature's eternal and immutable order—from which there is no variation, is progress—eternal unfoldment of greater and yet greater riches of artistic and mechanical skill—progress in beauty and perfection in all her realms, upwards and forever?

And did we need further proof that this is God's order—that nothing ever goes backward with Him, but that, notwithstanding the blotches and disfigurements which mark human affairs, *as a whole*, everything is traveling an inevitable road to perfection—we have it in man's own history. We see it by looking back into "the hole from whence we have been dug." Whatever Adam may have been, we know by the relics which are found buried with them, that the earliest settlers of our globe were the most barbarous and degraded it ever saw—men who used stone axes and slew each other with spears capped with flint—a race into whose minds the idea of the uses of iron, or any other metal, had never entered. We know that ages elapsed ere men learned the commonest decencies of life, and ages more before men could communicate to each other one idea in writing or distinguish one sound of music from another. It took the accumulated wisdom of thousands of years, before men could tell in great clumsy hieroglyphics—huge enough to cover a house—that which we can write in ten minutes on a slip of paper; or before mankind even rose to the full appreciation of the sublime music of a ram's horn.

From these states of savagism, we have ascended through the slow travail of the ages, gaining every step. One after another, has come civilizing ideas and higher spiritual truths, until from the barbarism of the naked "stone men," our race has risen to the mastery of music, literature, and all the arts of the beautiful—to the age of machinery and vast projects. While in spiritual matters, we have traveled from fierce hatreds between tribes and tongues, and from a world-wide belief in the natural right of nations to destroy each other as wild beasts, to a universal recognition that all are of one flesh and blood; and from the conception of a Deity of wrath and jealousy—taking bloody vengeance on his foes—to a comprehension of the God of Love, whose boundless provisions are spread out over all nations and fill a universe—compared with whose bright image, as it now fills the developed human soul, even Moses' conceptions of Deity—far ahead as they were of former times—are comparative heathenism and blackest night.

We have then in the Earth, in its plants, its animals, and its human kind, the testimony that nothing rolls back under

the Divine Hand. We are also just awaking to the conception that this great law of progress extends throughout the realms of space, and that we live in a Universe which inevitably gets more beautiful and glorious as ages pass along. By-and-bye, we may come to see that through all their sins and sufferings, their crimes and their woes, a tender but irresistible Hand is taking humanity—all humanity without exception—through to an understanding of the superiority of righteousness and the sweetness of truth. Then shall we learn that nothing fails in the Divine Plan, and gain another testimony that all life and being contain the germ of their own progress, and are created irresistibly to perfect and develop themselves. And oh! looking back over the accumulated ages through which we have reached all the manifestations of Nature's loveliness that surround us to day, with what a prophecy are we filled of that which is to come! This story of the past which we have read is one of power and developing life commencing at a point and widening as it goes. Where shall it end? If our race has journeyed up from semi-animalism till it comprehends the chemistry of the universe, measures the pathways of worlds, and intellectually and spiritually realizes a relationship to God, to what periods of light, and to what perfection of species, is Nature in her great unfoldments carrying us all? The hard facts of the past allow but one reply—there is no speculation about it, no mere imagination—the pathway of life for millions of ages past must be its pathway for millions more. In its fruits and flowers, therefore, and in all its phases of animal beauty, our earth must go on to its paradisiacal condition; while, in beauty of physical form, in strength of intelligence, in nearness to God—unless the universe reverses its eternal tides—our race must advance until the present generation, with all their attainments in intellectual power, are seen but as the poor "stone-men" of the past, alongside of the superior races that must then people our globe.

Already the instincts of mankind are preparing them for the next great step in their progress, and they stand peering in, trying to penetrate through the veil that hides from them the secrets of the invisible world. To travel further, they need the light, the order, the science, the philosophy, the accumulated wisdom—of the great spiritual and intellectual ones who have for over six thousand years been passing away and studying divine science in higher realms. Their hands will lift earth's race up that higher step—that veil will be rent and men will gaze through on the system and the advanced truths that fill the bosoms of immortals. Thus shall the great ones of the past create the future, and as ages pass along, and earth's races come nearer to a heavenward mark, the inter-communication between mortals and the purified ones of Immortal Zion so increase—the interblending be so great—the union so tender and so near, that men shall say "Zion from above has come down" and "the Tabernacle of God is with men." Then will open before mankind the celestial door which looks out on that science which, while it governs worlds and directs the course of myriads, lifts every individual up to his fullest height of manly freedom, expansiveness in heavenly love and sublime intelligence; and earth's races will reach the point so surely pointed out by the unfailing growth of the past, but more emphatically predicted in the bosoms of those who humbly, and while yet afar from this bright time, seek for intelligence from the celestial fount.

Woman and Plural Marriage.—The articles on this subject, published in this and the following numbers of the Magazine, have been re-written for this volume.

ALFRED THE GREAT AS THE ONE-MAN POWER.

No. 3.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

It was Whitsuntide when Alfred returned from the Danish camp, and he immediately sent messengers to his friends in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Somersetshire, announcing his existence. He instructed them to collect their followers and meet him in arms on the east of Selwood Forest. The Anglo-Saxons rallied at the call of their fugitive king: England lived again. The heavens were also busy. His relative, St. Neot, appeared to Alfred in vision, promising him both assistance and great success. The circumstance of this vision was communicated to the Saxons, who were by it greatly encouraged.

On the third day of the gathering of the Anglo-Saxons, Alfred marched his new raised army to Æcylea and seized an adjoining hill. Æcylea is supposed to have been near Warminster, in Wiltshire, but there are various conjectures upon the point. Here they encamped that night, near the enemy, and in the morning they advanced rapidly to a place then called Ethandune, where the Danish army overspread the plain. Here Alfred halted and addressed his soldiers, reminding them that they were about to combat for the deliverance of their country. When he had concluded, the Anglo-Saxons advanced upon their enemies with such celerity, that the Danes, who seem to have been surprised by the sudden rallying of the English, were thrown into disorder by the impetuous charge. It is said that, seeing a standard-bearer leading on one of his divisions with great valor, Alfred pointed him out to his warriors as St. Neot himself at their head; which belief made his soldiers, heroes. The Saxons won the battle, drove the Northmen to their fortress, and besieged them. The strength of Alfred daily increased, cutting off all hope from the Danish chieftains, who, subdued by famine and cold and imprisoned by the siege, humbly supplicated the mercy of their conqueror. Thus, after a doubtful struggle of twelve years, between the Sea kings of the North, and the Anglo-Saxon kings who divided England between them, Alfred, king of Wessex, conquered the most formidable invasion that ever swept over a nation. In his moment of triumph, this great prince conceived the splendid policy of incorporating the Danes as part of the English nation, making Godrun, the Danish king, his ally. The Northmen were pagans and pirate kings of the sea, but the Saxon prince converted them to agriculture, civilization, and Christianity. In a few weeks after their defeat, Godrun and his chiefs were baptized Alfred standing as godfather to the Danish king, who was baptized into Christianity by the name of Ethelstan. England was divided now between two great powers; the Danes and the Saxons both of whom must, from this incorporation, be considered natives of the land—both now Englishmen, who together formed that mighty kingdom which for centuries led the destinies of the human race.

From the restoration of Alfred to the throne, the Saxon heptarchy became absorbed in him. There has been a difference among the old historians, as to which was the proper founder of the English kingdom, Alfred or his grandson Athelstan. The former united the Saxon kingdom in himself, while his grandson united the Saxons and the Danes. It is true that Athelstan completed his grandsire's work, and was the first monarch of all the land, but Alfred, we believe, should be considered the beginning of the "one man power" of the British empire—the father of the English nation. Let us now consider this "one man power" and especially as illustrated in Alfred and the British Commonwealth.

That our national unity is an absolute necessity to the greatness of a kindred race is most certain. From that unity civilization and nationality may properly be said to begin. Previous to that is semi-barbarism, and the growth of small states and petty kingdoms, in a country made one by nature and Providence, is but the transition of a people towards their nationality and civilization. France became France in a Charlemagne, England was born in Alfred the Great, and the American Republic in a grand centralization in George Washington. Here we have three forms of the "one-man power," the one imperial, the other in constitutional monarchy, and the latter in republican sovereignty, which emanates from the people. The former is better and grander than barbarism, and more blessed than anarchy, but it is the nearest to barbarism, and it is only tolerable in modern times as a savior from anarchy after an eruptive revolution which has been fed with its volcanic force by the despotisms of ages. The monstrous tyrannies of Church and State—the brutalizing "one-man power" of priestcrafts, and kingcrafts which chain the intellect, interrupt civilization, and destroy the manhood of the people, in time produce revolutions as their very ultimate. Such a "one-man power" for a nation to build upon, must therefore be a curse not only to itself, but if sufficiently important in the world, a curse to the human race. It may begin with an immortal Charlemagne, but it will culminate a thousand years afterwards with a revolution that shall shake the world out of its old forms, into new conceptions, and redeem their France from anarchy. They give to the world no proper ultimate. After the death of the last Napoleon, shall come another revolution and another anarchy, and thus it shall ever be, until human liberties and human progress be secured to the coming age in a healthful sovereignty of the people—a proper commonwealth that cultivates God in the hearts of the millions, and acknowledges the *will* of that God in the intellects of those millions of immortal souls.

Alfred the Great, after his restoration, was deeply and solemnly impressed with such views as these, for they abound in all the writings, reflections and acts of his reign. He was traveling to his phase of "one-man power," if a nation's *unity* must be dishonored by that term, for there still be those who insist that *unity* and national perfection mean the one *only* to will, the one brain to think, the one heart to feel, the one personality to absorb a nation's commonwealth. But Alfred the Great illustrated the subject differently. He traveled to Anglo-Saxon *unity*, but, after ages of progress, his race and genius brought forth a grand declaration of human rights and liberties, not a French Revolution—a George Washington, not a Napoleon, as the ultimate for man. Not less even than the republican fathers of the American nation, did Alfred, the Saxon lawgiver, seek to secure to mankind their inalienable rights and liberties by a regular constitutional government. He saw his race, which until his day had been divided into small kingdoms, in a country which God had geographically marked with unity, now growing into one great nation, not only for the *necessities* for a governmental unity, as well as a geographical oneness, but also from the inevitable blending of a kindred people, with the same language, on a sea-girt isle, formed by Nature herself for a great national unity. The growth of civilization, the increase of the means of travel, the exchange of thought, the extension of commerce between the different cities and counties, the enlargement of men's intellects and the general humanizing and Christianizing of the Saxon people, would, in time, certainly bring about a national oneness. But the circumstances of Alfred and the circumstances of his country threw him into a more rapid development in that direction. The Danish invasion and the *necessities* of a common defense and a potent government throughout the land under one head produced, in his reign, what otherwise might have taken centuries to bring about, and the same necessities and causes, in his grandson's reign, united both the Danes and the Saxons into one common people. From his very restoration the intellectual Alfred saw these necessities and causes working rapidly. It was, to all intents and purposes, a new era which, before his dethronement, existed not. England, with that restoration, had a new birth. Alfred was, doubtless, the first of his age to realize this in the civilizing sense and, as we have seen, he, immediately after his victory over the Northmen, sought to incorporate them into England as Englishmen. His prompt, sagacious policy was to first Christianize the pagan Sea Kings and their warlike forces, and by settling them on land in various counties as tillers of the soil, and to imbue them with the spirit of civilization and peace, he was consolidating and augmenting a kingdom, not distracting it nor dividing with the invaders his power. The Saxons had the start in civilization and, therefore, they would absorb the Danes, not be absorbed by them; they were the teachers of Christianity, and, therefore, the pagans would become their converts and adopted brethren. It was a thousand times easier to thus incorporate them into the nation and civilize them than to drive them, as invaders, from his shores. Alfred therefore, like an enlightened statesman, sought to found a greater England than that of the past, and by a grand commonwealth, to bring forth a united kingdom.

The first step to this great design which Alfred took was, like Charlemagne before him, to create a powerful navy and to thoroughly organize the national forces on the land. With his navy and armies he defended the country against more invasions and kept his Danish allies faithful, so that he was enabled for many years to contend with the terrible Hastings and, at last, break his power and scatter him and his broken forces into France. Thus did Alfred preserve his kingdom during his reign and every year increase its martial and naval glory.

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

No. 2.

Our object, in our last article on the above subject, was to condense in one chapter a rough idea of the general principles upon which, to our minds, polygamy rests. Necessarily, therefore, much remains to be further amplified and explained, both with reference to the object of polygamy, and its justice to women.

Let us now re-state the case in other words, that we may clearly convey our ideas to the mind. As we understand it, men and women are organized on a polygamic basis—in other words, they are created with the impulses and adaptations for that kind of life within them, so that when they arrive at a certain state of development it shall be natural to them, and in harmony with all the conditions of their being. It is, therefore, not necessarily adapted to them, or true to their feelings and conceptions at every stage of their career. In proportion, only, as those qualities implanted with a special eye to polygamy are brought out; will it be a source of perfect happiness and life to them. As an illustration, flying is adapted to the nature's of birds, when their feathers are perfected, and the rest of their organization is sufficiently developed; but true and natural as flying ultimately is to birds it is not true to them until these necessary conditions are fully developed within them. Although an instinct for flying is born with the bird, it is utterly unconscious of the fact till nature has developed the desire within it. So it is with plurality of wives, thousands of men are as unconscious of

any fitness of their being for that form of marriage life, as the downy eaglet crouching in the nest is unaware that Nature intended it to float in the air, or soar in the face of the noonday sun. It is perfectly clear that there is no special advantage in preaching feathers to young birds, the feathers will come of themselves in due time, and they will know all about them when they come; and it is comparatively, as useless preaching the harmony of polygamy with the facts of advanced men and women's natures, to those in whom no instinct or inkling of their fitness for the institution has as yet been developed.

Still there are thousands of men in whose practical experience polygamy has proved itself true. They know, at least, that a power to purely love more than one woman exists within them, they also know that the love of the second does not touch or interfere with the love of the first—but that simply an increase of capacity to love has been awakened within them, to the injury and loss of none, but to the improvement of their own natures. These men desire to live in harmony with what they conceive to be their highest instincts, and as the facts become known the number of such persons will increase, until, like an overwhelming sea, their voice and testimony will force from their fellows a concession of their right to follow those instincts whether anyone else knows anything about such promptings or whether they do not. For the sake of such we present in these articles not a defense, for no man can prove any fact of his own nature to another person, but simply an exposition of the principles of divine polygamy from our own stand-point.

We say "divine polygamy," because, as already stated, polygamy, like the marriage of one wife, can be entered into from the lowest of motives. This, however, argues nothing. There is no impulse of our human nature but can be similarly perverted. Teaching and enlightenment can alone direct our instincts to their highest use; and hence it is open, and always will be open to those who know no higher worth in women than their sex, to attribute mere instincts of animal passion to men practicing this order of marriage. Unprincipled men could not see anything in Jesus but a man ambitious for power, hence he said nothing, knowing the uselessness of the task, but "like a lamb before her shearers was dumb," knowing that, when his love touched their hearts, the charge would expire in air. So with polygamy, one touch of nature in the soul revealing the fact of a capacity for pure and godlike plural love will—like the spirit "dividing the joints and the marrow," teach to each man and woman that which volumes of external testimony cannot prove.

Polygamy, as practised by vast nations at the present day, has one advantage: it eats out the plague spot of prostitution. But polygamy, as revealed to our minds, has many higher purposes than annihilating this monster woe of womankind. That is but a fraction of the purposes of polygamy as understood in the bosoms of angels. To them, it means greater unity between the sexes, greater love between women, and holier results in posterity than earth as yet knows anything about. But then, polygamy, with them, is viewed solely with an eye to their class of life. It is only as we put on their conditions and merge into their spirit that we can realize what they anticipate from it. What these conditions are we shall endeavor to explain, as well as the causes that prevent its harmonious action with some of us to-day, as well as wherein its advantages to men and women really consist.

Before doing so, let us say a word on the development of women. It must not be inferred, because we have spoken of plural marriage as specially intended for the growth of man, that the development of woman is of minor importance, or that we suppose that the Almighty has a desire to bring out and develop man more than He has woman, and that woman is merely brought into existence to minister to man's improvement. It is, indeed, a fact that a plurality of wives, in answering the ends and purposes of their own beings, by the demands which they make for love and care, tend to develop and educate instincts which are inherent in man; but they thereby are no more servants to his progress than to their own. And the mere fact that the love of more than one woman is necessary in certain states of a man's progress, while the love of one man will meet all a woman's needs, does not exist because women are inferior to man, but because the matrimonial side of his nature is open to more development than woman's. But, while one man can supply all a woman needs in conjugal love, there is a department in which it takes as much to meet and fill the demands of her nature as it does that of man in respect to matrimony. Each sex is as great, and needs as much development in its special sphere. Women possess an illimitable fountain of maternal yearnings. They have far more of the great divine quality of parental love than man, and here is where their excellency and superiority is manifested, here wherein their perfection is needed—a development which is of as great an importance to all intellectual life as that of man, but which is to be obtained from an entirely different source. Growth and unfoldment, for which there is a rich provision in Nature and in the principles of celestial science, but which we do not specially dwell upon because we are now treating of matrimonial and not parental love. Suffice it to say that, in our estimation, men and women divide the powers of life between them; they each manifest a different side of the Divine Nature, each, therefore, possesses attributes of which the other is destitute. Woman is not a mere machine for child-bearing. She contains within herself special attributes, qualities and powers, of the Great Fountain of all Life and Being, which are found nowhere, but within her nature.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

BY JOHN LYON.

Liberty's the freeman's glory!
Touch it, and you touch his life;
Let the foe be young or hoary,
Keen will be the fight, and gory,
Ere he yields in slavery's strife;
Mind! his soul is great and noble,
Count the cost before you trouble,
Mark! his children and his wife.

Touch his freedom, and a hero
Darts upon you ere you know;
Soon you'll find unto your sorrow:
"Pay to-day and trust to-morrow,"
Is his motto in each blow.
While the tyrant foeman stammers
'Neath the blow of his sledge-hammers,
Till he welt'ring lays him low.

Freely bounds his unchained spirit
Heedless where he lives or dies!
Truth's reward he strives to merit,
And fair liberty inherit
Free from demagognes and spies,
Loving, shielding all around him!
This, and only this, has bound him
To this land of paradise!

Salt Lake City, September, 1869.

THE MODERN EDMUND KEAN.

We were asked the other day, somewhat sarcastically, by a brother critic, if we had ever seen Edmund Kean. No; nor were we personally acquainted with Shakspeare in his lifetime; but we have eat and drank with their ghosts. Is our brother satisfied?

"Did you ever see Edmund Kean?" Pshaw! you trifle. Kean is but a dominating name like Napoleon. It is convertible. It was once Garrick; now the imperial signature of the histrionic realm is Warner.

We needed the dominating name again, for it is long since there was one potent enough to rule the stage. There were Forrest, Macready, the younger Kean, and Brooke; but they all now belong to the past. The younger Booth is left, but he rules in the potency of his father's name, and not his own. We saw him in Philadelphia, in the play of Shylock and sat out his great act in which he refused to give something for a "wilderness of monkeys." He did not impress us as Neil Warner has done. It may be that expectation had overwrought our impatience for real greatness, and that we were challenged by the name of a Booth, while the simple modesty of Neil Warner provoked not that impatience. But what if it had? It would have been as impossible for us to have left the theater and gone home during the performance of his Richard III or Sir Giles Overreach as to have sat in ecstasy upon our seat during the performance of Booth's Shylock, impatient at the thought of what his great father might have been. Yet we went to see Neil Warner's Richard in a more unfavorable state of mind. In one eye was Edmund Kean's Richard, and in the other, Junius Brutus Booth's, and then the idealistic is generally somewhat exaggerated. Kean in one eye and Booth in the other—both magnified ghosts with whom we have eat and drank; Neil Warner, a mortal of modest assumptions, not an immortal with a blazoned name; thus it stood. Yet, at the close of Warner's Richard, we rushed to a friend, who was surrounded by a knot of critics, and exclaimed in rapture, "That *is* Richard!" We could not help remembering a pertinent anecdote of John Phillip Kemble and Edmund Kean. The magnificent brother of Sarah Siddons being asked if he had seen Kean's Richard, replied "No, I have seen Richard himself." From that moment Warner struck us with the fancy of THE MODERN EDMUND KEAN?

Macready, Vandenhoff, and Forrest were great as characters, and as artists. The *weight* of their own personality gave a dignity and force to every part which they filled, but neither of those histrionic giants possessed the endowment of genius: Edmund Kean and Booth undoubtedly did, and in that quality they rank with Garrick. We think Neil Warner is of the same type, less than either if you please, but still of the same type. He has both the physique and metaphysics of that rare class. He may not be so grand and imposing as were John Phillip Kemble, Macready, and Forrest who have held the sceptre of the Anglo-Saxon stage, but remember that Edmund Kean—a Napoleonic little man took the sceptre from the hand of the magnificent Kemble, and won the imperial name. Now, Warner has more physique than Kean possessed, with a kindred nature. He is a fiery mass thrown upon the stage—a *passion* in the play, not an actor. Indeed, we do not even remember during the performance that he is an *artiste*, nor is he trammeled with that remembrance. He is, we say a *passion*, and this is what the audience feel. At the close of Othello; the *Daily Telegraph* wanted to fly to his help, believing it absolutely impossible for him to reach Desdemona to give her his death kiss; as for Sir Giles Overreach there is a resolute understanding in the public mind that Neil had a fit in the death scene. Being asked if such was the case we replied; upon our soul we could not tell, but we knew such men as Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth did have fits and die and do all that sort of extraordinary thing in earnest upon the stage. Warner may yet do as extraordinary things as they. He may win the empire of the stage and even die upon it, for he is a passion and may expire any moment at its culmination. A fiery mass burning into the public brain: Such is Neil Warner. He may consume himself; but better that an *artiste* die great, than live contemptible. Edmund Kean *will* win the empire of the stage though it costs him his life, and if he is incarnated in Neil Warner, then will Neil also win it and die immortal —no matter whether in his bed or at the end of Sir Giles Overreach. We have said Kean is a name? It is synonymous with genius. It shall be Garrick or Booth, just as you please; and, if it is now Warner we have no longer to look for the coming man.

The ruling name was imperatively needed; for a dramatic unity, ay, and something more than a sectional name and a local unity must be created. It is the entire Saxon stage to be ruled, for the pillars are down everywhere. Edwin Booth is not the man to sway the sceptre of the stage in the three great empires of the Anglo-Saxon race—Great Britain, America, and Australia; but sooner or later the man was certain to come to regenerate his profession and make it palpitate with a new immortality. He is necessity of the age. There is just at this time scope for the most tremendous ambition as well as the rarest genius. The field is cleared of the old stock; the pillars of the mighty fabric of the past fifty years are all fallen. The field has to be stocked again, not only with new life and the impersonating genius, but also with new dramatic substance! Both actors and authors must arise the impersonators and the creators of the next dramatic series, must come to sustain and continue the apostles of the past, not rival them. There is not a sensible man in the profession who does not realize that to-morrow Boucicault and his herd will die. Who then shall build up the dramatic fabric of the future?

We believe that on the actor's part, we have found the man in Neil Warner.

But the dominating play must come, as well as the impersonating genius. That play will be "Oliver Cromwell," to be followed by others of the great historic class, for there must be new dramatic substance even to revive the giants of the past. The humbug of novelty must be vanquished on its own ground. Cromwell will begin the work and Neil Warner must incarnate him. The great Protector is the mightiest name of the Anglo-Saxon race; he is more American than English, and will cover America, England and Australia, where that race dominate. He is crowded with dramatic subject, he is, in fact, an epic. Many have attempted to create him in dramatic forms and failed, others may fail before he is produced, but come Cromwell will, to give to some actor the empire of the modern stage. Napoleon himself would be overwhelmed, were Cromwell in the field. Mr. Warner, we understand, has made arrangements for the play of the mightiest man of the Anglo-Saxon race, and if the author succeeds, Neil Warner will not fail.

The "modern Edmund Kean" was born at Bury-St. Edmund's Suffolk, England, April 5th, 1836, and was educated for the Church. At the age of 17, owing to the death of certain relatives of whose influence he was deprived, he abandoned the ecclesiastical career, and started to London, where, for three years, he studied under the ablest masters of elocution, with the design of following the stage. He made his debût in London; and the young tragedian was highly spoken of by the London critics as an actor of great promise, whose appearing was a worthy event in theatrical history. The London *Post*, speaking of his Othello, said:

> From a purely physical point of view it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect presentment of the noble Moor than that of Mr. Warner. Handsome and expressive features, commanding stature, a dignified and graceful deportment and, above all, a voice of such quality, power and modulation as to give full and forcible expression to every emotion of the human heart.
>
> In the portrayal of this arduous character Mr. Warner exhibited such force and nobility, such tenderness and wrath, such true insight into the workings of the jealous mind, and such rare power of realizing them in action, that the most hypercritical could not conscientiously quarrel with the approving verdict passed upon the impersonation by the large and high-class audience present last night.

Leaving London, the young English tragedian went to Australia, where he was universally acknowledged as being after the late lamented G. V. Brooke, the greatest tragic actor in the southern hemisphere. He returned to England in 1864, appearing first in London, then in Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin and nearly all the principal towns of the United Kingdom. He is just from California, being on a professional visit to the empire of the future—America which may perhaps be an event in his life. We need scarcely say that Neil Warner is a great Shakspearean student, for without this, no man could be a great Shakspearean actor. His profession is his idol; and genius, we again affirm, is his type.

It is a grand ambition of this young man to give to his profession a new immortality. Charles Kean, and Edwin Booth have attempted it. But their aim was merely the *revival* of the past, by scenic agencies. It must be a *creation*, not a revival—a creation of a dramatic future. Boucicault had a much more practical conception, and he struck for a new creation. We have seen his success; but in his low work he dethroned Shakspeare, and destroyed the opportunity of the great actors. Now, Neil Warner has struck the true conception, and the one which is also commercially sound. He will revive Shakspeare and Massenger by bringing great names to the help of Richard, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Sir Giles Overreach. Had there been a score of plays, equal to Richelieu produced in this age, with a score of the Elizabeth of England class, the kings and queens of the stage would, ere this, have regained their thrones. They will yet do it, and Neil Warner begins his fine conception of a new *creation*, not a mere *revival*, by the mighty name of Cromwell of England.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY.

The great court-room of the Old Bailey was crowded to hear the trial of the celebrated singer, Farinelli; and, as the thousands gathered there listening to the statement of the case by the prosecutor for the Crown followed by the testimony of the witnesses, they already in their minds pronounced sentence upon the prisoner. The testimony of both friends and foes weighed almost equally in the scale against the Farinelli. Indeed, no one could be suspected of being the foe of the prisoner excepting Orsini; and seeing that his testimony was forced from him by his arrest, he was not strongly convicted in the public mind, of malice towards the prisoner. The rest of the evidence was from Farinelli's friends. Sir Richard Courtney, in stating the case of the mysterious disappearance of his nephew, how he left London with the prisoner, how Signor Farinelli, in the morning, with his strange story, arrived alone and distracted at Courtney House, how himself, Lord Frederick De Lacy and the prisoner immediately mounted the fleetest horses and rode to the scene of the attack in the forest, how they found Walter's horse dead and its rider's pistols in their holsters undischarged, told fearfully against the victim of circumstantial evidence at the bar. Another point which told even more than the appearance of a sudden murder without resistance, was the fact that the old lodge in the forest was burned to the ground. A shudder ran through the court at this, for the general inference was that the body of the supposed murdered man had been consumed in the fire. This fact had been drawn from the reluctant Courtney by the Prosecutor.

At length, Counselor Christie arose for the defense, and made a powerful appeal to the jury, charging them to bear in mind the cases of the innocent who had been condemned and hung by circumstantial evidence as conclusive as that of the present case, but which, when other facts were known, had an entirely different appearence. The multitude, ever swayed by feeling, were by the powerful speech of Counselor Christie, greatly moved; but, when the Prosecutor bade his eloquent brother also remember of the former attempt at assassination in Rome, a reaction followed. Counselor Christie replied not; but called Judah Nathans into the witness box.

"My Lord," began Snap, "when we see a lone oak torn up by the fierce hurricane, and it falls upon a cottage close by, destroying life in the catastrophe, if blame there be, should it come against the stricken oak or the hurricane? The crime of the uprooted oak is that its strength of resistance was overmatched by the storm. There is no motive to be found against the tree. So am I proof that there is no motive to be found against Signor Farinelli, for I was in the hurricane myself that struck him; yet, though he fell, no one was hurled to the ground but himself. In this case, the motive and the malice were in the storm, for even before the prisoner at the bar was born, it had already brought desolation to the De Lacy family; and certain am I that since it struck Farinelli in Rome, hurling him against his friend, that same storm has now borne away Sir Walter Templar himself." Snap then related the entire conspiracy against the De Lacys and the design to murder Walter; and wound up by a philosophical climax so eminently characteristic of the man:

"My lord, when plotters travel to their purposes, they surround their deeds with other men's seemings—not their own. From the time that the regicide of Scotland struck the blow with the daggers of the sleeping grooms, and his wife besmeared their faces with the blood of their royal master, murderers of subtle capacity fasten their deeds upon other men as a part of their own design. Moreover, they seek to kill the person nearest to their chief victim to hide the seemings which would lead to themselves. It is a fatal error to hang the man whom you find by the side of the corpse; rather pursue the one who has fled. In nine cases out of ten, the person nearest is the most innocent of the crime and its foregone intentions."

Terese Ben Ammon was the next witness called, and her woman's impulse startled the court with new thoughts. Being sworn, she opened upon the judge with—

"My lord, Walter Templar is not dead; therefore, my foster-brother did not murder him."

A sensation ran through the court and the thousands present expected Walter suddenly to appear to confirm her statement. The Prosecutor looked around him with something like disappointment, a buzzing ran through the crowd, searching eyes were darting in every direction, even the judge expected an astonishing *denouement*, while Orsini turned pale and would have fled from the court, could he have done so with safety. The missing man, however, not appearing, the judge observed:

"Young lady, the court is anxious for the proof."

The court was anxious; a breathless silence reigned as Terese resumed:

"Walter Templar is not dead. By-and-by, he shall himself come to prove my words. I only ask that my foster-brother may not be condemned before that coming. But I will tell you, my lord, how I know that my affianced husband is not dead."

Terese then told his lordship of the death-bed marriage, Alice's prophecy and her own dreams since of Walter's living. The judge listened out of sympathy, and the spiritual-minded were half disposed to believe, but at length the Prosecutor impatiently reminded the court that the beautiful fancies of the witness had nothing pointed to the case. At this, Terese, carried away again by the impulses of the woman and the artiste, burst forth with impassioned speech, and an inspiration like a torrent bearing her on its course:

"Ye men of logic and of facts—slaves of logic and of facts—would you have these thousands assembled—witnesses of your wisdom and your justice—believe that only that is to the point, which you can trace by the common-place of circumstances? Dare you to be so falsely wise as to say that your hand is a circumstance in the case, but that your *thought* is none? Is your tabernacle the man and your spirit the fiction of the man. Is the book of your spirit-consciousness unworthy to be read, or which, if you attempt to read, the judges and the wise men of the law may interrupt by telling you that the text is not to the point in our practical experience? If you dare to say this, then I tell you, my lord and gentlemen, you had need be instructed by that grand order of visionary men—the Prophets and Seers of my Hebrew race, whose sepulchres you garnish and to whose names you build your temples, but whose wisdom you contemn. They shall tell you that that which you would have us believe the fiction is the most stupendous fact of life. But if you will maintain that their facts are too spiritual and that spiritual facts are not evidence in a case touching the living and the dead, where then stands your religion, seeing that all religions have the spiritual as their *solidest* groundwork? You have built not only churches, but States, upon the spiritual, and you make the very history of nations the fulfillment of prophecy. Wherefore then should you say that the prophecy of my sister Alice, as her departing spirit pierced the veil of the future, is not evidence in the case? Has not her prophecy been fulfilled? That at least is a *fact*. And her *sight* of a coming event is now a positive evidence. But what has come to pass, you will say, proves not that which shall yet come to pass revealing Walter living; yet the departed spirit of the bride foretold that he should be living, and that in the coming night of his mortal life, she would be near both him and me. Therefore is Walter Templar living, and Alice, his spirit-bride, near us!"

"It is a woman's, therefore," interrupted the judge, "all-intuition; yet no evidence for the court to decide upon."

"But, my lord—my lord, bear with me! I have *direct* evidence, since the death of Alice and since the disappearance of Walter. I pray you, hear me."

"Yes, yes, my dear young lady, come to that *direct* evidence," observed the judge, eagerly expecting something more tangible, but he was soon undeceived, for Terese resumed:

"I know that Walter is not dead, for Alice has come from heaven and told me so! You look disappointed, my lord, at this. But do you then not believe that the spirits of the departed still live?"

"Certainly!" said the indulgent judge.

"Then, my lord, wherefore should they not come to us and tell us things which most concern them and us, especially when it is to save a life, and preserve a nation from a terrible injustice? Besides, my lord, were Walter in the other world, he also would come to me. I should see him, I should hear him. He would tell me all. But he has not come, therefore is he in the body and cannot come. My lord, I am of the Hebrew race, and my forefathers were Prophets and Seers. Their *sight* and prophetic words you build upon to this very day. Why then will you despise the words of their daughter? They have garnered in me their own nature, and I feel its prophecies in me even now. It is that nature which made me an artiste. The soul of song which is

in me, in them once burst forth in grand prophecies and divine psalms. Ay, my lord, there is a tradition in my family that David of Israel was my ancestor and now the spirits of my Hebrew race tell you through my mouth that Walter Templar is still on earth. Surely, my lord, *they* know."

"The child is right?" exclaimed Isaac Ben Ammon aloud in the court. "David of Israel was her ancestor, as sure as that the young man is not dead."

The Prosecutor for the Crown here interrupted again and demanded evidence to the point; but his lordship observed:

"Let the lady speak, for at least the court is refreshed by her beautiful faith; yet I confess it touches not the case."

"My lord, a moment more and I have finished," resumed the daughter of the ancient people. "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, the whole history of the Hebrews is a grand evidence that the heavens and the earth are inter-blended, and that they can hold converse one with another. When Elijah's *spirit* went up in the flaming chariot, the prophets in a multitude saw him. When Nebuchadnezzar sat in judgment upon the evidence of the wise men of Babylon, Daniel declared what the *heavens* had told him. Would not that Daniel, were he here on the judgment seat, believe what the heavens have told me, that Walter is on earth among the living; yea, my lord, would not that Daniel inquire and find him out? But Walter shall himself come and prove that he is still in the flesh."

The Hebrew Maiden left the witness-box as she said this. She had spoken like a prophetess. There had been something wonderful in her manner and speech which, though it proved nothing in a case of law, strangely impressed the thousands in the court.

The Prosecutor for the Crown then arose and, with his severe logic, swept away all that had been said in favor of the prisoner at the bar. He dwelt with a certain remorseless deliberateness upon every item of the terrible circumstantial evidence against Farinelli, especially that of the undischarged pistols of Walter in their holsters, and the burnt lodge in the forest with which he insisted the body of the murdered man had been consumed. The judge afterwards summed up the evidence and delivered the case to the jury The impartial men who had been sworn to decide on the evidence, felt that they dared not be influenced by the touching faith of Terese Ben Ammon; and, without leaving the court, they came to an agreement. At the startling words from the judge—"Guilty or not guilty?"—The foreman replied solemnly—"Guilty, my lord!"

The prisoner at the bar, with gentle firmness, refused to declare why sentence of death should not be passed upon him: and then the judge in a broken voice performed his terrible duty.

The sentence of death passed upon the innocent Farinelli, he was taken from the court to the condemned cell, while Clara Garcia was carried from the court in a swoon. Strong-minded men had shed tears that day, as well as the tender-hearted women who were present; but nothing more could be done there to save the prisoner. The only hope was in the mercy of the Crown.

Two persons, however, were superior even to that dreadful crisis. They were Terese Ben Ammon and her uncle Judah. They left the court resolved to find Walter Templar living and prove Farinelli innocent. Judah's will and intellect said—"Farinelli shall be delivered!" And the Hebrew Maiden said—"The God of my fathers shall bring it all to light!"

Clara Garcia, when she recovered from her swoon, wailed—

"Oh, Terese, save my lover;—save him whose life is more to me than my own soul!"

She was answered:

"The God of my Hebrew fathers shall bring it all to light. My brother *shall* be saved!"

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE FORSAKEN AND HER SON.

In a small but pretty cottage on the Edgeware Road, London, resided a charming lady, closely related to one of the chief personages of our story. She passed for a widow, but she was no widow, but a forsaken one. She was still beautiful, though the observant eye could see by her subdued sadness that there was a worm at her heart, or that some great calamity had befallen her in her life. Her name was Ida Blair.

By the side of Ida, on the morning of the 18th of May, 1824, the very morning after the sentence of Farinelli, sat a young man of about twenty-five years of age. His name was Arthur Blair, and he was the young Church of England clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between Walter Templar and Alice Courtney. In general terms he may be described as much such a young man as Lord Frederick De Lacy, resembling much his beautiful mother, Ida. There was, however, a gravity in him that did not become his years. This gravity was doubtless partly from the tone of mind which his sacred calling had given, but it was chiefly from the same cause which gave that subdued sadness seen in his beautiful mother. There was also the maturity of thoughtfulness in him which would have led one to rate his years at thirty, and to suppose him a younger brother of Ida Blair, rather than her son.

"Arthur,"—began his mother, in a broken voice, and something of shame in the blush that mantled her fair face—"you have often implored me to tell you my mournful history, but for your sake I have withheld it till now."

"But, oh, my mother, that very concealment has from my boyhood, been in my heart as the worm that dieth not."

"I know, my son, I know it: but I dared not tell you, nor should I now, but that one whom I must not disobey has charged me to reveal it to you to-day."

"Who is it that has thus charged you, my mother? Is it my unknown father?"

"Oh no, Arthur, it is not *he*; but one, whom though he is a strange man, I have cause to believe is my friend."

"Why do you speak of my father as the nameless *he?* why do you never call him husband? Why have you only several times in my life even referred to him at all, by any style of naming. Tell me, mother—at last, oh tell me!"

"I will, my son: but look not thus upon me. I cannot bear your searching eye."

Her son groaned in the anguish of his anticipation, and the mother opened her sad story.

"Arthur, I am the only daughter of a poor clergyman, like yourself. I had two brothers, both officers in the army of king George. Whether they are living or not I cannot say, for I have hid from all my family. My father's name was Arnold Blair."

"Oh, my God, my God!" burst from the son, for this confession told him that his mother still bore her maiden name. A tear stole down the cheek of the forsaken at her son's anguish, but after a moment she continued:

"Being the only daughter, I was the joy of my good father's heart, and in my girlhood consoled him for the loss of my mother. Ah, Arthur, had she not died, I should have perhaps found less cause to mourn for myself and you. When I was at the age of sixteen, *he* one day came to my father's house. My sire then was a curate in the little town of Westbury, in Wiltshire, and he was very poor. The young man brought to him news of a living which had been conferred upon him by his father, who was immensely rich. It was bestowed upon Arnold Blair because of his learning and eloquence as a minister. My poor father welcomed the young man, and at the rich gift shed upon his hand tears of gratitude. We removed from Westbury to the vicarage of which this young man's father was the lord; and often was that youth there by my side, though your grandfather thought he came in the character of his pupil to finish his education, before traveling on the continent. To be brief, Arthur, we loved, or rather I loved, for your father was at that time very handsome; and too often manly beauty of person rather than of mind win young girls' hearts. He pressed me to a secret marriage, urging with all the sophistry of a lover under such circumstances. I should not have consented, had it not been that his father designed to marry my lover to a lady of rank. The youth vowed that he would brave his sire, that he would forsake all for me, even though his parent should outcast him for it and then with tender pleadings, that I would not cast him away too; he persuaded me to believe that his sire would forgive us, if he found that the wife had come in before the curse was hurled upon his head. As too many of my sex have done before, I consented to become his wife, not dreaming that he meant to betray me. Oh, I fondly believed in his truth—believed that I should possess a loving husband, even though his ambitious father should frown upon us. I justify not my great error, my son, in consenting without our fathers' blessings, but sadly own my terrible fault. We were secretly married—I take my God to witness I so thought. I believed that the Church sanctified our mutual vows by its most holy ceremony. For nearly a year afterwards we met as husband and wife; when we could no longer conceal our secret, moved by my tears, your father told to my sire the story of our love and secret marriage. Arnold Blair in much trouble visited the ambitious sire of the youth, and revealed all. A terrible scene of wrath followed, and my father returned with reproaches and curses heaped on his head by that man of fearful purposes—I mean your other grandfather, but Arnold Blair dreamt not even then that his daughter had been betrayed. Soon however, the blow came in a letter, from the proud, ambitious sire,

stating that from his son he had learned that the marriage had been a false one. Wealth was offered to be heaped upon us as a restitution for the great wrong done, but oh, what price could pay for the dishonor. Your maternal grandfather died broken-hearted, but not before he had blessed you, and received from me a promise that you should be brought up to fill his sacred calling in the church. With my own hands I supported you until you were twelve years of age, for I refused all offers of money from *him* and his ambitious sire. My *husband*—for to me he was husband, married the titled lady, but the curse of my father's broken heart, and his daughter's blighted life followed the betrayer. He was childless, and childless his titled wife died a year afterwards; and when you were twelve years old, your other grandfather died. I afterwards learned that this man of iron will, who bowed the nobles of the land to his purposes, had often seen you, often had fondled you in his arms, in your childhood; often fondly laid his hands upon your head in your youth—ay, that iron hearted man had even wept over you, for you were his only grandchild."

"Then, mother," observed Arthur, "I remember that proud, stately old man. I both feared and loved him."

"These facts, my son," resumed Ida, the forsaken "I learned from your grandfather's strange confidant. As you will remember, you always met your grandfather at school. Your master was paid well to keep the secret from me. At your grandfather's death, his confidant came and informed me that he had left you five hundred a year for life. At first I refused, as I had done for myself, but when I was told of the old man's love for his only grandchild, I relented, and moreover, I was reproached for being willing to deprive you of your grandfather's legacy. At last I accepted, and with the money you were educated for the ministry, and thus I fulfilled my own father's dying wish. Touching *him*, I have merely to say, that since we first parted I have not seen his face. My story is told, Arthur, to you to-day because that confidant, who is the executor for you, has charged me to do so, for he has some secret will of your grandfather concerning you, of which I myself knew not till yesterday, nor do I now know. Ha! is that the garden gate, my son? If so, it is he."

"There is a gentleman coming up the garden walk with a lady," observed the young clergyman, looking out at the window.

"No, this is not he, mother. This is Mr. Nathans and his niece."

"Then it *is* he, Arthur," was the reply. The door was quickly opened by Ida the Forsaken, and Judah and Terese Ben Ammon entered.

"Lady, have you told your son your story," inquired Judah after they were seated.

"Yes, sir, all.'

"No, Lady Ida Blakely, not all! A portion of it I have come to tell!" replied Judah, with his calm abruptness.

"Lady Blakely! Merciful God of the forsaken, what does this mean!"

Ida, overwhelmed by the sudden revelation and the torrent of her emotions, would have fallen from her chair, had not her son caught her in his arms.

"Trifle not with my afflicted mother, sir, but tell us what mean your strange words?" said Arthur imploringly.

"Sir Arthur Blakely—for such you will be, *I never trifle*," returned Snap, for he comes in fitly in his character as the confidant of General Blakely.

"Oh, Mr. Nathans, is this true? Was that marriage then holy, and no solemn farce. Am I a wife. Was it?—was it *no* farce?"

"Lady Blakely, *I* witnessed it; and *I* never play in farces, though I have sustained my part in tragedies."

Thus answered that fearfully intellectual man.

"Are you sure, Mr. Nathans, that my mother is a wife, and I blessed born."

"Sir Arthur, I am always *sure* when I assert. I never affirm till I have solved. Science says *demonstrate*. I am science. I *have* demonstrated."

"But may you not be mistaken, sir?" inquired poor Arthur, anxiously.

"I say, Sir Arthur, I witnessed your mother's marriage, and that I take no part in farces. There, young man, is your grandfather's will, in which he acknowledges your legitimacy, and which makes you, after your father, heir of all his wealth. There is the certificate of your mother's marriage also in that packet. Take it, and demonstrate for yourself."

The young man took the documents, and read to his mother aloud his grandfather's will, and her marriage certificate.

"Are you satisfied, Lady Blakely?"

"I am more than satisfied!" returned Ida the Forsaken, sobbing. "This, Mr. Nathans, is your work. Oh, you *are* good!"

"Nay, lady, I am evil. 'I never pray I thank thee, O God, that I am not as other men.' Indeed, I never pray at all. I dive for truth, I soar for truth. I never pray, and therefore am I evil. So was that young man's grandfather, but he could be just as you see when his ambition stood not in his way. Call me not *good*, lady, for it offends me. I say I am evil, and had Herbert Blakely had a son by his other marriage, you would not have called me good, for your son would have been kept out of his rights by my sanction."

"Uncle Judah," observed Terese, speaking for the first time in the case, "you are always calling yourself by bad names."

"Wherefore should I not, niece?" replied Snap sharply. "Do not men generally call themselves by good names. They lie. Would you have me lie too. I am science and science is truth. Lady Blakely, are you satisfied that my old master, General Blakely, has done you justice at last."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Nathans," the lady replied.

"And now, Sir Arthur, will you do my bidding."

"After this I cannot refuse, but why call me Sir Arthur. Is my father dead?"

"No, but never in England will he be able to again claim rank. Such a circumstance which justifies me in carrying out your grandfather's will, which was designed to be fulfilled at your father's death, or when I should determine, for your grandfather *trusted me*. You have heard of the case of Sir Walter Templar and Farinelli. Your father is the guilty man."

"Would you have me betray him, sir?" observed Arthur, shocked.

"No, but to help me save him and the lives of two others. Sir Walter is living I am certain. We must find him and prevent Farinelli from being hanged for *your* father's act. You must go to Italy and become the private secretary of your father, but unknown in your true character. You shall have a recommendation from Lawyer Wortley. He knows all. I say we must find out the truth, or I will hang your father. I have said it. You will report everything to me. If I but find the clue to Walter Templar's existence, the rest will follow. You must obtain for me that clue. Your father then must reside abroad, all shall be made known to him concerning yourself and your grandfather's will, and Sir Richard Courtney will not prosecute your sire. Have you resolved, for *I have?*"

"Yes, Mr. Nathans, for if Sir Walter be living or Signor Farinelli innocent, my duty as a Christian is with your will in this. On the condition that my father shall be spared, I undertake your mission."

"For your grandfather's sake his son shall be spared. You must start to-morrow, for there is no time to be lost. Lives hang upon despatch. Your mother will reside with my niece at Sir Richard Courtney's until your rights and hers are confirmed."

It was thus arranged, and the next day Lady Ida Blakely was taken by Terese Ben Ammon to Sir Richard Courtney's, and Arthur Blakely started for Rome to fulfill his mission.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE POISONED WINE.

Sir Herbert Blakely had returned to his native land after a supposed absence of five years. He was again in the De Lacy castle; but this time his movements were all unconcealed. Indeed, he seemed to court attention, and his castle was the resort of political magnates, for he had announced his intention of turning his attention to the affairs of his country. A Parliamentary election was at hand, and he was up for the county of Wiltshire. The old part to which his father belonged courted him, for his vast estates in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Kent made him very influential with the ministry. He had grown more like his father, and politicians expected to see him play a similiar part to that which General Blakely had distinguished himself for; namely, a ruling politician. As he had marked out a public course, he sought society, and sagacious mamma's speculated upon the prospects of Sir Herbert's marrying again. He was only fifty, and still a handsome man, and he encouraged the gossip concerning his prospects of marriage. Indeed, he had really designed to take another wife, for it was a great cross to Sir Herbert that he had no son to succeed him, for he neither knew of the existence of his legitimate son nor that his marriage with Ida Blair was genuine. He himself had been deceived by Snap, who had given him a true priest instead of a false one. This fact, the mentor had communicated to the General, but never to Herbert, and though the General was very much enraged, yet the yearnings of his ambitious heart had reconciled him. So it was arranged between Snap and his old master that young Arthur was to inherit, providing Herbert had no more

sons. Snap's act at first, in securing Ida Blair's marriage with Herbert, was less from principle than from his strange intellectual caprice, for doing everything for the best, and then holding the power in his own hands of turning for good or evil just as his will directed. The innocence of Ida, moreover, had gained his sympathy, for he admired that which was unlike himself, and he was subtle, not innocent. Ida, therefore, had found from her very girlhood a protector and friend in Snap, who we have seen now resolved to establish the rights of Lady Blakely and her son.

Arthur was with his father at the De Lacy castle performing the part of private secretary. He was passing under the name of Arthur Manning. The young man had obtained great influence over Sir Herbert who was strangely drawn towards his son without knowing his relations to him. But the father felt that a watchful eye was upon him, yet he often saw such a mournful tenderness in the young man's eye when bent upon him, that he suspected not that he was a spy upon his actions. Yet Arthur performed his part, not in the spirit of a spy, but more in that of a guardian, watching his father to prevent him from doing more evil. He was by this time thoroughly convinced that Snap's suspicions were founded, but he had not yet discovered the clue to Sir Herbert's secret. Orsini, who was at the castle, feared him, for he too had noticed the watchful eye upon himself, in which he saw no tenderness, but a stern justice. There was another that both feared and hated Arthur, and that was George Blakely. Neither of the young men understood their mutual antipathy—for neither knew that kindred blood was in their veins.

Sir Herbert had at length listened to Orsini's counsel to make away with Walter Templar, and poison was the agent chosen. Under the circumstances of his new inventions of a public career, and marriage, Blakely saw that it would be impossible for him to continue to play Walter's jailor any longer, and then as far as his secret was concerned, he too feared the conscientious character of his new secretary.

"Arthur, you may leave us for to-night," said Sir Herbert to the young man. "Please write as I instructed, to the Premier, and say he may count on me. To Lord Bently, write and say that his election for the county, in conjunction with mine is certain. He shall have all my influence. The other letters dictate for me, to suit yourself; but leave no stone unturned to secure my political influence in the country."

"I will, sir, do your bidding. Good night, God be with you, sir."

"Blakely, I like not that saintly scrivener of yours," said Orsini, much dissatisfied.

"Pshaw! count; let the young man be reverent if it pleases him. I think he means his God bless you, sir, which he usually bestows upon me at night, though it is misapplied in my case. I suspect the fellow had a pious mother. Orsini, you and I are villains, and shall be murderers; but when that young man is with me, I always fancy if I might not have been different if my mother had lived."

Orsini replied with a demoniac laugh.

"Ay, laugh Count; you are right, for it is laughable to hear me sermonize, though I have been crammed with moral philosopy from Snap, who being a genuine devil, preaches better theology than one half of our divines. But that young man strangely effects me, Orsini. There is something in him which reminds me of—well that is what I cannot make out, for I have forgotten whose face he wears, and whose tender anxious eyes beam upon me when I catch his glance. Pshaw! what a fool I am to be talking thus. Ha! here is George, and I am myself again."

"Well, cousin Herbert, I have come. So this is to be the last visit to our prisoner—Eh?"

"Yes, George; but why in the Fiend's name do you persist in cousining me before strangers?"

"To remind you, cousin Herbert, that when we put our heads into the hangman's noose to serve our family, our relatives ought not to forget us."

"George, you are a blockhead. You know that neither one of us dare to forget. You know you inherit all, after your father; but then he may live for another thirty years, keeping you out of the estate I gave him. Of course I shall not give up the Blakely inheritance as long as I can hold it, but the estate in question is yours at your father's death, some thirty years hence."

"Not he; father's been ailing lately."

"He must have medical advice, George. But to our business. Take those half-dozen of wine to your prisoner with three day's allowance of bread and water. Nay, take one of the bottles out and replace it with this one. It is for Sir Walter Templar's last feast. You visit him no more. If he drinks, he dies by poison; if not, let him starve."

In a moment more, Orsini and Blakely were alone again.

"So, Blakely, you have set that cousin of yours on his father's track?"

"Curse the fellow, yes. He will poison his father as well as Templar, and then I will take good care of this cousin. Had they been content with a few thousands they might have lived, but their relationship is in my path. And now, Sir Walter Templar, your time is reckoned, for you cannot escape me as Snap did."

George Blakely performed his last office for Walter Templar, who was asleep in his dungeon where he had been now over four months; but the slamming of the great outer gate, as George departed, awoke him, and he started up as from a dream.

"Methought I heard a fearful shriek," he mused, "and then the voice of Alice said assuringly, 'Walter, I am near.' Surely it was her voice again. She also said in my dream, 'Touch not the wine!' What could it mean; I have no wine. Touch not the wine! Merciful Powers! there is the voice again, 'Touch not the wine!' Ha! my lamp is nearly out. I must replenish it with oil."

Walter Templar approached the iron-grated window to take his basket of food and his supply of oil; but he started back aghast as he saw in the basket six bottles of wine.

"It was Alice herself, then," he observed, after his astonishment had subsided. "Yes, it was Alice. She is near. It was her voice that spoke to me."

"It was my voice that spoke to you, dear Walter. I am near!"

"Then God be thanked!" answered Walter fervently, speaking as though to one present.

"I have heard and seen wondrous things in this gloomy dungeon. Can it be that an overwrought mind and this terrible solitude of months—years it seems—conjures up these visions and creates these voices."

"No, dear Walter; I *am* near; and deliverance is also near!"

"Alice! Alice, my wife, my spirit bride, I believe it. Thou art near to me. Oh, had not this been my faith, I should have died of despair ere this. Darling, I converse with you, though I see you not, excepting in my dreams. Yet, hours together do I talk to you as though you were visible to me. That you *are* present I feel. But there is a mystic charm in your voice. I know not if you speak from within me or from without, for I seem to hear you in all my being. Oh, what a wondrous mystery this inner life is! How little do we know of that world, that to me here in my sentient solitude seems but as the soul of this, how little of those behind us, who speak to us as from without the veil. Ay, how much may not our very thoughts be of the spirit voices."

"Thoughts of the spirit voices!" was the answer that came.

"I believe it, Alice, even as I know that you are gone only just above me. But I must reflect upon this wine. What do they mean—these villains? They mean to poison me, that I think is clear. But they know not that I have a guardian angel in my dungeon. How many guardian angels may there not be attending mankind in this life, but we are all unconscious of them. Were men put into more dungeons, shut out from the distracting world, they might find more angels in this life. I wonder not the Saints of old found out the other world, for they were often in dungeons and chains. I have ground off my chain by these stones, and had either of those men entered my cell, he would have found a fearful weapon in this mighty iron whip. I may eat of the bread and drink of the water, but touch not the wine. Thus, I understand it. But what has become of Farinelli. Is he hanged? Father of Mercy! that thought daily harrows up my soul. I must not dwell upon that. Yet tell me, Alice, for I know you are listening from behind your curtain; when shall I be delivered?"

"Walter, my husband, I and deliverance are near!"

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For an old doctrine, held by some,
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But when the babe alarmed the house
By rolling headlong down the stair—
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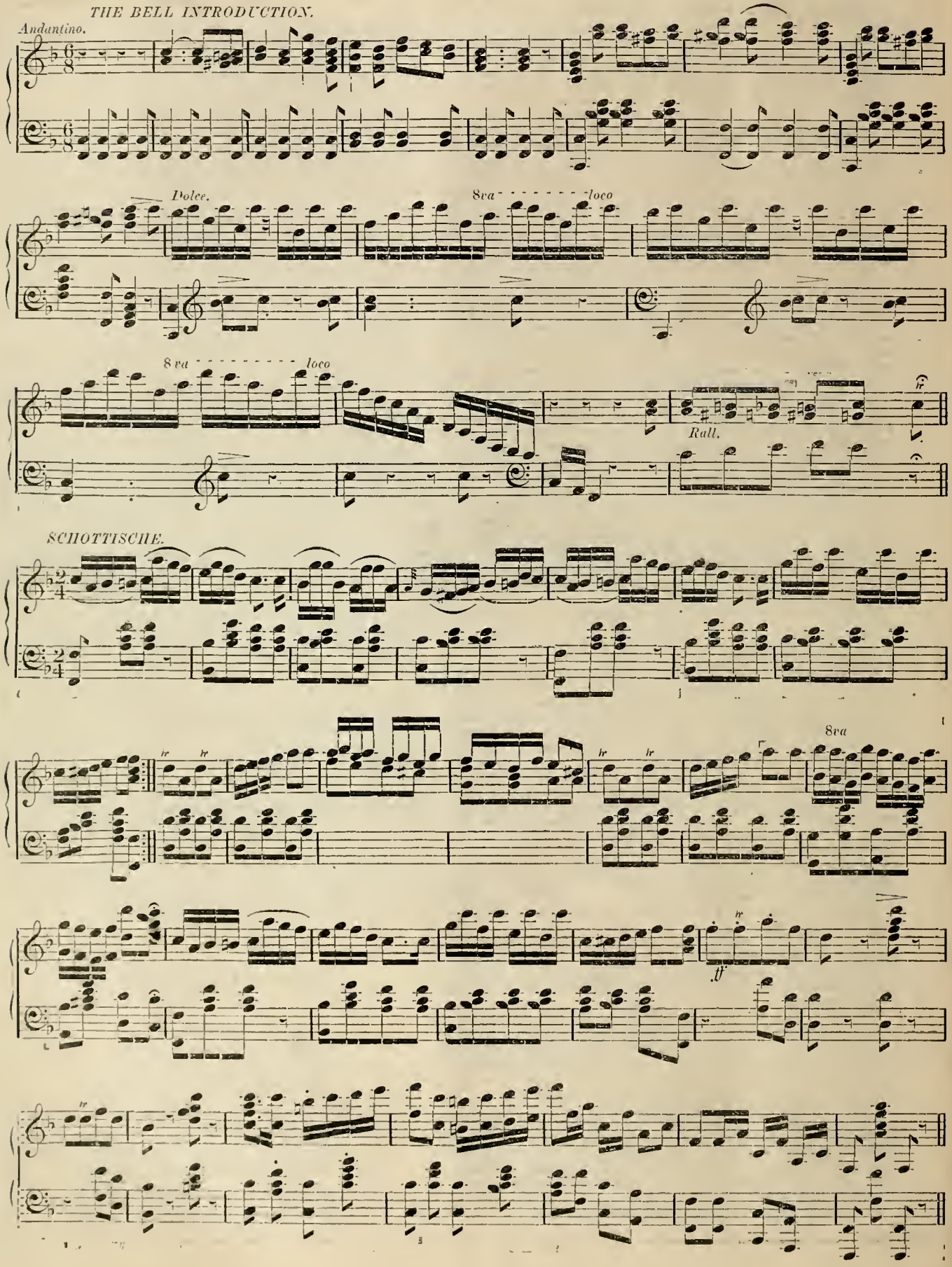

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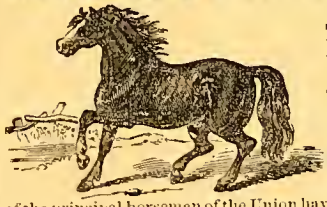

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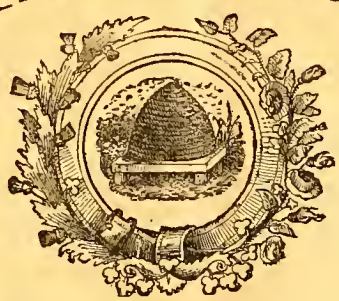
NO. 22, OCT. 2, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 22] SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 2, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Oh, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father wished to hear,
The sangs my mither sung,
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
And I wad na' sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad,
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins
As ye sing the sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,
Where mem'ry lo'es to dwell;
Tho' hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

IV.

CONCLUDED.

The fading sunlight flashed across the dear name of the departed, and Von Wetzlar still gazed intently as if there were something still to come, and for which he waited. Might not the veil of separation be removed but for one moment! And, as if in answer to his thought, there, in the clear light of day, almost at his side, stood the living form of Louise! There she stood, with one finger raised to her forehead as if she were trying to solve some hard riddle—stood thus for one moment, and then fled as from a haunted corridor.

As for Von Wetzlar, astonished at this heaven-sent vision, as it seemed to him, and overwhelmed with the ecstasy of that glorious moment, he sank to his knees and buried his face in his hands. When he left the cemetery a few minutes later his face beamed with the smile of assured hope.

The next day he sailed for Europe; and on the very evening of his departure, Doctor Gurdon gave his own name to the nameless woman who had fallen so strangely in his way.

V.—THE END.

Doctor Gurdon had rightly conjectured that Pierre Martin knew his wife's past history. But he had not met Martin since that memorable night at Spaulding's, though he had sought him diligently. Yet the object of his search had all the while been hovering closely about, and had kept himself well informed as to the movements both of the Doctor and of his patient. It was only now that his time had come—now, when the developments over which he had kept watch had been fully matured, and the marriage had taken place.

Martin's original scheme, conceived on that evening when he had employed the sailors to assist him in carrying out his design, had contemplated nothing beyond the satisfaction of his malice toward Von Wetzlar and his wife. He was startled—actually confounded at first—by the result of that night's work; and after his astonishment had somewhat subsided he was led by curiosity to see what would follow. We can easily imagine his surprise at the ensuing events, and especially at the marriage. Why had not Louise fled? Her movements appeared to be free from restraint. Why had she not returned to her proper husband? Was she capable of actual guilt? As a spy, watching from a distance, he could not answer these questions.

Martin's plans were soon formed. Doctor Gurdon was rich, while he, poor devil, as he called himself, was in need of money. By working upon the Doctor's fears he might put money in his purse. And as to Louise herself—but she was an impenetrable mystery! A few weeks after the wedding Martin appeared at the Doctor's house to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom. To his astonishment (was there no end of wonders) she did not know him. She seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating than ever in the old time. She was the same, yet not the same. Her dress, her air, her whole expression had changed. It was the old flower with a new and different fragrance. While he stood entranced with wonder he was aroused by the touch of the Doctor's hand upon his shoulder, followed by the request for a private interview in the library. He readily acceded, and a few words from the Doctor explained the situation.

"You know, Martin," enquired the Doctor anxiously—"you know who this woman was?"

"Yes. I know something, not much; but the disclosure of that little is a serious affair for me."

"It may be serious for me too. And meagre as your information may be, it is invaluable to me. I would give thousands to know all, even the worst."

"Oh, it is not so very bad, Doctor. You see, she had been

the inmate of an insane asylum for a number of years, took the fever, died apparently, and was buried. You know the rest."

"This invention of Martin's lulled the Doctor's fears, and his gratitude for relief made him generous. So that this brief interview satisfied Martin's cupidity as well as his curiosity, and he left the house with a valuable check in his portemonnaie, one that would go a great way, spendthrift though he was.

But he could not keep away from the larger prize. If the Doctor could win Louise, why need he despair? Had he not rescued her from the grave? Did she not belong to him? Then, he remembered, she had not shown toward him any of that repugnance which she had formely exibited. In a short time they even became friends, and the Doctor was compelled to suffer this for fear of offending one whom, in his heart, he despised. Evidently, whatever Louise had gained in her new life, she had lost those spiritual intuitions which had guided and guarded her first estate.

As Martin's power over Louise increased, so also did his hold upon her husband. He professed to be making a more careful investigation as to Louise's antecedents. Little by little the truth came out—that she had been Heinrich Von Wetzlar's wife At first the Doctor would not believe it. But one day Martin took him to the French cemetery, and showed him the empty tomb. That was done in order to obtain more money; but this time the attempt was vain. The Doctor, amazed and bewildered, hurried home. For hours he paced the floor of his library in a frenzy of agony. He loved Louise as his own soul. He could not give her up; and surely it could not conduce to her happiness to be restored to a life as alien to her as if it had never been hers. He went out into the open air. The sound of voices in the arbor, as he walked down the garden walk, attracted his attention. As he approached, unseen, he recognized the voices; they were Martin's and Louise's. He listened. It was evidently a leave taking. Were these lovers? He peered through the thick leaves of the vine-clusters, and saw Martin standing by the side of Louise with his arm about her waist, and heard him ask, as he looked pleadingly down upon her innocent, upturned face—

"Shall it be to-morrow, dearest?"

In a moment, Doctor Gurdon stood within the arbor. Before those cool, searching gray eyes Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise, and slunk away without one word.

And she—she simply cast upon the recreant one look of scorn and infinite loathing. The serpent, that, one moment ago, had seemed so bold and beautiful with its shining crest, had resumed its natural habit, and was revealed as a creeping thing. Apollo had turned a coward! and she hated him. Turning to the Doctor, she fell powerless into his arms.

And as he sat there holding her to his bosom, he knew for the first time how deeply and tenderly he loved her. And he did her justice. For he knew her as he had not known her before. She had been simply a child in allt his—free but guiltless. This second life which she had lived, before him and with him, was as pure and holy as that of childhood, but also as undisciplined. It was a life in which all that was beautiful and strong called forth a frank and fearless response but in which experience had furnished no principles for guidance and no test against disguised villainy. His own influence over her, and all the circumstances with which he had surrounded her, had tended to the development of such a life, and with just that one woeful deficiency.

While he thought thus, she lay prostrate and nerveless in his arms. Gradually she began to realize her husband's presence. Then her apathy gave way to convulsive sobbing.

"Oh! take me away, Eugene; take me anywhere; I cannot stay here!" she cried.

"Yes, darling, I will take you away," he said, kindly. "Do not be troubled. It was only a dream. It is all over now." And he carried her to her own room, where he left her in the care of his faithful old housekeeper.

Yes, he must go away—away from Martin, away from that cenotaph in the cemetery, the tablet upon which was photographed in his memory forever. It was now more than a year since his marriage, and a little daughter had been born to him; and here was another reason for flight.

In a few days Doctor Gurdon had secretly disposed of his estate; and one evening, with his wife and her infant daughter, accompanied by the housekeeper, now little Gertrude's nurse, he embarked for the North on a Mississippi steamer.

Two evenings latter, as he was sitting near the guard enjoying his cigar and congratulating himself upon his happy escape from the troubles which had lately beset him, he looked around, and at his side stood Pierre Martin! They were alone. Foiled in his last hope and driven to despair, the Doctor siezed his tormentor around the waist and tried to throw him overboard. A struggle followed, which resulted fatally for both of the combatants. They went overboard, each grappling the other in a death-struggle. A deafening shriek was heard from Louise's state-room, from the window of which she had witnessed the fatal termination of the conflict. She was found on the floor of her room apparently lifeless.

Every effort was made to recover Martin and Gurdon, but in vain. Both had evidently been drowned.

For hours Louise remained in a trance-like swoon. When she awoke she did not recognize either her child or its nurse. She did not understand where she was, but murmured, "Heinrich—oh, Heinrich! where are you?" She was evidently Louise von Wetzlar again, in her thoughts was back in Magnolia Cottage. "I have been ill," she murmured. "Who are you? and where is Heinrich?" Gradually the old nurse communicated to her the events of the past two years, so far as she knew them, but Louise comprehended not one word. There was some dreadful mistake; she knew nothing of Doctor Gurdon, of indeed, or anything that was told her Only yesterday, as it seemed to her, she was nursing the sick in New Orleans. It was not long before she could believe in a life of which her consciousness gave no testimony. She finally found in Doctor Gurdon's trunk a statement which he had prepared, based upon Martin's story and his own investigations, She learned from this that Von Wetzlar had sold Magnolia Cottage—her parents having fallen victims to the yellow fever shortly after her own supposed death—and that he had gone to Europe. Him she determined to find if the search consumed all that remained of her life. For her child's (Gertrude's) sake she retained Doctor Gurdon's property, which was already in her possession, he having converted it all into ready money before his flight; she also kept the old housekeeper as nurse for Gertrude.

We need not follow in detail her search for her husband which was continued during several years. She went to Vienna, to Rome, and almost over the entire Continent; to the East, to England; and at last when she had quite given up in despair, she one day found him almost by accident—or rather it should be said that little Annette von Wetzlar found her mother. This child had now grown into a girl of twelve years, and was staying with her father in the English Quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. One evening at sunset her attention was attracted by a bright little girl of about six years of age who was walking by with her old nurse, whom she was teasing by the sauciest gambols. Annette ran up to her and gave her some flowers, receiving a kiss in return, and

an invitation to call and see her at her own home. Annette visited her the next day and the little girl found a step-sister. She also found her own mother. They recognized each other at the first, and Annette took her mother home with her. She spoke to her father at first, that he might not be entirely unprepared.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she entered his studio; "I have found mamma, and she is here."

He dropped his pencil and rose to his feet, and there she was before him—his lost Louise. He had no time for astonishment, for her arms were in a moment clinging about his neck, and they were laughing and crying all in a breath.

The two step-sisters, Gertrude and Annette, still live together at Frankfort. Louise is dead; but Von Wetzlar still lives, and is preparing a grand philosophical treatise on the Individual Human Consciousness, in which, as may be easily imagined, he considers that element of life to have been very much overestimated in its importance—at least in its connection with the vaster cycles of existence.

[*Harper's Weekly.*

ENCOUNTER WITH GORILLAS.

FROM A COLONEL'S NOTE-BOOK.

During my sporting travels in Africa, attended by three native "guides," we on one occasion got upon the track of two female elephants, and captured them both; and the capture came very near costing us dearly. We had killed one of them without much trouble, and had fired half a dozen balls into the second one, when she charged upon us most unexpectedly, overturning my guides, and trampling down the horses which they rode; but, by a seeming miracle, no one was injured. It was the elephant's last paroxysm; and, in less than five minutes from that time, she pitched forward upon her knees, striking her head upon the earth, and breaking one of her tusks off close up to the jaw. It so happened that the tusk was not a very valuable one; and, moreover, the break did not injure it to the amount of more than half a dozen pounds of ivory.

On the following morning we marched on to the northward. The guides said that two days, or three at the farthest, would bring us to the best hunting country in the world; and I think they were not far from right. At all events, on the fourth afternoon, we pitched our camp in one of the most beautiful forest vales I ever saw. On the east and south, the trees were of huge proportions, stretching their dark foliage away over hill and dale, and giving shade to many a level plain; while to the northward and westward, a chain of mountains lifted their craggy summits far up against the sky. Buffaloes, and zebras, and antelopes, of various kinds, roamed through the deep solitudes, and the spoor of elephants was to be found on every hand. One of the guides brought down a fat buffalo, while the rest of us were placing the wagons, and he soon gave us some of the best steak for supper that I ever eat.

The next morning, just as the sun was breaking in upon the cool mists that hung over the forest, a guide came to me with the information that a herd of elephants were making away from a fountain not half a mile off. Without stopping for breakfast, further than to eat a bit of cold bread and meat, we took the saddle and set forth. We found the elephants, and, for two or three hours, we had a merry time of it. We killed two very fair bulls, and seriously wounded two more. Towards the close of the day, the chief guide and I found ourselves separated from our companions, and we were just thinking of hunting them up, when a colossal old bull elephant broke cover close by us. He was one of those we had wounded in the early part of the day, and he was tearing away like mad. As soon as we saw him, we gave chase, loading and firing upon the fly. The old fellow did not once turn upon us, but sped away in a panic of terror, and, in about two hours, we brought him down.

It was now fairly dark, and we resolved to make our beds where we were, sheltering ourselves under the lee of the dead elephant. Somewhere about midnight, the chief guide woke me up, and informed me that some of our companions were hunting for us. He said he had seen one of them walking across the path to our right. We both got up, and went in that direction, but could find nothing of any of our folks. We had gone back, and I was just sinking into a doze again, when a footstep, close by my head, aroused me, and, upon starting to a sitting posture, I plainly saw what I took to be a man walking towards the woods. I spoke to him—I called a second time—and he quickened his step, and soon disappeared. The guide had been up and seen the disappearing object, and he agreed with me that it could not be any of our people.

"It must be," said he, "some native that belongs to this district. If there is a party of them here, we'll hunt them up in the morning."

The thought that there might be a party of savages near unto us disturbed my rest somewhat for the remainder of the night; and, so soon as the first dawn of the day broke the gloom of the forest, I was upon my feet. The guide was very soon by my side; and, having taken a careful survey of the ground around us and found all right, we sat down and eat up the last of our bread and meat; and, when the meal had been disposed of, we shouldered our double-barreled rifles and struck off into the woods in the direction which had been taken by the disappearing person of the previous night. Within a hundred yards of the place where our elephant lay, we found a rivulet of pure water, which went murmuring musically along over a bed of dark red sand. We bathed our heads and faces in the limpid stream, and then sat down upon the grassy bank to rest. The guide was telling me a long story, when we were startled by a sharp loud cry close at hand. It was a cry different from any I had ever before heard, and so strangely terrific, that I leaped to my feet as though a thunderbolt had burst upon me. An exclamation of terror from the guide, and a wave of his hand, indicated to me the direction of the author of the cry we had heard; and upon looking that way, I beheld a scene that quickened the pulsation of my heart most emphatically.

Not more than twenty yards from us, upon the opposite side of the stream, stood two monster anthropoids. I quickly determined they were a male and a female. The guide, as he started back for his rifle, called them chimpanzees; but I knew better than that. The male, as he stood was at least six feet high, and no chimpanzee ever approached that statrue. And, morover, this animal possessed a muscular development the most powerful I had ever conceived of. The head was broad and low, the brain-cavity being almost entirely behind the face, instead of above it, as it is in man; the ears were small, the nose broad and flat, with wide nostrils; the mouth exceedingly large with thin, hard lips; the chin small and receeding; with the muzzle very prominent. The whole face was wrinkled and black, and its expression the most repulsive and forbidding that can be conceived of. The chest was massive and capacious; the shoulders broad and heavy; the stomach very prominent; and the limbs a solid mass of bone, muscle and sinew. The arms were not so long as those of the orang, but longer than those of the chimpanzee. The body was mostly covered with short, coarse hair, of a dirty, blackish grey color; the female being almost black.

"It is not a chimpanzee," I said, as I moved back to

the tree where my rifle stood. "There is but one family in the world to which these monsters can belong. I have, until now, doubted the existence of that colossal anthropoid tribe; but I can doubt it no longer. They must be gorillas!"

"By heavens!" cried the guide, grasping his rifle and bringing it up ready for use, "you are right, Colonel."

I knew I was right. The animals before us were surely gorillas, and more terrible-looking monsters I never saw. When the male found that he had attracted our attention, he gave utterance to a deep, gutteral cry; then he beat his broad breast tremendously with both his hands; and directly his cry arose in volume until it became a roar that made the very forest quake. I trembled—I could not help it; and I saw that the guide trembled too. The female sat down, supporting herself upon her hands and haunches, in such a position that she could leap at an instant's notice; while the male remained standing erect, continuing to roar and beat his breast.

The guide asked me if we should fire. I did not know what to answer. I knew that if we fired, and missed our mark, we were dead men. If we did not fire the gorillas might leave us. And yet I wanted the skeleton and skin of the remarkable brute. However our deliberations were very quickly and summarily brought to an end. The male suddenly gave a terrific cry—a cry like the concentrated war-whoop of a thousand savages—and made a bound towards us. The sense of mortal danger gave the tone of steel to my nerves and my rifle came to my shoulder quickly and firmly. We both fired together but the gorilla was not killed. He leaped the narrow stream with a yell more terrific than the first, and in an instant more he grasped the guide's rifle, and bent the steel barrels as though they had been of the softest lead. This moment was our last if my second barrel failed me. The gorilla had thrown down the bended rifle, and another demoniac yell was upon his lips, when I brought the muzzle of my piece close to his head and pulled the second trigger. There was a momentary faintness over my heart, and great drops of perspiration started out upon my brow, as the thought of failure flashed across my mind. But my rifle answered faithfully the touch of my finger, and the gorilla tumbled over with a bullet through his head.

The guide lay upon the ground, where he had fallen in the attempt to escape from the monster, and I saw he was for the present powerless to help me. What should I do if the female gorilla attacked us? Both barrels of my rifle were empty, and my pistols would be but poor things against such an enemy. But, most fortunately, her grim ladyship did not offer to avenge the death of her lord. I think the reports of our rifles with the flash and smoke frightened her; at all events, she uttered a succession of sharp yelping cries and made off into the forest, using her hands to assist in locomotion, and leaping forward between them with a swinging motion.

My first care, after the departure of the female gorilla, was to reload my rifle; and after this I attended to the guide. I found him weak and faint; but a few swallows of brandy soon revived him, and in a few minutes his pulses were restored to their healthy beat. Let it not be thought from this that my faithful guide was faint-hearted. If some brave man wishes to experience what the faintness of utter terror is, let him find himself disarmed, before a wounded, maddened, full-grown male gorilla. If he does not in that moment feel what it is to be striken with mortal terror, then I should most unhesitatingly decide that he had no nerves and no heart.

When we came to examine the frame of the dead monster we found it more wondrously developed in muscle and sinew than we had at first thought. The arm of the most powerful man I ever saw would have been as the arm of a nursing infant in comparison with the arm of that gorilla. There was no appearance of any wrist, the tendinous muscles continuing their knotty swellings to the ball of the thumb. The jaws were like a vice in their power, and I have no doubt of the truth of the statement that the gorilla can crush the barrel of an ordinary musket between his teeth; and from the manner in which the present monster bent up the double-barrel of the guide's rifle, I can easily believe that a tree even four inches in diameter could have been readily broken by him.

By some of the natives of Western Africa, where the animal is mostly found, the gorilla is regarded with superstitious dread. They believe the horrible body to be inhabited by the spirit of some wicked man, which is thus cursed by heaven on account of bad deeds done while in the human form. Such natives believe that the killing of a gorilla amounts to nothing in the way of exterminating the monsters, as the accursed spirit will quickly find another body of like character. And, furthermore, they think that these gorillas which have been once slain are those which do the most mischief against man. Others have a different belief; and when a gorilla is slain they make a great jubilee over the event; and some of the bones of the dead monster, particularly the skull, are used as charms.

THINGS UNACCOUNTABLE.

CLAIRVOYANTS, ORACLES, VISIONS AND SEERS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

(From the N. Y. Independent.)

CONCLUDED.

A well known family in Boston, whose names would at once command belief of anything they might say, often speak to their friends of the clairvoyant condition of their daughter during the last weeks of her life, when they were with her in Italy. She was much wasted by illness: and her nervous system being in a highly sensitive state, she often saw things which others did not see, and heard music which others did not hear. One evening she was thus present at her grandfather's house in Boston. She described the individuals of a party assembled there, even to the details of their dress and proceedings, not unfrequently expressing surprise that they appeared to take no notice of her. Subsequent inquiries proved that her description was true in the minutest particulars

The stories of second sight which are peculiarly numerous in Scotland and other mountanous regions, doubtless owe their origin to the transient possession of clairvoyant power. A Virginia newspaper, called *Southern Opinion*, recounts an instance of second sight, by the family of the late Mr. Pollard, its former editor. A Mrs. Pollard—I know not whether mother or aunt of the deceased editor—was walking in her garden very early in the morning, according to her usual custom. Suddenly an unaccountable and oppressive feeling of sadness came over her; and immediately afterward she saw her son John stretched upon the grass, with blood oozing from his neck and his face expressive of great physical pain. As her son was in Texas, and she in Virginia, she felt that it was a prophetic vision, and fainted. The next letters that came from Texas brought tidings that he had been killed that morning in a duel.

Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, who has sound health and strong nerves, told me, a few years ago, that something had happened in her own experience which she supposed must be what people called second sight. A girl named Rosa, who had been her dressing-maid in Rome was obliged to re-

turn to her mother, on account of increasing debility, indicating consumption. One morning Miss Hosmer called upon her in the course of her ride, and found her better. She returned to her studio, worked as usual, and retired perfectly well and in a tranquil state of mind. But, instead of enjoying her customary uninterrupted sleep till day-break, she awoke before daylight, with an entirely new and uncomfortable feeling that some one was in the room. She reasoned with herself that some bad dream had vanished from her memory and left its bad effects behind. But she could not compose herself to sleep again, and resolved to rise; thinking, however, that she would wait for the clock to strike in the room below. It was not very long before its loud tones rang in her ear, as she counted to herself one, two, three, four, five. She rose up to leave the bed, when Rosa's smiling face looked in upon her from behind the curtain. It was so real that she had no other thought than that of her bodily presence, and exclaimed "Why Rosa, how did you get here, weak as you are?" when she stepped out upon the floor, there was no Rosa there. Feeling perfectly sure that she was wide awake, when she saw the face, she remembered the stories of second sight, and immediately after breakfast sent a boy to inquire how Rosa did. He brought back word that she had died at five o'clock that morning.

An intimate friend of mine, whose name I am not authorized to mention, has repeatedly told me that, while sewing in the day time, in the midst of her family circle, she distinctly saw a relative who had been for some months pining away in consumption. She pointed him out, and was surprised that the others could not see him as distinctly as she did. The watch was consulted, and a messenger sent to his house who learned that he had died at the moment she saw him.

Similiar stories have come to us from all the ages, and are still told as occurring in all countries. The likeness they bear to each other indicates a common basis in some law of our mysterious being which is not yet understood.

The phenomena probably gave rise to the belief that there is a spiritual body; a belief which dates back to very remote ages of the world. Hindoo sacred books of extreme antiquity teach that every human being has an interior body, endowed with senses more subtile and pervasive than those of the external body. The philsophers of ancient Greece described man's spiritual body as having "all the senses in every part of it"—as being "all eye, all ear, all taste." They supposed it remained with the soul after the material body was dead, and they called it the ghost or shade. One of the New Platonists says: "In the world above we shall have no need of divided organs which we had in the mortal body: for the spiritual body has all the senses united in every part of it." This reminds one of clairvoyants reading sealed letters placed on the top of their heads, or the pit of the stomach. We are told "God made man after his own image;" and do not these phenomena give some hint—faint, indeed, but still a hint—of how the Infinite Being is omnipresent?

The Greeks chose a butterfly for their symbol of immortality—and it is the best type of resurrection which nature affords; for it not only rises out of the dead grub with new beauties and powers, but it has actually lain enfolded within it through the whole of its crawling existence. The caterpillar knows not that he carries within him a more glorious body, which will live on flowers he never tasted, and fly in an aerial element to which he was a stranger. If he could have temporary states, in which he could sail through the air like a butterfly, he would be a clairvoyant caterpillar. And we who witness this beautiful transformation, can we help reading in it a lesson concerning the spiritual body? "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

RESULT OF A FOWL IMAGINATION.

The following awful "goaks" have been perpetrated by Jingo. Strange to say, after he had made them he was seen walking about, as though nothing had happened. He is still loose.—[Ed.

Why is raising chickens an expensive business?
Because they are continually presenting their *bills*.

Why would ten bushels of corn be too little to supply an adult hen with food for one day?
Because she must have, at least, fifty or sixty *pecks*.

Why is the hen business somewhat unhealthy?
Because it is calculated to produce *fowl stomachs*.

When is a man a bad egg?
When he becomes *chicken-hearted*.

What would be the cheapest way to get up a rookery?
Buy an industrious rooster;—he'll furnish a number of *crows* every day.

Why should you always eat soft-boiled eggs?
Because then your *yolk* is easy and your burden is light.

Why is the young Eagle of America a better emblem of liberty than the old lion of England?
Because the young bird has just freed itself from the *yoke*.

Why are eggs like rasins?
Because they are best preserved in *lay-ers*.

Why should hens attend church service?
Because they are *lay*-members.

Where is probably the largest lot of eggs in the world?
In Congress, where members have been *lay'ing* on the table for nearly a century.

Why is an elderly hen like the Evil One?
Because she's an *Old Scratch*.

Why was a certain king of England like a chicken-house?
Because he was a *Hen(e)ry*.

Why do hens lay eggs?
Because they can't help it.

Why have hens no future existence.
Because they have their *necks twirled* (next world) in this.

We don't intend to carry this article any further at present, although the subject is far from *eggs*hausted. We have been *egged* on by many an illustrious *eggs*ample, and, after *setting* and *brooding* awhile, have *hatch-d* up the foregoing *eggs*hilirating items. *Hens*forth we *cackle*ate to let the subject *lay* over.

Jingo.

JOSEPH SMITH ON BIGOTRY.

[written in prison, 1838.]

Ignorance, bigotry and superstition are frequently in the way of the prosperity of this church; and are like the torrent of rain rushing down from the mountains, which floods the clear stream with mire and dirt; but when the storm is over and the rain has ceased, the mire and dirt are washed away, and the stream again is pure and clear as the fountain. *So shall the church appear when ignorance, superstition and bigotry are washed away!*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

As, owing to certain Church requirements lately made on us, some of our subscribers may fear the suspension of the Utah Magazine, we beg to inform them that, under any circumstances, we intend to see that our issue does not stop for a single number. We have obligations to our subscribers which we intend to fulfill. They may rely on our continuing the publication of the Magazine in the same energetic spirit as heretofore, until it is in every way a perfect success.

E. L. T. Harrison.
W. S. Godbe.

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

No. 3.

As we have shown in our former chapters, polygamy, so far as producing divine results is concerned, is entirely dependent upon the spirit and conditions in which it is practised. It is absurd to talk of polygamy as being calculated to bless, simply because it is a command of God. Polygamy, as enunciated by Divine Beings, is calculated for its success entirely on the fact that higher laws, appealing to the highest instincts of our being, will produce higher results in exact proportion to the extent to which they are obeyed.

While this is true concerning plural marriage in this life, it will be seen that the scheme necessarily looks to a future life for its most perfect results, because it will take immortality to produce perfect men and women. There are certain conditions of the next life which are absolutely essential for its perfect working. It will be asked, why, then, is it commenced in this life, where so much imperfection attends our natures? If polygamy is true, why could it not be postponed altogether to that higher state where our faculties will be so much better attuned to love and concord? The answer is—That with the light the Heavens can impart and the improvement possible to us in this state, it can be made to produce comparatively blessed result seven here. So high and holy are the principles that properly belong to this order of marriage, that when practised in their fullness, they lead of necessity to heavenly marriages;—while heavenly marriages will produce heavenly children, and lay the foundation for the elevation of our race. There is another reason why such unions should be entered upon in this life. It is amidst sorrow and death that we best learn the worth of each other's spirits and lay the deepest and surest foundation for eternal affection. It is also here where the great lessons, growing out of paternal love, can be best learned together. It is on these points, if on no others—notwithstanding the difficulties attending polygamy in this life, as compared with the conditions of a future state—that we see the wisdom of the provision that all those ultimately designed for each other should, where possible, enter the institution of polygamy even amidst the darkness of our mortal career. There is more than this to it, however, for the discipline and conditions which attend it bring a greater development and greater fitness for the highest states of the next life than can be gained in any other way.

And this brings us to what we understand to be a grand foundation of plural marriage, and with reference to which, it will be clear that it directly planned; and that is, that every marriage union be Heaven-directed and based upon perfect congeniality of spirit. By "Heaven-directed," we mean that there be no mechanical marrying, because of principle on the one hand, nor marrying because of passion on the other, but that the inspiration, light, and providences of the "Upper World" be earnestly sought, and its assurances firmly given in the soul, that the marriage in question is one of their planning, and based upon all those mutual qualities of spirit calculated in their very nature to bring the individuals closer together as eternal ages roll. It is useless to suppose that any good man will suit any good woman, or that by some magical power of Deity, at some future period, qualities unallied in their natures can be welded in sweet fellowship forever. Goodness is a very essential point indeed; but far from being all that is necessary to be studied in our marriage relations, and God works in harmony only with Nature's laws, and could not—if He would—make that blend which is by force of Nature dissimiliar. There is a certain distinct speciality of qualities, loves and tastes, needed by every spirit in the character of its soul—companion or companions, arising out of unalterable qualities from being, without which there can never be perfect oneness—such oneness as thrills the soul with joy, and yields it its fullest gratification. Where such perfect unions do not exist to-day, it is, of course, our business to observe our marriage vows and leave it to a Father's hand to right such matters in His own due time; but this makes it no less a fact—speaking with reference to eternal unions—that only those should come together whom the Master of life has fitted for each other, and decreed. Upon the observance of these points, plural marriage—more than any other kind—most particularly depends for its harmony and pleasure, because it alone lays the foundation for perfect confidence and love between such women as are united to the same man. If a man marries a woman who is thus in perfect harmony with himself, and then marries another, equally allied to his nature, necessarily those two must be as much in harmony with each other, as with him—and the electric circle of love is uninterrupted and complete. And so will it be in all future additions. We "need no ghost to come from the grave"—we need no special Revelation to affirm that, in families formed on such a basis as this, there will be sources of love and pleasure furnished to women, which no one-wife family can know anything about;—and that, unless in this or some other state our unions are arranged in harmony with these great truths, the divine object of polygamy never can be gained.

Supposing this broad foundation laid for love and union, there are other points to be studied before plural marriage can realize its object. "Thousands of men are not sufficiently advanced in the spirit of love, to enter happily into the practice of it; and it is the same with many women. Mere intellect is not enough, there must be growth of heart or a development of that heavenly nature which delights in the blessing of others. In stages of selfishness and narrow-mindedness, plural marriage can never be anything but a cross and a burden to women. But as they put on a portion of the divine nature, they will overcome this difficulty, for—strange as it may seem—under the influence of the heavenly spirit, they will find as much pleasure in another woman's happiness as in their own. This fact of our nature has been neglected, both in and out of polygamy, by men and women to-day, who have experienced that rich fullness of pleasure which fills the bosom from living in the spirit of self-abnegation and living for others. To the extent that any of us have entered upon this phase of our being, it has been accompanied by such a witness of the greater holiness, fullness, and growth of soul to

which it is carrying us that self-pleasures are littleness, darkness, and "dross and dung" compared with it. Now plural marriage is predicated on the fact that all women are destined to pass into this condition sooner or later and find their most exalted pleasures therein. Their natures are full of this quality only awaiting development. But no growth in angelic nature alone could reconcile them to giving up a portion of their husbands' affections or satisfy them with having less than their whole yearnings for love gratified; the more angelic the less capable would they be of anything of the kind, and must have it or find no joy in life. Then intellect has to be appealed to, and they have to learn enough of man's true nature to be assured that they give up nothing, and until they realize this fact, they never will be fairly satisfied, nor have they any right to be.

We, therefore, do not believe in saying to women that,because plural marriage is true, gracious or ingracious, it is for them to believe and accept. There is no such proposition in our faith on that subject. If plural marriage is true,it is not because of any arbitrary command of God, but because when its conditions are fulfilled,it is capable of making both men and women happier than they can be out of it. If it will not do this,it is false and will perish and pass away, and the quicker the better. If it stands, it will be because it is demanded for the happiness of mankind, and it can exist on no other principle. Nothing that is against the fullest happiness of men and women can stand forever. The myriads of intelligences filling the universe in their onward march to life, liberty and joy, will consign to oblivion all usages not in harmony with their true natures. Nothing stands eternally but that which universal intelligences, in their unfolded condition, desire to have stand, for God is in humanity declaring His own will, and upon this point plural marriage will stand or fall. Not that this point can be fully tested by men or women in any condition of their experience. It may be adapted for the development and happiness of more advanced men and women, while it is not for them at the present time. Children in years cannot judge whether married life is an ordinance of Nature, notwithstanding a preparation for marriage exists in every child even in its mother's lap; so manhood's children cannot judge of the affinity of their nature with the highest form of plural marriage, although a preparation for it is latent within them, as yet it has uttered no voice. If women, therefore, do not realize this point—and we do not perceive how many of them can in their present condition—it is simply because they have not grown up to it; they do not require commands but information and culture. It does not matter to a woman how many Deities, Thrones and Powers, visible or invisible, have declared such a doctrine to be true, she will disbelieve it in her heart until she realizes the justice of it to her own nature and its harmony with the instincts implanted within her by God. What women need, is to learn the facts concerning the love-nature of man and the principle by which their influence over their husbands' affections,is regulated. When they understand these truths, grow up to them, and inwardly sense their reality as well as learn them theoretically, their jealousy will die, having no ground for life.

It must not be inferred from anything that we have said in our former articles that the necessity for polygamy rests on the fact that man increases beyond his wife in capacity of soul, or that he will so grow as to need a higher class of companionship than that of the earlier object of his love, and will therefore need to take other wives to supply the backwardness of the first. This idea is utterly opposed to the true spirit of plural marriage. In all true matings,the wife—when true to herself—will infallably march up the ladder of life shoulder to shoulder with her husband, growing with his growth and increasing with all the increase of his nature. He cannot "increase in heart and brain" beyond her in point of capacity of soul, neither can he grow "beyond" the power and influence of her love. He can increase "beyond" her in one sense alone, and that is,—he can increase in a power to love and care for other objects "beyond" or in addition to herself. Women may rest their souls in full assurance of the fact that all the hold which their virtues or wifely qualities have upon their husbands' nature can never be interfered with by another woman. The justice of plural marriage depends essentially on this fact, that if any other woman is loved, she must create a new fount of affection for herself. All the love she can have is that which she brings into existence, and which no one would have if she did not. This is an eternal truth, and no man could make it otherwise even if he would.

As to growth of nature, richness of soul, and power of approaching intellectually and spiritually to the Divine nature in all its perfections, men and women are equally illimitable. They differ but in their tendencies. Man is endowed with polygamic qualities and woman with monogamic ones. This is no question of equality in intelligence or excellence, it turns on uncreated qualities of man's being that enables him to be perfectly one with more than one woman. Woman is not so endowed. She can love many men in degree, but she can be truly *one* with one only. There is no more reason why this should be so than there is why the diamond is not a pearl or the pearl a diamond. They are simply different properties of nature specially belonging to the different elements of which men and women are composed and which have to be accepted as they are.

WHAT THE AMERICAN PRESS SAY OF US.

The new series of the UTAH MAGAZINE is already attracting the attention of the most respectable publishers of America. Harper Brothers among the rest have personally paid their respects to the Magazine, and now the *American Phrenological Journal*, which is the most select and conscientious monthly published on this continent, has given to our specimen of Mormon literature a flattering notice with a clear intimation that the Editor's estimate of it is higher than the public, as yet, are prepared to accept. It has been, and will ever be, our ambition to help create a literature for Zion not unworthy of the age. Our esteemed friend S. R. Wells, in his famous Journal, gives the following:

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

This is the most creditable piece of serial printing yet produced by the Salt Lake Saints. Its typography, paper, and press-work are every way worthy its high pretensions. But what of its literary merits? Here is a table of contents of a single number:

Memory dear, (poetry); Janet's Experience, (complete story) A Bunch of Daisies; The Streamlet (poetry by T. H. Dee); Necessity of an Intelligible View of a Future Life; A Utah Woman's Thoughts; Utility of Opposition; Charles Martel and the World's Crisis; Perpetual Motion, by Jingo; How the World has Grown, by Eli B. Kelsey; Singing Priests of Ancient Israel; To our St. George Friends; Oh, Snatched away in Beauty's Bloom, (poetry); Terese, by E. W. Tullidge; It's the Early Bird that Catches the Worm, (poetry); Who Should Fret and Pine in Sorrow? (Music).

So far we have seen nothing of polygamy, nothing, indeed, to shock the sensibilities of the most orthodox. But in the eyes of some, the fact that it is a Mormon magazine will be enough to condemn it. Still everybody will want to *see it*. "Let in the light." If Mormonism can't stand the best Literature, the best science, the best art, and the best religion, it must give way to a better. *We* say, and *they* say, "Let in the light."

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

CONTINUED.

Lightning appears either in the form of sharp and vivid streaks of white, purple, or blue, called by Arago the *zigzag;* in sheets or floods of red, white, or violet light, the *sheet-lightning;* or in brilliant globes of fire called *ball-lightning.* The first kind shoots with incredible rapidity from the thunder-cloud to strike some object upon the earth; and sometimes the end of the fiery tongue is seen to divide into two or three forks before it reaches its aim. The terrible force of the electric discharge has been felt in every age. The sharp line of light, with almost instantaneous swiftness, destroys life, breaks rocks and walls of stone in pieces, fuses metals, penetrates the earth with deep cavities, and seems to yield to no human power except the scientific ingenuity of Franklin's rod. Sheet-lightning, on the contrary, is never dangerous, but plays in summer evening's over the banks of cloud, and sometimes covers the whole sky with intense radiance. Yet the most remarkable and least explicable of the three forms is the ball-lighning. It seems to spring like a globe of fire, sometimes several feet in diameter, from on high, and is often accompanied with a hissing noise and a thick sulphureous smoke. In one instance a vast ball of lightning fell in the midst of a number of persons assembled in the porch of a church in Devonshire, England, and at the same time four smaller balls entered the church and burst, filling it with the fumes and odor of sulphur. The tower of the church was shattered. A ball of fire entered the vestry-room, surrounded by a thick black smoke, burst, and dangerously wounded one of the attending clergymen. In another example the electric globe descended a chimney, entered a room where several persons were collected, stood for a time immovable in the midst of the room, and then burst with a loud explosion. It has been supposed that the ball-lightning is a combination of the gaseous elements of the air by the electric discharge, of which nitre, sulphur, and carbon, the elements of gunpowder, may form an important part; and that these globes are masses of explosive matter formed in the upper atmosphere. The air is converted into a solid substance.

Franklin and his innumerable disciples began now to extend their researches over the whole domain of nature, and were rewarded by an infinite number of novel discoveries. Every where electricity was found to be capable of explaining mysteries that had long seemed supernatural and almost divine, and of offering attractive theories that served to delight and inspire the fancy, even if they did not wholly satisfy the reason. The auroral lights that danced in lovely variety over the icy fields of the north were believed to be electrical; Castor and Pollux, or the baleful Helen, that had wreathed their spectral forms around the masts of Roman ships, now ceased to be supernatural; the luminous rains, where every drop seemed a ball of fire, or the strange flames that sometimes hovered over armies as they went to battle, were found to be no more mysterious than the Leyden-jar; the fearful roar of the thunder was known to be only the echo of the first discharge among the piles of clouds; the electric fire was traced to the water-spout, the whirlwind, or the crater of the volcano; and the triumphant inquirers at length discovered that the round world itself was only a huge electrical machine, and that all its tenants were constantly influenced by the subtle changes of the electric atmosphere.

It was soon observed, too, that the human body was strongly influenced by the electric discharge: the blood ran quicker, the limbs were stirred, the spirits were excited, the intellect aroused; and enthusiastic physicians recorded wonderful cures performed by the aid of electricity. Had not a panacea been discovered? Was not this strange spiritual substance nearly allied to the source of life? The idea, in the last century, excited a new thrill of expectation and awe.

Electricity was applied to various forms of disease, and was often found successful in effecting a cure. It augmented the circulation of the blood, increased the pulsations, and improved digestion. The paralytic were healed and made to walk again; the feeble and depressed seemed inspired with new hope. The dumb were made to speak, and the blind to see. Bertholon, who wrote a treatise on medical electricity toward the close of the last century, relates numerous instances of cures performed by its aid, and the scientific world was full of hope in the efficacy of their new medicament. The electrical machine, for a time, seemed ready to alleviate the worst forms of human woe—so sanguine are men of coming good! so eager to escape from present pain! Yet the pleasing medical dream soon passed away, and it was found that even the Leyden-jar was incapable of repairing the ravages of disease, or of amending those evils which men, by their own excesses, so often bring upon themselves. The dissolute noble still fell down in a paralytic fit from which even the skillful electrician, Abbe Nollet, could never awaken him; the uncleanly city was still full of pestilence; the poor hovel communicated its fevers to the palace.

One of the most astonishing of discoveries, to the intellect of this age, was the explanation now given of the wonderful properties of the torpedo and the electric ell. They were soon shown to be natural Leyden-jars. The torpedo had been noticed by Aristotle and Pliny, and had long been an object of wonder and superstitious dread to the fishermen of the Mediterrenean. But its electric power was feeble compared to the startling shocks conveyed by the gymnotus of the lagoons of Cayenne and South America. Humboldt has given a striking description of the vigor of this most famous of the electric fish. He had been anxious to obtain living specimens of the gymnotus, and employed a number of the natives of the country to engage in the singular fishery. The gymnotus lives in the hot bayous of Cayenne, covered by the thick shade of tropical vegetation, and hidden in the muddy waters. It is often more than five feet in length, and its electric shocks are so powerful that no living thing ventures to invade its retreat. Even the Indians are afraid to strike it with harpoons or to catch it with a line, since its powerful discharges benumb their arms and drive them away in terror, while the serpent-like agility of the great eel enables it to elude or destroy their nets. Humboldt, together with a party of natives, approached a lagoon filled with the electric monsters. He could not conceive how the Indians could succeed in taking their prey alive; they told him, to his great surprise, that they were about to fish for them with horses. A number of mules and horses were collected on the banks of the lagoon, and the Indians drove them, with blows and loud out-cries, into the dangerous waters. A strange battle at once began. The electric eels, roused from their torpor, attacked the unfortunate invaders, fastening upon the lower parts of their bodies, and giving them a succession of almost fatal shocks. Benumbed, terrified, fainting, they strove to fly from the dangerous pool, but the Indians drove them back again with wild cries and sharp blows, and the combat was renewed. The huge eels were seen rushing to assail their foes with fresh vigor; the savages clinging to the overhanging trees and bushes, forced the horses into the midst of the waters; and at length, in a few minutes, the battle was decided, and several of the horses sank and were drowned. The contest, says Humboldt, between animals so different in organization, in so strange a place, presented a most picturesque spectacle; it must certainly have been a

most painful one. And now the victorious eels, having exhausted all their electricity, crept languidly toward the shore, where they were taken with small harpoons fastened to dry lines. So completely was their power lost that the Indians did not perceive a shock. Humboldt obtained several eels, but little injured, more than five feet long, and he was told that they were often much larger. It is a peculiar trait of electric animals that they are produced in water, an excellent conductor, and that by some natural provision they can discharge or retain their electricity at pleasure. Philosophers now began to examine them with attention, and to form theories as to the source of their action. But the production of animal electricity seems capable of being explained only by those later discoveries which were soon to enlarge and adorn the science.

Thus the eighteenth century had elevated electricity into one of the most important and attractive branches of knowledge; it was reserved for the nineteenth to apply it practically to the benefit of mankind. In all his brilliant and thoughtful experiments Franklin had often sighed over their apparent uselessness: he would have been amply satisfied could he have foreseen how powerful an agent his favorite science was destined to become in advancing manufactures and the arts, and in binding nations together by an almost instantaneous exchange of thought. Galvanism, the next great step in electrical progress, was discovered by Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, about the year 1790. A circumstance so accidental as the slight illness of Madame Galvani gave rise to this important event. Her physician had recommended a diet of frogs' broth, and several of the animals, prepared for the cook, chanced to lie on a table near an electrical machine. One of Galvani's assistants drew sparks from the conductor, and Madame Galvani was surprised to observe that when he did so the muscles of the frogs were distorted and assumed the appearance of life. She called Galvani to notice the strange circumstance. The experiment was repeated with success, and the philosopher, who knew little of electricity, but was a careful anatomist, believed he was on the brink of discovering the principle of life. He entered with strange ardor upon the new research. He experimented incessantly upon muscles and nerves. At length he found that muscles and nerves were thrown into singular convulsions by the mere presence of two different metals, and had discovered by accident the principle of galvanism—the source of the magnetic telegraph or the calcium light.

Still, however, Galvani persisted in his scientific delusion that he had unfolded the origin of being. He insisted that the muscles and the nerves created the electrical action. He overlooked the effect of the two metals. His disciples were soon numerous, and all Europe was again roused into excitement by the unparalelled disclosures that philosophy seemed about to make. Electricity had but lately been drawn down from the clouds; the whole earth was shown to be electric; with one stride more the daring science might unfold the whole mystery of being. But, fortunately for its success, galvanism was taken from the control of its speculative discoverer and fell into more practical hands. Volta, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Como, an excellent electrician, assailed the theory of his fellow-Italian, and showed that the galvanic action came from the two metals, and not from the nerves. A violent controversy raged between the Bolognese school of Galvani and the followers of Volta, and the important question of the origin of life was discussed by the philosophers and the people while Napoleon was preparing to cover Europe with carnage, and while the horrors of the Parisian masacres were yet fresh in every mind. The Reign of Terror which had been commenced in France was about to extend over all European civilization when the two Italian philosophers were marshaling their disciples in a vigorous intellectual combat. Volta was victorious, and his peaceful triumph will outweigh a thousandfold, in its beneficial consequences, the disastrous successes of Napoleon.

In the year 1800, a memorable epoch in the history of electricity, Volta announced to the world, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, his invention of a wonderful machine. It was composed of alternate sheets of zinc and copper, separated from each other by discs of wet cloth. Two streams of electricity, one negative, the other positive, were found to flow from either pole of the instrument, and its intensity could be increased apparently without limit by enlarging the number of layers. He had invented the voltaic pile. Its form was afterwards changed by substituting cups of zinc instead of layers, and Volta formed a beautiful apparatus called *La Couronne de Tasses*, the model of all those powerful instruments by which the electric current is dispatched on its useful mission from New York to San Francisco, or taught to fathom the once impassible Atlantic. The wonderful vigor of the new agent became at once apparent. The sharp sparks of Franklin's electrical machine, and even the condensed shock of the Leyden jar, so long the terror of philosophers, were found to be faint and inefficient compared with the mighty electric current that flowed with silent strength from one wire to the other of the voltaic pile. Its effect on the human frame revived Galvani's notion of the principle of life. When the hands of the operator were applied to the opposite poles, instead of a sudden shock, he found himself held in the grasp of an invisible power. A series of strong convulsions ran through his arms and shoulders. Scarcely could he withdraw his hands and free himself from his captor. If the instrument was applied to the forehead, a brilliant light flashed over the sight, even though the eyes were closed. The glow-worm touched by the current shone with increased splendor, the grasshopper chirped as it excited by a stimulant. But when the pile was applied to the trunk of a decapitated body, a most horrible and unheard of phenomenon occurred. Never had such a spectacle been witnessed before since the age of miracles. The dead body rose from its recumbent position; its arms moved as if to strike in its rage objects in its vicinity; its breast heaved; its legs recovered their strength; and life was imitated or renewed in its fearful actions. Such were some of the tales told over Europe of the powers of the voltaic pile.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ALFRED AND THE SAXON CIVILIZATION.

NO. 4.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

His next work, which was wrought conjointly with the defense of his country, was to create a just commonwealth which has not only been brought down to the present day, but which absorbed, tempered and held in check the imperial Normans after the Conquest—which, in fact, became their commonwealth as much as the Saxons'. And in this work of our English lawgiver, religion and civilization were laid down as the proper basis of the national superstructure. In this part we will let Alfred himself describe. He says in his correspondence to one of his bishops, speaking of the times when the Saxon Bede and Alcuin flourished:—

I wish thee to know that it comes very often into my mind what wise men there were in England, both laymen and ecclesiastics, and how happy those times were to England! how the kings, who then had the government of the people, obeyed God and his messengers! how they both preserved their peace, their customs, and

their power at home, and increased their territory abroad, and how they prospered both in wisdom and in war! The sacred profession was diligent both to teach and to learn, and in all the offices which they should do to God. Men from abroad sought wisdom and learning hither in this country, though we now must go out of it to obtain knowledge, if we should wish to have it.

The king contrasts with this account the condition of England in his time:

So clean was it fallen out of England, that there are very few on this side of the Humber who understand to say their prayers in English, or to translate any letter from Latin into English; and I know that there were not many beyond the Humber; so few were they that I indeed cannot think of a single instance south of the Thames, when I took the kingdom.

Recollecting here the success of his own exertions, he exclaims:

Thanks be to Almighty God, that we have now some teachers in our stalls.

The father of his people, and the benevolent man appear strikingly in the expressions which he continues to use:

Therefore I direct that you do, as I believe that you will, that you who have leisure for the things of this world, as often as you can, impart that wisdom which God has given you, wherever you can. Think what punishments will come upon us from this world, if we shall neither have loved it ourselves, nor left it to others: we shall have had only the names of Christians, and very few of their proper habits.

When I recollect all this, I also remember how I saw, before that everything was ravaged and burnt, that the churches through all the English nation stood full of vessels and books, and also of a great many of the servants of God.

They knew very little of the use of their books, because they could not understand anything in them, as these were not written in their own language, which they spoke. Our ancestors that held these places before, loved wisdom, and through this they obtained abundance of it, and left it to us. Here we may yet see their treasures, though we are unable to explore them; therefore we have lost both their wealth and their wisdom, because we have not been willing with our minds to tread in their steps.

When I remember all this, then I wonder greatly that of those good wise men who were formerly in our nation, and who had all learnt fully these books, none would translate any part into their own language; but I soon answered myself and said, they never thought that men would be so reckless, and that learning would be so fallen. They intentionally omitted it, and wished that there should be more wisdom in the land, by many languages being known.

In the other portion of the correspondence, we have the simple narrative of the great lawgiver how he himself learned the languages to begin the work of translating books into English for the use of his people.

It is worthy of special mark just here that all truly great characters are the very apostles of civilization. They are not merely the friends of learning, but its promoters,—not merely the patrons of men of genius, but their very brothers. How well, for instance, Shakspeare and Elizabeth rank together, how well Milton and Cromwell. These seemingly different classes have a common work, and they enhance each other's glory. Their work is their special civilizations and the grandeur of their respective nations. These imperial characters and men of genius are not rivals, but more than any others they live to a mutual glory. And hence, when we find an Elizabeth, we are certain to find her Shakspeares, Cecils, Bacons, and Walter Raleighs; when a Cromwell, you have a Milton and the grand apostles of the Commonwealth; when a Napoleon, his marshals and men of mind. We thus see that every truly great person brings forth a galaxy of genius, even though the imperial person be a grand despot. This has been true from Charlemagne to Nicholas of Russia; while on the side of constitutional governments, an Alfred the Great has ever begun to lay the foundation of nationality, by working out the lines of the special civilization of his people. It is therefore an infallable sign of true greatness in the imperial name when it is associated with men of talent and the center of a civilization. So we find that Alfred, directly after his restoration, commenced his grand work of carving out a distinct Saxon civilization. England had taken the lead in this, in the days of the learned Bede. Charlemagne had himself and France tutored by Englishmen, among whom was Alcium, the famous master of the founder of the French empire. Alfred recollecting this and seeing that, when he came to the throne, France had outstripped his native land, while England had gone back, he conceived the wise design of commiting civilization into the hands of the people. Therefore, instead of confining learning to the priestly few, he sought to disseminate it through the entire nation. As soon as he had provided for the military and naval defenses of his country, he devoted himself to those nobler objects of civilization which were more congenial to his nature than war and bloodshed; and rapidly the Saxon Commonwealth, in its first phases, became evolved. Indeed it was a Commonwealth that Alfred sought to establish in England, as much as that which Cromwell and the Puritans affirmed. They, in fact, but copied Alfred for his grand work was nation-building and civilization, and not the petty work of founding mere monarchy and establishing a race of kings. Give the Commonwealth robust liberties and a high civilization, and it is but very little practical difference whether you call the executive chief, prime minister, king or president. England and America, to-day, are proof of this, for in a true republican genius and the purity of a Commonwealth, England is above America; and so, though Alfred the Great founded a kingly coustitution for the realm, he based it upon a Commonwealth with, in effect, a republican or popular genius, and the Saxon civilization which he began was essentially one of general enlightenment, and the people's progress. The notion of despots and some exclusive classes even in our age, to keep the people ignorant and deny them the right to think, belong to ages upon ages more barbaric than that of noble Alfred of England.

To communicate the knowledge which we possess, Alfred goes so far as to state it to be a *religious duty*. What a noble thought? How harmonious it is with the present views of all truly enlightened men. He lamented, as we have seen in his correspondence, the ignorance which had overspread his native land; but to remedy it, he desired all the youth who possessed the pecuniary means, to learn to read English, and gave a gentle, but very practical, censure to former students, who had not put their knowledge into a popular form, by translating it into the vernacular tongue. To this end he devoted his own leisure, and called upon his literary clergy to devote theirs to the translating into English the books which they possessed. He set an example himself worthy of a firstclass author and teacher in his historical, philosophical and theological writings, for he seemed to place his glory in the intellectual advancement of his rude countrymen. The clergy were, by the force of his noble example, to follow in his track to educate the nation and thenceforth make the educated man the Saxon type. He established schools and provided masters for high and low who were educated with his son Æthelweard; to his court he invited learned foreigners and skillful artisans; he searched around his dominion for men of literary attainments and was a munificent patron of all men of talent. In this we have the special example of all truly great men.

Next to his efforts for the civilization and Christianization of his people, Alfred evolved civil institutions and framed wise laws. With the concurrence of his witena-gemot or parliament, he introduced into the Anglo-Saxon legislature not only the decalogue, but also the principal provisions of

the Mosaic legislation with such modifications as were necessary to adapt them to the Anglo-Saxon manners. And in the laws which he attached to them, he tells us that with the concurrence of his parliament, he had collected together and committed to writing the regulations which his ancestors had established, selecting such of them as he approved, and rejecting the rest. All these, he tells us, passed his witenagemot or parliament, and thus we see he started not with a *good* absolute or despotic legislation, but with a *good* parliamentary. Will this be an answer to those who even now would have us believe that *good despotism* is the perfect form of government. Alfred, a thousand years ago, was further advanced in civilization than they are to day.

After the restoration of the great Saxon lawgiver, he found that the Danish invasion had destroyed the ancient order of the kingdom, and that the Anglo-Saxons were committing depredations one upon the other. To remedy this evil and to provide sufficient force to oppose future invasions, he made some modification of the ancient provincial divisions of England into shires and put the country under a complete organization of hundreds and tens,—in fact, too complete for the advanced state of modern society, but very fitted to bring a social chaos into order.

In legislation, Alfred's times were somewhat patriarchal, and much of the administration of justice in the courts and government in the witena-gemot, or parliament, devolved upon the king. The judicial affairs of the people before Alfred's day were so crude, that the nobles and the people were accustomed to dispute with each other pertinaciously, even in the very tribunal of justice. The earls and legal officers were disregarded, and the people came to the great Saxon lawgiver for judgment. Alfred never refused to sacrifice his own comfort, and even health, for the welfare of his people, and his minute investigations were chiefly in behalf of the poor whom he served day and night. He examined every dispute, reviewed the adjudications made by others in his absence, mildly rebuked erring judges, discharged those who were not qualified for office, and punished severely corrupt and wicked judges. He instituted trial by jury, which is still the boast of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon fathers in America, Canada, Australia, and Great Britain, and so strict was the great king upon this wise institution that he punished capitally some judges for deciding criminal cases by an arbitrary violation of the right of jury.

MOZART'S OVERTURE TO FIGARO, AND LOCKE'S MACBETH MUSIC.

The passing of Mozart's overture to *Figaro* and Locke's celebrated Macbeth music, without special notice, would lead many to suppose that our critics were incompetent to the task of reviewing the inspirations of these two immortal composers, therefore, we cannot allow the present opportunity to go by without paying our tribute to the merits of the above works.

It is now nearly two years since we have had the pleasure of hearing the weird compositions of Locke in Shakspear's great play of Macbeth.

Locke's treatment of the poetry in this immortal tragedy has, in fact, almost converted it to a semi opera; and indeed the play could not be so faithfully interpreted without the aid of the musical weird inspirations of Locke.

It has not only added scenic variety to the tragedy, but it has portrayed with much vividity Shakspear's ideas of the weird incantations of the witches so prevalent in the minds of the superstitious in Macbeth's time.

Before analyzing this great composition, we will make a few brief remarks on the subject of Mozart's splendid overture to *Figaro*, and of its rendition by our band on Monday evening, Sept. 20th, 1869.

The overture to *Figaro*, not only abounds in brilliant *prestissimo* executional unisonic passages, but its *contrapuntic* harmonical beauties, are predominating throughout the composition.

Not only is Mozart unique in his melodial linking of sections and periods, but his varied development of subjects shines forth in beauteous unity with his versatile harmonic combinations.

He is strong; he is majestic; he is impressive and inspiring, at the same time his graceful progressions are the same in effect, and the varied culminating creations brought out in his grand finale movement displays wonderful genius. In fact such combinations as we have above named cannot be surpassed by any ancient or modern writer in the overture school of composition.

To render the difficulties of a work of this class with full effect requires not only the brilliant execution of the *artiste*, but it also requires great study and practice before an effective interpretation of the ideas of this celebrated composer can be produced. Notwithstanding the many requirements necessary to conquer these difficulties, our orchestral band did justice to this noble composition.

The principal leading violin was up to the mark. The ripieno violin added weight to the principal instrument. The second violin was not behind with effect, and the *contrabasso* also did its work.

The *violoncello* brought out n any beauties with its *pizzicatos*, and we were much pleased to see the introduction of this beautiful *quartetto* instrument in the orchestra. The flute also rendered good service, and we cannot omit to repeat our compliment of praise to Mr. Mark Croxall for his purity and volume of tone and graceful executions produced by him on the cornet in this fine composition. In speaking of the *pianoforte* we can truly assert that this instrument is capable of producing great effects in a small band like ours; and to say that Professor Pratt brought out much brilliancy of execution and strength of expression in this overture is only saying what is due to this gentleman.

The applause which was tendered to the band by the audience for their faithful interpretation of *Figaro* was well deserved, and we were much pleased by the discovery that we had thrown aside our usual lethargy in showing our approval of what is good, and that we intended in future to render an honest stimulation to the orchestra for their endeavors to entertain us. We also feel confident that with proper applause that Professor Careless and the whole of the members of his band will study and practice, in order to produce a variety of first-class compositions to render the band entertainment worthy of approval.

The remainder of the review of Locke's Macbeth music will appear in our next.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In answer to Professor Thomas' note we will observe that the omission of the title of *Professor* to his name was an oversight of the printer, and ourselves also, in inspecting the proof copy, and for this we tender our apology. We must, however, say that our attention was more directed to the correction of errors than to musical etiquette.

We will also beg the Professor to bear in mind that to remove the errors of consecutive fifths—a very great fault—was the cause of the necessity of changing the two notes in his choral melody, in order to render the resolution perfect.

We will also remind him that perfect resolutions, as well as preparations in harmonic combinations, are required for correct progression; and we will also observe that in choral renderings the harmonies are of more importance than the melody. In fact the song compositions of the great Schubert will prove that in his songs he has bestowed more pains and produced more effect by his varied and beautiful harmonies than he has by his melodies. We will observe, that notwithstanding the Professor's objection to our altering his melody to remove errors, that the correct and pointed resolution of the passage more than compensates for the changing of two passing notes in his subject, and more especially as the linking character of the second period is not altered.

We are always much pleased with the Professor's compositions, and shall always be glad to receive any favor from him; and we will also say that if he would send his pieces correct we should deem it sacrilege to alter them; but if they are grammatically incorrect, we must make a change. This observation will apply to all our contributors.

UNIVERSALITY OF INSPIRATION.

"Did God a special creed require,
Would He not with that creed each soul inspire?"

By this question, I do not mean to infer that a special creed is non-essential to perfect knowledge, but that the seeking spirit can obtain light and inspiration whether possessed of the advantages of a God's special creed or otherwise.

God does inspire the earnest soul that humbly seeks for knowledge. The "still, small voice" speaks of inspiration that comes with healing on its wings to the soul faint with waiting, and sick with hope deferred.

The bustle of life, the multiplicity of earthly cares, too often drown the spiritual life within; the "little voice" is unheeded, and inspiration uncultivated, hence its growth is dwarfed, its spirit quenched.

Did earth's children give the time and thought to the cultivation of a spiritual life that they do to that of a temporal one, they would be both richer and wiser. Knowledge pertaining to a spiritual life is the essence of happiness, and is imperishable; it clings to the spirit, and immortality reaps the harvest planted by mortality.

Shortsighted mortals, who live only for to-day, and care mostly to gather the fleeting riches of earth, may find in the eternal world their greatest punishment in regret—regret at time misspent, at golden opportunities slighted, for *binding* with deeds of love and kindness, generosity and sympathy, the *hearts* of their relatives, for love is Heaven, and in Heaven this power alone will reign, no bonds so strong as those of love, no *lasting* bonds without it. [C. I. G.

WOMANHOOD.

BY EMILY E. TEASDALE.

Woman is seldom seen or appreciated in her true position. By some she is treated as a mere toy, or a spoiled child; by coarser minds, she is considered as man's inferior, and should she aspire to aught that is calculated to elevate and ennoble the mind, is censured as aspiring to things which belong to man alone. Hence it is impressed upon her that woman's only ambition should be attending with punctilious care, the *orders* of him who has substituted her for a menial. We see her too in a position little better, where the law of man dare not interfere. Where her heart's first affections are crushed by the coldness and neglect of him, who has sworn to "love and cherish her." True, he feeds, and clothes her, and when he has an hour to spare, not better engaged, he *honors* her with his presence, and thinks he acquits himself like a man. He knows not the desolation that reigns within her breast, the many long and weary hours she sits at home, brooding over the happy days of girlhood, when he won her heart's rich wealth of love, and she lavished it freely upon him. She knew her life would not pass unclouded, for sickness, or adversity might steal in and mar its tranquility; but she felt she could bear up with fortitude against the stern realities of life, could she retain her position in his affections, and know that her own were appreciated. But to feel that she had given him all her being, like a flower that casts it perfume on the desert air—a breeze that wanders and needs it not—gnaws like a canker worm within her heart, and the confidence that should have twined itself around the oak, gradually returns to her own breast; and sometimes springs up in the form of self-reliance. Perhaps nothing lays a greater foundation for misery than the uniting in marriage of persons who are not qualified to render each other happy. True happiness can never be found until, both matrimonially and socially, spirits are classified, then all will move on in harmony for the spirit of love will dictate and regenerate all.

ADDRESSED TO THE PORTRAIT OF A BELOVED CHILD.

Phantom of beauty! of love, and of pride!
Long did I mourn thy bright form from my side;
But days, months, and years have sped rapidly by,
And now I can gaze with first only a sigh!——

Phantom of beauty? thou truly on earth
Wast an Angel bestowed, from the days of thy birth
Thou did'st call out my love, my ambition and pride,
And thy love and devotion were worth all beside!

Phantom of beauty! thou wert young when thy breath
Was seized, and arrested by arrogant death!
'Twas God made me live thro' that harrowing hour,
'Twas God drew the sting from his venomous power.

Phantom of beauty! thy soul is away,
With thy Father and God, in the lights of his day,
I see thee, my child, sitting meek at his feet,
And when thine eye seeks Him, His smile is so sweet,
That I see thee bound up in thine own loving way,
And the glorified being at once you display;
You feel low before Him; it seems that you plead,
And my heart, the petition, has power to read;
Which a sweet intuition reveals to my mind;
And he looks on thee sweetly, and loving, and kind;
His ineffable smile bids thy spirit be free,
And the sceptre of Love, He extends unto thee.

Thy hands on thy bosom in meekness are crossed,
And I see thy lips move, but the words I have lost,
But I feel in my heart that the lov'd ones away
Are the theme and the subject for which you now pray.

I know thee, my loved one! I know we are part
Of the glorified spirit, thy glorified heart!—
I know thou art waiting and watching in love
Till we're all reünited in mansions above.

When we wait for the one we love truly on earth,
And we know in that meeting there will be no dearth,
How we bask in the anticipation of love!
Thus—thus art thou waiting my lov'd one, above!

Yet, to mansions of bliss do not summon us yet,
Till we've ended our mission, and drained the mix'd cup,
Then like the worn soldier, our arms we'll lay down,
Rejoicing, in view your glorious crown.

Phantom of beauty! thou only hast gone
A short time before to our Heavenly home;
Phantom of beauty! of love and of pride,
The picture transcribed, draws the sting from my side.

HANNAH T. KING, S. L. City.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE BRIDE AND THE CONDEMNED.

Clara Garcia was now the bride of Farinelli. In their terrible afflictions, the lovers had resolved to devote the remainder of life to each other. Clara had beseeched Farinelli to let her fate be linked with his, and to be with him in the condemned cell to the last. She revealed to him her fixed resolve to die with him, and told him of her oath in Rome that he should be hers in "life or in death." She even showed him the subtle poison which she carried about with her for that purpose. Farinelli tried to dissuade her from her dreadful purpose, but she was heroic in her calm resolution to die with him. Moreover, the strong passion of Clara and her tragic fervor filled him with a kindred spirit, so that they grew to look calmly on the prospect of dying together. Farinelli was strengthened by this woman's love and purpose, and her presence became an absolute necessity to him. So they communicated to Sir Richard Courtney their wish for their union, before the terrible day of execution made it too late in this life. Courtney sought Sir Richard Brine, who readily sanctioned the tender romance; for, indeed, it would have been cruel to have denied to a man on the brink of the grave, the consolation of love and a wife's supporting presence. So the marriage was solemnized in the chapel of the prison; and the bride, through the kind permission and influence of Sir Richard Brine, had, from the morning of their marriage, been with the prisoner day and night in his condemned cell. This was by the connivance of Sir Richaad Brine.

Theirs was a honeymoon of saddened bliss. Their terrible situation deepened their love towards each other, and chastened their hearts from all the dross of their nature. They had been married now about three months.

The execution of Farinelli had been postponed to give time for the appearance of Sir Walter Templar, if living. Terese Ben Ammon had filled the daily papers with her inspirative letters upon the innocence of her foster-brother, and her conviction that Walter, her affianced husband, would come to light. Her letters were published in almost every paper in the country, provincial as well as metropolitan. Her grandfather's wealth she lavished freely and bought the press everywhere, to give her pleas publicity. Her uncle managed it all. And when some reply happened to come from influential editors who prided themselves in being impartial, but severely critical, Snap then came to her aid with his fearful intellectuality. The Prosecutor for the Crown had written a series of letters upon the subject, for the responsibility of condemning and the designed execution of hanging an innocent man was thrown upon the Crown. Terese assumed two important facts—first, that Walter was living; the second, that her foster-brother *was* innocent; and with this persistent assumption as the premises, the Crown stood in a very questionable position; and it was boldly charged that, in case George IV did not interfere and reprieve the prisoner, the country would be guilty of a judicial murder. Some of the influential papers who chose to take the side of the Crown, and also the Prosecutor cut Terese Ben Ammon's letters into shreds. Her beautiful faith was applauded at the same time that their logic of facts and the circumstantial evidence swept away all that her faith sought to establish. Of course they had the advantage the same as the talented infidel has generally upon the subjects of immortality and God: for, like her evidence, religion is of faith and spiritual sight. For a week, the Crown held the case against our hero; and other editors, finding another reaction setting in, threw themselves against the condemned man and his champion foster-sister. It was then that Snap came to his niece's aid. He was the very opposite to her in his treatment —all facts, all logic, all philosophy, all scepticism—no faith. He met them upon their own ground. His daring infidelity, his subtle thinking and his terrible justice cut his opponents to the very bone at every dash of his pen. He swept away all faith, all assumptions. Where, then, was any judgment given upon circumstantial evidence. He gave more logic on the prisoner's side, than they could supply against it; and by his supreme subtlety revealed fallacies in nearly everything his opponents said. As every special argument is more or less sophistry, he overwhelmed his opponents by being a superior sophist to them all. The Prosecutor retired "used up," the venerable judge trembled for fear he had condemned an innocent man, the jury felt themselves more guilty than the prisoner, the Secretary of State was in great perplexity which had caused him to postpone the execution, while George IV was savage to find the Crown itself placed at the bar. It is well know that old George III hung everybody he could, from the hoary-bearded ruffian to the tender maiden, and his son in this case was disposed from very pique to follow his father's example. Thus had Terese and her uncle moved the country to save Farinelli, and obtained the postponement of the execution; but it was generally expected that George IV would hang the condemned man, guilty or not guilty. It lacked now but three days to the execution, and there were no prospects of a second postponement.

We will now take our readers to the condemned cell where the prisoner and his bride are. Three months they have spent together in their saddened bliss: and now they are both hopeless. Death is before them, and they have resolved to die together.

"Clara, my darling," said the condemned to his wife, "let us resign all false hope and prepare for the last great act of our tragedy."

"Beppo, my husband, I am prepared. I will myself set you the example, but not to-night; I cannot resign your life till the last moment. Three days are left us for love in this world. If the reprieve come not, the last night shall give to us a second marriage. Together without the eye of mortal to witness, we will perform the ceremony of death."

"Yes, Clara dear, it shall be so. No gallows shall have me. We will die by the same agency in the same hour, and in each others arms."

"Our spirits, dear Beppo, shall fly away together. I look calmly upon the prospect. Do you know, my husband, I have been more at peace in your little cell than ever before in my life. All jealousy and passion have been purged from my heart. This prison has been our purgatory. Here with you, I have felt myself a true Catholic, and God and the holy religion of our mother church have, for the first time in my life, sanctified my thoughts: I think I am nearer heaven with you in this condemned cell than I ever have have been, had it not been for our terrible afflictions. And then, Beppo darling, we love each other more deeply, more unreservedly and purely than we otherwise should. I fear that I should have been very jealous, self-willed and exacting; but now there is a new spirit created in me. We do love each other with an unspeakable affection, do we not, my husband?"

"Yes, Clara, my devoted one, I love you now beyond the love which I bare to my foster-sister. All has been for the best, for we both were too much children of passion, and the fierce jealousies of our Italian nature daily gave to our lips a cup of poison more deadly than that which I hope will give us passport into heaven. Surely, Clara, the Great Judge of my innocence and the motives of our sacrifice will pardon us."

"I believe He will, Beppo. The Church tells us of the merciful Christ. The priest shall come on that night and absolve us of our sins, and the rest we must leave in the hands of the Merciful One."

"Right, my wife; I am resolved that the murderer's death shall not be mine. We will die as the old Roman heroes would have died —by our own hands. Oh! the gallows, Clara, the gallows; that would have been terrible. I thank God that you are with me, and that we have the means to prevent the horrid tragedy of the gallows."

And thus these two afflicted ones conversed upon the sacrificial ceremony which they had arranged to take place the night before the intended execution.

CHAPTER LXXII.

ON THE PLANE ABOVE US.

"There is more in heaven and on earth
Than is dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

Two days and nights have passed in the dungeon of Walter Templar since George Blakely had visited the dungeon of the De Lacy castle for the last time. Walter fully realized now, that death or his deliverance was near. It was on the same night on which we have taken our readers to the condemned cell of Farinelli.

Walter Templar is lying upon his heap of straw. His lamp is gone out never more to be fed again with oil, for as the jailor came not, it was exhausted. That profound darkness which can almost in fancy be felt, reigned in the dungeon. It was midnight again, and again that same mystic influence pervaded Walter Templar, which pervaded him when Alice appeared to him on the first occasion. He felt that she was coming again. Nearer and nearer her presence seemed to be approaching. Within him, and around him the spirit life was gathering. From within him and without

there was a meeting. An interblending of being seemed to be taking place between the souls of the mortal and the immortal. A fire burned in Walter's earthly nature, as though a live coal from another furnace was kindling him into a rapturous flame, and around the region of his heart there was a spirit glowing. This has numerous striking examples. Doubtless it was that supernatural flame which the two disciples experienced when their arisen Master was journeying with them: "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us by the way." Thus it was with Walter Templar, now in his dungeon, wherein he was peculiarly susceptible to supernatural solicitude. He had lain perhaps for an hour with the heavenly presence growing upon him and wooing him out of his positive mood into a state of passive reception. He was as upon the threshold of another world waiting for his guardian to lead him into the chamber of the invisible to—the mortal eye. Whether he at last fell asleep, and saw in dreams his second visitation of Alice, our readers must determine. We simply relate what in this ecstatic state appeared to him as a reality.

His spirit-bride came to him as before gradually appearing, and increasing in the brightness of her soul-essence.

"Walter, my husband, I am here!" said the vision.

"Alice, I hear you and see you again. I felt you coming, but you have been long, very long."

"That, Walter, is because I brought another with me. She could not come so soon as I alone. Terese is here."

"Terese with you, and dead?"

"No, Walter, not dead—in the body: yet out of the body. She is entranced, and here."

"I see her not, Alice."

"Wait, she is coming in. I have toiled much to bring her to you. Do you see her now?"

"No; yet stay. There is something, a shadow arising. Ah! I see it more distinctly now. It is a female form. It wears a mantle which seems like a soft blue cloud in a summer sky."

"She has not thrown off the garment of mortality, and you behold its shadows. Wait, Walter, she will come nearer."

"Ah! I see her face. It *is* Terese. Can she speak to me?"

"No, she cannot speak, but you shall see her thoughts and understand her signs. What see you now?"

"She recognizes me, Alice. I see the joy in her thought. She understands what I say. Now she seems pained as she looks around my dungeon. She is thinking now of delivering me. She would hasten away, as though to bring me aid. Alice, she is going. Bid her stay. It is too late; she is gone."

"She could stay but for a moment, Walter. Even I cannot stay long. She is returning to herself. I have told her all, and she has seen also. She will send deliverance to you—for that I brought her. I have labored with her for months to bring her, but have not been able, yet to-night in the intensity of her anxiety for you and her foster-brother, she came out of herself."

"Ha! Farinelli, tell me of Farinelli, Alice."

"He is yet living, but I cannot reach him as I can you. He is somewhat hid from me. I know not his fate. I am going, Walter. Follow me."

Walter sprang to his feet and followed till his hands touched the iron grating of the dungeon door, the touch of which brought him to consciousness, and the vision vanished.

"I suppose Alice bid me follow her," mused Walter, "as a sign that I should soon be delivered from this dungeon."

He returned and laid himself down again, and reflecting upon his vision he fell asleep. Let us now go to Terese and relate the strange circumstance that had occurred to her in coincidence with that which we have related of Walter.

She was sleeping in her bed in Courtney House, Grosvenor Square. She seemed to be in a dream, for she murmured as though in reply to some one. Suddenly she raised up in the bed and sat awhile. Then she nodded assent and got out of bed and dressed. She was evidently in a somnambulistic state. Being dressed, she left her chamber and cautiously moved through the house, as though desirous not to awaken any person. She had taken her mantle and bonnet. The front door was reached which she gently opened, and taking a latch key from the stand at the door, she passed out into the street. Direct towards a certain point she seemed to be making, and she moved along as though she was following some one. Several times as watchmen approached she evaded them, sometimes turning into another street. Having gone about half a mile, she turned back by the same route, entered the house she had left, returned to her chamber, undressed and got into her bed again and slept until morning, when the family were surprised by finding all the doors open even to Terese's chamber.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

SOLVED AT LAST.

In the morning when Terese came to breakfast, she found the family excited and perplexed concerning the condition which they had found the house in, with open doors. Their first conjecture had been that the house had been robbed, and already Sir Richard Brine was on the spot making observations to discover the cause of the singular circumstances. Nothing was missing; evidently no robbery had been committed, but also evidently something uncommon had taken place. For a moment it had been thought that Terese had been kidnapped or murdered, or that some extraordinary circumstance related to her; for it was the line of doors leading to her chamber that was found open, and the housekeeper had rushed with alarm to Judah Nathans with the intelligence that his niece's chamber was also open. The housekeeper had been too much terrified to enter to see if the young lady was safe or not; and for an instant Judah shook as with an ague, in very sympathy with the servant's alarm. It was wonderful how that passionless man loved his sister's orphan. All the affections of his life were garnered in her. He had made science his wife, but now, father, mother, sister, child were all crowded into one—that one, Terese. Judah's love for her was like his intellect and character terribly concentrative and entire; and so when the housekeeper rushed in to him with the news that his niece had been murdured or kidnapped, he shook as we have said as with an ague. But that was only for an instant. The next instant he was scientific again, and with a fearful intensity and presence of mind, he was direct for his niece's chamber to *demonstrate* what dreadful thing had happened; for appearances went to show that something extraordinary had occurred. As he entered the opened door of Terese's chamber he shuddered again, for in spite of his effort at calmness he could not help it, but as he approached the bed and saw her in peaceful sleep, like an angel in heavenly dreams, he drew a heavy sigh of relief, and left the chamber softly, closing the door after him. Her grandfather would doubtles have awakened her by fond caresses and exclamations, which would have alarmed, not enraptured her. But not so the uncle. Snap was too philosophic to break her peaceful sleep with exclamations of gratitude that she was thus peaceful in her bed, ven unconecious of any harm.

"Sleep, child, sleep!" murmured this strange man, in intense relief, as he returned to inform the Courtney family that all was right touching his niece.

Nevertheless, something uncommon had happened in the house of Sir Richard Courtney, and when Terese went down to breakfast she found the family, with Sir Richard Brine speculating upon the circumstance of the opened doors.

"I think, Uncle Courtney," began Terese, for he always treated her as though she had been Walter's wife—"I think, Uncle Courtney, that I have the other half of the story to tell."

"Indeed, my dear?" replied the baronet, interested, and all the family in a moment were eager with attention, and even Brine was eager to hear the other half."

"I went to my bed, sir, last night in great trouble about Walter and my poor foster-brother, who in two days more will die that dreadful death."

"Do not think of it, my dear niece," said Courtney, with a shudder.

"But I could not help it, Uncle. Oh, how I prayed last night to the God of my Hebrew fathers to save my foster-brother, and restore Walter."

"Alas, alas!" interrupted Isaac Ben Ammon. *He* must be angry with Jacob, or he would have come to his help ere now. Dost thou not remember, Judah, when our great ancestor wrestled with the angel at Peniel and would not let the Lord depart until he had blessed him. Rememberest thou not, Judah, that Jacob then received his name, Israel: he had prevailed. Alas, alas, Judah, our father's God must be angry with us, or he would have come to the help of the lads, ere this. Joseph in Egypt, Benjamin in prison, condemned to die, and Joseph not the lord of Pharoah's house. Alas, Judah, there must be something wrong."

"The God of our fathers have come to our help, grandfather Isaac, and told me where Walter is, I have seen him. He is living!"

"Ay, sayest thou so, my child. The Lord hath not forsaken Israel, didst thou say? Then is Isaac in the strength of a David again. But why didst thou not bring thy Joseph, if he be not devoured in the wilderness. Why doth he tarry so long in Egypt."

"I saw him in a dungeon, grandfather, and he could not follow me."

"Alas, alas, my child, then hath the Lord forsaken us again!"

The family had too much respect for the venerable Patriarch to interrupt his reminiscences of his race, which after all the fanciful mixed up in his mind by the troubles of those he loved had much of practical shaping to Farinelli and Walter's case. Her grandfather having thrown himself back in his chair, despondingly, Terese began her strange story.

"Uncle Courtney, in my great grief I prayed to my father's God as Miriam herself might have done; and He has answered me. I went to my bed and was soon asleep, when methought your daughter Alice came into my chamber and bid me arise and follow her. I fancied in my dream that I did arise and dress, and followed her into the street."

"Which you certainly did, Terese," broke in her uncle, Judah. "I understand now the open doors. You, in your great trouble, became somnambulistic."

"But that does not explain uncle Judah, what followed. Methought Alice guided me onward swift as my thought. I seemed to rise a little above the earth, gliding, not walking, through the air. I know not how long I journeyed nor how far, but from the speed with which I flew it must have been a great distance from London, yet I know that we were, throughout the journey, within the limits of England, for I recognized English scenery at my journey's end. At length we came to a dense forest, and I saw before me a curious labyrinth of fir trees."

"A labyrinth of fir trees! Go on child. 'Tis very strange; but I shall solve it. Go on, child, I follow."

"Snap's metaphysical mind was uncommonly taken by the strange story of his niece, and he had recognized the labyrinth of fir trees through which he had entered to the De Lacy Castle a thousand times. His niece continued:

"Into this curious labyrinth of nature's forming, Alice bid me follow her. I did, and now I seemed to move nearer the earth, and as I approached its surface we glided slower, and I felt above my head the pressure of the foliage of the interblended trees. At length we reached the wing of a noble castle, and stopped at a narrow oaken door. Alice touched a spring, and the door flew open, revealing a narrow flight of steps up which we passed. We entered apartments which seemed to be unused for general purposes, yet persons must have been there of late, for the appearance of the rooms indicated it. Moreover, wine and cigars were still upon the table, showing that the persons were midnight revelers. Alice next pointed out to me a secret pannel, and bid me mark everything I saw, that I might know each object, for she said I was to come this way again. She then touched another spring, and the hidden pannel flew open, revealing a tunnel-like passage, into which we passed. At the end of the passage we saw a handle like that with which water is drawn from a well, connected with concealed machinery in the wall. She bade me help her turn it, which I did, and gradually the wall moved, and soon a passage was made sufficient to let us through. Still, Alice guided me onward, and we entered a fine picture gallery, and around me I saw the noble forms of an ancient race. They smiled upon me. One portrait especially beamed upon me a smile of unspeakable tenderness and concern, as if I were his daughter. Oh, uncle Judah, you will be surprised when I tell you that it was the very portrait now in Sir Richard Courtney's chamber. It was Lord De Lacy—Frederick's father!"

"My father, Terese?" inquired young De Lacy.

"Go on, child!" urged her uncle, with impatient interest.

"Out of this gallery of the pictured dead, Alice led me into a narrow corridor, at the end of which was a large iron door, which we opened the same as we had the stone door of the tunneled passage. Then down several flights of steps my angel guide led me, until we came to the gate of a dungeon, dark as midnight, yet I could see. This gate she opened not, but passed through *it* as though it had been the shadow and she the substance. She bade me do the same, and to my surprise, I found the iron gate no impediment. For a moment I looked around in the dark dungeon, but saw nothing. But then, O Lady Templar—mother!—whom think you I saw?"

"Whom saw you, my daughter?" asked Walter's mother, in great agitation, for she divined the answer.

"Dear mother I saw your son,—my lost one! I saw that he recognized me, and methought he spoke to Alice of me, and I attempted to go to him, when it seemed that he and Alice vanished away. I returned home to my bed, though I remember nothing of that return, as I do distinctly of everything going, from the time we entered the labyrinth of fir-trees."

"Enough, child," exclaimed Snap, rising to his feet. "Frederick, haste, bid two fleet horses be saddled for you and me. Sir Richard Brine, will you be kind enough to grant four of your most resolute men, for an expedition—men who can ride ninety miles before they sleep, for we must also fly over the path which my niece glided last night."

"I can supply you with those officers, Mr. Nathans, but you are surely not going to lead them on a "wild goose chase," to follow the track of a beautiful dream?"

"Brine, I *demonstrate*. I never dream, myself, asleep or awake. I solve, as I have now, a problem which you and your officers have failed to solve. Walter Templar is in the dungeon of the De Lacy Castle!"

"He is," responded Sir Richard Courtney, starting up in extraordinary agitation. "How is it that we have not thought of that before? Terese, my darling niece, the spirit of my daughter Alice did come to you last night."

"Yes, the ladder of Jacob came down from heaven last night to my grandchild, I do believe for a surety, and thy daughter, Sir Richard, descended and led her to deliver her beloved. The God of Jacob be praised."

"Sir Richard Brine, not a moment must be lost if we would save Farinelli. I have demonstrated that Sir Walter Templar is living, though I have not quite solved the mysterious vision."

Young De Lacy and Sir Richard Brine hastened to prepare, Brine himself having resolved to lead his officers, but Terese Ben Ammon insisted on going also as the guide, for such Alice had chosen her.

Before Sir Richard Brine left London he informed the governor of the nature of the expedition. He said if Templar was living he would send him intelligence to prevent the execution of Farinelli. In case the return was not in time, he charged him to suspend the execution under some extraordinary pretext for a few hours; "Say the the prisoner is dead or dying—anything to give time," were Brine's parting words.

CHAPTER LXIV.

DELIVERED FROM THE DUNGEON.

All that afternoon and night, Terese Ben Ammon, her uncle, Frederick De Lacy, and the officers rode to the rescue of Walter Templar. The maiden bore up wonderfully, for the intensity of her feelings and the lives of those at stake made her oblivious to all fatigue. They changed horses several times, yet Terese was ready as soon as they stood saddled at the door. Indeed, her impulse led them on their journey; ever the first to start and the last ready to stop: it was only the necessity of changing horses that induced her to stop at all. Her uncle Judah, in his solicitude for her, once persuaded her to tarry on the road till their return with Walter, but her distress at the thought convinced him that under her anxious and excited state of feelings it would wear upon her body and mind more to tarry than to continue. So on they sped again to the next point where their horses could be relieved, and Terese punished them all, both man and beast by her fleet riding, for the persuasion of her uncle to tarry on the road.

At eight in the morning, Terese Ben Ammon and the horsemen arrived at the De Lacy Castle. Snap, himself now conducted them, and he struck for the labyrinth of fir trees which led to the secret entrance to the castle. As soon as they had entered the winding path, Terese exclaimed with delight:

"Uncle, uncle, Walter is yonder. This is the way to his dungeon. I remember every object now I meet. This is the labyrinth through which Alice led me."

The men answered not. To confess the truth, they were now too much worn out by the hard riding to be interested. Even Sir Richard Brine felt unconcerned from fatigue. He would rather have thrown himself from his horse and lain down on the ground, and slept for an hour than have taken the direction as a chief in the coming scene. Of the men, Judah and Lord Frederick were alone full of spirit. Young De Lacy was borne up, much as the maiden was, by the intensity of his feelings, and the dear prospect of soon beholding Walter, alive and free, for he no more doubted now the issue than did the maiden herself. As for Judah, he had been as scientific on this journey as in the whole course of his life. He had taken it from the start with dispassionate ease; he was a good rider, having been in his boyhood a kind of groom to Sir Herbert, he strained not a nerve, wore his horse rather than himself, and was more sluggish at the beginning of the journey than at the end. Indeed, Snap had calculated philosophically as he did everything. He knew there was a tremendous ride before them, and he managed it much as a skillful jockey does on a race course Sir Richard Brine thought him a very dull riding companion and

several times thought he was sleeping upon his horse, and feared he would not hold out. But when Brine himself began to be drowsy in reality, Snap was as fresh as a lark, and sought to spur on his companion with keen remarks. In fact, Snap had a constitution of wiry toughness, and was tall and lean like the hungry intellectual Cassius. He was not the "fat" man to "sleep o'nights" and so when the party of rescue reached the De Lacy Castle, Judah and his niece were the only ones equal to the task of grappling with the circumstances. Lord Frederick, as we have said, was comparatively fresh, from his youth and eager hope, but he could not do less than resign to love what otherwise friendship would have claimed. Hence, Terese still led them on, and her uncle Judah gathered all his mental and physical energies to master the situation.

The narrow oaken door of the secret entrance of the castle was reached. Terese sprang from her horse first, exclaiming:——

"Uncle Judah, let me open the door. Let me discover the concealed spring. Be this the first proof that Alice did conduct me here. Uncle Judah, behold! Not in the door, but in the wall is the spring. Behold, uncle! The door is open now. There is the flight of stairs to the secret apartment of the castle. Gentlemen, are you satisfied?"

"Child, I was satisfied before I started. At least I had solved the problem that you had discovered the secrets of the De Lacy Castle, but the mystery of the agency that revealed it to you, I have not yet quite demonstrated. Sir Richard Brine, are you satisfied that we have not come on a wild-goose chase?"

"It is very wonderful, Mr. Nathans, I must confess, and if the part concerning Sir Walter but holds good, then are we most richly rewarded."

"Come, gentlemen, I will lead," said the maiden, who had waited till the weary men had all dismounted, and tied their horses to the trees.

Up they went to the secret apartment of the castle, and Snap, who for the purpose had brought a very ingenious tinderbox, and a small taper next obtained a light to proceed to the dungeon, but still he let his niece lead from her inspirations rather than his knowledge, for he was now taking scientific observations to see how near her vision held good.

"See, Uncle Judah, here is the spring in the secret pannel. There now, it is open. Behold the tunnel-like passage."

"It is very wonderful!" again repeated Sir Richard Brine.

They passed into the passage, Terese still leading.

"Uncle, turn that windlass in the wall by that iron handle. Not that way, uncle; the reverse way."

"Child, you are right. I turned it the wrong way to test your mystery. There, Sir Richard Brine, you see this seeming solid masonry is moving. I have opened this stone door a thousand times. 'Tis done. Lead on, child."

"Follow, gentlemen," said our heroine in an excitement of delight, for she felt that her lover was near.

In a moment more, they were in the portrait gallery of the De Lacy castle, and then like the unerring hound following a scent, Terese led them into the narrow corridor connecting with the dungeon.

There, Uncle Judah, is the large iron door. But turn that handle moving the concealed machinery the opposite way of the first. Am I not right?"

"Child, you are right. There, Sir Richard, is the door open and there the flight of steps leading to the dungeon."

"Give me the taper, Frederick," said the maiden; "I will be the first to Walter's dungeon;" and she bounded down the steps much at the risk of putting out the light.

The gate of the dungeon was reached, and the musical voice of the Hebrew Maiden rang through the vaulted passage.

"Walter, I am here! Walter, I am here! 'Tis I—Terese. Oh answer me, answer me!"

There was no reply. Everything in that sepulchral place was as still as death. The men were very anxious, and young De Lacy, in the moment's suspense, staggered with his revulsion of feeling, and would have fallen but for the wall against which he leaned for support. Even passionless Snap trembled with the intensity of his feelings, fearing that after all the last great test which made all the rest valuable or worthless, would not hold good. Walter there and living, or all was as nothing.

"Walter, Walter! I am here. Oh answer me. It is I—Terese. Answer me: oh answer me! God of my fathers, thou hast forsaken me. The vision was delusive!"

But a faint moan from within called the maiden to herself again or she would have swooned.

"He is living: he is living. I thank thee, O God of Jacob. Walter, Walter, answer me!"

"Who speaks? I thought I heard the voice of Terese," said the prisoner still faintly from within.

"It is Terese, Walter, I am here!"

"Terese, my love? Then Alice has kept her promise: and you did appear to me two nights ago."

"Uncle Judah, do you hear what Walter says."

"I hear, child."

Young De Lacy, now no longer able to hold his peace, gave a great shout—"Hurrah!" which was answered by Sir Richard Brine and the officers, in true English fashion. It was the first shout which the last of the De Lacys had ever given in the castle of his ancestors, and it was now at finding his beloved friend Walter in its dungeon.

A difficulty now presented itself how to open the great iron gate, for that was locked with an ordinary key, which, as our readers know, was in the possession of George Blakely.

"Sir Richard Brine, with your four officers, we are seven strong men. These hinges I know must be rusted nearly off for they are a hundred years old. Come with our might and wrench them off."

"Altogether, then, my men," replied Brine in much delight to find that they had *not* come on a "wild-goose chase," as he had at first feared. The men, now thoroughly revived from the fatigue of their journey by the excitement, gave a few sudden jerks with all their might, and the dungeon door stood open.

"Walter, dear Walter, I am here!" and the Hebrew Maiden, bounded into his arms.

The faith which had sustained her, expired in the realization of Walter living, the reaction came: Nature claimed her due: the maiden had swooned.

Sir Walter Templar presented a very sad picture: his clothes were all soiled and stained with blood, his hair and beard very long, his skin very dirty, and his person gaunt from partial starvation and long captivity. But all were overjoyed to find him living, and not a little astonished to hear him reveal the other half of Terese's vision. In a few minutes, they left the dungeon, Judah bearing in his arms his insensible niece. Instead of returning by the secret entrance, Snap led the way to the main part of the castle where they found Sir Herbert and George Blakely in the charge of the officers who had been dispatched before them by Sir Richard Brine. Young Arthur was also present, and he plead with Snap apart to save his father. Walter being informed of all including the fact that Farinelli was to be hung the next morning at eight o'clock, consented to be merciful. But said he:—

"If Farinelli be hung before deliverance can reach him, I will have vengeance upon Sir Herbert Blakely's life."

Sir Walter Templar was next furnished wine and food by young Arthur. Then he bathed, and dressed himself in a suit of Arthur's clothes. This done with his usual impulse and resolution, he declared that he would ride to London to the rescue of Farinelli. Snap and young De Lacy resolved to accompany him and Sir Richard Brine, and two of the officers were to follow after they had slept. Judah and Lord Frederick had already taken a short sleep and by twelve o'clock the party started to the rescue of Farinelli who was to die at ten o'clock the next morning. Walter Templar, mounted on a fleet steed of Sir Herbert Blakely's, led them on to save a life.

"Templar to the rescue!" he cried as they bounded from De Lacy castle.

KNOW YOU?

Know you the hour when Phœbus steals
From where Aurora blushing lies,
And mounts the heaven on glowing wheels,
And gilds the grey of dawning skies?

Know you the time when birds begin
To carol to the rising sun,
When from the woods their jocund din
Proclaims the reign of night is done?

Know you the moment when the dew
Exhales in silvery sighs from blooms,
Whereon it slept the whole night through,
Till Phœbus the rapt earth illumes?

Know you the moment, time and hour
Of daybreak? Well, you do, mayhap.
Well, that's the time I feel a power
Of pleasure in "that other nap."

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Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, is famed for the excellence of his Pianos and Organs.—*Evening Post.*

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Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Pianos, Melodeons and Organs to be found in the United States.—*Graham's Magazine*

MUSICAL DOINGS.—Since Mr. Waters gave up publishing sheet music, he has devoted his whole capital and attention to the manufacture and sale of Pianos and Melodeons. He has just issued a catalogue of his new instruments, giving a new scale of prices, which shows a marked reduction from former rates, and his Pianos have recently been awarded the First Premium at several Fairs. Many people of the present day, who are attracted, if not confused, with the flaming advertisements of rival piano houses, probably overlook the modest manufacturer like Mr. Waters; but we happen to know that his instruments earned him a good reputation long before [illegible] positions and "honors" connected therewith were ever thought of; indeed, we have one of Mr. Waters' Piano-fortes now in our residence, (where it has stood for years,) of which any manufacturer in the world might be proud. We have always been delighted with it as a sweet-toned and powerful instrument, and there is no doubt of its durability; more than this, some of the best amateur players in the city, and several celebrated pianists, have performed on the said piano, and all pronounce it a superior and *first-class Instrument.* Stronger indorsement we could not give.—*Home Journal,*

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Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced.

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WHAT THEY ARE.

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Secondly. The Patent *Arion* Compound Wrest-Plank, which lasts the tuning pins—six thicknesses of hard maple, the grain of each layer runs in a different direction. The advantages are, the 20 tons strain of the strings cannot split the *Arion* wrest-plank, as frequently happens with other Pianos, and when people say "*My Piano won't stand in tune*," all other makers must use the single wrest plank with the grain running only one way.

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STRONGEST IN THE ARION.

Fourthly. The Patent [illegible] centre-frame all [illegible] tone, and its frame is [illegible] of the wooden wrest plank, thereby preventing the great strain of the strings upon the [illegible] annoying it one [illegible] "Arion Frames" cover the entire wrest plank, even when split it cannot be seen, the wrest plank of the *Arion* wrest plank is seen.

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unsupported by [illegible] Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

KNOW THE ARION.

The Musical Director of the New York Conservatory of Music, *Edward Mollenhauer*, says: "The *Arion* I bought of you is the best Piano I ever played on; that rolling bass and silvery treble, etc."

John H. Woods, Piano Dealer, Oswego, N. Y., says: The tone is truly immense, and surpasses anything in the shape of a Piano we ever saw or heard of, etc."

Horace Greely says: "The *Arion* is the best Square Piano, superior for its clearness and brilliancy of tone," &c.

Louis Wagner, Fort Leavenworth, says: "My Piano arrived here in splendid order. Its tone fills my parlor with melody—it is the wonder and admiration of all who hear it. Miss ——, who is teaching the Piano desires me to order one for her," &c.

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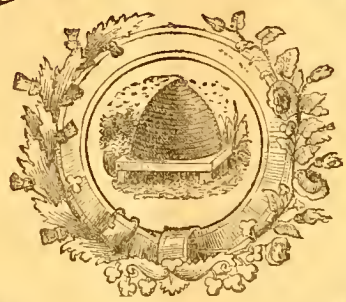
NO. 23, OCT. 9, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 23] SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 9, 1869. [Vol. 3

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

BY DEXTER SMITH.

There are many friends of summer,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action,
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your brother,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth,
Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother,
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again;
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortune comes in view,
For he then needs friendship's comforts—
Cling to those who cling to you.

TOMMY RAEBURN, THE AYRSHIRE HERMIT.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

BY JOHN LYON.

Tommy Raeburn, the Scotch hermit, with whom the writer was personally acquainted, was the son of a respectable farmer of land, on a beautiful bend or curve of the river Irvine, three miles from Galston, and near the same distance from Kilmarnock, a populous town in Ayrshire.

His father was a quiet, honest, frugal man, and lived on his small farm in comfortable circumstances. He had a family of three daughters and one son. At his decease, Tommy took possession of the farm, being heir-at-law, and his three sisters were thrown portionless on the world to shift for themselves.

At the time of his father's death, he might be thirty years old, and was of a morose, solitary turn. He was a bachelor and employed an old servant of his father's to keep his house and dairy, who was known by the name of Margaret—Meg, the abbreviation of which answered all the purposes of less polite society. She had been in the family from the dawning of her girlhood, and was, in the estimation of her new master, a hard-working, saving lass. The surrounding farmers looked upon her as the fair choice of his affections, and found an argument for the discharge of his sisters as being a preliminary for Meg becoming the wife of the new laird.

The fairy dell of the Holm farm, three years after the death of Tommy's father, was well tilled, and was as productive as any other mailing in Crooked Holm Parish. But "it is a long road that has no turn," says the old Proverb, and so it was in Tommy's experience. His next neighbor, who was a freeholder like himself, and a cousin of his own, lived near to the highway leading to Kilmarnock; but the only way to the main road from his farm was a distance of nearly a mile round by the riverside from his house, which was not ten rods distant through a corner of Tommy's field. He, therefore, proposed to give him as much land in exchange for the privilege of making a new road to the highway, to which both parties agreed. Sometime after, however, they quarreled about the exchange, and Tommy would have the new thoroughfare shut up; but as the barter had been legally executed before two witnesses, Farmer Thornton held to the new road in defiance of the threats of Tommy, which led to much bad feeling on both sides, the one pulling down what the other put up, until they came to blows. Ultimately they went to law, where the case was decided that Farmer Thornton, by right of agrement, was the lawful proprietor of the new road.

Vexed with disappointment, and being naturally sour and dogmatical, Tommy swore a solemn oath before Meg and high heaven that he would never shave his beard, cut his hair, change his clothing, nor till his land until his ground was *lawfully* restored to him again.

A number of years had passed away from the time he had taken the oath before I saw this then wonderfully transformed man. His appearance was beyond any description I could give. He was covered with what had been home-made blue cloth, but so patched with all sorts of colored rags that no one could distinguish, at a short distance, the original *groundwork*. His hat was without a brim; his coat, vest, and pants were hanging in tatters like a sheep's fleece ready for shearing. His shoes had been worn out and made into clogs; his legs were naked, and the uncombed hair of his head and beard hung down over his back and breast more than two feet, matted together like a batch of cow's hair disgustingly besmeared. Tommy was a strong built person, over six feet in height, broad shouldered and well formed; but such a figure of rags and filth I have never seen before nor since. A

crowd followed him through the street keeping at a respectful distance as if he had been a bear let loose for their amusement.

I had but recently come to Kilmarnock at that time, and had not heard of such an outlandish being, although I had a residence near the town. I was led by curiosity to inquire into the cause of his miserable appearance, the particulars of which I learned afterwards from himself in his own dwelling. My father-in-law being acquainted with him, took me to his place along with some other persons on a holiday frolic, as Tommy's land or hermitage had by this time become a special rendezvous for all persons who had any relish for the grotesque in human nature, or the beauty of rural scenery. It was enchanting to walk along the banks of the river with your mind filled to overflowing with the ideas of seeing a real hermit! The banks were beautifully shaded with large fir, oak and elm trees, casting their dark figures on the water. As you passed by the foliage of the green coppice, the large hawthorne hedges, with here and there a solitary crow cawing to a distant rookery, or a magpie chattering across the path, as inquisitive of your wanderings,till up a dark lane of shade trees your eye caught the lonely low thatched roof of the hermit. There his uncultivated garden lay in ruins overgrown with nettles, and young trees sprung from the fallen seeds of other years. Currant, gooseberry and rose bushes, with verdure of wild flowers, in their glory as fantastic as the proprietor himself.

In the fields around, six or eight cows were grazing knee deep in grass, where Meg with her milking pail might be seen bawling for Brawkie, Motherlike, Goodo'kin and other names belonging to her herd that came like children,beneath the great beech shade to wait their turn in milking. Tommy, with a crowd of visitors following him, would walk into his orchard, whistle, and a robin redbreast would hop on hisgreat red beard and pick crumbs of bread from his tongue. His green-houses, built for the pleasure of his visitors, were made of moss and seated where the birds above head had built their nests; everything was in keeping with Tommy's transformation. He had left human affairs to the poor despicable world, and cultivated friendship with the less intellectual of creation—the birds, the cats, and the dogs. His fame spread far and wide, and few travelers of any note left Ayrshire without paying a visit to the Scotch hermit.

Tommy grew big in the character of recluse and also in his own importance, and as every year added to his transformation and the natural growth of wildness around his dwelling, he gathered visitors from all parts of the compass. Edinburgh, London, Dublin and the continent each furnished their quota, who were seen occasionally driving their conveyances along the romantic turns of Whirlford and Crooked Holm, inquiring for the hermit's abode.

These visitors were a source of untold revenue to Tommy, and made the most of their visitations to gain their favor and acquaintance, as he had formed an opinion that a visit to London might add considerable to his fortune as well as further a secret desire he had to see the Queen, who might grant a reversion of the law-suit in Kilmarnock, an idea which had been fostered in his mind by some of his antiquaring friends through mere sport and a desire to satisfy his whimsical notions; but in the mind of the hermit it was a wise and lucrative suggestion through which he saw the dawning of a hope that he might thereby get rid of his oath and live like other men.

So to it he went. A light covered cart and horse well harnessed were soon provided, and Tommy, leaving Meg in full possession of the premises, dairy, etc., with strict injunctions to keep everything as he left them, drove off for London one fine summer morning in May, 1837, leaving Meg with, perhaps, the distant hope in her mind that when the plea was gained she might become Mrs. Raeburn!

By the time Tommy reached Edinburgh the provincial newspapers were filled with a description of his person and the design of his travel; and the fopish pleasure-seeking aristocracy of the city got up a mock public dinner to the man of rags, where speeches were made and every honor paid as if he had been another Garibaldi, seeking for sympathy and aid for the freedom of his country. In fact, he was led to believe that the honor of being made a free burgher of the city, would be presented to him before he left. So ignorant was he of civilized humbug, that Sancho Panza never entertained greater views of his personal greatness, than did our deluded victim of covetousness.

In Dumfrees and Carlisle, he was entertained by some of his former visitors, through mere complaceney; but beyond this, his journey was everything but pleasant, as he was often taken to the police stations to be examined for bringing crowds of people together on the public thoroughfares, in consequence of his strange appearance; and although not chargeable with their conduct, he was often severely censured, and let off, attended by a guard to see him safely out of the county.

Tommy swore many an oath, and raised his great mason-mell of a fist at his protectors, saying—"Lord, had I a grip 'o your wizens, ye eaten and spewed looking imps, I wud soon let ye see, yer ain thraples out o' whilk, ye make soe muckle braging." The Scotch dialect saved him, and he went on swearing, and driving, being arrested and liberated again, until his patience was fairly worn out. When at last he reached the acme of all his hopes safely in the city of London. In many of the towns and cities through which he had passed, no public houses of entertainment would receive him, neither could he obtain a seat on any of the mail coaches,—all of which facts greatly mortified our proud, independent, yet mean aspirant to notoriety, especially as he had often to sleep in his covered cart, and drive rapidly through large towns as his only security from mobs and the police.

In London, however, he managed to find some of his professed friends, who, ashamed of their former protestations of friendship made at his hermitage, could not but receive him with some signs of respect; but to procure him an interview with Queen Victoria, who had then but recently ascended the British throne, was rather beyond their power.

Doctor Bowring and Dunlop of Dunlop, who were both aspirants as representatives for the boroughs of Kilmarnock and Renfrew, were applied to as persons likely to obtain for him the desired interview, but they rejected the humble petition of the Scotch hermit, as they had done those of hundreds of similar applications made by other needy expectant constituents who, through poverty or desire of patronage, were daily on the hunt.

Tommy, I was told, had the audacity to apply to the Home Secretary, but all his endeavors were as futile here as elsewhere.

It was now wearing far into Autumn, and Tommy's heart was growing as bare of hope as the trees were of leaves. When, one morning, he was interrupted while in deep meditation respecting his return home to Ayrshire, by a genteelly dressed person who called at his residence informing him that Lord M———k wished to see him at Portman Square, at three o'clock p. m. of that day.

Tommy had seen this noble personage at his hermitage in Scotland, two years before while on his circuit as Supreme Judge of the Criminal Court, and therefore accepted with heartfelt thanks the invitation, with which he duly complied. I may just mention, by way of explanation, that shortly after

Tommy arrived in London, a relation of the late Sir James Shaw, who was a native of Kilmarnock, took him to his house, and through his influence, protected him from many difficulties he otherwise might have been subjected to. He also had persuaded Tommy to wear an overcoat when he went out, which covered the rags and hair of twenty years growth with which he was adorned. Tommy, in his great coat, was duly conducted to Portman Square and there left to find his way, among a crowd of footmen, to the great saloon where he was introduced to a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, with all of whom he was unacquainted, except one whom he instantly recognized as a visitor at his hermitage.

On entering the spacious apartment into which he was so unceremoniously ushered, he threw off his great coat and made his best bow to the company. The amazement and disgust of the party may be better conceived than described.

One lady, however, seemed much interested, and questioned him as to the cause of his appearance in London in such a guise. He told her of the road-fraud, of his solemn oath never to shave, cut his hair, change his clothing, nor cultivate his land until he had justice done to him, also of his desire to see the Queen, and to throw off his rags and *be a man as he once was.* He told her of the farm, and of Meg, and how he had repented taking the oath, and how he traveled for weeks among strangers who left him to suffer every kind of bad usage by the way, from his first entering England to his arrival in the city. A great many questions were asked by others of the party, and were answered by him in great simplicity, intermixed with a species of wit, to the diversion of the company.

On his retiring, a purse was put into his hand by this lady; and Tommy returned home that evening much gratified with his visit. Mr. McFee, the gentleman with whom he resided was not long in learning that the interested lady was no less a personage than the Queen herself, who had taken this private way of seeing the far-famed Scotch hermit.

She had read a paragraph in the *London Times* newspaper respecting him, with a short sketch of his life, and a statement of his desire to throw himself at the foot of the throne to gain redress.

This newspaper report was a mere farcical description, but it turned out a prize for a blank in Tommy's behalf. No words could paint the joy, exultation, and gratitude which he expressed when he was told that Queen Victoria was the person interested in his favor. It would have made the most morose laugh to see him open his great hairy mouth and shake his mass of uncombed red hair, behind and before, swinging it from one side to another, as if it had become animated, and had a design to fly off; while with a voice like far-off thunder, he roared and laughed, and kept jumping and skipping about like a wagon load of rags blown with the wind.

After this unexpected interview he remained in London two months, and was invited to several places of distinction. The newspaper reporters were not idle in following his track, and gained for him a notoriety far beyond anything recorded in the history of Daniel Dancer, or Mother Bunch.

Christmas was near at hand, and Tommy, like a child, was longing to get home. Old St. Pauls, the Tower, the Parliament House, Drury Lane Theatre, the Palace, and Newgate Prison; all of which places of note he had visited soon after his arrival, and which had been objects of much thought and speculation in his great cranium; dwindled into mere dots on the mirror of his reflection when compared with his old house at home; the tangled orchard, the great elm trees, the rookery, the crows nests, the rapid river sweeping round the Holm farm; and above all, his cows, his cheese cellar, and Meg! and that cursed road which was never out of his mind.

His friends tried to persuade him to stay until after spring, but Tommy's obstinacy in this, as in every other thing, could be moved by no kind of reasoning. He had seen an advertisement of a vessel bound for Leith, a place sixty miles from his home, which led him at once to conclude on going by sea rather than travel, and suffer the treatment he had had to endure in coming.

He had never seen the ocean but once at a great distance, from the top of London hill, a few miles from his own place, and then it looked like a broad mirror, glittering with varigated hues, changing with the clouds as they passed over its bosom, bounded by the misty mountains of the highland isles, with the crag of Elsia standing like a giant in its midst. It was to him, a scene of beauty; and he longed to behold its sublimity and to have it to relate to his visitors, his Sindbad adventures—as a part of the wonders he had seen.

He sold his horse and cart, and providing a good outfit, embarked for Scotland, having the good wishes of his friends. And above all a letter to the provost of Ayr, from an unmistakable authority in London, recommending another examination of the road-case settled against him in Kilmarnock.

Nothing extraordinary happened during the voyage, except rough weather, which in that season of the year on the German Ocean was no strange matter to the ship's crew; but Tommy, who had anticipated to see great whales and porpoises, and flying fish, was sick and confined to his berth till they landed at Leith.

In four days more he came in sight of "the Holm" farm, where he found Meg at work in the dairy, and every other thing just as he had left it eight months before, except a light covering of snow on the ground.

It would be folly to attempt a description of the meeting of Tommy and Meg. Neither would it be prudent to tell how she clasped his unwieldy body in her arms, and pressed his rough hairy face to her mouth; and how she did everything she could think of and a great deal more in the exuberance of her love and gladness,—she laughed, and wept, and kissed him and then laughed again. Then she showed him the cheese she had made, and the pork she had salted and dried, and two fine heifer calves added to his stock, and a great hole in the roof she had thatched, and everything that had transpired since he left. She also told him of the strange encounter she had had with visitors, who had carried off all his nick nacks as relics of their visit. While Tommy, the great traveler, stood before her as actionless as an Egyptian pyramid in the vast desert, enjoying the kind reception of his old housekeeper, who bustled about and made him a big cog full of whey brose and cut him a great whang o' cheese for his supper.

Let philosophers talk as they will of persons in this world being friendless, 'tis all gammon. There are no persons, no matter how prodigal, rough, cruel, or ruthless, but there are some kind hearts to yearn after them, to speak kind words to them, to cheer them in their misfortunes and sooth their despairing souls in the worst of difficulties. No matter how clumsy, how awkward, how slovenly, how deformed, still there is found some one to be a light foot, a ready hand, and a bright eye and quick tongue to love, cheer, and help them forward in, this, said-to-be ungrateful world. And where could be found such a bathsome, disagreeable being as Tommy? Not to mention his miserly propensities or the whimsical oddities of his eccentric nature, and the filth he had gathered around him; which were enough to disgust the most slovenly. Yet Meg could feed and caress him on his return, as a sister—ay, more, if we could have seen the mainspring that moved the machinery of her affection.

The solitude and wild rural grandeur of the Holm Farm

so engrossed Tommy's attention, compared with the bustle and glare of London, that he seemed more content and happy after his return. His budget of strange mishaps on his way up through England, the sights he had seen, and the nobility he had conversed with, were themes of endless relation to the visitors who were daily at his place, now grown more numerous and more curious to see and hear a man who had traveled so far. The name of recluse was lost in his new character, and he assumed a familiar importance, compared with his former secluded habits. He had high hopes of his release from the bondage of his oath which he anticipated would be removed at an early date. And Meg was no less happy in her expectations, she was sure that Queen Victoria's request would meet and quash all other opposition that stood in the way of her master's right, when she would see him shaved and made clean again as he was once in her young days, when few could compare with his manly form as he walked with her to fastens 'een races, and bought her gingerbread and sugar-plums and when everybody said they would be married, Oh! those were happy days, but that road had been in the way until now, now she could see it in her silent contemplations, shut up, and Tommy happy.

During the ensuing summer the road question settled formerly in favor of Mr. Thornton was brought before the authorities in Ayr, and after a careful examination of the case, was again decided against Tommy, regardless of all his patronage and high hopes.

This blow of fate was not looked for even by his most considerate friends, who, through sympathy, would have willed it otherwise, and Tommy returned to his solitary domicile, broken down in spirit, to mourn over a life-penance and an irrevocable oath never to be canceled till death set him free. The value of the road was nothing. It was that dreadful oath he could never break, without perjuring himself, that haunted him through so many years of punishment. He became more gloomy, secluded and miserable. No one could cheer his disconsolate soul. He would sit for days together looking like a stone statue through the window at the desolation of his weedy orchard. No robin-redbreast came nigh him, and Meg, with all her kindness and attention, could not move him out of his lethargy. His friends flocked around him, and even Thornton offered to shut up the road, but all offers proved fruitless, to restore that obstinate but now broken heart; and thus he lingered on for weeks, sitting in his chair, with all his filth around him, and died,—died without making a will, and left all his miserly-gathered wealth, to be inherited by his poor sisters, who had lived in poverty, and whom he had never inquired after or owned as relations.

He had in the national bank of Scotland upwards of three thousand pounds sterling. His oldest sister's son took to the farm as entailed; and Meg, his faithful housekeeper, retired to the whirlferd, with a broken heart, to live on her penny-fee, which she had saved as a nest-egg, for a rainy day. The furniture was sold by auction and bought at a high rate. The dung-pit was also put up in lots and sold to the florists of Kilmarnock at a high price, as it had not been touched or removed for more than twenty years.

Thus ends an authentic tale of an inconsiderate man, who, but for his obstinacy, miserly propensities, and rash oath, might have lived in happiness, and died in peace, surrounded with kind relations and friends. But the fate and circumstance of his life, and the notoriety of his unnatural career, stamped him a singular being, led by a nightmare of fancy to become an odd figure, standing out from the ranks of all other deformities as a prodigy made by itself, to be wondered at, despised, flattered, and followed, as a gazing stock in the great drama of life.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

CONTINUED.

It was an age of excitement. Napoleon, the young conqueror of Austria and Italy, now ruled as First Consul at Paris. The revolution had died to give place to a reign of war and violent convulsion; and Napoleon, the centre and source of the impending disturbance, yet always eager for scientific novelty, invited Volta to Paris to explain his new instrument. In 1801, crowned with his peaceful victory, the Italian philosopher visited the republican court. At three meetings of the Academy of Sciences, in the presence of Napoleon and the most famous philosophers of France, Volta lectured upon his incomparable discovery. He was crowned with the highest honors of the Institute; Napoleon loaded him with gifts and attentions; selected galvanism as his favorite branch of science; and offered a reward of sixty thousand francs to him who should produce in electricity or magnetism an impulse equal to that which had followed the invention of voltaic pile, or the startling experiment of Franklin. Of all the excitement of the age, none stirred the intellect more strongly than Volta's theories. The voltaic pile was believed to be the framework of the living organization. Napoleon and his philosophers were struck and impressed by the wonderful ideas. "It is the image of life!" said the imperious young conqueror, as he once watched some remarkable experiments. The brain was supposed to an electric pile, the nerves and muscles conductors of opposing currents, and the slow beating of the heart the effect of their united action. In moments of fierce excitement positive electricity flashed from the eyes and stirred the nerves; in periods of repose the negative controlled the system. Rage, valor, achievement were positive; submission and cowardice the current from the oppositive pole. On the battle-field the fierce conqueror, a terrible voltaic battery, flashed forth his electric currents in fatal profusion; his opponent yielded because his galvanic vigor had declined. The world dreamed wildly over the new machine, and men with their usual vainglorious presumption believed themselves gods.

These dreams were swiftly dispelled; but a series of valuable discoveries followed rapidly the invention of the voltaic pile. The first twenty years of the present century were made illustrious by the achevements of the new machine. A splendid throng of eminent chemists and electricians sprang up under its influence, and pursued with intense labor and wonderful discoveries the path pointed out by Volta and Galvani. France, England, Germany, Europe, and America united in advancing the science; and the names of Oersted and Ampére, Davy and Wollastone, Berzelius and a great company of men of genius, scarcely inferior to their leaders, won a renown in their peaceful pursuit that shines with a softened glory amidst the fierce military excitements of that troubled age. Of these men Humphery Davy was perhaps the most conspicuous. Poet, thinker, philosopher, Davy finally concentrated all the great powers of his intellect upon the study of the voltaic pile. He used it to unfold the deepest mysteries of nature. He discovered its wonderful strength and developed all its resources. Suddenly the most solid and the least fusible substances began to melt away into gases before the steady flow of the galvanic current. Water resolved itself into its gaseous elements. The alkalies liquified and left behind them their metallic bases. New metals were discovered whose existence had never been suspected. A tremendous heat was produced that burned gold and silver as easily as paper, and that even fused the firm platinum. A magnificent light was produced by burning potash such as man had never created before. The diamond was melted; the various

earths dissolved; the composition of the air investigated; and it was believed that all the geologic changes of the surface of the globe were to be attributed to galvanic action. In fact chemistry became almost a new science under the reforming influence of the voltaic pile; and the brilliant researches of Sir Humphery Davy and his associates astonished their age by their singular novelty and their rare value to the artist and the mechanic.

Thus the dawn of the nineteenth century might seem to have been almost consecrated to the study of the electric forces. Yet it was also a period of intellectual excitement, and while Davy, Oersted, Ampére and their associates were startling the world by a succession of wonderful discoveries, the literary atmosphere resounded with a new school of poetry. Byron and Moore, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, poured forth the language of passion or of reflection to countless readers, and literature united with science in aiding the progress of thought. At length, in 1820, Oersted, by a remarkable experiment, formed the indissoluble union between magnetism and electricity. The magnet as well as the electron had long been one of the mysteries of nature. Thales had observed its attractive properties, and had supposed that it was endowed with a soul. The Chinese and the Arabs knew that the magnetized needle invariably pointed to the north, and had employed it to guide their journeys by land or sea. Its variations were observed by Columbus, and studied with attention by the early Dutch and English navigators; its connection with electricity had for some time been been suspected, and Franklin had magnetized a needle by an electrical discharge. But it is to Oersted that we owe the grand experiment by which it was shown that the motion of the magnet depended upon galvanic currents. He showed that a magnetized needle was deflected or controlled by the passage of the electric fluid along a wire. The discovery produced a new ardor in every scientific mind; Ampére, Arago, Davy, Faraday, Henry, enlarged upon the thought; powerful magnets were formed by passing the voltaic fluid through a wire bound in spiral folds around an iron bar; and the principle was at last discovered upon which rests the crowning achievement of electricity—the Magnetic Telegraph!

Without denying the just merits of various ingenious inventors who labored earnestly, though unsuccessfully, to convey thought from land to land by electric currents, we may safely claim that an accomplished American was the first to combine the various discoveries of the science in a practical system and to produce the desired result. Professor Morse conceived the design of his telegraph as early as the year 1832. But to perfect so complicated an invention required long years of patient toil. He was to prepare and insulate his wires; to test the power of his voltaic battery; to adjust and invent his method of writing; to provide a telegraphic alphabet; to unite in one simple machine the countless improvements of the science; and to encounter a thousand difficulties that might well have appalled a less resolute and vigorous mind. None know the solitary trials and discouragements of each inventor but himself; no one can estimate too highly the mental heroism of these benefactors of their race. It was not, therefore, until 1837 that Professor Morse had even devised a tolerable plan, and had entered his claim as the inventor of the "American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." His invention was received with wonder, doubt, or ridicule. The notion of conveying thought by lightning seemed the scheme of an idle dreamer, and many who saw the perfect instrument in the rooms of the inventor in its modest beginning had little hope that it would ever prove practically useful. But the telegraph was slowly and patiently amended. Each new discovery of the science was seized upon by the acute inventor to make it more valuable. Congress was at length induced to aid him with $30,000 in laying a telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, and in 1843 ten miles of the first American telegraphic wires were laid.

The experiment was unsuccessful. The wire had been passed through leaden tubes underground, and the electric current was dissipated in its passage. The inventor, not discouraged, at once raised his wires upon poles, and in 1844 the first line of electric telegraph was completed from Washington to Baltimore. Early in 1846 it was extended to New York. In the same year a line was opened from New York to Boston, and in 1847 one was completed from Buffalo to New York. And from that moment the iron avenues of thought were swiftly extended until they reached from ocean to ocean, and have bound the nation together almost as a single mind. Yet various difficulties, in the commencement of telegraphy, beset the adventurous inventor. Often thunder-storms interrupted the circuit and disturbed the whole process of communication. Sometimes trees, torn down by the wind, fell upon the wires, or the auroral electricity checked the free passage of the voltaic current. It was some time after the line was opened to Washington before any reliance could be placed on its communications, and often the messages would come in so unintelligible a form as to puzzle the most experienced operators. The art had yet to be learned, and it was only by long and constant use that it approached perfection.

One of the chief difficulties of the early telegrapher was how to pass rivers. The Hudson was then a barrier almost as insuperable as the Atlantic. It is true that, in 1842, Morse, with his usual foresight and inventive skill, had thrown an insulated wire under the water from the Battery to Governor's Island, and had even suggested an ocean telegraph; but the experiment was not renewed; and for some time after the opening of the first line it was usual for messengers to stand upon the shores of the Hudson and convey the news by waving flags. In 1848 a curious error was committed. The Convention at Philadelphia was in session to nominate a Presidential candidate; there was no line across the Hudson, and it was arranged that a white flag should be raised at Jersey City if General Taylor was nominated. It happened that a company of stock-brokers had formed a private system of telegraphing by means of flags, from Philadelphia, the price of stocks; and just at this eventful moment their agent raised a white flag on the Jersey shore. It was supposed to indicate the nomination of Taylor. The news was flashed over the wires from New York to the East; a wild excitement spread from town to town; one hundred guns were fired in Portland in honor of the candidate. The telegraphic wires were soon after broken, and the error could not be corrected; but, fortunately, General Taylor was really nominated the next day, and it was never necessary to explain the prophetic power of the telegraph. An ingenious American at length devised the plan of covering the wire with gutta-percha, and thus prepared the system of ocean telegraphs. Like a huge gymnotus, the electric current was soon to penetrate the deepest seas.

LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor Les in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert your fathers have journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR, - - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

A REAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MOST HIGH.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR, AND RE-PRINTED FROM THE MILLENNIAL STAR.

Concerning Jesus Christ, who may be termed his Father's disciple, it is said that through him was the Father *manifested* to the world. In other language, the virtues, the disposition, and the character of the unseen Father were manifested in the life and conduct of the Son, who had studied him, practised him, and was then acting him out; so that all who wanted to see what kind of a person the Father was, could behold him in the words and actions of the Son.

One thing is certain—Divine authority alone is not sufficient to make us representatives of God. Some men possess that, but nothing else. There is scarcely an attribute of Almighty God about them. They walk in the authority of their appointment, but not in the virtue, the grace, or the righteousness of it. Strip such men of their authority, and there is nothing of God left to be counted. They may be successful managers, wise economists, and excellent *teachers* of the things of God, because the faith of their associates and the Saints draw the Spirit down upon them; and yet, otherwise, they have scarcely an enduring quality of righteousness in their possession.

Why, then, are they called to fill certain positions in the Priesthood? For a very good reason: God requires a certain kind of business done, and they are able to do it. They are taken on trial; but it is not thereby proved or affirmed because they have certain gifts and powers, which it suits the Lord to use, that therefore they are really representing the Almighty, or advancing themselves towards celestial life. It may suit a gentleman to employ a man to preside over his workmen who are building him a house; but it is not thereby shown that that man, as a necessary consequence, is getting sufficiently refined or educated to live and associate with that gentleman in the house, after it is finished.

Neither does faithfulness or energy in carrying out the *external* duties of our calling prove we are getting much nearer the Almighty, or progressing towards *celestial* perfection. Fidelity in carrying out any Church business that may be entrusted to us is an indispensable requisite; and a man would be damned who did not possess it; but, indispensable as it is, it is not a very wonderful acquirement. It is so little an affair, that, viewed in the light of celestial principles, a man would be scouted who did not possess such a very, *very* first principle of Gospel life, and many other good qualities into the bargain. Any sectarian—any member of a mere party in politics would consider himself a poor tool, if fidelity to his party and energy in the business belonging thereto formed his greatest acquirement. Anybody and everybody worth mentioning in any little system is supposed to be capable of that. Shall, then, the Priesthood, whose aim is endless life—whose ambition is the perfection of the Godhead and its glories,—shall they consider that they meet the demands of God upon them, simply because they are faithful to truth, obedient to orders, or willing to support by their means the religion of their choice? As God lives, we may do all this, and have it done apparently well, too, and then be no better than any sectarian who sincerely believes his faith and earnestly upholds it. The highest principles of righteousness, that give grace, beauty and dignity to the character, and that live and burn in our exalted Father, may have to be begun in us after this is done, or, if begun, the foundation only may be laid. If we came into the Church aright, with a reformed character, of course we laid a foundation, but what is the use of that, except as a foundation? We are called to be exemplifiers of the very virtues of the eternal God. Jehovah's principles should shine in us so that seeing us, He may be seen. If we are content to be less than this, we are shams, instead of a royal and holy Priesthood. He who only represents God's authority, *bare* of His goodness and His truth, is but a poor apology for a Priest of the Most High God.

When a man is called to the Priesthood, he is then and there ordained to put down evil. He is not merely called to form part of a splendid organization. That organization is principally valuable because it is so well adapted to enable the Almighty and his servants to spread and keep alive the influences of the Holy Ghost, communicate their will to men, and carry out their purposes.

We are not called simply that God may have a number of men called Priests upon the earth. No. The holy Priesthood has been conferred on us for the express purpose that the Father and the Son may have representatives of their Spirit and their actions upon earth. We are ordained and appointed to act them out. The world is to comprehend God through us. As God was said to be "written in the face of Jesus Christ," so He is to be told out and made plain in *our* words and ways.

Godliness is not going to be loved, understood, or appreciated by the world, by the preaching of a cold theory of its nature. We have got to make them feel God by the force of His very nature diffused in us. "Holy Father," said Jesus, "the world hath known thee;" but, says John, "the Son who hath dwelt in the bosom of the Father he hath declared him." Such is our position in regard to God, if we really possess the Spirit as well as the authority of the Priesthood: we also are declarers of the Most High.

The heavenly authorities of the upper worlds, whose glorious characters shine white and pure, and free, and innocent, and whose virtues have lifted them up to their high estate, have stooped to attach us to their ranks. They have delegated us to stand and speak for them, to impersonate them, and to establish their order of society among men. Shall we not, then, be true and pure? Since heaven is made by the working of heavenly laws—by the practice of principles that work peace and goodwill within the bosom, they have called us not merely to preach principles, but to let their principles live in us.

To carry out these views, Eternal Wisdom has devised a glorious Church organization to exist among men. Some men actually seem to think that to get working this grand system of powers and authorities on the earth is the principal thing aimed at by God, and the principal thing worth rejoicing about. Hence they glorify themselves immensely over the wondrous power and increasing influence of the *organization*. They are very proud of it, and are anxious to roll it on. But they do not seem to care a straw about the internal principles of their religion, and scarcely appear to know that they exist. They do not appear to see that this glorious order of Priesthood, with the authority accompanying it, is but so much machinery created to bring forth, cherish, and establish on earth the virtues and characteristics of

the upper worlds, and that the Priesthood is established solely, wholly, and entirely that it may work to that end.

And as, in the establishment of the latter-day dispensation, the great thing aimed at was not merely the erection of a gigantic, almighty organization, that should awe the world and rule it with an iron rod, so, as far as we are individually concerned, the great thing, the ruling desire with us should not be merely the getting distinction in that Priesthood, either by ordination or appointment, only so far as we make that a means towards the same great purpose that exists in the Almighty—namely, the celestialization of the world by the introduction of celestial practices in ourselves and others. We cannot think that our ordinations or appointments have necessarily advanced us one particle towards celestial life, only so far as we have made them do it, by taking advantage of the rich opportunities they have put within our hands to learn and get an insight into the real sources of celestial life. Ordinations do not celestialize; appointments do not elevate: they only authorize us to be channels of light to others and to ourselves, if we will. *Our present standing in the Priesthood, therefore, does not necessarily represent our progress in salvation*, although there will come a day when it will; for eternal authority will, finally, only be vested where the eternal attributes of God exist. But under the present state of things, if the whole world were ordained Apostles, that in itself would not make it a whit more heavenly; that alone would not bring it forward towards celestial life; it would only put the means within its reach. It takes intelligence, ruled by meekness, benevolence, justice, mercy, and uprightness in spirit and in deed, to celestialize. They will refine; and refinement of this class is celestialization The Priesthood, with its authority and order, is a glorious framework, destined to guard and nourish these principles, and to bring them to maturity and perfection.

The Almighty, then, has only given to us the naked Priesthood. The virtues, the graces—in a word, the power of it, we have to get ourselves. We have to clothe it and make it beautiful. A plentiful store, however, through the intelligence revealed, lies close to our hands to do it with. Let us arise and shine, and let old sterile priestcraft and those that live under its influence see our light. And let us live so in the purity of our religion, in the immaculate integrity of all its principles, till our very presence is as poison to the wicked, and misery to the corrupt in heart. No testimony against evil can be given with power by any man who is under the influence of that evil. A heart that is pure from selfishness or greed can roll out thunders against those particular sins; and so with all the rest. Appointments and ordinations cannot confer ability to testify properly against the popular sins of this generation. To be a real disciple and representative of Jesus Christ, bearing witness against the sins of the age, we must be clean every whit. Then from the depths of a pure soul will come a testimony that will burn where it goes, and condemn where it is rejected.

This, then, is true Priesthood—to be images of the living God, exhibiting in our characteristics His brightness and His strength; to be girt and endowed with the purity of His nature; to be unsullied in heart and mind; to stand by the strength of redeeming, saving qualities; to bless, and bless, and bless again, notwithstanding ingratitude in some,—building, sustaining, and protecting all the time; to fight all spirits of division and all principles of death; to help the weak, the down-trodden, and the helpless, till helping becomes our natural food,—working on all principles that yield nourishment, support and strength,—till our very presence is as the sun, cheering and blessing all. So shall God increase within us, refreshing our own spirits, and watering all around. And the characteristics of the holy Priesthood will grow out from us like the branches of a fruitful tree that yields shelter, shield and fruit.

Let a man do this, and he shall be a Priest indeed. His authority shall be like a two-edged sword. It shall be confirmed on him for all eternity; for God shall love him and shall bless him. His heart shall increase in richness and his mind shall grow in strength. No good thing shall be withheld from him. He shall save and gain influence over the hearts of men. He shall be as God among his own; and they shall feel the attributes that live within him, till their hearts are stolen from them and linked to him for ever. So shall he gain dominion, and increase in strength, and be really, truly, and eternally a representative of the Most High.

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

No. 4.

The great difficulty with women is to understand why it is, if they grow equally with their husbands in capacity and intelligence, that they cannot so increase in influence with him as to leave no room for any love in addition to their own. The answer to this is, that the growth of their love is not a question of room or space, but of intensity. The weakest love fills all there is of a man, as much as the most powerful—although it is not equally influential. Each wife, therefore, fills, and must always fill, the whole of her husband's nature. But love takes up no room. Another love, be it weaker or stronger, can fill his being, and then another, and so on, each and all possessing him at one and the same time. No progress, therefore, that any woman can make can shut out any other love, although it can, certainly, increase the influence and potency of her own. Women can understand this in their own way. A Rose or a Lily can fill their whole souls with admiration of its beauty and fragrance, but while they are absorbed by its loveliness, they are no less filled with the love of other flowers at the same time. And to carry out the parallel, was any one species—be it Rose or Lily—cultivated up to its height of perfection, till it bloomed equal to a flower of paradise, it would leave as much room, power and capacity, for the love of other specimens as at the first.

And women are the flowers of creation to man, and, as it is with flowers or any objects of regard, each has her own special qualities and perfections, and each makes her own peculiar impression. There are no two women who impress a man alike, or that affect the same side of his nature, or touch it in the same way. They are distinct images in his brain and heart—hence the love of one never interferes with the love of the other in the slightest degree. One is as the Rose to him, with its peculiar graces and odor, and another as the Primrose with a beauty of another order and a fragrance of an entirely different kind In mind and person—in every manifestation of the soul within, they are distinct. There can be no rivalry, no comparison, no competition between such different impressions, and therefore no room for jealousy. If all a man's wives are truly mated and in perfect union with him—save and except, as one may travel faster in the virtues of Christ and in divine intelligence than another, there can be no preference or comparison.

And as it is with any objects of delight—no matter how numerous—love is not divided by the number upon which it rests. The intellectual man or woman knows that any one object of beauty in Sculpture prepares and intensifies his or her appreciation of one or a hundred objects in Painting, Poetry or Song. And so it is with men the more truly they love each wife, the more their love—nature is developed by the process and the greater the power and intensity with

which they can love and appreciate the rest. And it must also be understood that each wife is loved with ALL his nature, not with a part, but with the collective power which all put together have cultivated within him.

If women will study men and themselves intellectually, they will see that it is true. They will discover that love is indivisible. They will also learn that man is a growing creature in his capacity for love as well as everything else. At one period of his career the love of one wife, one child, or one pursuit is all he is capable of. By-and-bye he enlarges his nature and finds himself possessed of a capacity for taking more within the circle of his affections. He does not love the first less, simply, there is more capacity within his nature than there was before. While ignorant of these truths, most women would, of course, value the possession of such a man's love far more when he could love but one, than when his powers of affection stretched beyond and included other objects within its domain. But the intellectual and developed woman, who values love according to its quality, and according to the character of the being who bestows it, sees that the love of the first kind—although she had in that case all there was of it—was as the love of a child compared to that of a man. She perceives that at the later period new powers of thought and appreciation are in his brain—new powers of sensation in his heart, and, consequently, that he is a greater man. Hence she would far prefer to be loved by him in his later condition than to be the sole object of his regard in his first.

Growing out of these facts is an important truth which all women will learn sooner or later, and that is, that if it were possible that another object of affection engaging their husband's soul could be obliterated, equally as though it had never existed, it would leave no more love for them, The only effect would be that their husband would be so much the poorer, while they would be none the richer. Thousands of men, not in polygamy, but who have a dead wife, know, that could it be proved to them that the departed dear one, absolutely, never existed at all, and her image eternally wiped from their hearts, that fact would leave untouched in extent and quality the love for the wife living there. That operation would make it no more nor less, although some women in their ignorance think it would. The truth is, every woman engraves her own image in her husbands soul; she carves her own niche; and, whether anyone else ever carves another or not, it is just of the size she makes it, and of the enrichment with which she, herself, endows it. Her virtues, her love, her wifely graces, her motherly soul, determines its own impression and influence upon her husband's heart Even he has nothing to do with its power It is what it is—as we may say—in spite of the husband himself, much less can it be aided by the absence, or weakened by the presence of any woman that lives.

In this respect, if in no other, man is a type of Deity. If all the blazing constellations of the universe, with their myriad intelligences, were swept out of existence, till but one soul remained to share its Maker's love, that one soul would be no richer in his regard. That one soul would still possess only its fixed unalterable and eternal value; beyond which it would be heir to no greater blessing by the change, than the impoverishment and desolation by which it was surrounded. And so with women who imagine what a heaven of love they would share, could every other such affection be banished for ever from their husband's hearts. Compared to the magnitude of affectional nature destined for woman's source of blessedness and love, the heaven they would gain would simply be a withered nature in the husband and a bankrupt life for ever.

It must be distinctly understood, all the time, that our assertions with regard to the results of divine plural marriage, are based entirely on the supposition of heaven-directed unions, and heaven-regulated marriage lives. The scheme in the mind of God is planned solely with an eye to an eternally progressive future. Polygamy is, therefore, in our opinion, a principle of progress, unsuited to the mass, by whose experience it never can be judged, except as they rise from the general condition to one of nobler life and holier aspiration.

The fears of women to day arise from their viewing men solely as they are, apart from the influences of truth upon their minds. They fail to realize their own divinity and native powers of progress, as well as those of men. In an undeveloped condition, women cannot sense what there is in men's natures for their, own, awaiting unfoldment. In their progress women will realize a divinity within humanity in its higher conditions, upon which they can rely. Growing in divine nature themselves—sensing the power of truth within themselves—in enlarging their own natures and directing their own esteem, they will realize the expansiveness of the human soul in man—and realize, more than all, the power of eternal truth in controling his judgment and his affections. They will know that man must inevitably arrive at a power of uninfluenced, righteous love. They will discover that, in the ladder of his progress, it is a round that he cannot slip. He may, like themselves, go backward for a time, or he may temporarily remain where he is; but he cannot yield to the pressure of his developing nature without weaknesses and petty partialities passing away before the light of a clearer intellect—and the quality to be attracted only by the highest, the purest, and the eternally lovliest, becoming fixed and unalterable qualities of his being. God is within man, and man cannot unfold himself without reflecting His qualities of judgment and righteous appreciation. But all this is no less true of women's natures. And upon this broad and solid truth, both men and women will rely for their influence and hold in each other's hearts. Women will know that all that true beauties of life or character can demand of God, Angels or men in esteem—or from a husband in the tender emotion of love—*must* be yielded to them; and beyond that they never can obtain.

Where will be the power of jealousy then? It will disappear in the sunlight of a greater knowledge. Women will fall back upon the advancement of their own perfections for their influence and love—not in rivalry, for what they gain will not weaken another's excellency, nor what they lose advance another's worth. Women will fear none but themselves. As they put on God, as they become adorned with the beauties of a Christ-like life, in its setting aside of self, in tenderness for other's pleasures, in its earnestness that all that is good in others should be known, appreciated and admired—so will they, by the great law of superiority of quality, make and take their own; and—firm as the influence of Deity—enthrone themselves in universal regard, but, more than all, in the deeper recesses of a husband's soul. And in proportion as women realize their husband's purity of purpose and his inevitable progress towards the divine quality of true judgment, so rivalry will die, having no food for life. Instead of fearing future additions to their husband's love—inasmuch as it can take nothing from them, but will add to him in whom their all centers; and by reflection on themselves—they will glory in every increase of that extending circle of affection, in the midst of which they and he are to be eternally embossomed and find their undying sources of variety, life, concord, and joy.

Thus, in the experience of plural marriage, where its true relations are sustained, women will find solid ground for all their hopes of enduring love—a foundation secure to them as the immortality of their own being, based on their own

imperishable beauties of character. Qualities potent with all righteous and progressed beings, but sealed with a diviner seal, consolidated and assured by the ties of eternal affinity, in his bosom with whom the providences of the Great Manager of life has made them one.

Security of love, with such full return as all the dearest and deepest affections of her soul can in their very nature require for happiness, is all a woman needs. This she must have; and this her husband's progressed nature, constitutionally averse to others being loved, even by the same object as themselves, could they but be satisfied that all *their* love was returned, and assured to them forever. Their jealousies are not nature's voice protesting against the extension of their husband's love, but nature within them fearing for its own. It is not nature crying for a monopoly of love, but nature asserting the necessity of full and unbounded return. Women's jealousies are their fears, based on a consciousness of their own and men's present weaknesses, and the influences of external gifts and fascinations upon them. *Their fears are a legitimate result of a state of things for which plural marriage was never intended.* Divine plurality is adapted for only a higher plane of things, in which men must pass beyond such conditions of weakness; and a greater knowledge dissipate women's fears. If man perfects his character, until the love-like, qualities of Christ are developed in him—as all men must, or demonstrate their unfitness for plural marriage—they will fill the woman's being with that love; and being filled she will need no more. Her own happiness being assured, she will not care how many others join with her in loving qualities so precious in her eyes. The more others love him, the more she will rejoice that her heart's idol is lifted up; and the deeper and closer their love for him—seeing it cannot push her out—the deeper hers for for them, and the stronger unity with them.

The benefits of plural marriage to woman, like the benefits attending the pains and cares of maternity, lie not in its gratifications, but in its compensations. The difficulty of exhibiting these compensations to women at large, lies in the fact that they are of a kind which can only appeal to a noble, generous and improved nature. So the selfish and narrow woman, who lives for herself alone, who feels that every happiness or attention bestowed upon another is so much taken from herself, there is little promise, indeed. It is with the principles of celestial marriage as it is with the high and exalted sentiments of Jesus; they never can be realized by the mass as such. They must be lived up to, ere they can be sensed in their beauty and potency. There are, however, women, as there are men, whose hearts are sufficiently open to heavenly influence, to have felt that plural marriage—entered into in the true spirit, with a soul looking upward for every angelic influence—leads faster to development in man than any other condition. To such we say, one of the benefits of plural marriage to woman lies in the fact that it brings more of God and more of wisdom to them in their husband's life. They share a richer nature; they obtain a more God-like and a greater man. But their husband, a man entering into plural marriage, not from the promptings of passion or ambition, but from the demands of his nature for love as germinated by the unfoldings of Deity within him—and in no other plurality do we believe—then will that plurality develop in him a deeper and diviner nature; and his wives will experience an intensity of love as far superior to that obtained by women out of this order, as is the full grown love of man to the puerile affections of infancy and youth.

Another truth, to which we have referred, when realized, will give a woman peace. As divinely purposed in this system, none can come together for eternal unions, but such as the Almighty has decreed. None, therefore, can come to her husband from vanity, rivalry or passion. None can—while he seeks for heavenly guidance and waits on its providing—be led to unite with him, but the pure. Such only as are irresistibly drawn to him from the fitness and necessity of their natures. What can a woman have against such unions? All nature within her will rejoice that that which is harmonious and eternally suited should come together.

And now let us close this brief inquiry into so vast a subject. Let us review woman's condition in the perfect working of this order. Women, we say, will gain a nobler and more God-like consort for an eternal companion. They will have—and know they have—a deeper, purer, and more overshadowing love, because, coming from a heart more perfected in love. They will gain in the abolishment of rivalries and meannesses from their bosoms. And in opening their hearts to the angelic desire of seeing others happy, they will gain a purity and elevation of feeling which no lower life can give. They will learn that the tendency of women to converge the interest of their whole natures in their husband's joys and sorrows has a far more blessed meaning and a far grander result than they have ever supposed. For all the streams of pleasure flowing into his soul will by that union of spirit pass to theirs. In every love that takes his bosom they will share, loving and being loved by him—for they are one. No heart can be added to the family compact (when the union of husband and wife is perfected) that comes to his alone. And here, after all, is the greatest *solution of the whole problem of plural marriage*, and the most effectual cause of its freedom from pain and jealousies. It turns on the complete and perfect absorption of the wife in her husband. So complete will be the wedding of their natures, that he cannot love nor be blessed alone. Their lives will be bound up together; and he will find his happiness in their joys, while they will drink their deepest draughts of delight in the satisfactions of his being. And he will take them and their whole united love on to new sources of affection, honor and exaltation, worlds without end. Women will understand the mystery and import of the magical entwinement of their natures in all the pulsations of their husbands' being in that day.

SAXON LITERATURE.

POETRY OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

We will conclude our articles on Alfred the Great by specimens of Saxon literature from the pen of that illustrious founder of the English civilization and nation.

ON TYRANTS.

Hear now one discourse
Of those proud,
Unrighteous
Kings of the earth,
That now here with many
And various garments,
Bright in beauty,
Wonderously shine
On high seats;
Clothed in gold
And jewels.
Without these stand around
Innumerable
Thegns and earls
That are adorned
With warlike decoration;
Illustrious in battle;
With swords and belts
Very glittering;
And who attend him
With great glory.
They threaten every where
The surrounding
Other nations;
And the lord careth not,
That governs this army,
For either friends' or enemies'
Life or possessions;
But he, a fierce mind,
Rests on every one,
Likest of any thing
To a fierce hound.
He is exalted
Within in his mind
For that power
That to him every one
Of his dear princes
Gives and supports.

HIS ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O thou Creator
Of the shining stars;
Of heaven and the earth;
Thou on high throne
Eternal governest,
And thou swiftly all
The heaven turnest round,
And through thy
Holy might
Compellest the stars
That they should obey thee.
Thus the sun
Of the black night
The darkness extinguishes
Through Thy might.
With pale light
The bright planets
The moon tempers
Through the effect
Of thy power.
A while also the sun
Bereaveth that of its
Bright light
When it may happen
That near enough
It necessarily comes.
So the greater
Morning star
That we with another name
The evening star
Here named:
Thou compellest this
That he the sun's
Path should precede,
Every year
He shall go on
Before him to advance.
Thou, O Father,
Makest of summer
The long days
Very hot.
To the winter days,
Wondrously short
Times hast thou appointed.
Thou, to the trees
Givest the south and west,
Which before, black storms
From the north and east
Had deprived
Of every leaf
By the more hostile wind.
Oh! how on earth
All creatures
Obey thy command,
As in the heavens
Some do
In mind and power.
But men only
Against thy will
Oftenest struggle.

Hail! Oh thou Eternal,
And thou Almighty,
Of all creatures
Creator and ruler.
Pardon thy wretched
Children of the earth,
Mankind,
In the course of thy might.
Why, O eternal God!
Wouldst thou ever
That fortune
At her will
Should go
To evil men?
That in every way so strongly
She full oft
Should hurt the guiltless.
Evil men sit
Over the earth's kingdoms
On high seats.
They tread down the holy
Under their feet
Who know no crimes.
Why should fortune
Move so perversely?
Thus are hidden
Here on the world
Over many cities
The bright arts.
The unrighteous always
Have in contempt
Those that are, than them,
Wiser in right:
Worthier of power.
The false lot is
A long while
Covered by frauds.
Now, in the world here,
Impious oaths
Hurt not man.
If thou now, O Ruler,
Wilt not steer fortune
But at her self-will
Lettest her triumph,
Then I know
That thee will
Worldly men doubt
Over the parts of the globe,
Except a few only.
Oh, my Lord!
Thou that overseest all
Of the world's creatures,
Look now on mankind
With mild eyes.
Now they here in many
Of the world's waves
Struggle and labor,
Miserable earth citizens!
Forgive them now.

ON THE NATURAL EQUALITY OF MAN.

The citizens of earth,
Inhabitants of the ground,
All had
One like beginning.
They of two only
All came;
Men and women,
Within the world.
And they also now yet
All alike
Come into the world
The splendid and the lowly.
This is no wonder,
Because all know
That there is one God
Of all creatures:
Lord of mankind:
The Father and the Creator.

He the sun's light
Giveth from the heavens,
The moon and this
Of the greater stars.
He made
Men on the earth;
And united
The soul to the body.
At the first beginning
The folks under the skies
He made equally noble;
Every sort of men.
Why then do ye ever
Over other men
Thus arrogate
Without cause?
Now you do not find
Any not noble.

Why do ye from nobility
Now exalt yourselves?
In his mind let
Every one of men
Be rightly noble,
As I have mentioned to thee,
The inhabitants of the earth
Not only in the flesh;
But yet every man
That is by all
His vices subdued
First abandons

His origin of life,
And his own
Nobility from himself;
And also which the Father
At the beginning made for him.
For this, will
The Almighty God
Unnoble him;
That he noble no more
Thenceforth might he,
In the world;
Nor come to glory.

THE EXCURSIVENESS OF THE MIND.

I have wings
Swifter than the birds:
With them I can fly
Far from the earth,
Over the high roof
Of this heaven.
And there I now must
Wing thy mind,
With my feathers,
To look forth
Till that thou mayest
This world
And every earthly thing
Entirely overlook:
This is the Wise King,
This is he that governs
Over the nations of men,
And all the other
Kings of the earth.
He with his bridle
Hath restrained around
All the revolutions
Of earth and heaven.

Thou mayest over the skies
Extensively
Sport with thy wings,
Far up over
The heavens to wind
Afterwards to view
Above over all.
Thou mayest also go
Above the fire
That many years ascends far
Betwixt the air and the firmament
So as to it at the beginning
The Father appointed.
He his governing reins
Well coerces.
He governs ever
Through his strong might
All the swift ears
Of heaven and earth.
He the only judge is steadfast,
Unchangeable,
Beauteous and great.

HIS PICTURE OF FUTURITY.

O children of men
Over the world!
Every one of the free!
Try for that eternal good
That we have spoken of,
And for those riches
That we have mentioned.
He that then now is

Narrowly bound
With the useless love
Of this large world,
Let him seek speedily
Full freedom,
That he may advance
To the riches
Of the soul's wisdom.

LOCKE'S MACBETH MUSIC.

We will now return to our principal subject, Locke's Macbeth music.

The instrumental introduction to this singular, but great composition, opens in Scene second, Act second.

Locke must have fallen into a dreamy supernatural reverie to have portrayed so faithfully in his interlude the weird instrumental summoning of the witches, to hear announced by their messenger, the deed of blood.

The rhythmical construction and harmonical forms in this instrumental introduction, so visibly portrays the witchcraft method of assembling, that we fancy the hearing of their quiet, fantastic step before they appear, although—when they become visible—they seem to walk on air, and this proves the attention paid by the choral body to stage business as well as the music.

The witches having assembled, Hecate—Mr. Hardie—breaks forth in *recitativo* form, "Speak, sister, speak, is the deed done?" This declamatory section, of two bars, was delivered by Mr. Hardie with powerful energy and weird-like expression.

The question of Hecate is answered, in the same division of subject, by the first singing witch—Mrs. Careless—with the words, "Long ago." This remaining portion of the division takes more of the *aria* than the *recitativo* form, and its well constructed variations in skips and passings, and also in

melodial *inquieyo* inspirations, are most expressive. This *semi-aria* portion was rendered by Mrs. Careless with fine singing effect, although we fancied her general pure and silver-like tone *soprano voce* was somewhat injured by cold, which detracted from some of her notes a portion of that clearness and perfect intonation which she is in the habit of producing.

The next division, "Many more murders must this one ensue," may be considered an accompanied *recitativo*, as much of the effect is produced by the accompaniment. However, it is full of powerful and expressive vocal declamations, and its harmonious exulting interpretations of the "spilling of much more blood" adds considerable effect to the *recitativo*. Indeed, Locke has portrayed in such vivid character the prophetic weird inspirations of the witches, that in fancy we behold the future spilling of much more blood by Macbeth.

Hecate—Mr. Hardie—in his rendering of this singular piece, not only gave its true expressive rendition, but his acting much aided the interpretation.

At the conclusion of the *recitativo*, the same words, "He must, he shall spill much more blood," was taken by the chorus in classical canonical imitation, and this splendid harmonic division was rendered by the choral body with great energy; great precision in time, and would have been finely intoned, but for two or three of the *soprano* voices who had not attended the rehearsal, and who, by their inattention, were a *leetle* out of tune.

A symphony of eight bars, taken from the canonical imitations, closes the first capital movement.

The first division of the second part opens with the *recitativo*, "Now let us dance," by fourth witch. The remaining three principal witches declaim alternately, "Agreed! agreed! agreed!" This was rendered with effect; but the culminating power was produced by the chorus on the harmony of the second inversion of the *dominant* seventh, modulating to C, the *dominant* of primitive key. The immensity of effect, brought out with the percussion and resolution of that chord, by the choral body, deserves honorable mention.

We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without saying what astonishing hits are produced by great authors, when employing compound harmonies, by their preparing to make grand points, and how full of meaning are their resolutions. Authors, with little genius and knowledge of combined sounds, will employ harmonies which, notwsthstanding their correctness in unity, will produce a horrid grating noise by the percussion, and a non-meaning progression will result in passing from the chords.

Following the burst of telling harmonies, we hear the full chorus, "We should rejoice when good kings bleed." The first four bars of this division contains only the major harmonic *triads*, and their inversions. These harmonies are employed for the reason of its being constructed in the first specie of *counterpoint*; note against note. Notwithstanding its simple harmonic combinations, it is characteristic of the opening period.

On the word "rejoice," a legitimate canon is invented, and the ascending seconds and descending thirds remind us of Handel's treatment of rejoicing passages; but although the interpretation is similiar to the method adopted by the above great composer, the passage is nevertheless original, as it was written before Handel's day. At the finish of the seven-bar canon an adjunctive period—in simple *counterpoint*—is added to strengthen the termination.

This is a fine classical chorus, and was rendered by the whole choral body with much energy, precision in time and correct intervalic intonation.

The *semi-aria* "When cattle die about,"—which followed the chorus—is a beautiful gem of modulation: it is full of effective harmonies selected from the various minor model forms of the ancients; and closes in G, minor.

This fine *solo* was rendered by Mr. Hardie with artistic skill, and *espressivo appassionato* declamation.

The following chorus "rejoice," being nearly of same character in harmonies and construction of subject as the last, we will pass on by saying it was a creditable rendering by the full choral body.

The *solo* "When wind and waves are warring," is a fine descriptive subject, and was delivered by Mr. Hardie with emphasis and effect.

The chorus "Rejoice," is again repeated, and we fancied that, notwithstanding its being pretty well done before by the choruses this time the vocal body put in more spirit—vim, in this *finale* chorus of the second capital division than they did in the former choruses of the same character.

The next division opens with a symphony of four bars, and introduces an *aria* gem, "Let's have a dance." This fantastic *aria*—which is constructed in six-four time,—is a splendid description in words, and in music, of the anticipated pleasure of the witches by the death of Duncan, king of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the vividity of the fantastic, descriptive passages contained in this melodial gem, it also abounds in graceful gliding progressions with intervalic variations. It also contains many fine telling harmonic modulations, which aid the descriptive melody in bringing out more vividly by the exulting anticipations of the weird assembly.

We have always admired the truthful rendition of this *aria*, by Mrs. Careless, and notwithstanding the *tremolo* of the vocal chords in her throat—produced by cold—in the rendering of her first *solo*, it was evident by her delivery of this fine fantastic composition that she had recovered the command of her voice, and was then not only enabled to produce perfect intonation, but playful expression, and graceful execution also. In fact, it was an artistic interpretation of Locke's ideas.

After the close of a five-bar interlude, a loud peal of thunder is heard, denoting an incantation; the whole body of witches kneel and burst forth in *largo* and weirdlike grandeur, "At the night-raven's voice." This is a grand incantation period of five bars; full of expressive harmonies, describing in vivid colors the witchcraft devilry and crime.

This slow, solemn, weird incantation was well interpreted by the whole choral body.

This chorus was followed by an *allegro, spiritoso* division in two-four time, with the words, "And nimbly, nimbly dance we still. The extreme change from the *largo* to the *allegro* produced an immense effect; and it was much heightened by the echo of the *Soprano, alto*, and *basso* voices behind the scenes, on the words, "To the echo," and "hollow hill." By some accident the *Tenore voce* was *non-est* and the *quartetto* was not complete: however, both the *tutti* voices on the stage, and the *trio* imitating the echo, brought down the house at the end of the scene, by their fine rendition of this piece. We have more to say on this subject in our next.

Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones, but there are also valves in the veins, a force-pump in the heart, and curiosities in other parts of the body equally striking. One of the muscles of the eye forms an actual pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been calculated by mathematicians to be the strongest for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LXXV.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SCAFFOLD.

To Newgate and the condemned cell on the last night of Farinelli's life: so thought all London. To-morrow morn at ten o'clock the people promised themselves a great treat; that treat was to see a man hanged who had caused a tremendous excitement in the country. There is no circumstance that will create such a horrible interest in the public mind as an execution. The people are more than eager,—they are mad to witness the hanging of a man. The worst instincts of human nature are excited. A mob of twenty thousand will virtually crowd a poor wretch's life out of him before the hangman's fingers touch him to adjust the fatal rope.

All that a sensitive imagination could realize of this and similar circumstances connected with a public execution of fifty years ago, poor Farinelli and his bride realized to the fullness on the night before the dreadful day of his doom. They both felt themselves at the foot of the scaffold.

Of course, the circumstance of Clara Garcia being with Farinelli in his prison, and of her private marriage with him, was altogether unknown to the public. Indeed, Sir Richard Brine and the Governor of Newgate had far exceeded their prerogatives in permitting such an uncommon case; but, as the secret was in the hands of themselves and Sir Richard Courtney, they never assumed even a knowledge of the fact that Clara was with her husband. The only man guilty of *knowing* anything of the matter was the sympathetic jailor, who, besides his sympathy, had been handsomely rewarded by Sir Richard Courtney. Brine and the Governor adopted the singularly conscientious way of performing their duty as did Nelson when he put his spyglass to his blind eye, not to see his admiral's signal; and England afterwards put the glass to her blind eye not to see his breach of naval law, and to honor a great man for his sin of disobedience. So to make an innocent man happy in his last moments, all were blind to the fact that Clara Garcia was in Farinelli's cell on the night before the intended execution.

"Hark, Beppo—dear Beppo, what noise is that?" exclaimed Clara, as she threw her arms around her husband and clung to him in terror.

"Clara, my faithful one, we are standing at the foot of my scaffold."

"No, no, Beppo, they cannot be so merciless as to hang an innocent man."

"They are erecting my scaffold, Clara. Hear you not the strokes of the hammer at every fall?"

"Then, Beppo—husband, it shall be 'one in death.' We must prepare for the sacrifice. I will be the priestess. Never shall you mount that dreadful scaffold Prepare! for I am ready."

Clara Garcia had been an actress all her lifetime. She had been trained to the tragic ecstasies, and now she felt one in reality. She was sublime in her tragic spirit then, for she had resolved that none else than his devoted wife should be her husband's executioner. She had arranged that a Catholic priest should be there at twelve o'clock that night, to receive their mutual confession, and to give them absolution from all their sins of mortality. She looked at her watch: it lacked but five minutes of twelve. A moment or two later the good priest was with them.

The confession of the follies of human nature was freely made to the representative of the holy church and absolution of their sins pronounced by the lips of one who conscientiously believed that *God*—not himself—absolved by the mouth of the church the sins of two penitents. This solemn service through, the good priest, spent the hours with the condemned man till four in the morning, sustaining him and his wife with spiritual comfort. They then urged him to leave them alone for a few hours to prepare themselves for the dreadful tragedy so near at hand. But they told not the good priest that they had resolved to arrange one between themselves which should prevent the hideous execution on a public scaffold. That part of their sins, if sin it was, they confessed not.

Again they are alone, and the sound of the hammers which they had heard through the night had ceased. They understood the import of this. The scaffold was finished; the scaffold awaited its victim in the imagination of the working men of London who already began to be astir. Signor Farinelli was at the foot of that scaffold. It was five o'clock, and the hangman also waited to perform his hideous work.

The eyes of the victims of circumstantial evidence looked into each other for several minutes with unspeakable agony mixed with supremest love. Farinelli then took the hand of his wife, and they both knelt. The poor singer then, in his rich voice—richer from emotion and tragic fervor, confessed to God what he had not dared to confess to his servant. There is in man, whose soul is itself a deity, this sublime faith in heaven which enables us to approach the tribunal of the Great Judge with less of fear than we approach one of ourselves sitting in the judgment seat. So the innocent Farinelli now knelt with his wife and told to heaven the appalling circumstances which surrounded them, and of the terrible responsibility which they were about to take upon themselves of ending their lives together rather than permit the scaffold to receive its victim. Farinelli closed with a humble appeal for forgiveness, and then he arose and said calmly to his wife—

"Clara dear, I am ready now."

The wife replied not, but from her bosom took a small bottle and uncorked it. She then held it before her eyes for an instant as though measuring its deadly contents, after which she deliberately put the bottle to her lips and drank half of it. To her husband's lips she next carried the deadly vial and he received its contents from her hand with a satisfied smile.

"It is finished!" she said; "I have played the high priestess in this sacrifice."

"And nobly, Clara dear, have you played your character. Let us, my wife, confirm our act with a kiss of everlasting love, and then in each other's arms await our deliverance of death.'

At this moment, hurried footsteps of men were heard.

"Clara, we are just in time. They come; yet I thought it not so late."

Scarcely had these words fell from the lips of the foster-brother of Terese Ben Ammon, when the door of the condemned cell opened and Walter Templar flew in and caught Farinelli in his arms. Upon each other's necks they wept: Farinelli wept to realize that the world would now know that he was innocent, and Walter Templar wept in the belief that he had arrived in time to save the life of his friend. These tears were pardonable in our hero, for he had himself just been delivered from a dungeon and death; and they were pardonable in the condemned man, for he had been just delivered from worse than death—the apparent guilt of murder and the felon's fate. Clara Garcia looked on with an indescribable air of triumph; Snap, with a feeling of supreme satisfaction, Frederick De Lacy felt his soul gush into his eyes in its rapturous delight.

"Walter, I thank my God that my eyes have seen you before I die."

"My dear Farinelli, you are not to die," observed Snap with a smile.

"Yet, I wish, Walter, that you had arrived ten minutes before; it would have saved us from a terrible act."

"What mean you, brother," inquired Walter anxiously.

"Your wife swoons," said Snap, as he caught Clara Garcia in his arms. "Ha! what is this? a small vial in her hand. Poison!" he exclaimed, putting it to his tongue. This must be seen to. Take the lady, De Lacy. Now, this all comes of being in a hurry. Impatience is a vice, I have told Sir Herbert Blakely that a thousand times. Open her teeth, Frederick. There, now, my dear madam, is a little more poison for you; and you, my dear Farinelli, drink the other portion. Now, to poison people is just to my taste—it is scientific. So, so, my good Farinelli, I have sent you to join your wife."

Snap, in the meantime, had been busy. He never talked without acting also. He had taken a similar bottle from a small pocket in his waisteoat where he always carried this particular vial. The effect of its contents was more subtle than the poison, for no sooner had Farinelli taken it than he fell into Walter's arms apparently dead. Just at that moment, Sir Richard Brine entered in great glee with the governor of the prison, but their pleasure was turned to sadness when Snap informed them that the victims had poisoned themselves.

"What a terrible misfortune!" observed the governor of Newgate.

"A misfortune, sir," replied Snap, "I think it a blessing."

"A blessing, Mr. Nathans, now Sir Walter is living?" said Sir Richard Brine, in much surprise.

"Yes, Brine. Would you have my friend *pardoned* by the Crown *because* he is *innocent?* I say, if he is innocent as you now know he is, then is he more worthy of death than of *pardon*. Upon my soul!—and I very seldom condescend to swear—I am proud of

the noble fellow who waited not for mercy, when he did no wrong, and had courage enough to execute himself. Thus would I. And the lady, too; I do believe I am in love with her."

"I grant, Mr. Nathans, the fallability of our law to *pardon* the innocent, but I cannot understand your levity."

"I never indulge in levity, Sir Richard Brine. Your ear."

Snap then whispered a few words into the ear of Brine who nodded and appeared wonderfully satisfied.

"You are right, Mr. Nathans, I ought not to have doubted you: I have learned that you are a strange and terrible man in your intellectuality, but I have also learned to trust you."

"So did General Blakely, Sir Richard; and I will make many trust me yet. It is my only price!"

"Shall I tell our secret to the governor, Mr. Nathans?"

"Yes, Brine; and let him bring the prison doctor to prove that these innocent friends of ours are dead and need no *pardon* from the Crown for being innocent."

Brine whispered to the governor, who appeared equally satisfied with himself, and who then was about to hurry off, but was prevented by Snap continuing:

"Governor, you need not hurry: our friends are dead. They'll keep for twenty-four hours. First send for the prison doctor. If he is as wise as doctors mostly are, let him live wise till the end of his days. I have a wondrous respect for wise men. Next publish to the citizens of London that Sir Walter is living and *therefore* Farinelli ought to be hanged, but that he has killed himself to save the hangman so much trouble and the mob so much woe at witnessing his execution."

The governor left to do the strange man's bidding. Walter Templar and Lord Frederick De Lacy seemed also to trust Snap and to understand him, for they also were satisfied. As soon as the governor of Newgate was departed, Snap seated himself and began one of his sermons:

"Perhaps, Sir Richard Brine, a little philosophy to suit the occasion will interest you till the governor's return."

"Go on, Mr. Nathans; though I expect you will shock my orthodoxy."

"Orthodoxy! Yes, it is orthodox to pardon an innocent man, when you have proved him so. It is orthodox to hold the law infallable. Now, 'tis truth to hold it fallable. Infallability is a humbug, sir. The Church has claimed it; the State has claimed it; the Law affirms it by hanging men; Divinity presumes upon it by sending men to hell because human nature hath its flaws and spots. Have not the very heavens their clouds and night. Would you *punish* Nature because she is not all day? I say the heavens themselves are fallable. Why blaspheme the truth with lies, because lies are *orthodox*. There is no such truth as infallability, no perfection that has not some degree still more perfect beyond it, no truth that leaves not something yet untold. God sends us angels, so they say, to tell his truth, but yet how poorly do they tell it. They but reveal ourselves a little above ourselves. How can the Infinite One reach our finite minds? Is not all experience proof that everything which has entered into that experience is very fallable. Is not God and Nature, as high as we can reach, at fault sometimes? Beyond our reach, I grant, all may be perfect light and truth, but that perfection has not yet come. Own then that the law is fallable; and when both Church and State humbly confess as much, they will not hang innocent men, nor damn weak ones because they are not strong. But here come the governor and the doctor."

Those officers of the prison entered, and Farinelli and Clara Garcia were pronounced dead. The statement was circulated among the public, and that day, by due permission from the authorities, the corpses of the victims were delivered up to their friends. Snap had them borne in coffins to his own room in the house of his uncle Isaac Ben Ammon. If Snap possessed any secret, he kept it, for he had resolved the innocent Farinelli should not receive a pardon from the Crown. We shall learn his secret. The victims are in safe hands for Snap always made a point to hold the winning card.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

REDEMPTION OF THE DE LACY ESTATES.

Sir Herbert Blakely was in prison. Newgate, where his victim had spent four months of agony, was now his home. His entire estates and wealth were now in the possession of his son Arthur, though the man of an evil life knew nought of this son, for Snap was not prepared to communicate the intelligence to him as yet, and as he was in prison under such capital charges, it was easy to keep the knowledge from him. The exact motive of his old Mentor Snap was not clearly seen in thus withholding the knowledge from Sir Herbert, though we shall find that he had resolved to close the last act of his former master's career without a prolonged agony to those concerned. It was expected that Blakely would be transported for life, and not hanged, for his designs of murder and other crimes, for the Crown was now forced to accept the burden of its condemnation of the innocent Farinelli, whom it had duly pardoned, yet supposing him dead. The Crown was therefore only too anxious to cover over its own sins, and so the entire case was not pressed against Blakely, but the fate still more terrible than death for him, so thought the public, and that fate was transportation from his wealth and rank to the convict's land, to drag out the future of his days in their brutal society. Hence, though Snap designed a meeting between him and his forsaken wife and child, it was shaped not to take place until the last act of Blakely's career in England—perhaps Snap had resolved more, for he was as we know a terrible man, when *necessity* prompted him. He even shuddered with disgust when the convict's fate, for his old master presented itself to him, and would hurry away with supreme dissatisfaction, muttering:—

"That is worse than butchering a man to give him his quietus. Ugh! A convict. I must solve that for my dead master, for he *trusted* me. Shall his son be a convict or ——?"

We have already informed our readers that General Blakely by a solemn declaration of a dying man had acknowledged his grandson Arthur, and left him by his last will and testament his estates and wealth. These testaments had been duly witnessed by a leading noble of the realm, who had figured largely in the affairs of the county. They were also drawn up by Wortley, the eminent lawyer who directed the management of the Blakely affairs. Sir Herbert had in reality, though without knowing it, possessed the inheritance by permission and in trust for Arthur, seeing that the General had bequeathed all by will to his grandson. So fully had the old man trusted Snap, that all discretionary power was reserved in his hands, so that on all important occasions, he might act for the General as he would have done himself, were he living. The old man was so abundantly confident of the capacity of the subtle Mentor whom he left his son, and so thoroughly had he trained him from his boyhood into his own purposes and thoughts that in Snap he felt satisfied he had transmitted himself in the direction of the affairs of his family. And as all these views of the General were stated in his testaments and fully known to lawyer Wortley and the nobleman already referred to as the other witness, now the prospect of a felon's fate lay before Sir Herbert the executors and lawyer fully agreed and acted in concert in placing everything in the hands of young Arthur according to the will of his grandfather. The circumstances of the De Lacy estates, therefore, now also lay between young Arthur and the Courtney side, and the settlement was made with mutual good will.

The noble-minded young man—the son of the forsaken wife—insisted upon repairing the wrongs done to the De Lacys; and in the redemption of the mortgage, refused to receive more than his grandfather had advanced to Lord Reginald De Lacy. This also the executors and lawyer Wortley agreed with, for they had before them an example in Sir Herbert that the end of the wicked man is hard—binging its own retribution. It was moreover wise policy to allow young Arthur to act nobly, for in thus doing, he was wiping from the public mind the wrongs and crimes of his father. Sir Richard Courtney frankly accepted the designs of the young man for a restitution, and so the De Lacy estates were to be redeemed by the payment of the original hundred thousand pounds advanced by General Blakely.

Lady Ida Blakely, the forsaken wife, was now acknowledged in society in her proper rank and character; and the influential Courtney family had already introduced her and her son to the most select circles of England's aristocracy. Generous people, out of sympathy for the afflicted and noble youth and his mother, seemed to hide their knowledge of Sir Herbert's crimes, and the fact that he was lying now in a felon's jail. All circumstances considered, Snap and the representatives of General Blakely in the matter, believed that they were acting as the General himself would have desired them, to perpetuate a more honorable name in his grandson, even though at the sacrifice of some of his former evil purposes. Thus was the betrayal of the De Lacy family wiped out by the noble youth—Arthur Blakely.

The De Lacy estates were redeemed by Terese Ben Ammon by the wealth, and according to a cherished design of her uncle Judah. She presented her affianced husband, Sir Walter Templar, with the redeemed mortgage, insisting upon the consummation of the dearest purpose of the Courtney family prior to the great marriage day, which should unite in the bonds of the holy church Frederick De Lacy with Eleanor Courtney, and Walter Templar

and Terese Ben Ammon. There now remained the solemn fulfillment of the promise of Sir Richard Courtney made to the dying De Lacy to remove his remains at the redemption of his house to the sepulchre of his ancestors.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE DEAD REMOVED TO ITS OWN SEPULCHRE.

It was a great but solemn day to the Courtneys and the last of the De Lacy race.

Lord Frederick was taken with solemn pomp from the Courtney sepulchre. Eight gentlemen, friends of the two honored families, bore the coffin of the nobleman from the Courtney burial place and through the little village near by. First came behind the dead, Frederick De Lacy and Walter Templar as the chief mourners, next Sir Richard Courtney and Lady Templar, then Eleanor Courtney and Terese Ben Ammon, afterwards Judah Nathans, who had redeemed, by his wealth, the estates, out of love for his sister's orphan. That strange man walked alone! It was the emblem of his life and character. Alone in infinite space would have suited Judah better than being in a crowd in any part of the universe. Milton made his Satan proudly feel "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Judah Nathans would have made his impiously say "Better to be above all heavens or hells" in his own great individuality. So Judah walked *alone* in that procession of the dead as he walked alone in his life and thought.

Next to Snap came Lady Ida Blakeley and her son, Arthur, and behind these a long train of noble friends to honor the De Lacy in his removal to the tomb of his ancestors: preceeding the train of mourners was a cavalcade of chariots and carriages, with the hearse behind. As soon as the procession had passed the village, the coffined remains were placed in the hearse by the noble bearers, and the members of the funeral procession entered their chariots and carriages. The cavalcade then moved slowly away towards the De Lacy Castle, and when it had proceeded three miles from the village the horses were put upon a slow solemn trot. At ten o'clock at night the procession reached the De Lacy Castle and as it passed through the villages adjoining, the ancient tenantry of the old family gathered with torches, and followed on foot. There was a grand midnight burial. Sir Richard Courtney had fulfilled the promise to his dead friend, who was now entombed with his race.

The tone of mind of all the mourners, friends, and tenantry of the De Lacys was one of a satisfied solemnity as they laid the remains of Lord Frederick in its last resting place: all partook of it but Snap. He was cynical as usual, and as he left the sepulchre, he muttered to himself:

"Now, I would prefer, like the old Romans and Greeks to be burned after death. To mingle infinitely with the elements of the universe would please me better than this rotting. Ugh! I am disgusted with this rot of mortality. I would be a life and a spirit in the elements. 'Twould be a scientific consummation of me even if there be no hereafter, immortal at least in the immortality of the universe."

This, also was like Snap whose dross he would consume by fire. The baptism of fire was according to his mind, for it was spiritual. But there is the blessed immortality which this man of science had not fully found out through faith, but from the sphere of which the spirit of Lord Frederick De Lacy looked down and smiled when the hand of his beloved friend, Courtney, helped to lay his mortal remains in the sepulchre of his own family, after the redemption of their estates.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

SUNSHINE AT LAST.

Sunshine, and almost home. The great day of the marriage of Walter Templar with Terese Ben Ammon, and of the union between Eleanor Courtney and Frederick De Lacy had come. All was upon the very brink of consummation, which was anticipated in the compact at the death-bed of Lord De Lacy in our opening chapter. Many events have crowded themselves upon us since then, and the lives of some of the characters of our story have appeared with sunshine and with storm. Such is life and such to some extent we may expect it was afterwards with those whose sun of happiness is resplendent now, and which never sat again for many a year, for Walter and Terese, and Frederick and Eleanor lived to the "good old age" of the righteous.

It was the marriage day. In the great mansion of the Courtneys in Somersetshire a brilliant assembly was gathered for the joyful celebration. Sir Richard Courtney and Lady Templar were overwhelmed by a great joy, almost as much as were the young folks themselves; for in this marriage there was so much fulfilled for which they had lived almost exclusively, for well nigh a quarter of a century. The De Lacy estates were redeemed by Terese Ben Ammon, the Hebrew bride of Walter. Eleanor and Frederick De Lacy fondly loved and were mated, and thus was the prospect which comforted Courtney's lamented friend in death about to be realized—that their race would become one in their grandchildren. Moreover, he who had been as dead was now alive again—the lost was found, and in that finding was fulfilled all the happiness which could come to the Courtneys, the Templars and the De Lacys in this life. There was one beautiful shadow—not cloud—however in the view; it was Alice, the bride of heaven. They could not help remembering that she was no more of earth, but Oh, how could she be dead who had in her dying, and by her angel presence brought about so much good to all. They felt that she was with them on that great marriage-day, and that none rejoiced more than she. The shadow of her spirit-light fell on their path on that blissful day, but no cloud of hers was there.

She was not dead!

It was the marriage day, and Isaac Ben Ammon was present, supremely happy but somewhat doubtful. There was such a mixture of perplexity and joy in the venerable patriarch's manner and countenance this morning, as to be almost ludicrous to the eye of his observant nephew, Judah, who in spite of his Mephistophelean character could not repress a smile of genuine delight, such as children feel when they meet with anything really funny. There was that grand old man—a very type of his Hebrew race of the fervent age when Jews were enthusiastic believers in the redemption of the house of Israel—there he was as he appeared on that marriage morn of his beloved grandchild, amid that crowd of Christian aristocracy, dressed in full Jewish costume. Never before had the old man mingled as a member of a Christian circle of nobility, who treated him with reverence as much as though he had been an Archbishop of the Church of England. He had sustained in times past, business relations with nobles, princes, and even emperors, but he had done this in his character as a wealthy Jew, and in the peculiar calling of his race. But now as the grandfather of Terese, the bride of a Christain nobleman; he was received by that brilliant marriage circle that morning as one of its own patriarchs. The aged Hebrew could not comprehend it quite. He would have understood it well had they spat with scorn on his Jewish gabardine. He would have borne it meekly, but with that grand pride of meekness which so well becomes that race which for well nigh two thousand years has borne such grievous wrongs. Just before the bridal party set out for the village church, Isaac Ben Ammon sought his nephew, full of that mixture of perplexity and joy which we have noticed.

"Hither, Judah!" said the old man, beckoning his nephew to follow him aside.

"Well, uncle Isaac, what is it?"

"Thinkest thou, Judah, that the Lord has rejected Israel? Seest thou not how these Christians treat me? Verily they think me one of them. Didst notice they did not spit upon me when I entered with my Jewish gabardine? Nay, sawest thou not how they bowed with reverence? Has our father's God rejected me because I have given the child to the Christian noble? I cannot understand it, Judah; yet 'tis very pleasing not to have the Gentile spit upon us, but very sinful to rejoice at it."

"Be satisfied, uncle Isaac; the Lord has not forsaken Israel, but the Gentiles are coming to the brightness of his rising," said Judah, diplomatically, knowning the best way to satisfy his uncle, was to humor his Jewish sentiments.

"Right, Judah! It must be even as thou sayest. Arise and shine; thy light is come. The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Ay, Jerusalem shall be rebuilt and Zion become the glory of the earth, Messiah must be near at hand, Judah. How will the Gentiles bow to him when even now they spat not on my Jewish gabardine, but paid me reverence. Yet art sure, quite sure, nephew, the Lord is not offended that I give my child to the Christian noble?"

"Did not the God of our fathers, uncle Isaac, send the angel to Terese to bring about these blessed results?"

"Right, Judah; so He did."

"And was she not the Christian, Alice Courtney, which signifies, uncle Isaac, in our case, that He designs the Christian and the Jewess to mate."

"The wisdom of Solomon is in thee, Judah."

Snap knew that he had left the subject in as much mystification as before, but he also knew His sophistry would satisfy his venerable uncle, who had now all the simplicity of the child. He

did but what men of intellect ever do, mystify the world, because they cannot teach it wisdom.

Soon after Isaac Ben Ammon's conversation with his nephew, Sir Richard Courtney came to him, and taking him by the hand, led him to his own carriage, and gently seated himself by his side. The rest of the company took Sir Richard's cue, and in five minutes, the long line of carriages was filled with the happy throng and the bridal cavalcade started for the village church. At that moment, as if by preconcerted signal, the bells of the church struck up a merry peal, as though the country everywhere rejoiced. Why linger on that bridal day? suffice, in another hour Walter Templar with Terese, the Hebrew Maiden, and Frederick De Lacy with Eleanor Courtney, were united by the holy ceremony of the church. Alice Courtney looked down from her sphere above and smiled.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

HOME FOR THE HONEYMOON.

On the same day as the marriage, the bridal party started on their "wedding tour." The blissful pairs were unaccompanied, except by servants. Sir Richard, Lady Templar, Isaac Ben Ammon, and Judah Nathans were to follow in a few days. The home chosen for the honeymoon was the De Lacy Castle. That castellated inheritance of an ancient race had formed such a center of interest in the lives of all the principal characters of our story that no hallowed spot in all the world was so fitted as that, to witness the first rich days of love and peace of Walter Templar and Terese, and Frederick De Lacy and Eleanor, his bride.

At midday the bridal party started from Courtney House, and at ten at night they reached the castle of the De Lacys. Again the tenantry from the country around gathered with a procession of lighted torches, as they had done a few weeks previous, but not now did they come to welcome with solemn pomp the remains of their long lamented lord, to sepulchre him with his race: now they gathered to welcome the reinstatement of the living—the last of the old family—yet how bright the prospect that in him and the stately Eleanor Courtney, the beloved race would be revived for generations in the future, as numerous and noble as those of the past.

Young Lord Frederick replied in a neat little speech full of emotion, to the acclamations of his tenantry, and then Sir Walter Templar, who had lain in the dungeons of the castle and redeemed the fallen house, was forced by similar acclamations to appear and speak for a few moments on behalf of himself and his beautiful bride—the Hebrew Maiden. The happy couples were then left to themselves and their great bliss, saluted at parting with loud huzzahs from five hundred lusty voices.

The next day Lord Frederick De Lacy, Sir Walter Templar and their brides went over the castle of the noble De Lacys. For hours they roamed through that stately building and it was with a feeling of intense pride that young Frederick and Eleanor viewed the evidence of the ancient grandeur of his family, while with eyes beaming with grateful speech, they looked ever and anon at Terese, who had brought so much joy and deliverance to them and Sir Walter Templar, the grand and the faithful, whom they worshipped as much as ever the French worshipped Napoleon in all his splendor of genius.

The last place they visited on the day after their marriage, was the sombre dungeon where Walter for the De Lacy cause had been a prisoner for so many months. The brides in their tender but painful recollections wept in that dungeon upon each other's necks, the bridegrooms wrung each other's hands in silence, and in such fervor until the rich blood from their faithful hearts almost spirted from their fingers with the intensity of their love-grasp.

During the day, the steward of the De Lacy estates regaled the tenants with a feast of beef and bread and fine old English beer. At night, fireworks and a hundred torches illuminated the noble park. And then the dance, and then the merry-making till midnight. Now, Eleanor and Terese gracefully took by the hands some bashful country swains and then in sportive revenge to their brides, Walter and Frederick led off their country lasses in the dance. All was happiness and innocence, all was bright in the prospect for many a year. And thus happy, the party at midnight broke up, and away each blissful couple to their homes.

A week later, Sir Richard Courtney, Lady Templar, Isaac Ben Ammon and Judah Nathans arrived at De Lacy castle; and then their joy was complete: no not quite complete, for Farinelli and his bride were not among them. After their great trials, the devotion of the foster-brother throughout the life of our heroine, the Hebrew Maiden, entitled him and his love to a blissful, not a tragic, close. Thus they all expressed themselves, especially the venerable Isaac, who declared that the cup, though found in young Benjamin's sack, was not of his putting, and, therefore, the brother of his grandchild ought not to have died.

Judah smiled at his good uncle's logic; and Isaac seeing it, went about the castle dreaming about Benjamin and deliverance, though he could not fathom how Judah was going to bring him to life again; yet, in his childlike simplicity, he had unbounded confidence in the power of his strange nephew.

HOW THEY HAD HIM.

When I was young and tender, too,
I had to mind and had to do
Whatever mother bade me;
She used to have a walnut stick
Which kept me on the double-quick,
And that was where she had me.

When older grown, and quite a beau
Among the girls, I used to know
A Miss Priscilla Cadmy;
And with the help of smiles and nods
I fell in love at forty rods,
And there is where she had me.

When I was older, say sixteen,
I thought it time to have a queen,
And asked her if she'd wed me;
She said she didn't much object,
Or words to something that effect,
And there was where she had me.

But when, to make the matter straight,
I went up to negociate
Affairs with Colonel Cadmy,
He said he "didn't care to sell,"
He told me I might go to—well,
And that was where he had me.

I drowned my sorrow in the cup
Until I got my dander up,
(I couldn't have been madder);
When she proposed that we be one
In spite of pa—the thing was done,
And that was where I had her.

Two lovely urchins on my knee
I'm proud to say belong to me,
(That is, to me and madam);
For when we left our native sod,
We spent a year or two abroad—
And there was where we had 'em.

THE COQUETTE'S ANSWER.

You ask me to love you:
How can I, pray,
When I've just told another
I love him—this day.

Last week, I told three;
The week before, two;
And now you ask me
To say I love you!

I'll say it; but mind,
I'll do nothing but *say:*
Now, don't be offended,
And reproach me that way.

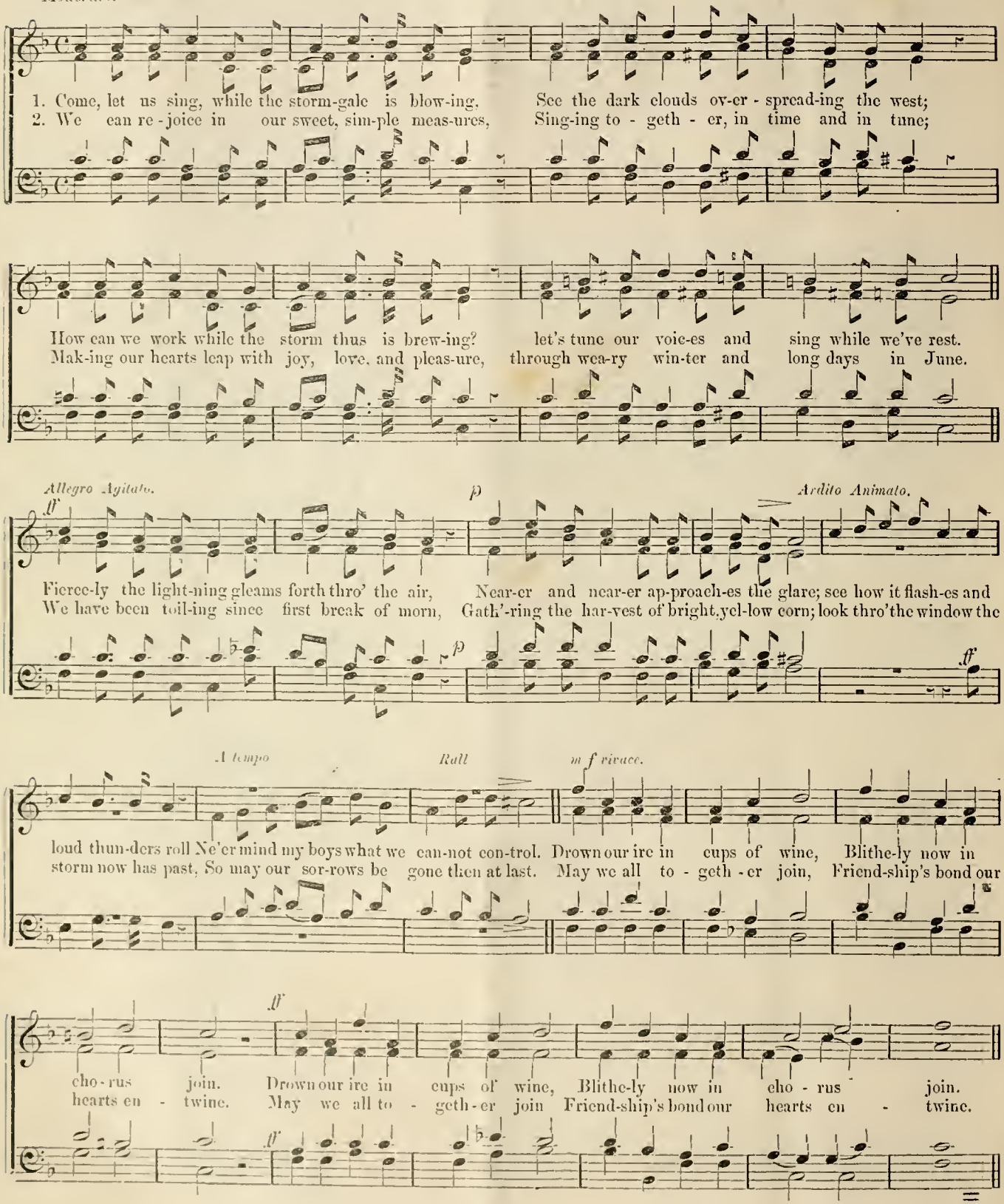
I know that you love me—
The others do too;
And my heart is so large
I can't love *only you.*

"Come, Let us Sing."

An English Peasant Song

Words and Music by E. Beesley.

Moderato.



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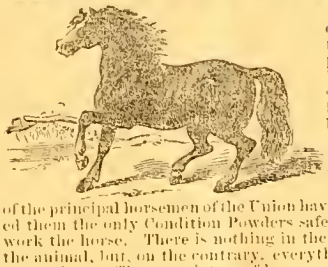

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BY THE FOUNTAIN.

Citron-shaded by the fountain,
Weeping, weeping, sits Lili;
For Yacoob is on the mountain
Which o'erhangs the purple sea;
And there's war upon the mountain,
All above the purple sea.

Every sound suggests the battle
As the land-wind sinks and swells,
Though 'tis but an infant's rattle,
And the tinkling of the bells;
'Hush! O nurse, oh hush the rattle,
And the tinkling of the bells.'

Yet the silence is depressing—
'Tis the silence of the dead;
And she clasps her babe, caressing
Glowing cheek and golden head.
'Ah! that I were caressing
His dear cheek and golden head!

'Yet, though my dear love be missing,
Here I hold his counterpart!'
'Mid her weeping and her kissing,
A swift footstep makes her start;
Oh, the weeping and the kissing,
As he clasps her to his heart!"

THE ENGINEER.

His name, sir, was Matthew Price; mine is Benjamin Hardy. We were born within a few days of each other; bred up in the same village; taught at the same school. I cannot remember the time when we were not close friends Even as boys, we never knew what it was to quarrel. We had not a thought, we had not a possession, that was not in common. We would have stood by each other, fearlessly, to the death. It was such a friendship as one reads about sometimes in books: fast and firm as the great Tors upon our native moorlands, true as the sun in the heavens.

The name of our village was Chadleigh. Lifted high above the pasture flats which stretched away at our feet like a measureless green lake and melted into mist on the furthest horizon, it nestled, a tiny stone-built hamlet, in a sheltered hollow about midway between the plain and the plateau. Above us, rising ridge beyond ridge, slope beyond slope, spread the mountainous moor-country, bare and bleak for the most part, with here and there a patch of cultivated field or hardy plantation, and crowned highest of all with masses of huge grey crag, abrupt, isolated, hoary, and older than the deluge. These were the Tors—Druids' Tor, King's Tor, Castle Tor, and the like; sacred places, as I have heard, in the ancient time, where crownings, burnings, human sacrifices; and all kinds of bloody heathen rites were performed. Bones, too, had been found there, and arrow-heads, and ornaments of gold and glass. I had a vague awe of the Tors in those boyish days, and would not have gone near them after dark for the heaviest bribe.

I have said that we were born in the same village. He was the son of a small farmer, named William Price, and the oldest of a family of seven; I was the only child of Ephriam Hardy, the Chadleigh blacksmith—a well-known man in those parts, whose memory is not forgotten to this day. Just so far as a farmer is supposed to be a bigger man than a blacksmith, Mat's father might be said to have a better standing than mine; but William Price, with his small holding and his seven boys, was, in fact, as poor as many a day-laborer; whilst, the blacksmith, well-to-do, bustling, popular, and open-handed, was a person of some importance in the place. All this, however, had nothing to do with Mat and myself. It never occurred to either of us that his jacket was out at elbows, or that our mutual funds came altogether from my pocket. It was enough for us that we sat on the same school-bench, conned our tasks from the same primer, fought each other's battles, screened each other's faults, fished, nutted, played truant, robbed orchards and birds' nests together, and spent every half-hour, authorized or stolen, in each other's society. It was a happy time; but it could not go on for ever. My father, being prosperous, resolved to put me forward in the world. I must know more, and do better than himself. The forge was not good enough, the little world of Chadleigh not wide enough, for me. Thus it happened that I was still swinging the satchel when Mat was whistling at the plough, and then at last, when my future course was shaped out, we were separated, as it then seemed to us, for life. For, blacksmith's son as I was, furnace and forge, in some form or other, pleased me best, and I chose to be a working engineer. So my father by-and-by apprenticed me to a Birmingham iron-master; and, having bidden farewell to Mat, and Chadleigh, and the grey old Tors in the shadow of which I had spent all the days of my life, I turned my face northwards and went over into "the Black country."

I am not going to dwell on this part of my story. How I worked out the term of my apprenticeship; how, when I had served my full time and become a skilled workman, I took Mat from the plough and brought him over to the Black Country, sharing with him lodging, wages, experience—all, in short, that I had to give; how he, naturally quick to learn

and brimful of quiet energy, worked his way up a step at a time, and came by-and-by to be a "first hand" in his own department: how, during all these years of change, and trial, and effort, the old boyish affection never wavered or weakened, but went on, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength—are facts which I need do no more than outline in this place.

About this time—it will be remembered that I speak of the days when Mat and I were on the bright side of thirty—it happened that our firm contracted to supply six first-class locomotives to run on the new line, then in process of construction, between Turin and Genoa. It was the first Italian order we had taken. We had had dealings with France, Holland, Belgium, Germany; but never with Italy. The connection, therefore, was new and valuable—all the more valuable because our Transalpine neighbors had but lately begun to lay down the iron roads, and would be safe to need more of our good English work as they went on. So the Birmingham firm set themselves to the contract with a will, lengthened our working hours, increased our wages, took on fresh hands, and determined, if energy and promptitude could do it, to place themselves at the head of the Italian labor-market, and stay there. They deserved and achieved success. The six locomotives were not only turned out to time, but were shipped, despatched, and delivered with a promptitude that fairly amazed our Piedmontese consignee. I was not a little proud, you may be sure, when I found myself appointed to superintend the transport of the engines. Being allowed a couple of assistants, I contrived that Mat should be one of them; and thus we enjoyed together the first great holiday of our lives.

It was a wonderful change for two Birmingham operatives fresh from the Black Country. The fairy city, with its crescent background of Alps; the port crowded with strange shipping; the marvelous blue sky and bluer sea; the painted houses on the quays; the quaint cathedral, faced with black and white marble; the street of jewellers, like an Arabian Nights' bazar; the street of palaces, with its Moorish courtyards, its fountains and orange trees; the women veiled like brides; the galley-slaves chained two and two; the procession of priests and friars; the everlasting clangor of bells; the babble of a strange tongue; the singular lightness and brightness of the climate—made, altogether, such a combination of wonders that we wandered about, the first day, in a kind of bewildered dream, like children at a fair. Before that week ended, being tempted by the beauty of the place and the liberality of the pay, we had agreed to take service with the Turin and Genoa Railway Company, and to turn our backs upon Birmingham for ever.

Then began a new life—a life so active and healthy, so steeped in fresh air and sunshine, that we sometimes marveled how we could have endured the gloom of the Black Country. We were constantly up and down the line: now at Genoa, now at Turin, taking trial trips with the locomotives, and placing our old experiences at the service of our new employers.

In the mean while we made Genoa our headquarters, and hired a couple of rooms over a small shop in a by-street sloping down to the quays. Such a busy little street—so steep and winding that no vehicles could pass through it, and so narrow that the sky looked like a mere strip of deep-blue ribbon overhead! Every house in it, however, was a shop, where the goods encroached on the footway, or were piled about the door, or hung like tapestry from the balconies; and all day long, from dawn to dusk, an incessant stream of passers-by poured up and down between the port and the upper quarter of the city.

Our landlady was the widow of a silver-worker, and lived by the sale of filigree ornaments, cheap jewelry, combs, fans, and toys in ivory and jet. She had an only daughter named Gianetta who served in the shop, and was simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. Looking back across this weary chasm of years, and bringing her image before me (as I can and do) with all the vividness of life, I am unable, even now, to detect a flaw in her beauty. I do not attempt to describe her. I do not believe there is a poet living who could find the words to do it; but I once saw a picture that was somewhat like her (not half so lovely, but still like her), and, for aught I know, that picture is still hanging where I last looked at it—upon the walls of the Louvre. It represented a woman with brown eyes and golden hair, looking over her shoulder into a circular mirror held by a bearded man in the background. In this man, as I then understood, the artist had painted his own portrait; in her, the portrait of the woman he loved. No picture that I ever saw was half so beautiful, and yet it was not worthy to be name in the same breath with Gianetta Coneglia.

You may be certain the widow's shop did not want for customers. All Genoa knew how fair a face was to be seen behind that dingy little counter; and Gianette, flirt as she was, had more lovers than she cared to remember, even by name. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, from the red-capped sailor buying his earrings or his amulet, to the nobleman carelessly purchasing half the filigrees in the window, she treated them all alike—encouraged them, laughed at them, led them on and turned them off at her pleasure. She had no more heart than a marble statue; as Mat and I discovered by-and-by, to our bitter cost.

I cannot tell to this day how it came about, or what first led me to suspect how things were going on with us both; but long before the waning of that autumn a coldness had sprung up between my friend and myself. It was nothing that could have been put into words. It was nothing that either of us could have explained or justified, to save his life. We lodged together, ate together, worked together, exactly as before; we even took our long evening's walk together, when the day's labor was ended; and except, perhaps, that we were more silent than of old, no mere looker-on could have detected a shadow of change. Yet there it was, silent and subtle, widening the gulf between us every day.

It was not his fault. He was too true and gentle-hearted to have willingly brought about such a state of things between us. Neither do I believe—fiery as my nature is—that it was mine. It was all hers—hers from first to last—the sin, and the shame, and the sorrow.

If she had shown a fair and open preference for either of us, no real harm could have come of it. I would have put any constraint upon myself, and, Heaven knows! have borne any suffering, to see Mat really happy. I know that he would have done the same, and more if he could, for me. But Gianette cared not one sou for either. She never meant to choose between us. It gratified her vanity to divide us; it amused her to play with us. It would pass my power to tell how, by a thousand imperceptible shades of coquetry—by the lingering of a glance, the substitution of a word, the flitting of a smile—she contrived to turn our heads, and torture our hearts, and lead us on to love her. She deceived us both. She buoyed us both up with hope; she maddened us with jealousy; she crushed us with despair. For my part, when I seemed to wake to a sudden sense of the ruin that was about our path and I saw how the truest friendship that ever bound two lives together was drifting on to wreck and ruin, I asked myself whether any woman in the world was worth what Mat had been to me and I to him. But this was not often. I was readier to shut my eyes upon the truth than to face it; and so lived on, willfully, in a dream.

Thus the autumn passed away, and winter came—the strange, treacherous Genoese winter, green with olive and ilex, brilliant with sunshine, and bitter with storm. Still, rivals at heart and friends on the surface, Mat and I lingered on in our lodging in the Vicolo Balba. Still Gianetta held us with her fatal wiles and her still more fatal beauty. At length there came a day when I felt I could bear the horrible misery and suspense of it no longer. The sun, I vowed, should not go down before I knew my sentence. She must choose between us. She must either take me or let me go. I was reckless. I was desperate. I was determined to know the worst, or the best. If the worst, I would at once turn my back upon Genoa, upon her, upon all the pursuits and purposes of my past life, and begin the world anew. This I told her, passionately and sternly, standing before her in the little parlor at the back of the shop, one bleak December morning.

"If it's Mat whom you care for most," I said, "tell me so in one word, and I will never trouble you again. He is better worth your love. I am jealous and exacting; he is as trusting and unselfish as a woman. Speak, Gianetta; am I to bid you good-bye for ever and ever, or am I to write home to my mother in England, bidding her pray to God to bless the woman who has promised to be my wife?"

"You plead your friend's cause well," she replied, haughtily. "Matteo ought to be grateful. This is more than he ever did for you."

"Give me my answer, for pity's sake," I exclaimed, "and let me go!"

"You are free to go or stay, Signor Inglese," she replied, "I am not your jailor."

"Do you bid me leave you?"

"Beata Madre! not I."

"Will you marry me, if I stay?"

She laughed aloud—such a merry, mocking, musical laugh, like a chime of silver bells!

"You ask too much," she said.

"Only what you have led me to hope these five or six months past!"

"That is just what Matteo says. How tiresome you both are!"

"Oh, Gianetta," I said, passionately, "be serious for one moment! I am a rough fellow, it is true—not half good enough or clever enough for you; but I love you with my whole heart, and an Emperor could do no more."

"I am glad of it," she replied; "I do not want you to love me less."

"Then you cannot wish to make me wretched! Will you promise me?"

"I promise nothing," said she, with another burst of laughter; "except that I will not marry Matteo!"

Except that she would not marry Matteo! Only that. Not a word of hope for myself. Nothing but my friend's condemnation. I might get comfort, and selfish triumph, and some sort of base assurance out of that, if I could. And to my shame, I did. I grasped at the vain encouragement, and; fool that I was! let her put me off again unanswered. From that day, I gave up all effort at self-control, and let myself drift blindly on—to destruction.

At length things became so bad between Mat and myself that it seemed as if an open rupture must be at hand. We avoided each other, scarcely exchanged a dozen sentences in a day, and fell away from all our old familiar habits. At this time—I shudder to remember it!—there were moments when I felt that I hated him.

Thus, with the trouble deepening and widening between us day by day, another month or five weeks went by; and February came; and, with February, the Carnival. They said in Genoa that it was a particularly dull carnival; and so it must have been; for, save a flag or two hung out in some of the principal streets, and a sort of festa look about the women, there were no special indications of the season. It was, I think, the second day when, having been on the line all the morning, I returned to Genoa at dusk, and to my surprise, found Mat Price on the platform. He came up to me, and laid his hand on my arm.

"You are in late," he said. "I have been waiting for you three-quarters of an hour. Shall we dine together to day?"

Impulsive as I am, this evidence of returning good will, at once called up my better feelings.

"With all my heart, Mat," I replied; "shall we go to Gozzoli's?"

"No, no," he said, hurriedly. "Some quieter place—some place where we can talk. I have something to say to you."

I noticed now that he looked pale and agitated, and an uneasy sense of apprehension stole upon me. We decided on the "Pescatore," a little out-of-the-way trattoria, down near the Molo Vecchio. There, in a dingy salon, frequented chiefly by seamen, and redolent of tobacco, we ordered our simple dinner. Mat scarcely swallowed a morsel; but, calling presently for a bottle of Sicilian wine, drank eagerly.

"Well, Mat," I said, as the last dish was placed on the table, what news have you?"

"Bad."

"I guessed that from your face."

"Bad for you—bad for me. Gianetta."

"What of Gianetta?"

He passed his hand nervously across his lips.

"Gianetta is false—worse than false," he said, in a hoarse voice. "She values an honest man's heart just as she values a flower for her hair—wears it for a day, then throws it aside for ever. She has cruelly wronged us both."

"In what way? Good Heaven speak out!"

"In the worst way that a woman can wrong those who love her. She has sold herself to the Marchese Loredano."

The blood rushed to my head and face in a burning torrent. I could scarcely see, and dared not trust myself to speak.

"I saw her going towards the Cathedral," he went on, hurriedly. "It was about three hours ago. I thought she might be going to confession, so I hung back and followed her at a distance. When she got inside, however, she went straight to the back of the pulpit, where this man was waiting for her. You remember him—an old man who used to haunt the shop a month or two back. Well, seeing how deep in conversation they were, and how they stood close under the pulpit with their backs towards the church, I fell into a passion of anger and went straight up the aisle, intending to say or do something: I scarcely knew what; but at all events, to draw her arm through mine, and take her home. When I came within a few feet, however, and found only a big pillar between myself and them, I paused. They could not see me, nor I them; but I could hear their voices distinctly, and—and I listened."

"Well, and you heard——"

"The terms of a shameful bargain—beauty on the one side, gold on the other; so many thousand francs a year; a villa near Naples——Pah! it makes me sick to repeat it."

And, with a shudder, he poured out another glass of wine and drank it at a draught.

"After that," he said, presently, "I made an effort to bring her away. The whole thing was so cold-blooded, so deliberate, so shameful, that I felt I had only to wipe her out of my memory, and leave her to her fate. I stole out of the cathedral, and walked about here by the sea for ever so long, trying to get my thoughts straight. Then I remembered you, Ben; and the recollection of how this wanton had

come between us and broken up our lives drove me wild. So I went up to the station and waited for you. I felt you ought to know it all; and—and I thought, perhaps, that we might go back to England together."

"The Marchese Loredano!"

It was all that I could say; all that I could think. As Mat had just said of himself, I felt "like one stunned."

"There is one other thing I may as well tell you," he added, reluctantly, "if only to show you how false a woman can be. We—we were to have been married next month."

"*We?* Who? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we were to have been married—Gianetta and I."

A sudden storm of rage, of scorn, of incredulity, swept over me at this, and seemed to carry my senses away.

"*You!*" I cried. "Gianetta marry you! I don't believe it."

"I wish I had not believed it," he replied, looking up as if puzzled by my vehemence. "But she promised me; and I thought, when she promised it, she meant it."

"She told me, weeks ago, that she would never be your wife!"

His color rose, his brow darkened; but when his answer came, it was as calm as the last.

"Indeed!" he said. "Then it is only one baseness more. She told me that she had refused you; and that was why we kept our engagement secret."

"Tell the truth, Mat Price," I said, well nigh beside myself with suspicion. "Confess that every word of this is false! Confess that Gianetta will not listen to you, and that you are afraid I may succeed where you have failed. As perhaps I shall—as perhaps I shall, after all!"

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"That I believe it's just a trick to get me away to England—that I don't credit a syllable of your story. You're a liar, and I hate you!"

He rose, and, laying one hand on the back of his chair, looked me sternly in the face.

"If you were not Benjamin Hardy," he said, deliberately, "I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

The words had no sooner passed his lips than I sprang at him. I have never been able distinctly to remember what followed. A curse—a blow—a struggle—a moment of blind fury—a cry—a confusion of tongues—a circle of strange faces. Then I see Mat lying back in the arms of a bystander; myself trembling and bewildered—the knife dropping from my grasp; blood upon the floor; blood upon my hands; blood upon his shirt. And then I hear those dreadful words:

"Oh, Ben, you have murdered me!"

He did not die—at least, not there and then. He was carried to the nearest hospital, and lay for some weeks between life and death. His case, they said, was difficult and dangerous. The knife had gone in just below the collar-bone, and pierced down into the lungs. He was not allowed to speak or turn—scarcely to breathe with freedom. He might not even lift his head to drink. I sat by him day and night all through that sorrowful time. I gave up my situation on the railway; I quitted my lodging in the Vicolo Balbi; I tried to forget that such a woman as Gianetta Coneglia had ever drawn breath. I lived only for Mat; and he tried to live more, I believe, for my sake than his own. Thus, in the bitter silent hours of pain and penitence, when no hand but mine approached his lips or smoothed his pillow, the old friendship came back with even more than its old trust and faithfulness. He forgave me, fully and freely; and I would thankfully have given my life for him.

At length there came one bright spring morning, when, dismissed as convalescent, he tottered out through the hospital gates, leaning on my arm, and feeble as an infant. He was not cured; neither, as I then learned to my horror and anguish, was it possible that he ever could be cured. He might live, with care, for some years; but the lungs were injured beyond hope of remedy, and a strong or healthy man he could never be again. These, spoken aside to me, were the parting words of the chief physician, who advised me to take him further south without delay.

I took him to a little coast-town called Rocca, some thirty miles beyond Genoa—a sheltered lonely place along the Riviera, where the sea was even bluer than the sky, and the cliffs were green with strange tropical plants, cacti, and aloes, and Egyptian palms. Here we lodged in the house of a small tradesman; and Mat, to use his own words, "set to work at getting well in good earnest." But, alas! it was a work which no earnestness could forward. Day after day he went down to the beach, and sat for hours drinking the sea air and watching the sails that came and went in the offing. By-and-by he could go no further than the garden of the house in which we lived. A little later, and he spent his days on a couch beside the open window, waiting patiently for the end. Ay, for the end! It had come to that. He was fading fast, waning with the waning summer, and conscious that the Reaper was at hand. His whole aim now was to soften the agony of my remorse, and prepare me for what must shortly come.

"I would not live longer, if I could," he said, lying on his couch one summer evening, and looking up to the stars. "If I had my choice at this moment, I would ask to go. I should like Gianetta to know that I forgave her."

"She shall know it," I said, trembling suddenly from head to foot.

He pressed my hand.

"And you'll write to father?"

"I will."

I had drawn a little back, that he might not see the tears raining down my cheeks; but he raised himself on his elbow; and looked round.

"Don't fret, Ben," he whispered; laid his head back wearily upon the pillow—and so died.

And this was the end of it. This was the end of all that made life life to me. I buried him there, in hearing of the wash of a strange sea on a strange shore. I stayed by the grave till the priest and the bystanders were gone. I saw the earth filled in to the last sod, and the gravedigger stamp it down with his feet. Then, and not till then I felt that I had lost him for ever—the friend I had loved, and hated, and slain. Then, and not till then, I knew that all rest, and joy, and hope were over for me. From that moment my heart hardened within me, and my life was filled with loathing. Day and night, land and sea, labor and rest, food and sleep, were alike hateful to me. It was the curse of Cain, and that my brother had pardoned me made it lie none the lighter. Peace on earth was for me no more, and goodwill towards men was dead in my heart forever. Remorse softens some natures; but it poisoned mine. I hated all mankind but above all mankind I hated the woman who had come between us two and ruined both our lives.

He had bidden me seek her out, and be the messenger of his forgiveness. I had sooner have gone down to the port of Genoa and taken upon me the serge cap and shotted chain of any galley-slave at his toil in the public works; but for all that I did my best to obey him. I went back alone and on foot. I went back intending to say to her; "Gianetta Coneglia, he forgave you; but God never will." But she was gone. The little shop was let to a fresh occupant; and the neighbors only knew that mother and daughter had left the place quite suddenly, and that Gianetta was supposed to

be under the "protection" of the Marchese Loredano. How I made inquiries here and there—how I heard that they had gone to Naples—and how, being restless and reckless of my time, I worked my passage in a French steamer, and followed her—how, having found the sumptuous villa that was now hers, I learned that she had left there some ten days and gone to Paris, where the Marchese was ambassador for the Two Sicilies—how, working my passage back again to Marseilles, and thence, in part by the river and part by rail, I made my way to Paris—how, day after day, I paced the streets and the parks, watched at the ambassador's gates, followed his carriage, and at last, after weeks of waiting, discovered her address—how, having written to request an interview, her servants spurned me from her door, and flung my letter in my face—how, looking up at her windows, I then, instead of forgiving, solemnly cursed her with the bitterest curses my tongue could devise—and how, this done, I shook the dust of Paris from my feet, and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, are facts which I have now no space to tell.

The next six or eight years of my life were shifting and unsettled enough. A morose and restless man, I took employment here and there as opportunity offered, turning my hand to many things and caring little what I earned, so long as the work was hard and the change incessant. First of all I engaged myself as chief engineer on one of the French steamers plying between Marseilles and Constantinople. At Constantinople I changed to one of the Austrian Lloyd's boats, and worked for some time to and from Alexandria, Jaffa, and those parts. After that, I fell in with a party of Mr. Layard's men at Cairo, and so went up the Nile and took a turn at the excavations of the mound of Nimroud. Then I became a working engineer on the new desert line between Alexandria and Suez; and by-and-by I worked my passage out to Bombay, and took service as an engine fitter on one of the great Indian railways. I stayed a long time in India; that is to say, I stayed nearly two years, which was a long time for me; and I might not even have left so soon, but for the war that was declared just then with Russia. That tempted me. For I loved danger and hardship as other men love safety and ease; and as for my life, I had sooner have parted with it than have kept it, any day. So I came straight back to England; betook myself to Portsmouth, where my testimonials at once procured me the sort of berth I wanted. I went out to the Crimea in the engine room of one of her Majesty's war steamers.

I served with the fleet, of course, while the war lasted; and when it was over, went wandering off again, rejoicing in my liberty. This time I went to Canada, and after working on a railway then in progress near the American frontier, I presently passed over into the States; journeyed from north to south; crossed the Rocky Mountains; tried a month or two of life in the gold country; and then, being seized with a sudden aching, unaccountable longing to re visit that solitary grave so far away on the Italian coast, I turned my face once more towards Europe.

Poor little grave! I found it rank with weeds, the cross half shattered, the inscription half effaced. It was as if no one had loved him, or remembered him. I went back to the house in which we had lodged together. The same people were still living there, and made me kindly welcome. I stayed with them for some weeks. I weeded, and planted, and trimmed the grave with my own hands, and set up a fresh cross in pure white marble. It was the first season of rest that I had known since I laid him there; and when at last I shouldered my knapsack and set forth again to battle with the world, I promised myself that, God willing, I would creep back to Rocca, when my days drew near to ending, and be buried by his side.

From hence, being, perhaps, a little less inclined than formerly for very distant parts, and willing to keep within reach of the grave, I went no further than Mantua, where I engaged as an engine-driver on the line, then not long completed, between that city and Venice. Somehow, although I had been trained to the working engineering, I preferred in these days to earn my bread by driving. I liked the excitement of it, the sense of power, the rush of the air, the roar of the fire, the flitting of the landscape. Above all, I enjoyed to drive a night express. The worse the weather, the better it suited with my sullen temper. For I was as hard, and harder than ever. The years had done nothing to soften me. They had only confirmed all that was blackest and bitterest in my heart.

I continued pretty faithful to the Mantua line, and had been working on it steadily for more than seven months when that which I am now about to relate took place.

It was in the month of March. The weather had been unsettled for some days past, and the nights stormy; and at one point along the line, near Ponte di Brenta, the waters had risen and swept away some seventy yards of embankment. Since this accident, the trains had all been obliged to stop at a certain spot between Padua and Ponte di Brenta, and the passengers, with their luggage, had thence to be transported in all kinds of vehicles, by a circuitous country road, to the nearest station on the other side of the gap, where another train and engine awaited them. This, of course, caused great confusion and annoyance, put all our time-tables wrong, and subjected the public to a large amount of inconvenience. In the meanwhile an army of navvies was drifted to the spot, and worked day and night to repair the damage. At this time I was driving two through trains each day, namely, one from Mantua to Venice in the early morning, and a return train from Venice to Mantua in the afternoon—a tolerably full day's work, covering about one hundred and ninety miles of ground, and occupying between ten an eleven hours. I was, therefore, not best pleased, when on the third or fourth day after the accident, I was informed that, in addition to my regular allowance of work, I should that evening be required to drive a special train to Venice. This special train, consisting of an engine, a single carriage and a break-van, was to leave the Mantua platform at eleven; at Padua the passengers were to alight and find post chaises waiting to convey them to Ponte di Brenta; at Ponte di Brenta another engine, carriage, and break-van were to be in readiness. I was charged to accompany them throughout.

"Corpo di Bacco," said the clerk who gave me my orders, "you need not look so black, man. You are certain of a handsome gratuity. Do you know who goes with you?"

"Not I."

"Not you, indeed! Why it's the Duca Loredano, the Neapolitan ambassador."

"Loredano!" I stammered. "What Loredano? There was a Marchese——"

"Certo. He was the Marchese Loredano some years ago; but he has come into his dukedom since then."

"He must be a very old man by this time."

"Yes, he is old; but what of that? He is as hale, and bright, and stately as ever. You have seen him before?"

"Yes," I said, turning away; "I have seen him—years ago."

"You have heard of his marriage?"

I shook my head.

The clerk chuckled, rubbed his hands, and shrugged his shoulders.

"An extraordinary affair," he said. "Made a tremendous esclandre at the time. He married his mistress—quite a

common, vulgar girl—a Genoaese—very handsome; but not received, of course. Nobody visits her."

"Married her!" I exclaimed. "Impossible."

"True, I assure you."

I put my hand to my head. I felt as if I had had a fall or a blow.

"Does she—does she go to-night?" I faltered.

"O dear, yes—goes everywhere with him—never lets him out of her sight. You'll see her—la belle Duchessa!"

With this my informant laughed, and rubbed his hands again, and went back to his office.

The day went by, I scarcely know how, except that my whole soul was in a tumult of rage and bitterness. I returned from my afternoon's work about 7.25, and at 10.30 I was once again at the station. I had examined the engine; given instructions to the Fochista, or stoker, about the fire; seen to the supply of oil; and got all in readiness, when, just as I was about to compare my watch with the clock in the ticket-office, a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice in my ear said:

"Are you the engine driver who is going on with this special train?"

"I had never seen the speaker before. He was a small, dark man, muffled up about the throat, with blue glasses, a large black beard, and his hat drawn low upon his eyes.

"You are a poor man, I suppose," he said, in a quick, eager whisper, "and, like other poor men, would not object to be better off. Would you like to earn a couple of thousand florins?"

"In what way?"

"Hush!" You are to stop at Padua, are you not, and to go on again at Ponte di Brenta?"

I nodded.

"Suppose you did nothing of the kind. Suppose, instead of turning off the steam, you jump off the engine, and let the train run on?"

"Impossible. There are seventy yards of embankment gone, and——"

"Basta! I know that. Save yourself, and let the train run on. It would be nothing but an accident."

I turned hot and cold; I trembled; my heart beat fast, and my breath failed.

"Why do you tempt me?" I faltered.

"For Italy's sake," he whispered; "for liberty's sake. I know you are no Italian; but, for all that, you may be a friend. This Loredano is one of his country's bitterest enemies. Stay, here are the two thousand florins."

I thrust his hand back fiercely.

"No—no," I said. "No blood-money. If I do it, I do it neither for Italy nor for money; but for vengeance."

"For vengeance!" he repeated.

At this moment the signal was given for backing up to the platform. I sprang to my place upon the engine without a word. When I again looked towards the spot where he had been standing, the stranger was gone.

I saw them take their places—Duke and Duchess, secretary and priest, valet and maid. I saw the station-master bow them into the carriage, and stand, bareheaded, beside the door. I could not distinguish their faces; the platform was too dusk, and the glare from the engine fire was too strong; but I recognized her stately figure, and the poise of her head. Had I not been told who she was, I should have known her by those traits alone. Then the guard's whistle shrilled out, and the station-master made his last bow; I turned the steam on; and we started.

My blood was on fire. I no longer trembled or hesitated. I felt as if every nerve was iron, and every pulse instinct with deadly purpose. She was in my power, and I would be revenged. She should die—she, for whom I had stained my soul with my friend's blood! She should die, in the plenitude of her wealth and her beauty, and no power upon earth should save her!

The stations flew past. I put on more steam; I bade the fireman heap in the coke, and stir the blazing mass. I would have outstripped the wind, had it been possible. Faster and faster—hedges and trees, bridges and stations, flashed past—villages no sooner seen than gone—telegraph wires twisting, and dipping, and twining themselves in one, with the awful swiftness of our pace! Faster and faster, till the fireman at my side looks white and scarred, and refuses to add more fuel to the furnace. Faster and faster, till the wind rushes in our faces and drives the breath back upon our line.

I would have scorned to save myself. I meant to die with the rest. Mad as I was—and I believe from my very soul that I was utterly mad for the time—I felt a passing pang of pity for the old man and his suite. I would have saved the poor fellow at my side, too, if I could; but the pace at which we were going made escape impossible.

Vincenza was passed—a mere confused vision of lights. Pojana flew by. At Padua, but nine miles distant, our passengers were to alight. I saw the fireman's face turned upon me in remonstrance; I saw his lips move, though I could not hear a word; I saw his expression change suddenly from remonstrance to a deadly terror, and then—merciful Heaven! then, for the first time, I saw that he and I were no longer alone upon the engine.

There was a third man—a third man standing on my right hand, as the fireman was standing on my left—a tall, stalwart man, with short curling hair, and a flat Scotch cap upon his head. As I fell back in the first shock of surprise, he stepped nearer; took my place at the engine, and turned the steam off. I opened my lips to speak to him; he turned his head slowly, and looked me in the face.

Matthew Price!

I uttered one long wild cry, flung my arms wildly up above my head, and fell as if I had been smitten with an ax.

I am prepared for the objections that may be made to my story. I expect as a matter of course, to be told that this was an optical illusion, or that I was suffering from a pressure on the brain, or even that I labored under an attack of temporary insanity. I have heard all these arguments before, and, if I may be forgiven for saying so, I have no desire to hear them again. My own mind has been made up upon this subject for many a year. All that I can say—all that I *know* is—that Matthew Price came back from the dead to save my soul and the lives of those whom I, in my guilty rage, would have hurried to destruction. I believe this as I believe in the mercy of Heaven and the forgiveness of repentant sinners.

Music.

LOCKE'S MACBETH MUSIC.

No. 2.

The third movement opens with a *recitativo* chanted by a weird spirit on the words "Hecate, Hecate, Hecate come away." This call is answered by Hecate in *recitativo* with "Hark; I'm coming." Both of these recitativos were rendered with effect.

The *aria* "My little airy spirit, see, see, see," sung in three-four time, is a singular and descriptive melody; and was delivered by Mr. Hardie in excellent style.

This *solo* is followed by another spirit *recitativo*, again

calling "Hecate, Hecate." The call is answered by Hecate, with the words, "Thy chriping voice I hear, so pleasing to mine ear."

This solo was sung by Mr. Hardie in good style and effect. Hecate then declaims, "Where's Puckle?" Third witch steps forward and answers "Here." Hecate again "Where's Straddling?" Second witch answers "Here." First witch—Mrs. Careless—declaims "And Hopper, too; and Hellway, too, we want but you." The whole of these supernatural witch *recitativos* were rendered with singular and fantastic effect. The chorus "Come away,"—which followed—is an exulting *spiritoso* and *eccelerando* division, and was delivered by the choral body in fine jubilantic style.

After a short interlude, Hecate commences the semi-*recitativo* "With new fall'n dew from church-yard yew, I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount." A short symphony, and Hecate follows with "Now I'm furnished for my flight." These semi-*recitativos* are the preparation for Hecate's arial flight, and during the preparation, we have a most singular but well interpreted interlude, which introduces the *aria* "Now I go, now I fly, Malkin, my sweet spirit and I." All these *recitativos* were faithfully interpreted by Mr. Hardie.

The following is a magnificent canonical chorus "We fly by night," which rendition, by the choral body, was both spirited and precise in time; and they were rewarded by a burst of applause from the audience.

The movement *finale* opens with a descriptive symphonical introduction; at the end, Hecate declaims, "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray, mingle, ye that mingle may." The chorus follows with the same words, which was effectively rendered by Mr. Hardie and the choral body. The next choral composition, "Around, around," is a difficult canonical imitation, and requires much care and attention in its performance, as the dancing must be in time with the imitation. At the end of the imitation, there is a long accented note. This is held while the other parts are proceeding with the subject, and, if this accent is not kept, confusion is the result. We have heard it rendered in excellent style at our Theatre, but on this occasion, through the absence of some of the choral members at the rehearsal, it did not go so smooth as we would have wished. We shall here remark that the whole of our choral body should take much pride in attending the rehearsals of such music as Locke's, so that every part and portion should have its proper rendition, as it will give them great fame. We certainly do consider that they ought to second the exertions of their choral conductor, Professor Careless, who is always ready to give them his time for the preparation of classical music. We will return to our subject.

An incantation follows what we have described above. At the opening of the incantation, the first witch steps forward and, in *recitativo*, declaims, "Here's the blood of a bat." Hecate answers, "Oh! put in th t, put in that." Second witch, "There's lizard's brain." Hecate, "Put in a grain." First witch, "Here's juice of toad." The last incantation *recitativo* is followed by the chorus, "Put in all these," which rendition of this chorus heightened the effect of the weird charming devilry. At the end, Hecate steps forward and declaims, "Hold, here's three ounces of a red hair'd wench." This is followed by a loud scream from the witches, and the incantation is finished, and the chorus "Around, around" is again repeated; and this time, more attention was given to the accent, which rendered the singing and dancing in much better style.

We have heard Locke's Macbeth music in England, and in first class theatres, and we can say in all truth that, when our choristers are up to the mark by practice—as we have heard them—they are hard to beat; and we believe they would stand in a favorable position by the side of choral bodies in England or the States; And we care not who contradicts us.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the effect of the whole of this splendid music was much aided by the orchestral accompaniment.

On Thursday evening, October 7th, Shakspeare's great tragedy of Macbeth was again put upon the boards with Locke's original music.

As we have said so much in this and our last number, on this immortal composition and its fine interpretation on Monday evening, September 20th, by the principal singers, choral body, and the band—with the few exceptions named—we will conclude our review by saying that we have never heard it rendered (in this city or in England) with more expression, correct intonation, and precision in time, than we did on Thursday evening, October 7th. All praise is due to Mrs. Careless, Mr. Hardie, the choral body, Professor Careless and his orchestra for the fine rendition they gave us of Locke's music on the above evening.

THOUGHTS ON THE AGE.

BY T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

One of the great benefits derivable from the development of the science of telegraphy has been the facility of international communication. In the "days of old," when couriers were the only means of intercourse between governments, there was incessant misunderstanding, and war was more often the general condition of the nations than peace; but now that the electric wire flashes instant thoughts from court to court, the chances of war from misunderstanding are scarcely possible.

In the daily uses of this discovery alone, the world we live in has positively advanced further in the facilities of social civilization and development than all the progress in that direction of any previous dozen centuries.

The gratification of being in instant communication with the most remote nations is both wonderful and enchanting for the mind to experience—it is the sweetness of passing thought; but the actual fact is innumerable and inexpressible benefits. So multifarious are its blessings that the mind is lost in admiration in seeking to grasp its applications in the every-day phases of life. In its possible use, space is annihilated and distance is unknown. On the antipodes of the globe, brother is as near to brother as in adjoining apartments in "the dear old house at home." There are now no wanderers on the earth—there need not be. The lightning's dart traverses plains, mountains and seas, and at the end of the wire, true and sympathetic hearts can beat harmoniously as one, as warmly at the tick, tick of the key, as if the dear tongue's sweetest sound vibrated on the listening ear.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasure.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDOE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TERRITORY.

It is a necessary truth, well understood by the commercial world, that any country or district that would have sufficient cash or currency in its midst, should, first and foremost, devote its labors in developing those resources which will command the largest outside market, and thus establish a basis for obtaining the money that it needs; and it is further understood, that all home manufactures or products in which such country is not likely to be able to compete to advantage, with other places, and which must, therefore, be confined mainly to internal exchange, are matters of secondary importance, as they must draw their sustenance from those products which have a sale in the outside world.

Every country needs a certain amount of money to keep it going, and there are only two ways of obtaining it. It must either be dug out of its mines, and coined, or obtained from other places by the sale of such articles, of which it has a special surplus—which product or products it should, of course, develop before all others, because upon that the life blood of the rest depend. Internal exchanges are nothing but accessories to prosperity, and not the principle causes thereof, as they flourish on the use of the money drawn into the country by the sale of those specialties, which go abroad. It is, therefore, clear that all localities which do not develop something in large quantities, which will command an outside market, must fall back to a greater or less extent upon the miserable and cumbrous system of "trade," as money will be out of the question.

All countries before they can be rich, must, therefore, develop some specialty or product of which they have a great surplus for sale, or remain poor. The reason why we have had so little cash in Utah for so long a period, and have had to do so much upon the hateful "trade" system, is, simply, because we have, as yet, developed no specialty. We have, therefore, had nothing in any great amount to sell, and consequently no money in exchange; and we must always remain equally poor until we can develop some product of which we have a great surplus. We repeat, the development of "Home-Manufactures" cannot help us in this respect, unless they are of such magnitude as to create us a grand depôt of supply to other places, and, as we have shown in our late article on "Our Workmen's Wages," this is not likely to be the case with any of the home manufactures at present engaging our attention. Our Territory is of such a nature that our manufactures must necessarily be extremely limited in material, and consequently in their sale. What we need, is to produce something which we are fitted by nature to supply in large proportions, and by competing with the world, command a constant supply of the money requisite to keep the Territory going. When we have developments of this kind in operation which will put this money in the hands of the community, we can then start all the Factories we please, and keep them going easily enough by internal sale. To start them before we have, is to begin at the wrong end. Home-manufactures are proper things to have amongst us, and should by all means be encouraged, but they will fail to produce the results we desire unless we can insure the cash in the Territory necessary to pay their workmen and keep them alive. They are miserable and unprofitable affairs—as many persons have experienced—when the expenses of repairing and replacing machinery, and payment of capitalist and workmen has mainly to be met by exchanging with other home products.

The question then arises—Have we a specialty of the kind in this Territory that will bring us the money we need, and in what does it consist? In other words, wherein are we specially fitted by Nature to compete with other places. California, Illinois, and Missouri, have their distinct facilities over the rest of the continent. Wherein has Providence fitted us to excel and surpass other localities, as that must be the direction in which our energies should be mainly expended. One glance at our barren mountains and hard benches will answer the question.

Evidently we have not preëminency as a farming country. That is, we are not a farming country of the order formed by Nature to be like Illinois and Missouri, a great grain reservoir to others. We can produce enough for home consumption and a small surplus to sell, but not half enough to get us the money we need. Had we some other product which would bring money into the country so that our farmers could sell for cash within ourselves, farming could, without a doubt, be made a tolerably profitable business in this Territory. But as a special grain-raising country, we dwindle into insignificance alongside even of California with its surplus millions of bushels, to say nothing of Eastern States.

Nor are we preëminently fitted for a grazing country, as all can see—especially those who have once looked on the rich pastures of England and other countries. Still, if carefully managed we have abundant grazing facilities for home supplies; but that is not the point; the idea is, we are not superlatively a grazing country, although, when scientifically gone into as a business (which it is not at present,) many persons will doubtless get rich at stock-raising, providing we can get money from some other source to buy their cattle with.

Neither is our country remarkably adapted for the raising of sheep for their wool, that we should look to that for the wealth that is to keep our internal industries going. Sheep, of course, can be raised here as they can in many other countries where they do not excel in the business, but Nature does not point our people to sheep raising, as she does to the inhabitants of some countries, as that department of enterprise for which they are specially prepared and fitted. There are no self-evident facilities for raising cheaply vast quantities of wool in Utah, so that we can compete with the world at large on that point, any more than we have facilities for raising as cheap as in the south of America large quantities of cotton—an article which we can, doubtless, yet supply sufficiently for home use. We repeat that all of these branches may be profitably followed by individuals in the supply of home consumption, but home consumption brings no money into the Territory, and we imperatively need something that will. And we ask wherein is that something? And the answer comes back from all parts of the Territory, that it is in MINERALS! We are one of Nature's vast mineral store-houses—a mineral Territory in fact. From one end to the other we walk over worlds of mineral wealth awaiting development. We have mountains of coal, iron, and lead, and enough copper and silver to supply the world—to say nothing of more precious metals. Here, then, is our specialty written on the face of the country—a department in which we can compete with almost any part of the world, and keep alive all our other industries as well. Here is the open-

ing for our enterprise Here nature needs no forcing to produce us what we need, she groans with profusion. To strain our souls out in fruitless endeavors to bend the climate and soil of the Territory in matching other countries in departments where we were evidently never intended to equal them, much more to excel, while our grand specialty lies almost untouched, is to turn our backs on the open hand of God, and shut our eyes to that providential finger and voice, saying, "this is the way walk ye in it."

While we say this much for our mineral development, we heartily endorse the wise policy of our ecclesiastical leaders which has always been opposed to such mineral developments as gold placer diggings and the like, calculated, as they are, to flood the Territory with the refuse of society. Gold fevers doubtless, have their use in the settling of the continent, but we do not need them to settle our Territory. We can do it on a much more peaceable and profitable principle. The mineral development we recommend, is of the more solid and useful kind, which can be worked in a manner to engage only the industrious and the honest.

All that we need for development of these sources of wealth is capital and experience—but experience more particularly. As to experience, or labor skilled in the development of iron, silver or any other of our metals, we should, of course, get what we can from the members of our own community, but where they have not sufficient, it will pay to buy it of Jew or Gentile. As President Young said a few Sundays ago: "Let us accept a truth even if it comes from hell." this is a true principle, and will apply equally to a mining truth as much as any other. It will pay to purchase the necessary skill for so important a purpose at almost any price. We can afford to pay experienced men ten times what they can get elsewhere, and then be monstrous gainers. There are hundreds of men—decent men too—in the United States, who would be glad to sell their knowledge for so long a period as was required, and then go on their way rejoicing if necessary. By so doing, we need not identify our movements as a community with any others unless we choose. There need be no more harm or admixture in buying for a few months the judgment and skill of an outsider, than there is in buying Gentile dry-goods in New York.

Outside of this great natural source of wealth, almost ready to our hands, we have no means of getting money into the Territory. Working our proposed factories within ourselves—as we necessarily must, for we can command no large outside market—we must reduce wages very low in price, if we are determined to carry them through. In the development of our mineral riches, therefore, lies the only hope for our mechanics to get decent wages and deliverance from the miserable "trade" system. With the Great Railway at hand, we can ship them to the East and West, get our pay in cash, and the men working them can get the same kind of pay. This will present an opening to our mechanics, and our stock and produce raisers of all kinds, to obtain cash when selling the results of their labors to those engaged in developing our minerals.

Mineral development, of the honest, hard-working kind, is then our true starting point because it is in that and that alone of which as a Territory we have promise of a vast surplus.

We have nothing else that can enrich us except in a petty way. It stands before all other kind of developments in importance because it will alone furnish the capital for their establishment and without which they must be failures in a monetary point of view.

Without something of this kind to bring us money, we must always be a bartering community, and what that is we all know too well. "Barter" sounds very fair to the ear in words, but it is a nest of uncleanliness in practice. Every influence of the "trade" system tends to dishonesty. When men have to pay five or a hundred dollars in cash, any complete five or hundred dollar note is as valuable as another, and there is no motive for their selecting one before the other, but with payment in any particular product or article of manufacture it is not so. When an agreement has been made to pay in such articles, five out of every ten men stop to select the most worthless of the kind agreed upon, or if they have promised to pay in home products without any particular specification as to which kind, they bend the whole force of their minds to discover which of all of such articles that they possess is the most useless to them; and if they have nothing worthless enough to-day, they will stop and wait until they have. Half the debts now due on "trade" bargains are not unpaid, because the debtor is dishonest—certainly not—but simply because he has not yet discovered something he does not want. For keeping alive all the inventive faculties of a man for cheating, the "trade" system is the best in the world. Its evils are numberless. It professes to pay for labor or products at certain prices which are never realized, as from one quarter to two-thirds is lost in the trouble and delays of collection. It deprives the workman of the privilege of going to the cheapest market for his goods, because it compels him to buy only of the man who engages his labor, and at just such prices as he chooses to charge. It lays the poor man always at the mercy of the rich. It puts a bar in the way of the enjoyment of one half the conveniences of civilized life, because the trouble of effecting an exchange, especially in cumbrous articles, is worth more than the luxury. The rich man, perhaps, does not feel this because he can buy all he needs in large quantities and save two-thirds of the trouble. It effectually stops the growth of all businesses and trades which deal in small amounts. It is also the greatest bar in the way of literature the world ever felt. At this moment, twice as many people in Utah would take newspapers and magazines, but for the trouble and expense of forwarding this kind of pay. In our agricultural districts we are constantly met with the declaration that the people wish to take this magazine, but they cannot do so because the cost of hauling their pay to our office would eat up the subscription before it got here. Not only does the "trade" system operate in an injurious manner commercially and socially, but ecclesiastically. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars, toiled for so laboriously, and paid so freely by our community in tithing, are wasted—utterly thrown to the winds—not because any body can help it, but because we have no currency, and the cost of hauling eats up a large proportion of the labors and sweat of the people without the cause we love being benefitted one particle thereby.

In a word, the "trade" system is one of the greatest curses that can rest on the progress and comfort of a community, and any free people that can protect themselves from it by any development which will command them the use of a currency, should expel it from their midst.

Our only hope of redemption from these evils lies in our mineral development. We have tried the establishment of almost everything else and have failed to obtain money, for the simple reason that the exchange of home-manufactures never can create money—money must come from the outside world. There must be something to bring it, and at present we have nothing that will. The little dribblets of grain and other products we have to spare are not worth a moments consideration, in view of the necessities of a great Territory. We have tried with laudable energy for years to develop factories and home industries, but having no money it has been toil and loss upon loss. Where is the factory or home development that really pays? Common sense would seem to say,

develop that first which will bring money from other Territories and States, and then these factories and home industries which supply ourselves will have something to lean upon. We believe in home-manufactures Where we have one now we need a dozen, but we must have money before we can have factories. Factories will not create themselves and support themselves out of nothing. We are in a barren desolate country very thinly settled, with equally meagre and sparely settled Territories around us and the great world of commerce beyond has a thousand opportunities to our one. Factories in our midst as competitors with the giant establishments of the East is a useless proposition, but the idea of factories for internal supply is reasonable enough provided we develop something that will get us money sufficient to build them in the first place, and furnish them a money market afterwards. Till then it will only be as it has been in the past labor upon labor and outlay upon outlay without end, and result as to-day in comparative bankruptcy. Summed up in a few words we live in a country destitute of the rich advantages of other lands—a country with few natural facilities beyond the great mass of minerals in its bowels. These are its main financial hopes. To this our future factories must look for their life, our farmers, our stock, wool, and cotton raisers for their sale, and our mechanics for suitable wages. Let these resources be developed, and we have a future before us as bright as any country beneath the sun, because we shall be working in harmony with the indications of Nature around us.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

CONTINUED.

The invention of Professor Morse once more recalled the attention of mankind to the wonderful properties of electricity. His name was associated with those of Franklin and Volta. Wheatstone in England, and Steinheil in Germany, contested with him the honor of the invention; but their instruments were complicated and their principle imperfect compared with the simplicity and accuracy of the American telegraph. Both the European inventors had at first employed a current of electricity to deflect the needle; while Morse pointed out and made use of the more certain method of electro-magnetism. Wheatstone did not patent his magnetic telegraph until 1840; Morse exhibited his at the Earl of Lincoln's house, in England, March 19, 1839. The idea of an electric telegraph had no doubt been long familiar to electricians, to have made the conception of practical value is one of the lasting triumphs of American genius. "It is the most admirable discovery of modern times," says Baron Gros. To the ancients, he thinks, it would have seemed a miracle from on high; and, after half a century of familiarity with the wonderful wires, we can even now scarcely avoid investing them with a mysterious attribute, and watch them with something of awe as they murmur over our heads, bearing from land to land their tidings of joy or sorrow; summoning friends to festive meetings or to the final separation, or watching, like guardian spirits, over the welfare of those long separated from us. In fact, one of the first feats of the early telegraph was to bring the glad news of the safety of one of its members to a family that were mourning over his loss; and the electric wires have often served to bind together hearts that might otherwise have been forever parted. They have sometimes realized the pleasant fancy of Strada, who painted two lovers conversing with each other, when separated, by a mysterious chain of communication; they promote the intercourse of nations, and carry into the wilderness the earliest footprints of civilized life.

The ocean telegraph forms the last important triumph of electrical science. In 1842, Morse suggested that seas and rivers might be crossed by insulating electrical wires; but the earliest ocean telegraph was that laid by the Messrs. Brett, of England, across the British Channel. These gentlemen obtained a charter for a general ocean telegraph in 1845, and applied for aid to the British Government. Their application was refused by the dull officials, and the Bretts now turned to France, where they met with encouragement from Louis Philippe, and finally an effective support from his successor, Napoleon. In August, 1850, they laid a single copper wire, covered with gutta percha, from Dover to the coast of France; a message was transmitted; and the London *Times* exclaimed, "The jest of yesterday thus became the fact of to-day." The undertaking which had met only ridicule and a feeble support in England succeeded; but the single wire was soon broken by the waves, and a new one was invented composed of four strands, insulated and tightly bound with iron cords, which was successfully laid in 1851. Messages passed with ease and rapidity, and the Dover telegraph was soon imitated in the narrow and comparatively shallow seas of Europe. But to cross the Atlantic with a telegraphic wire was looked upon twenty years ago as an impossible exploit, and few in that early era of telegraphy could believe that its mighty waves and its fathomless depths could ever be constrained to admit the passage of electric thought.

The Atlantic had always been supposed unfathomable. No line had ever been able to penetrate its mysterious depths, and its hidden currents had invariably swept away the heaviest weights long before they reached its shifting bed. What mountains, plains, or valleys made up the floor of the great ocean; what caverns and ravines drew in the treasures of sunken armadas; what swift tides and rivers rolled over the submarine world, was scarcely better known to modern navigators than to the gifted Arab Edrisi or the scientific Ptolemy. But about twenty years ago, American genius and industry gave birth to a new science, called by Humboldt the Geography of the Sea. Franklin, indeed, in the close of the last century, with his usual inventive foresight, had described or discovered the Gulf-stream, and had directed the attention of scientific explorers to the study of the seas. He suggested the science that was to lend effectual aid to the electric telegraph. But it was not until the year 1853 that Lieutenant Berryman—an accomplished Southerner, who nobly remained true to the Union in the late rebellion—examined and sounded the bed of the ocean between Newfoundland and the coast of Ireland. His labors were rewarded by a wonderful discovery. He found that, instead of being fathomless, the Atlantic presented to the explorer a vast plain, not more than two miles in depth, reaching from one continent to the other. He had discovered a new world hidden beneath the waters. It was about four hundred miles in width and sixteen hundred long; no currents disturbed the dense mass of shells that covered its oozy bottom; it seemed prepared by the hand of nature for the electric wires, and was named at once the Telegraphic Plateau. At either extremity of the great pathway huge mountains, four or seven thousand feet high, bounded the plain, and formed precipices as tall as Mount Blanc, down which the electric wire was to hang in the bed of the sea. Below or above the plateau, the Atlantic reaches its greatest depth. The Azores and Bermuda are mountains higher than the Himalayas, and rise precipitous from an unknown base. The Gulf-stream, a river of hot water, swifter and larger than the Amazon or the Mis-issippi, rolls its blue tide along the coast of America, and, reaching the Banks of Newfoundland and the Telegraphic Plain, melts the icebergs that comes in

its path, and deposits their shells and sand in the bottom of the sea. But its hot currents disperse themselves far above the electric wires, softening the temperature of the European coast, and leaving undisturbed the bed of the ocean below. No sooner was this wonderful submarine pathway discovered than every difficulty in the way of an Atlantic telegraph seemed removed, and its eager advocates began to press on the accomplishment of a work destined, they believed, to bring peace and good-will on earth.

In 1854, a company was chartered in Newfoundland to lay the Atlantic cable; it was afterward enlarged and made general, embracing the most eminent friends of the enterprise in England and America. New York gave her Morse, Field, Cooper; England her Wheatstone, Canning, and the Bretts; and a small band of hopeful men, in the face of general doubt and derision, urged on the wonderful enterprise. Of these the most active was Mr. Cyrus W. Field. He was the Fulton of the Atlantic Telegraph—the Franklin of ocean electricity. But for his ardor, vigor, and inventive genius the world might have remained passive, and no animated electron have spanned the bed of the Telegraphic Plain. But in November, 1856, Mr. Field had succeeded in forming the Atlantic Telegraph Company; the whole capital, amounting to £350,000, was at once subscribed; the governments of England and the United States promised a subsidy to the stockholders; the cable was prepared in England; the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, with a number of smaller vessels, were assigned to the enterprise by the friendly nations; and on the evening of the 7th August, 1857, the *Niagara* left the coast of Ireland, slowly dropping her end of the cable into the sea.

JUSTIFIABLE OBEDIENCE.

Obedience, considered abstractly, is neither a virtue nor a vice. It may be either; there are abundance of instances, in different individuals, where it is both. It is a characteristic of the most exalted and the most debased intelligences. It is powerful for good or evil; a blessing or a curse; an instrument of order and happiness or an engine of oppression and misery, according to the motive which prompts it and the power to which it is subject. Obedience is just as possible to Satan as to God, to the leader of a band of highwaymen as to a servant of the Most High; but no one would contend that it is praiseworthy in the former cases. Obedience, to be virtuous upon earth and acceptable to heaven, must be the result of the thorough conviction of the soul, that the individual or the principles, or both, asking our obedience, are in accordance with the laws of heaven and of nature, having for their object the highest good of humanity, and, as such, worthy of our implicit confidence.

Blind obedience, like blind unbelief, "is sure to err," and lead its votaries into a thousand errors, inconsistencies and difficulties. God has never required it of His creatures, though men often seek to enforce it from their fellows. God invites, nay, urges, men to reflect, to consider, to seek wisdom by study, by faith, by prayer and by every means in their power; that they may not be slothful servants, waiting (as the blindly or unthinkingly obedient must,) to be commanded in everything, but always ready to give an answer of the hope that inspires them on the courses they pursue. There must of necessity be, with all subordinate intelligences, many truths and requirements received and obeyed, for the reasons and results of which may not at the time be fully plain to their understandings. But we are assured that "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding," and though there may be cases in which it is neither necessary nor wise for superior intelligences to fully explain all their designs to those whom they require to act, yet the latter have the right, according to revealed heavenly laws, to obtain the light of the Spirit of Truth to bear testimony to their spirits that the requirement is right and just, and if, after seeking for this in the appointed way, they fail to obtain it, they are under no obligation to obey until they do. This may appear to some to be put too strongly, but the apostle Paul affirmed the same when he said "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

God has endowed men with certain faculties and powers of mind and body for the use of which they are held responsible. This responsibility could not exist were they required to yield obedience without exercising their own judgment and without testing the requisition by the light of their own souls. All that God has ever required of men and women is to be true to themselves, to the convictions of their own souls, to the light that is within them; and none ever pursued this course without receiving all the additional light that, under the circumstances, would be conducive to their happiness and progress. The principles presented or the requirement made may be, in itself, perfectly correct; but it is not true to the individual unless it be in harmony with the innate perceptions of his own nature. It may be true to higher and better informed intelligences but it is not to him. He may lose certain blessings through not being prepared to comprehend and act upon such advanced ideas, but he would lose far more in doing violence to his nature by acting contrary to his convictions. Such obedience, if worthy of the name, would make him a worse instead of a better man. A manly, conscientious refusal to act in such a case, is not disobedience,—it is the truest, noblest obedience to every instinct which God has placed within him, which is, in fact, obedience to God Himself. It is quite time mankind understood this distinction,—that they should learn wherein righteous obedience consists, and be free from the self-imposed mental tyranny—far worse than African slavery—which compels to a blind unintelligent obedience at the sacrifice of conscience and self-respect, through an unfounded fear of incurring the Divine displeasure.

JUSTITIA.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE:—

As an admirer of the drama, and especially of the "holding the mirror up to Nature," in accessories as well as in the Star characters, I take pleasure in noticing that the architecture, dresses, furniture and other details are true to the time and locality in which the events portrayed are supposed to have occurred.

In the play of "Virginius," I was much struck with the republican simplicity manifested in the furniture of his humble apartment.

Admiringly I saw him seat his noble form on a chair of precisely the same pattern and finish as that which friend Dinwoodey used to supply to the Utah public before the days of oil paint and varnish; and recline his elbow on a deal table of the same class.

In my lack of historical knowledge, I had previously had no idea that this pattern of furniture boasted of such a venerable antiquity; and I now think that if the gentlemen referred to had exhibited some of that pattern of chairs, etc., at our late Fair, with the announcement, that it was of precisely the same make as that used by the ancient citizens of the Mistress of the World, he would have caused even more of a sensation than did his magnificent suit of bed-room furniture, with silver medal awarded.

I afterwards had the pleasure of witnessing a most matchless impersonation of the Fell Tyrant, Richard; and was certainly unprepared to find that he had the advantage of a coal-oil lamp with glass chimney in his tent, as I had been laboring under the delusion that such articles were of recent introduction.

I have to thank the Managers of our deservedly popular institution for the above items of information, as I had not been able to find them in any books to which I have had access; and hope that in future I may be able, by close attention, to learn still more from what they may present to our consideration.

WM. J. S.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Nothing which Swedenborg wrote—and he is the author of eighty-nine volumes—has so much interested mankind as what he tells us concerning the condition of human beings after death. Whether what he advances on this subject is to be believed or rejected, is a question which every reader will decide for himself; but we can all agree that it is very curious and interesting.

"After death," he says, "a man is so little changed that he even does not know but that he is living in the present world. He eats and drinks, and enjoys all pleasures, as he does in this world; and the resemblance between the two worlds is so great that in the spiritual world there are cities, with palaces and houses, and also writings and books, employments and merchandise, gold, silver, and precious stones. In a word, there is in the spiritual world all and everything that there is in the natural world, but in heaven such things are in an infinitely more perfect shape." And again: "They who are in heaven are continually advancing to the spring-time of life; and the more thousands of years they live, the more delightful and happy is the spring to which they attain. Good women, worn with age, come after a while more and more into the flower of youth, and into a loveliness which exceeds any conception of beauty that can be formed from what the eye has ever seen. Goodness moulds their form into its own image, and makes the countenance beam with grace and sweetness. In fine, to grow old in heaven is to grow young." This is a delightful prospect for the much enduring sons and daughters of earth.

Who was Swedenborg, then, that he should have taught such strange things? And is there any reason for believing that he knew more any of the unseen world than the rest of us?

He was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, January the 29th, 1688, just one hundred and eighty-one years ago. His father was a bishop of the Swedish National Church, which is Lutheran, and in one particular he strongly resembled his son. While, on the one hand, he was a remarkably energetic, practical, and every way efficient person, he at the same time was strongly given to a kind of spiritual dreaminess, and believed, among other things, that mortals sometimes held intercourse with angels. Emanuel, the second of seven children, was a very serious child, whose greatest delight was to converse upon points of faith with the clergymen who visited his father's house.

"I often remarked to them," he says, "that charity is the life of faith, and that the charity which gives us faith is nothing other than the love of our neighbor."

He tells us, also, that he was a precocious child, and much given to prayer from an early period of his life. While engaged in prayer or in meditation, he says he was able to breathe inwardly without inhaling the external air, and this he thought was one of his qualifications for holding communion with spirits. At college, however, he pursued the usual course, and showed no more particular inclination to religion than any other youth similiarly brought up. He was an excellent scholar, and was noted for the purity of his life and conversation. After leaving college, he visited France, Holland, and England, and upon his return, after four years absence, he was appointed to a post in the royal college of Mines.

He was never married, and had but one love affair in his life. One of his colleagues in the College of Mines, who had also been his tutor in mathematics, had a daughter aged fourteen, whom he offered to Swedenborg in marriage, and induced the girl to give him a written promise of her hand. But, upon reflection, the young lady bitterly repented her hasty promise, which, when Swedenborg discovered, he freely released her.

Charles the Twelfth, the rash, infuriate warrior, was King of Sweden then, and had just returned from his Turkish prison. Swedenborg, who was an accomplished engineer, contrived for the King some huge vehicles on which large boats, cannons and galleys were carried over fourteen miles overland; for which he and his brothers were raised to the rank of nobles.

Meanwhile he had begun to publish the long series of his works. After his four year's tour in England, Holland and France, he gave the public two volumes of light, humorous poetry; and from this time forward his scientific publications appeared with unusual rapidity. He wrote upon minerals, natural history, chemistry, algebra, navigation, arithmetic, coinage, docks, ditches, the manufacture of salt, and the cure of smoky chimneys. These works gave him some reputation and displayed an intimate knowledge of the subjects treated; but they attracted no particular attention, and none of them were much known beyond the borders of Sweden.

Until he was past fifty-five years of age he lived the life of a scholar and a man of science, differing from others of his class only in his superior diligence, and in the singular modesty and quiet kindliness of his habits. Then came over him a *change;* after which he conceived himself to be commissioned by heaven as a teacher of religion. His chief employment, during the last twenty-five years of his life, was the production and publication of that wonderful series of theological works which his followers prize so highly and study so constantly, and which are indeed pregnant with valuable hints and suggestions, even for those who do not accept Swedenborg's supernatural claims. He made not the slightest attempt to gain proselytes. All his works were written in Latin—all were published at his own expense, and most of the copies were given away himself.

His habits were exceedingly strange. Visitors to Stockholm may still see the large summer-house in which he studied and received his guests. His friends had to wait sometimes, because the master of the house was conversing with spirits. They would hear conversation in the next room, and when he came in, he would tell them, perhaps, that he had been talking with Virgil on the ruins at Rome, or with Aristotle upon some questions of science. Sometimes he would remain in bed for several days without food, conversing, as he said, with spirits.

He rarely tasted meat or wine, but drank profusely of coffee; and his dinner usually consisted of bread and milk. His biographer tells us that some of his unpublished manuscripts smell of snuff. He is said never to have laughed outright, yet always seemed serenely cheerful; and he used to keep gingerbread in his pocket to give to the children that played in the square near his residence. Sometimes, when a bill was presented to him for settlement, he would point the bearer of it to the drawer where he kept his money, and tell him to pay himself. In short, he was an absolutely guileless, innocent man, who has fully believed in the reality of his mission and in the truth of his doctrine, as he did in his bodily existence.

He spent much of his time in London, as it was here that he published most of his works. It was in London, too, that he died, at the house of a wigmaker, at 26, Great Bath Street. He died, after a fit of apoplexy, in March, 1772, aged eighty-four. Before his death, the communion was administered to him by an orthodox Lutheran clergyman, and his remains were deposited in the Swedish church near the tower of London.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LXXX.

FARINELLI AND HIS BRIDE IN THEIR COFFINS.

We must now go back a little to bury Farinelli and his bride. As we know already the victims of judicial fallability were given up to Snap, for this had been the request which the prisoner had made himself when lying in the condemned cell under sentence of death. He had moreover made the uncle of Terese promise him, because of the love and care which his mother and himself had from her birth lavished on Terese, that he, her uncle Judah should cause his coffined remains to be borne to his dear native Italy, and buried in the little village where Terese and himself were born. Judah Nathans had promised and these wishes and pledge were known to the authorities; and so the giving up of the bodies of the victims was taken as a thing in course, fulfilling the wishes of the dead. Now he was *known* to be innocent by the appearance of Sir Walter Templar alive, there was not one in authority in Newgate prison or in London itself, who would not, out of pity and profound respect for the victim of the law's injustice, have done much to have fulfilled his slightest wish: Farinelli and his bride were therefore now in the hands of Snap to dispose of as he pleased.

First came two very handsome coffins to Newgate, which Snap purchased from a famous city undertaker, giving him an order to make immediately two lead coffins, to place these in for the purpose of bearing the dead to Italy. The inside tenements of the victims were draped in black cloth, bearing on them silver breast-plates, on which two expert artizans had quickly engraved the names and ages of Farinelli and his wife. At eight o'clock that night, they were put into a hearse and borne to the house in which Isaac Ben Ammon had resided during the first part of his time in London. The house belonged to his nephew, left to him by his great uncle Reuben Nathans. Arriving at this particular house Judah caused the coffined victims to be carried into the room which his uncle Reuben had consecrated with his money-bags. It was as much a retreat as a scientific man's den, into which Snap had converted it. The house had been of late unoccupied for Terese and her grandfather were residing for the time being at Sir Richard Courtney's.

As soon as the hearse had left the door and the friends of the victims had departed, Snap went into his "den," locked the door and closed the iron shutters of the windows from the inside. He then removed the lids of the coffins which had only been slightly fastened with screws, and looked upon the peaceful faces of Farinelli and his bride. It was now ten o'clock at night.

It was summer, but Snap lighted in the grate a gentle fire. Perhaps he wanted a cheerful blaze in the grate, for people in England like to see the fire at night even in summer time. He next took from a closet, where he kept all sorts of scientific varieties, a bottle. It was wine. He uncorked it and drank and then he threw himself into an arm chair very elegant, very easy, for Snap loved ease. He was as we have often noted, epicurian and if he designed to spend a night of mourning with the dead he was about to do it in his own peculiar style. He sat for about a quarter of an hour with a comical smile upon his face and then no longer able to restrain himself, he vented himself in a genuine laugh. Snap very seldom laughed.

"Solomon, my friend you, certainly did err. There is something new under the sun. I did think it impossible for me to ever play in a farce. I have my farce at last. My good Farinelli I have befooled all London to-day. Thanks to that little poisoning affair of yours in the morning."

Snap drank another glass of wine, and then he looked again at the faces of the dead. He then put his warm lips to their cold ones—no not quite cold now. He rubbed their hands in his long bony ones whose palms were moist, not dry, proving that, in spite of all his philosophic training of mind, there were the fires of deep feeling in his nature. His hand then sought the region of the heart as though his intention was to impart new life with a gentle friction. This he continued for a few minutes. There was a bed in the room upon which he often slept when pursuing his scientific practices. Lifting Farinelli from his coffin, he now placed him into this bed; and then he did the same with the bride. The coffins were next removed and put out of sight and then Snap went to the fire, poked it up to make it burn more briskly and drank another glass of wine.

"I wish I was as certain of the resurrection of all the world as I am that Farinelli and his wife will rise again. I have not quite solved this problem of a resurrection but I am trying an experiment upon it to-night. Bah! 'tis no experiment, for I have not let my dead quite die. Now, this flesh turned to rottenness and I would not undertake to raise it. It is bad policy for the Gods to let their creatures quite die. Now those old mummied Egyptians have been in their catacombs thousands of years and are not resurrected. Yet which is, I insist, a proof that it is very bad policy to let people die altogether just for the satisfaction of preserving them for some last day. Out upon the nonsense, there is no *last* day; and I am of an opinion that the mummied Egyptians have been preserved long enough for a scientific demonstration that their mortal *dung* would not rise again. Now, there may be a life—a *spirit* in man that does rise from the dead mortality and ascends into a higher life. Against this I say nothing, for it is scientific. All the universe becomes rarified into a higher, subtiler life by change. The black coal becomes a bright flame and mixes with the elements; but the dung—the ashes remain and are never again made up into the same identity. No being that is destined to live in the higher form dies even for a moment or it could never live again, it must arise from its earthliness at the period called death, and it can never return to take upon itself the mortal rot—its mass of filthiness that has disgusted the very grave which has swarmed with loathsome life. So, my good Farinelli, we did very wisely in not letting you and your tragic queen quite die."

And thus Snap went on for an hour or two philosophizing aloud and working all the time in rubbing his patients with the warm, moist palm of his hand. As we have noticed throughout our story, Snap always talked when he performed most, the habit was an evidence how completely he was absorbed in his work, but his thoughts were always in keeping with his act. So now he was engaged in raising Farinelli and his wife as from the dead, his subject very naturally became the resurrection. But then his views are so deistical that we cannot altogether indorse them. Snap has created himself and must be responsible for his own intellectual image.

There is now a warmth in the bodies of Farinelli and his wife and Snap in much satisfaction rests from his labor, throws himself into his chair pretty well exhausted, pokes the fire to make it burn bright again and then drinks another glass of wine. He then put on the kettle to make breakfast, at the same time telling the kettle to make haste or his patients would be awake before breakfast was ready."

"Four o'clock!" he continued, taking out his watch. "In half an hour, they will be alive again. The antidote has not failed, the Hindoo physician who gave it to me did not overrate its potency. I have carried that antidote about my person for ten years actually hunting for some opportunity to test its virtue, and my good friends there gave me that opportunity. I am certainly much obliged to them. Yes, it is a wonderful antidote. It is so subtile that it runs before the poison quick as lightning and suspends life for twenty-four hours to preserve it. In other words, it is a more terrible agency than the one taken to destroy, but it spends its force upon its rival. It throws the patient in a moment into a sleep as profound as death, and during that sleep, it thoroughly neutralizes the poison taken into the system. Ha! that was the first sigh of returning life. I think, Madam Clara, will be resurrected first. That was another sigh, this time deeper and from Farinelli. They are feeling the warmth of the room and of each other's embraces, for I have laid the wife in her husband's arms. Now I will wager they were going to romantically die in that kind of a romantic way, so I will let them be resurrected in each other's arms, which I think is as poetic as dying in that very interesting situation. Now, I think we have slightly improved upon Genesis, for it was certainly bad taste to make the man first, seeing that they twain were intended to be one. Man has been a conceited puppy ever since, because he was created first, and lent his rib to make his wife. Moses, Moses, I wish you could revise your book of Genesis to-day. They are breathing in regular intervals. Their hearts beat finely too. In ten minutes more they will return to consciousness."

Snap now commenced to make tea, toast bread, and prepare for breakfast with a quiet humor which suggested that he had this time really found his farce. He had revenged the condemnation of his innocent friend by throwing upon the government the burden of its own sin, kept Farinelli and his wife under the sanctity of a popular sympathy instead of subjecting them to a disagreable sensation in society, which would have met them wherever they

appeared, he had humored his tastes by spending his money liberally on the farce of a burial, and now he was arranging the sequel by preparing breakfast for the dead.

Clara Garcia came to a state of consciousness first, but so peaceful did all seem, that she was in no wise startled. Indeed she slept again for a few minutes, slept in her husband's arms, for the last feelings which she had experienced before her loss of consciousness, were those of security and triumph. She awoke therefore not with the terrors upon her of her husband's doom. Soon Farinelli was also restored and then the voice of Snap recalled them to some realization of strange circumstances.

"Well, my good Farinelli, you have been a long journey; are you not ready for your breakfast? Now, my dear madam, will you please not to alarm the neighborhood by any tragic shrieks: this is our farce—not a tragedy. Will you please to compose yourself with this delicious cup of coffee."

"Why, Mr. Nathans, what can this all mean. I thought we were dead."

"So you are, my dear madam: but don't distress yourself. It is simply a change of lodgings. I pray you be careful and not scald your husband with that coffee. Now, my good Farinelli, will you be so considerate as to set your wife the sensible example of drinking the coffee. It is not a time for tragic speeches."

The happy couple, who now began to realize the circumstances and their escape from death, obeyed their strange friend and took their breakfast while listening to the detail of Snap's farce. They were not exactly in the humor to laugh; but certainly not to cry. Their gratitude, however, to Judah for saving their lives and their satisfaction at the deliverance of Sir Walter Templar from his dungeon, and the victim of circumstantial evidence from the charge of murder, was not of a mixed nature: it was entire and deep.

Judah Nathans then told the happy pair of his future arrangements, which we will briefly note. Farinelli and his wife were to go to Italy, and under assumed names spend the future of their days in peace. The village where Terese and her foster-brother were born was the place chosen—the spot where Farinelli had willed to be buried with his wife—Judah selected for their home. He was immensely rich, as we know, by the death of his uncle, Reuben Nathans; and as a reward to Farinelli for the kindness and care which his niece Terese had received, he settled upon the foster-brother one thousand pounds a year for life. Thus did this man of evil carry out his principles of justice.

In a month afterwards, Farinelli and his wife were ready to start for Italy. They stayed only for a meeting with Terese and Walter Templar. The day came, it was after the grand marriage. Judah took Sir Richard Courtney and his family to the house where Farinelli and his wife were in seclusion. It was a joyful meeting, but they were all somewhat prepared for the happy sequel. They all acknowledged the hand of Heaven in the event which had brought deliverance—all acknowledged the hand of Heaven, except Snap, who observed that he had not yet quite solved the problem upon that point.

"Science says, demonstrate," he added, "and though we have certainly demonstrated that my niece by a remarkable vision, found out her lover, yet that does not explain everything, nor can we reach the light of the sun at anytime until we are suns ourselves, and darkness has altogether gone out of us: still I think the hand of Heaven was in it."

"And I *know*, uncle Judah, the hand of Heaven has been stretched out to bring about this happy issue."

Thus spoke Terese, the Hebrew Maiden, who represented a divine faith, her uncle, science—Truth, which also divine, though sometimes seeming impious, while Faith—bright Faith always comes like Love, with the angels form.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

HERBERT AND IDA, THE FORSAKEN

"A lady has requested admission to your cell, sir," said his jailor, to Sir Herbert Blakely the day before the time appointed for his trial.

"A lady! I know no lady uncommonly devoted to me. I dare say 'tis some victim come to reproach me. Well, never mind: let the lady in, her visit will vary the monotony."

In a few minutes, a lady, deeply veiled, entered Sir Herbert Blakely's cell.

"To whom may I have the pleasure of speaking, Madam," inquired the prisoner, assuming the style of gallantry to hide his humiliation.

The lady answered not, but the great sob which she could not suppress, revealed her emotion, and convinced the prisoner that, whoever she might be, she came to weep over him and not to heap upon his head reproaches.

"Will it please you, Madam, to unveil, that I might see the face of her who thus weeps for me," he said with some expression of genuine feeling.

The lady did as the prisoner requested her, but Herbert knew not his forsaken wife, whom he had not seen for more than twenty-five years.

"The face is beautiful, though there is the lines of care upon it. Madam, have we ever met before?"

"Herbert, do you not find some traces in me of the girl——"

"My God, it is Ida!" exclaimed the prisoner, interrupting her.

He staggered to a seat, overcome by the sudden memory of the love days of his youth and the base betrayal of the girl who now stood before him. Ida readily saw that his emotions were genuine; in an instant, all her wrongs were forgotten and she was on her knees by his side, weeping in sympathy and kissing his hand. Such is the true woman: she is an angel to a man when most he needs one at his side—an angel, even to her betrayer. Sir Herbert Blakely felt this now and he groaned in the bitterness of remorse.

"Ida, *your* coming to me thus has made me human, your tears has brought me to repentance: I would that I could wipe out my past for your sake."

"I thank God, Herbert, for those words."

"Ida, I thought you dead years ago. Often has the memory of you haunted me, but I have driven it away. Ida, I did love you, but I betrayed you because I feared my father's iron will and knew his purposes to force me if necessary to marry a titled wife to raise my family among the old nobility of England. Ida, I betrayed you, yet I loved you and have never loved another."

"Herbert, tell me truly," here observed Ida, anxiously. "Do you wish now that the marriage which I believed genuine had been so?"

"As God, whom I have so much offended, will judge me, Ida, I do."

"Then, Herbert, my husband, the marriage was not a false one."

"You deceive yourself, my poor betrayed one," replied the prisoner sorrowfully.

"Judah Nathans will tell you that I am right, Herbert."

"Has Snap said that you are my lawful wife?"

"He has, Herbert."

"Then, Ida, you are my wife, for Snap never lies and never betrays. It was he, then, who secured you. That I can readily understand, for he, it was, who brought to us the priest whom I believed was a false one. Does any know this but ourselves?"

"Yes, Herbert, all England. Judah Nathans has established my right and title and the country knows me now as Lady Ida Blakely, and your son as——"

"My son, Ida? Yes, there was a son, but I had supposed both you and him long since dead."

"He is living, Herbert. You have seen him, Arthur your secretary, is your own son."

"This, then, explains the yearning which I have felt for him and the likeness which I saw in him of a face and gentle eye of her who haunted me: it was yourself, Ida."

"Herbert, your father knew all the truth, oft met and fondled his grandson in his arms, left him at his death five hundred pounds a year, with which I educated him for the ministry."

"My father was a strange man, in his contradictions of good and evil, in some respects much like Snap, whom he trusted more than he did me, his only son. Well, I must confess he acted wisely in that."

"Herbert, he trusted him even more than you know. He left both you and Arthur altogether in his hands. He placed in his charge his dying testament, acknowledging his grandson and leaving him all his wealth and estates to come into his possession when he reached manhood or at your death, according to the will of Judah Nathans whom he left to act in every particular as though he himself was in your father's stead."

"This is very singular, but I doubt it not, for I see my father and Snap both in this thing. Is this will also established, Ida?"

"It is, Herbert. The will was drawn up by Lawyer Wortley and witnessed by old Lord Rivers, both of whom have confirmed the case, at once establishing my right and that of our son."

"Ida, I am glad of this, for, if I am condemned, my estates would have been confiscated to the Crown. Had I known that Arthur was my son, I should have transferred all to him before my trial."

"There is one thing, Herbert, that I fear you will not pardon us for doing," here observed his wife with much trouble in her

face. "Yet our son dared not act otherwise, and for this reason not to have your resistance and perhaps cursing for it, we have not visited you until all was accomplished. Indeed, for the same reason, Arthur waits without until you learn that which he has in justice done."

"Why, Ida, what can you mean? Arthur without, and not come to his father. Yet have I not deserved the boy's love. Well, well, its no use to whine; I am no saint for him to venerate, yet he might have come to me in my trouble."

"Oh, Herbert, Arthur's heart bleeds for you. It is the fear of your curse that keeps him away."

"What has he done, Ida, that I should curse him."

"Made restitution to the De Lacys."

"Damnation!" burst from Sir Herbert Blakely, who paced his cell for a few moments in great rage, which, however, gradually subsided, and then he returned to his anxious wife, and taking her gently by the hand, observed—

"Yes, Ida, I should have cursed him a few months ago, but not now, though your revelation a moment ago went through me like a sword. Under the circumstances, it is all for the best. It is fit that he should redeem his father's name. Ida, call in our son that he may receive a bad man's blessing, but not his father's curse."

In a few minutes more, Arthur Blakely was folded to his father's heart. We must pass over the hours that the noble young clergyman and his mother spent that day with the guilty father. Suffice to say that this discovery of his wife and son, with all the peculiar circumstances of the case wrought in Sir Herbert Blakely a great change. Even he was not all dross.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE LAST MEETING OF SNAP AND HIS MASTER.

Snap entered the cell of Sir Herbert Blakely ten minutes after the departure of his wife and son.

"Herbert!"

"Snap."

Thus they met again and grasped each other's hands with a certain love from their associations of forty years, commencing in their early boyhood.

"Are you satisfied, Herbert?" inquired his mentor.

"I am, Snap. Your fidelity to my wife and son has reconciled me to the rest. Snap, I love that noble boy, and you well know how passionately I loved Ida. The old affection has returned, but purer now than in my youth."

"I have not betrayed my trust, Herbert, have I? Do you not think your father would justify what I have done?"

"You have not betrayed your trust, Snap; and I think my father would justify you."

"'Tis well. But one act more remains. I still stand in your father's shoes. Your trial comes off to-morrow."

"It does. You have some deep purpose, Snap: that I can see."

"You will be hanged or transported for life, Herbert. Which shall it be?

"Damnation! neither hanged nor transported."

"Right, Herbert. Thus have I resolved."

"Snap, you have some deep purpose. Tell me at once."

"Sit down, Herbert, and listen. I must speak low. The judge will condemn you to be hanged or transported for life; nothing can save you. Even if a pardon was obtained, which is almost impossible, you would have to fly from society and your native land as a pardoned felon: all would shun you."

"I know it, Snap; I know it!" groaned the guilty man.

"I said, to obtain a pardon is almost impossible, for the Crown considers that you betrayed it in sentencing Farinelli to death, and it is revengeful because it erred."

"I wish the fellow had lived, Snap, yet he died like a man."

"Herbert, you have one virtue that you always possessed. It is courage."

"You do me justice there, old friend, for such I acknowledge you."

"Look, Herbert, at this curious ring on my left hand. You see it has the serpent's head. There is a spring which, if touched by a firm pressure, starts the serpent's tongue. That tongue will sting. I always, as you have often noticed, wear that jewel on my left hand. Should I need its service, it would give me my own quietus, which it certainly would, were I in such a state as you are now. Or did I need its service for an enemy, it would do its work, if for a friend, then it would serve in the death grip of friendship. Will you take my hand, Herbert."

Snap, I will!"

"I thought so Herbert. You have the virtue of daring to die like a man."

"At least, old friend, I will do that. You have come to grant what I would myself have asked. The means to die."

"Herbert, that serpent's sting will infuse into your blood a subtle poison. It will give no pain. You will sleep, and in the morning be found dead in your bed. You will die, so the doctor's will say, of apoplexy. Have you aught to desire of me as your last charge, I will fulfill it."

"Nothing have I to charge you with to fulfill for me, old friend, excepting to stand as true to my son as you have been to me and my father, and to soften as much as possible the stroke of my death to poor Ida. Snap, give me your hand and let us part. You shall not despise me. Our lives have not been good, but the interview with my poor forsaken wife and that noble boy who mourns for his father's errors has made a repentant man of me. I have done enough wrong in my life, and am now like a rat driven to the wall. To reform is impossible. I should have listened to you; and then this discovery of Ida and Arthur might have purified me. Yet it might not, for when we are on the road to the gallows, we seldom stop until the hangman's hands are at our throat. Snap, give me this last grasp of friendship. Give it me, I say. Why hesitate? At least I have, as you have allowed, the courage of a man. Come, hesitate not,"

"I do not hesitate, Herbert; yet I do not *hurry* to sting. Were there any other escape, this should not be done to-night. Herbert, there is my hand. I never loved you so much as now I give to you the grip of death. 'Tis done."

"Snap—Snap, my old counselor and friend, I thank you with all my heart."

"Herbert, I will now leave you. In half an hour, you will fall into a peaceful sleep; you know the rest. The poison is already in your blood, coursing through your veins. It is best I leave you at once. You may wish to collect your thoughts perhaps for prayer during the short time of consciousness allotted to you. I know in belief you are a Christian,—I am a sceptic and yet would not deprive you of the hopes which cling to us at such a time. Herbert, if there be a hereafter, we shall meet again."

"But where, Snap, shall we meet?"

"In a world at least as good as this. My own intellect can give you at least this assurance. If there be a God, then that God is not worse than myself. I have no hells to send you to, but in mercy and consideration, I have given you the doom of relief from a bad state and the unpleasant circumstances of the gallows or the convict's life. I say surely God is not worse than I. Herbert, good-by for this life; if there be another, we shall meet again."

"Snap—old companion, good-by."

And thus these men parted. In the morning, Sir Herbert Blakely was found dead in his bed. It was thought that the interview with his wife and son, his remorse and the terrors of the coming trial on the morrow had overwhelmed him, and that he had died in a fit of apoplexy.

Snap fulfilled the dying wishes of his master in regard to Sir Herbert's son and wife. Arthur took his father's title and estates, and redeemed his name by a life of honor and benevolence and his dear mother was in all his works of usefulness as a servant of Christ—a ministering angel.

Here before dismissing Sir Herbert Blakely's special connections, we must note an item concerning his friend Orsini. The Count was upon the point of flying from England to his own land to escape justice when the Marquis Baglioni met him and offered him the alternative of fighting a duel with him or being denounced at once to the officers of the law. The gallant Marquis preferred to chastise the villain himself rather than to hand a countryman over to the law. He felt to call him to an account for his actions against Farinelli and Sir Walter Templar. The challenge was accepted, and Orsini fell mortally wounded.

"Infinite Evil!" mused the philosopher upon these events. "Bah! there is none such in the universe. There is a germ of goodness in all things. Even Herbert possessed redeeming qualities. Now, if we were all brought under circumstances in this world to develop those qualities which would redeem us, but which are very often not brought into our lives, then should we be redeemed from our errors here. Well, then, why not hereafter? I say humanity is not dross, but gold. Purify it then and when 'tis purified by fire enough it will be all gold. Hell! Yes, send us all to hell; for light and truth and goodness are eternal blazings. So if the Satan is in his lake of fire, he shall be God, for he is light and truth and that is goodness and justice. The universe will purge itself in time and even Herbert Blakely come from his furnace, gold."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

There was again a grand gathering at the Courtney House of all the branches of the family, whose members have been so happily united after all the storms of thirty years. It is ten years after the marriage of Terese and Walter Templar, ten years since the redemption of the De Lacy estates and the tragic close of an evil man's life who nevertheless was found in his last moments "not all dross."

There were gathered at this time at Courtney House on the tenth anniversary of the great marriage, first Sir Walter Templar and Lady Terese, his beautiful Hebrew wife now more beautiful than ever. Ten years of a blissful life unclouded by a single sorrow, supremely blissful in Walter's undying love, supremely blissful in heaven's greatest blessing to well mated wives—a little flock of lambs to gambol around their mother's knee and leap with laughing shouts into their father's arms—ten years of such a life had made Terese, the Jewess, divinely beautiful.

First, there was young Walter Templar, the eldest child now nine years old. The boy was very like his father and the pride of his fond mother's heart. Next came the gentle Alice Templar named after Alice Courtney, Walter's spirit-bride. The third was a boy, and they named him Judah, out of gratitude to his great uncle, but much to the disgust of that despiser of antique reverences. Indeed, Judah Nathans insisted that his namesake should be called Frederick, that being his second name. The fourth was also a son, and they named him Richard Courtney: and to him his uncle Sir Richard designed to leave the Courtney inheritance, and it was thought the government would confer the title also, and thus keep up the honored name. This Sir Richard Courtney considered just for it would be a return to Terese, in the person of her son for her redeeming the De Lacy estates. There were two more children, the infant Terese, and Eleanor two years of age. Thus it will be seen that our heroine was the mother of a blooming family, and Sir Walter Templar a proud and happy father.

Lord Frederick De Lacy and Eleanor, his noble wife, who resigned in her great generosity her cousin Walter, but found the consummation of love in her union with Frederick; they were also gathered to Courtney House on the anniversary of their marriage day. They brought with them their four bright children, three sons and a daughter.

There was one more family who had come all the way from Italy for the visit, Farinelli and Clara Garcia, his wife, were there; and they had brought with them their son the offspring of days when the father laid under the sentence of death. He was nearly ten years of age and had already appeared in public as a singer and bid fair to rival even his father. Farinelli was on his visit under an assumed name, for to that day, he was very sensitive upon the point of a public sensation over the past. He preferred to let the nation, which had so grossly erred in its assumption of infallability, believe it had condemned an innocent man to an ignominious death. Snap also preferred to let the country believe Farinelli dead, that it might bear the weight of his supposed tragic end to escape the gallows. Sir Richard Brine, however, knew all; but as he had done much in friendship in Farinelli's case and believing him innocent, would even have righteously betrayed his country by letting Snap carry out his design to save the prisoner, had not Sir Walter Templar been found in time. Sir Richard Brine, kept to himself the entire secret. He also had come to Courtney House, and was on his visit, particularly to see Farinelli.

Sir Richard Courtney and his sister Lady Templar were on this auspicious day almost as joyful as when Walter was found, and their great family engagements fulfilled ten years before. They had now their grandchildren around them to increase their joy which was not always the case, for Sir Richard and his sister, Walter's mother, lived together at Courtney House as of old, though they occasionally visited their children and received visits from them in return. Sir Walter and Lady Terese his wife resided with their interesting family at their castle in Cornwall, while Lord Frederick De Lacy and Lady Eleanor his wife with their interesting children, inhabited the castle which Walter and his wife had redeemed from the hands of their supplanter. Hence the re-gathering from various parts of the country on this anniversary of the wedding day was a great event in the history of the family. Sir Richard was now about sixty years of age and Lady Templar was two years younger than her brother. They were still noble-looking and hale, but they were very proud when they heard the flock of lambs born unto their children shout after them the dear names of grandpapa and grandmamma.

There was another at Courtney House that day who gloried in that name. It was Isaac Ben Ammon. He was now eighty years of age, but the peace of the last ten years had preserved his naturally iron constitution not worn it out. He was simply now more the child than when last we parted from him. He lived always with his grandchild Terese, at Sir Walter Templar's castle in Cornwall, near which Judah Nathans had built a fine residence. At the castle, old Isaac was always surrounded with his great grandchildren. The venerable Hebrew had continued to dream about his race, and the restoration; and he had found in the children what he had not in his nephew Judah, namely enthusiasm and credulity. They knew all the history of Joseph and his brethren, Joseph and Benjamin in particular, and a similar amount about Samuel and David. As for young Walter, he was duly elected by his dreaming grandfather to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple again, for the old man had so confounded that fine intellectual eldest son of Sir Walter with a Messiahlike mission that it puzzled the dear old soul where to separate them. Snap was very intellectually disgusted with the fancies of his uncle being instilled into young Walter's mind, for he would have much preferred his mind gradually illuminated with the light of truth, to being filled with the superstitions and antiquated dreams of his race concerning the return to Jerusalem, and the coming of *another* Messiah which will never be fulfilled. Snap was not a Christian but he was not altogether a Jew.

There was venerable Isaac Ben Ammon on this eventful aniversary in the garden of Courtney House surrounded by his great-grandchildren and also now Frederick and Eleanor's children. Young Walter and his great-grandsire were engaged in building the walls of Jerusalem around a beautiful flower plot, much to the delight of all the rest of the children, who were gathering for the builders, stones from all parts of the garden. It was at this work that Snap found them when the wall was nearly completed.

"Judah, thou art wise as Solomon, our sire. I wish thou wouldst teach Walter how to build the Temple."

"Uncle Isaac," returned the philosopher, "wait till Walter is a few years older, and I will instruct him how to build the Temple of Science and give to him the endowment of *truth* and not superstition."

Snap turned away leaving the children, including the grandfather, at their work.

It was thought by the happy parents that there would be quite an extensive mating between the families of the Templars and the De Lacys, for during the past week spent at Courtney House, young Walter Templar and Terese De Lacy have done considerable "sparking," as they say in America, which simply means that the boys and the girls are always mating from the time they leave their mothers' arms. With these shadows of coming events, we must bid farewell to Terese, the Hebrew Maiden, and Judah Nathans, whom we have found, the Not All Dross.

THE END.

MOTHER.

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It is the first name that we learn to love—
It is the first star shining from above;
It is a light that has a softer ray
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Mother! it back to childhood brings the man,
And forth to womanhood it leads the maiden.
Mother! 'tis with the name all things began,
That are with love and sympathy full-laden.
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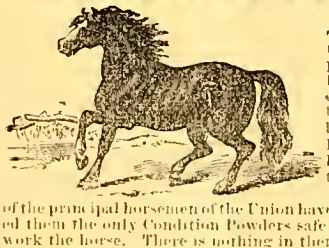

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Even in paralysis, where articulation was suspended, the use of the Porous Plasters to the spine restored the articulation, and materially reduced the paralysis. In fact, the patient could help herself, while before the Porous plaster was applied she was as helpless as a baby. We refer to Mrs. Sally Elliot, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

Dr. Henderson, of Farmsville, Louisiana, says:

"The counter-irritant effect of Allcock's Porous Plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervons diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use."

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"My daily experience confirms the very superior excellence of your Porous Plasters. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in a shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. Surgeons should make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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unsupported by either buncome, weak facts, or useless or complicated Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

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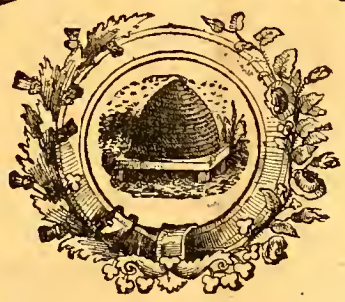
NO. 25, OCT. 23, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

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Published Weekly.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 25] SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 23, 1869. [Vol. 3

GERTRUDE VON DER WERT.

A lady seeing her husband broken on the wheel.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised.
The breeze blew back her hair,
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.

The night was round her, clear and cold,
The Holy Heaven above,
And pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so;
"This is no time to quit thy side.
"Peace! Peace! I cannot go.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
"Of glory and of bliss,
"Trust you its memory's living power
"To strengthen me through this."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
She bore her lofty part.

But Oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak.

The wind rose high, but with it rose
Her voice that he might hear;
Perchance that moment brought repose
To happy bosoms near.

While she sat struggling with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the raging storm.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips in dew;
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh lovely are ye, hope and faith:
Enduring to the last,
She had her meed—one smile in death,
And his worn spirit passed.

And while, o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
She weeping blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

THE GHOST OF THE AGUE.

We had both, Tilly—by which affectionate diminutive, I mean my adored Matilda—and your humble servant, agreed that it was not only inexpedient, but in the highest degree contrary to the duty we owed to the community at large, to wait any longer. I had a hundred arguments to bring forward against the baleful effects of long engagements; and Tilly began to quote poetry of a morbid tendency. Our parents and guardians entertained different opinions. My uncle Bonsor wanted us to wait till the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something-Or-Other Company, in which undertaking I was vicariously interested, were at a premium—they have been at a hopeless discount for years. Tilly's papa and mamma called Tilly a girl and self a boy, when we were nothing whatsoever of the kind, and only the most ardent and faithful pair of young lovers that had existed since the time of Abelard and Heloise, or Florio and Biancafiore As, however, our parents and guardians were not made of adamant or Roman cement, we were not permitted to add another couple to the catalogue of historically unfortunate lovers. Uncle Bonsor and Mr. and Mrs. Captain Standfast (my Tilly's papa and mamma) at last relented. Much was effected towards this desirable consummation by my arguments against celibacy, contained in eight pages foolscap, and of which I made copies in triplicate for the benefit of our hard-hearted relatives. More was done by Tilly threatening to poison herself, most, however, was accomplished by our both making up our minds to tell a piece thereof to our parents and guardians, and telling them that if they did not acquiesce in our views, we would run away and get married at the very first opportunity. There was no just cause or impediment. We were young, healthy, and had plenty of money between us. Loads of money—as we thought then. As to personal appearance, Tilly was simply Lovely, and my whiskers had not been ill-spoken of in the best society in Dover. So it was all arranged, and on the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty dash, being the morrow of Boxing-day, Alfred Starling, gent., was to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Matilda, only daughter of Captain Rockleigh Standfast, R. N., of Snargate-stone Villa, Dover.

I had been left an orphan at a very early age, and the guardian of my moderate property (including the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something-or-Other concern), and guardian of my person, was my uncle Bonsor. He sent me to Merchant Taylors', and afterwards for a couple of years to college at Bonn, on the Rhine. He afterwards—to keep me

out of mischief, I believe—paid a handsome premium for my entrance into the counting-house of Messrs. Baum, Brömm. and Boompjees, German merchants, of Finsbury Circus, under whose tutelage I did as little as I liked in the corresponding department, and was much envied by my brother salaried clerks. My uncle Bonsor resided chiefly at Dover, where he was making large sums of money by government contracts, whose objects apparently consisted in boring holes in the chalk and then filling them up again. My uncle was, perhaps, the most respectable man in Europe, and was well known in the city of London as "Responsible Bonsor." He was one of those men who are confidently said to be "good for any amount." He had a waistcoat—worn winter and summer—a waistcoat that wavered in hue between a sunny buff and a stony drab, which looked so ineffably respectable that I am certain if it had been presented at the pay-counter of any bank in Lombard-street, the clerks would have cashed it at once for any amount of notes or gold demanded. My uncle Bonsor entrenched himself behind this astonishing garment as behind a fortification, and fired guns of respectability at you. That waistcoat had carried resolutions, assuaged the ire of indignant shareholders, given stability to wavering schemes, and brought in thumping subscriptions for burnt-out Caffres and destitute Fee-jees. It was a safe waistcoat, and Bonsor was a safe man. He was mixed up with a good many companies; but whenever a projector or promoter came to him with a plan, my responsible uncle would confer with his waistcoat, and within five minutes would either tell the projector or promoter to walk out of his counting-house, or put his name down for a thousand pounds. And the scheme was made that Responsible Bonsor put his name down for.

It was arranged that I was to go down to Dover on Christmas eve, staying at my uncle's and that we were to dine all together at Captain Standfast's on Christmas-day. Boxing-day was to be devoted to bonnets on the part of my beloved, and to the signing and sealing of certain releases, deeds, covenants and other documents connected with law and money, on the part of self, my uncle, and my prospective papa-in-law, and on the twenty-seventh we were to be married.

Of course my connexion with Messrs. Baum, Bröumm and Boompjees was brought to an amicable termination. I gave the clerks a grand treat at a hostelry in Newgate Street, and had the pleasure of receiving, at a somewhat late hour, and at least eighty-seven times, a unanimous choral assurance, not unaccompanied by hiccups, that I was a "jolly good fellow." I was unwillingly compelled to defer my departure for Dover till the 8:30 p.m. express mail on Christmas-eve, being engaged to a farewell dinner at four. at the mansion of our Mr. Max Boompjees, junior and dinner-giving partner in the firm, in Finsbury Circus. A capital dinner it was, and very merry. I left the gentlemen over their wine, and had just time to catch the mail train at London Bridge.

You know how quickly time passes on a railway journey when one has dined comfortably before starting. I seemed to have been telegraphed down to Dover, so rapidly were the eighty odd miles skimmed over. But it now becomes my duty to impart to you the knowledge of my Terrible Misfortune. In my youth, a little boy at a preparatory school near Ashford, I had experienced a touch of the dreadful disease of the Kentish marshes. How long this malady had lain concealed in my frame, and by what accident of time or temperature it became again evolved, I had no means of judging, but by the time the train arrived at Dover, I was in the throes of acute Ague.

It was a horrible, persistent, regular shivering and shaking, a racking palsy, a violent tremor, accompanied, I am sure, by fever, for my temples throbbed, and I experienced an almost deafening, jarring, rattling noise in the head. My blood seemed all in revolt, and surging backwards and forwards in my veins, and my unhappy body swayed from side to side with the distempered current. On the platform I staggered to and fro; and the porter of whose arm I caught hold to steady myself, seemed, lantern and all, by mere communicated violence, to be shaken and buffeted about as I was. I had always been an abstemious young man, and had not exceeded in the consumption of the hospitable junior partner's rare old hock; besides, for all the noise in my head, I could think and talk—albeit my teeth chattered, and my tongue wagged in my mouth with aguish convulsions. I had never known before that railway porters were a hard-hearted race, but one tall man in velveteen, grinned most impertinently as I was helped into a fly, and I am certain that his companion, a short, fat fellow, with a leer in his eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek as he heaped, at my desire, great-coats and rugs over me, and bade the flyman drive to the Marine Parade, where my uncle resided. I had told every one at the station about my attack of ague.

"*He's* got his load," I heard the tall porter exclaim, as we drove off. Of course he meant that the flyman had got all my luggage.

It was a dreadful five minutes' ride to my uncle's. The fit was so strong on me that my head and limbs kept bumping against opposite sides of the fly, and once came in contact with the window glass. And the noise in my head never ceased. I stumbled out, somehow, when the vehicle stopped, and, clinging to the knocker of the avuncular door, struck such a quivering peal of blows—I had previously scattered the cabman's fare on the pavement in the attempt to place the money in his hand—that Jakes, my uncle's confidential man, who opened the door, stared with astonishment.

"I'm very ill, Jakes," I stammered, when I had staggered into the hall. "I'm down with that dreadful Ague again."

"Yes, sir," answered Jakes, with something like a grin on *his* countenance too. "Compts of the season, sir. Hadn't you better go to bed, sir?"

"No, Jakes," I said, "I'll try and bear up. You had better bring me a little cognac, and some very hot water, into the dining-room. It will do me good, and the fit may leave me." What would you believe was the reply of this pampered domestic?

"Better not, sir," he had the hardihood to observe. "Christmas time, sir. Plenty more like you, better go to bed. Think of your head in the morning, sir."

"Fellow—" I began to retort, still violently trembling, when I saw my uncle Bonsor appear at the head of the staircase. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen in the back-ground, and as well as I could see for shaking, there were the dear golden curls of my Tilly. But her face looked *so* scared and terrified.

"Alfred," said my uncle, sternly, from behind his waistcoat, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Go to bed directly, sir!"

"Uncle!" I cried, with a desperate attempt to keep myself steady, "do you think I'm—" Here I made an effort to ascend the staircase, but my foot caught either in the carpet or over one of the confounded brass rods, and, upon my word, I tumbled heels over heels into the hall. And yet, even as I lay recumbent, I shook worse than ever. I heard my uncle's responsible voice ordering the servants to carry me to bed. And I was carried too; Jakes and a long-legged footpage conveying my shaking body to my bedroom.

The night was brief and terrible as in an access of fever, and I lay shaking and chattering in the burning bed. In the morning, my uncle sent word to say that my ague was all nonsense, and that I was to come down to breakfast.

I went down, determined on remonstrance, but holding on

by the banisters and quivering in every limb. Oh! for the tribulations of that wretched Christmas-day. I was received with sneers and advised to take very strong tea with a little cognac; yet soon afterwards my uncle shook hands with me, and said that it was only once a year, and that he supposed boys would be boys. Everybody wished me a merry Christmas; but I could only return the compliments of the season in a spasmodic stutter. I took a walk on the pier immediately after breakfast, but I nearly tumbled into the sea, and bumped against so many posts, that I had to be led home by a mariner in a yellow sou'-wester hat, who insisted that I should give him five shillings to drink my health. Then came a more appalling ordeal. I was to call at Snargatestone Villa to accompany my Tilly and the family to church. To my great relief, though I was shaking in every joint of my fingers and toes, nobody took any notice of my alarming complaint. I began to hope that it might be intermittent, and would pass off, but it wouldn't, and rather increased in violence. My darling girl patted me on the head, and hoped that I was "a good boy, now;" but when I began, shiveringly, to explain my attack of ague, she only laughed. We went to church, and then my ague soon brought me into disgrace again. First I created terrible scandal by knocking up against the old pauper women in the free seats, and nearly upsetting the beadle. Then I knocked the church services and hymn-books off the ledge of the pew. Then I kicked a hassock from beneath the very knees of my future mamma-in-law. Then I trod—accidentally I declare—on the toes of Mary Seaton, my Tilly's pretty cousin, whereupon she gave a little scream, and my beloved looked daggers at me; and as a climax, in the agony of that extraordinary horizontal shaking fit of mine, I burst the pew door open, and tumbled once more against the beadle, who in stern tones, and in the name of the churchwardens, desired me either to behave myself or to leave the church. I saw that it was no good contending against my complaint, so I did leave; but as I lurched out of the edifice, I seemed to see the clergyman shaking in the reading-desk, and the clerk wagging to and fro beneath him; while the hatchments and tablets shook on the walls; and the organ in the gallery kept bumping now against the charity boys, now against the charity girls.

At dinner-time—my agonies had never ceased, but had not attracted notice—I began literally to put my foot into it again. First, handing Mrs. Van Plank, of Sandwich, down to the dining-room—my uncle Bonsor escorted Tilly—I entangled myself in the bugle ornaments which that wealthy but obese woman persisted in wearing; and we came down together with alarming results, I was undermost, shaking miserably, with Mrs. Van Plank's large person pressing on my shirt-studs. When we were assisted to rise she would not be appeased. She would not join us at dinner. She ordered her fly and returned to Sandwich, and as the carriage drove away, Captain Standfast, R. N., looked at me as though he would have liked to have me up at the gangway and give me six dozen on the instant, said:

"There goes poor Tilly's diamond bracelet. The old screw won't give it her now. I saw the case on the cushion of the fly."

Was it my fault? Could I help my lamentable ague?

At dinner I went from bad to worse. Item: I spilt two ladlefuls of mock turtle soup over a new damask tablecloth. Item: I upset a glass of Madeira over Mary Seaton's blue moire dress. Item: In a convulsive fit of shaking, I nearly stabbed Lieutenant Lamb, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, stationed on the Heights, with a silver fork; and, finally, in a maniacal attempt to carve a turkey, I sent the entire body of that Christmas bird, with a garland of sausages clinging to it, full butt into the responsible waistcoat of my uncle Bonsor.

The peace was made somehow; I'm sure I don't know in what manner, but half an hour afterwards we were all very pleasant and talkative over our dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the proposer a tremendous blow under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavoring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambric bosom of that unhappy Lieutenant Lamb. In desperation I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be; the perfidious polished mahogany slid away from my grasp. I turned my foot frantically round the leg of the table nearest me, and with a great crash over went dinning-table, cut-glass decanters, and dessert. Lieutenant Lamb was badly hit across the bridge of the nose with a pair of silver nut-crackers, and my uncle Bonsor's head was crowned, in quite a classic manner, with filberts and hot-house grapes.

The bleak December sun rose next morning upon ruin and catastrophe. As well as I can collect my scattered reminiscences of that dismal time, my offences against decorum were once more condoned: not in consequence of my complaint (in which my relatives and friends persisted in disbelieving), but on the ground that it was "only once a year." Lawyers came backwards and forwards to Snargatestone Villa during the forenoon. There was a great production of tin boxes red tape, blue seals, foolscap paper, and parchment; and my uncle Bonsor was more responsible than ever. They brought me a paper to sign at last, whispering much among themselves as they did so; and I protest that I could see nothing but a large pool of white, jogging about in a field of green tablecloth, while on the paper an infinity of crabbed characters seemed racing up and down in a crazed and furious manner. I endeavored to nerve myself to the task of signing. I bit my lips, I clenched my left hand, I tried to screw my wagging head on to my neck, I cramped my toes up in my boots, I held my breath; but was it my fault, when I clutched the pen and tried to write my name, that the abominable goosequill began to dance, and skate, and leap, and plunge, and dig its nibs into the paper; that when, in despair, I seized the inkstand, to hold it nearer to the pen, I shook its sable contents, in horrid, horned, tasseled blots, all over a grave legal document? I finished my achievement by inflicting a large splash on my uncle's sacred waistcoat, and hitting Captain Standfast under the third rib with the pen.

"That will do," my papa-in-law cried, collaring me. "Leave the house, scoundrel!"

But I broke from his grasp, and flew to the drawing-room, knowing that my Tilly would be there with her bridesmaids and her bonnets.

"Tilly—my adored Matilda!" I cried.

"No further explanation is needed, sir," broke in my beloved, in an inexorable tone. "I have seen and heard quite enough. Alfred Starling, I would sooner wed the meanest hind that gathers samphire on yon cliff than become the bride of a profligate and drunkard. Go, sir; repent if you can; be ashamed if you can. Henceforth we are strangers. Slave of self-indulgence, adieu for ever!" And she swept out of the room, and I could hear her sobbing her pretty heart out in the boudoir beyond.

I was discarded and expelled for ever from Snargatestone Villa; my uncle Bonsor repudiated me, and disinherited me from any share in his waistcoat; I hurled myself into the next train at the station, and shook all the way back to town. At about dusk on that dreadful Boxing-day, I found myself wandering and jolting about the purlieus of Soho.

From Soho-square — the south-west side. I think — branches a shabby, dingy little court, called Bateman's buildings. I was standing, shivering at the corner of the ill-favored place, when I stumbled against a gentleman, who looked about seven-eighths soldier and one-eighths civilian.

As was a little, dapper, clean-limbed, young-looking old man, with a yellow face, and grey hair and whiskers. Soldiers, save in the cavalry, didn't wear moustaches then. He wore a blue uniform coat, rather white at the seams, and a silver medal with a faded ribbon on his breast. He had a bunch of parti-colored streamers in his undress cap; he carried a bamboo-cane under his arm; on each sleeve he wore golden stripes, much tarnished; on his scarlet collar was embroidered a golden lion; and on his shoulders he had a pair of little, light, golden epaulettes, that very much resembled two sets of teeth from a dentist's glass-case, covered with bullion.

"And how are you, my hearty?" said the military gentleman, cheerily.

I answered that I was the most miserable wretch in the world; upon which the military gentleman, slapping me on the back and calling me his gallant comrade, asked me to have a pint of beer, warmed with a little spice, and a dash of Old Tom in it, for the sake of Christmas.

"You're a roving buck," observed my new friend. "*I'm* a roving buck. You never happened to have a twin-brother named Siph, did you?"

"No," I answered, moodily.

"He was as like you as two peas," continued the military gentleman, who had by this time taken my arm, and was leading me all shaking and clattering towards a mouldy little tavern, on whose door-jambs were displayed a couple of colored cartoons, and displaying, the one, the presentment of an officer in sky-blue uniform much belaced with silver, and the other a bombardier with an enormous shake ramming the charge into a cannon: the whole surrounded by a placard setting forth that smart young men were required for the Honorable East India Company's infantry, cavalry and artillery, and earnestly exhorting all smart young men, as aforesaid, to apply forthwith to Sergeant-Major Chutnee, who was always to be heard of at the bar of the "Highland Laddie," or at the office in Bateman's-buildings.

"The last time I saw him," went on the man with the yellow face and the grey whiskers, when he had tilted me into the "Highland Laddie," pinned me, shaking, against the bar-counter, and ordered a pint of sophisticated beer, "he had left our service, and was a field-marshal in the army of the King of Oude. Many's the time I've seen him with his cocked-hat and di'mond epaulets riding on a white elephant, with five-and-twenty black fellows running after him to brush the flies away and draw the soda-water corks. *Such* brandy he'd have with it, and all through meeting me promiscuous in this very public."

It is useless to prolong the narrative of my conversation with the military gentleman; suffice it to say, that within an hour I had taken the fatal shilling, and enlisted in the service of the Honorable East India Company. I was not a beggar. I possessed property, over which my uncle Bonsor had no control. I had not committed any crime; but I felt lost, ruined, and desperate, and I enlisted. For a wonder, when I was brought before a magistrate to be attested, and before a surgeon to be examined respecting my sanitary fitness for the service, my ague seemed to have entirely left me. I stood firm and upright in the witness box, and under the measuring standard, and was only deterred by shame and anguish at the misconception put upon my conduct at Dover from negotiating for my discharge.

I had scarcely reached the East India recruiting depôt at Brentwood, however, before the attacks of ague returned with redoubled severity. At first, on my stating that I had an ear for music, they began to train me for a bandsman, but I could not keep a wind instrument in my hands, and struck those that were played by my comrades from their grasp. Then, I was put into the awkward squad among the recruits, and the sergeants caned me; but I could never get beyond the preliminary drill of the goose-step, and I kept my own time, and not the squad's even then. The depôt sergeants wouldn't place the slightest credence in my ague, and the sergeant-major of my company reported that I was a skulking, "malingering" imposter. Among my comrades who despised, without pitying me, I got the nickname of "Young Shivery-Shakery." And the most wonderful thing is, that, although I could have procured remittances at any time, the thought of purchasing my discharge never entered my poor, shaking, jarring head.

How they came to send such a trembling, infirm creature as a soldier to India, I can't make out; but sent I was, by long sea, in a troop-ship, with seven or eight hundred more recruits. My military career in the East came to a very speedy and inglorious termination. We had scarcely arrived at Bombay when the battalion of the European regiment into which I was draughted was sent up-country to the banks of the Sutlej, where the Sikh war was then raging. It was the campaign of Aliwal and Sobraon, but it was very little that I saw of that glorious epoch in our military annals. In contemptuous reference to my nervous disorder, I was only permitted to form part of the baggage-guard, and one night, after perhaps ten days' march, throughout which I had shaken most awfully, an attack was made on our rear for mere purposes of plunder by a few rascally budmashes or thieves. Nothing was easier than to put these paltry scoundrels of the rout. I had been brave enough as a lad and as a young man. I declare that on the present occasion I didn't run away; but my unhappy disease got the mastery of me. I shook my musket out of my hands, my shako off my head, and my knapsack off my back, and my wretched legs shook and jolted me, as it seemed, over miles of arid country. There was some talk of shooting me afterwards, and some of flogging me; but corporal punishment did not exist in the Company's army. They sent me to a vile place of incarceration called a "congee house," where I was fed principally on rice-water, and at last I was conveyed to Bombay, tried by court-martial, sentenced and publicly drummed out of my regiment as a coward. Yes, I, the son of a gentleman, and the possessor of a genteel private property, had the facings cut off my uniform, and, to the sound of the "Rogues' March," was dismissed from the service of the Honorable East India Company with ignominy and disgrace.

I can scarcely tell how I reached England again; whether a berth was given me, whether I paid for it, or whether I worked my passage home. I can only remember that the ship in which I was a passenger broke her back in Algoa Bay, close to the Cape, and became a total wreck. There was not the slightest danger; we were surrounded by large and small craft, and every soul on board was saved; but I shook so terribly and incessantly while the boats were leaving the vessel, that the whole ship's company hooted and groaned at me when I was shoved over the side, and I was not allowed to go in the long boat, but was towed alone and aft in the dingy to shore.

I took passage in another ship, which did nothing but shake all the way from the Cape to Plymouth, and at last I reached England. I wrote innumerable letters to my friends and relatives, to Tilly and to my uncle Bonsor; but the only answer I received was a few formal lines from my uncle's lawyer, telling me that my illegible scrawls had come to the

hands of the persons for whom they were designed; but that no further notice could be taken of my communications. I was put into the possession of my property to the last penny, but it seems to me that I must have shaken it away either at dice or bagatelle, or ninepins or billiards. And I remember that I never made a stroke at the latter game without hitting my adversary with the cue in the chest, knocking down the marker, sending the balls scudding through the windows, disarranging the scores, and cutting holes in the cloth, for which I had to pay innumerable guineas to the proprietor of the rooms.

I remember one day going into a jeweler's shop in Regent street to purchase a watch-key. I had only a silver one now, my gold repeater had been shaken away in some unaccountable manner. It was winter-time and I wore an overcoat with long sleeves. While the shopkeeper was adjusting a key to my watch, my ague fit came upon me with demoniacal ferocity, and to my horror and dismay, in catching hold of the counter to save myself, I tilted a trayful of diamond rings over. Some fell on the floor; but some, O horror and anguish! fell into the sleeves of my overcoat. I shook so that I seemed to have shaken diamond rings into my hands, my pockets, my very boots. By some uncontrollable impulse I attempted flight, but was seized at the very shop door, and carried, shaking, to the police station.

I was taken before a magistrate, and committed, still shaking, in a van, to gaol. I shook for some time in a white-washed cell, when I was brought up, shaking, to the Central Criminal Court, and placed, shaking, on my trial for an attempted robbery of fifteen hundred pounds' worth of property. The evidence was clear against me. My counsel tried to plead something about "kleptomania," but in vain. My uncle Bonsor, who had come expressly up from Dover, spoke strongly against my character. I was found guilty: yes, I, the most innocent and unfortunate young man breathing, and sentenced to seven years' transportation! I can recall the awful scene vividly to memory now. The jury in a body were shaking their heads at me. So was the judge, so was my uncle Bonsor, so were the spectators in the gallery; and I was holding on by the spikes on the ledge of the dock, shaking from right to left like ten thousand million aspen-leaves. My skull was splitting, my brain was bursting, when

I WOKE.

I was lying in a very uncomfortable position in a first-class carriage of the Dover mail-train; everything in the carriage was shaking; the oil was surging to and fro in the lamp; my companions were swaying to and fro, and the sticks and umbrellas were rattling in the network above. The train was "at speed," and my frightful dream was simply due to the violent and unusual oscillation of the train. Then, sitting up, and rubbing my eyes, immensely relieved, but holding on to the compartments near to me (so violently did the carriages shake from side to side), I began to remember what I had dreamed or heard of others' dreams before; while at sea, or while somebody was knocking loudly at the door; and of the old connections between unusual sound and motion on the thoughts of our innermost souls. And again with odd distinctness, I remember that at one period of my distempered vision, namely, when I was attested and examined as a recruit, I had remained perfectly still and steady. This temporary freedom from ague I was fain to ascribe to the customary two or three minutes' stoppage of the train at Tunbridge Wells. But, thank Heaven, all this was but a dream!

"Enough to shake one's head off!" exclaimed the testy old lady opposite, alluding to the oscillation of the train, as the guard appeared at the window with a shout of "De—ver!"

"Well, mum, it have bin a shaking most unusual all the way down," replied that functionary. "Thought we should have bin off the line, more than once. Screws will be looked to to-morrow morning. Night, sir!" this was to me: I knew the man well. "Merry Christmas and a happy new year! You'll be wanting a fly to Snargatestone Villa, won't you, sir? Now, por—ter!"

I did want that fly, and I had it. I paid the driver liberally, and did not scatter his money over the pavement. Mr. Jakes insisted upon my having something hot in the dining-room the moment I arrived. The weather was so "woundy cold," he said. I joined the merry party upstairs, and was received by my Tilly with open arms, and by my uncle Bonsor with an open waistcoat. I partook in cheerful moderation of the snapdragon festivities of Christmas-eve. We all dined together on Christmas-day, and I helped the soup and carved a turkey, beautifully; and on the morrow, Boxing-day, was complimented by my uncle's lawyer on my remarkably neat caligraphy, as displayed in the signatures to the necessary legal documents. On the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty-six, I was married to my darling Tilly, and have lived happy ever since.

[*Haunted House.*

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

The Scotch and the Spaniards have hitherto divided the credit of possessing the largest store of proverbial wisdom; but were the literature of Russia more widely known, she might prove a formidable rival either to the land of oatmeal or to that of oranges. We give a few specimens, which, on account of their pointed terseness, their quaint, homely vigor, and dry Sancho Panza satire, scarcely need the aid of rhyme to recommend them. They are, indeed, more fully than words can express, the faithful mirror of the shrewd, simple, dogged, humorous Russian mind, ever veiling its natural keenness under a mask of habitual and impenetrable stolidity: "Every fox praises his own tail," "Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one," "A good beginning is half the work," "Trust in God but do not stumble yourself." "With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold," "Without cheating, no trading." "Money is not God, but it shows great mercy," "The deeper you hide a thing the sooner you find it," "If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us," "A debt is adorned by payment," "Roguery is the last of trades," "Never take the crooked path while you can see a straight one," "Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor," "Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table," "Disease comes in by hundred-weights, and goes out by ounces," "Every little frog is great in his own bog," "Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues," "When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish," "A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water, nor consumed by fire," "He who honors his parents shall endure for ever," "A mother's prayer will draw one up from the depth of the sea."

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
DRAMATIC DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

WE ARE NOTHING, IF NOT SPIRITUAL.

When Joseph Smith inaugurated our Church, nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a Revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the Heavenly worlds.

While we freely admitted that light and intelligence were continually being imparted by God to mankind through inspiration of an intellectual or mental kind, we strongly protested against the sufficiency of this kind of Revelation.

Our Elders went forth declaring the opening of a dispensation of angelic visitation; an age of Revelation and Prophecy; a new, grand period of Heavenly manifestions. The sick were to be healed henceforth mainly by the laying on of hands. Visions and divinely-given dreams were to be the constant companions of the members of the church; the curtains of Heaven were to be lifted up, and a church established which—to use the language of the Doctrines and Covenants—by the multiplicity of heavenly manifestations poured upon mankind in the flesh, was to prepare them for the fullness of Jehovah's presence in the world of glory, and without the enjoyment of which they could not be so perfected.

As a means to this end a *spiritual* power was to be built up to be called Zion, whose people should have a constant witness of the presence and association of Heavenly visitors.

Spiritual power was our battle cry! We were "nothing if not spiritual." We were founding a kingdom whose glory was not the wealth of its people, the extent of their farms, or the elegance of their homes, but the fire of the Omnipotent spirit and the presence and influence of the great ones of the invisible world, while sweet and holy sentiments, changing hearts and purifying the lives of men were to distill through inspired lips upon the church.

This was the programme to which we have given the most vital portions of our existence, and for which we have all borne the scorn of the world. Some of us traveling for years as poor dependents, over the face of the world, and all of us struggling through hardships innumerable to these desolate valleys, to pursue any and every occupation that might present itself—congenial or otherwise—solely that we might see a gigantic spiritual power rear itself in strength above the nations. For this we suffered, and for this we struggled through poverty and hardships to this land, and for nothing else.

"Abroad among the nations," we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were then healed by the hundred. During the great cholera-year in England, among about thirty thousand Latter-day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations. We felt angelic presence even if unseen. We lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world. All this bore witness to us that there would be established upon the earth a great central reservoir from whence spiritual influences should spread with electric force and kindle the world afar in due time.

Cut this grand design out of the mission of this people, and there is nothing left. To open up the fountains of the Heavenly world—to stand hand in hand—the mortal church with the invisible behind the veil. This was the destiny for which we started as a people, and unless we realize it, we have done nothing worth talking about. We did not congregate together to build up a big nation whose numbers and might should overawe the world. We needed a distinct existence as a people, of course, and therefore required cities to live in and national influence; but these were but secondary objects—merely means to an end. Our temporal influence was simply to be a kind of bulwarks within which our spiritual powers should be developed. External surroundings, without the divine part of our religion, for which the whole was brought into existence, would, we understood, be nothing but mockery and a sham.

In the providences of God, for a number of years we have been marching almost entirely in the direction of temporalities, until they are the all-absorbing theme. It is temporalities upon the street, in the garden, in the meeting and in the council—temporalities from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and from one year's end to another. We have but one kind of subject—houses, fences, dry-goods and money, worlds without end. This is how it is at present, and there doubtless is a providential lesson in it, but we cannot remain so forever.

We say this much in calling attention to the true object of our existence as a people, because there is to-day an inspiration resting upon us as a community that we are very near to a day of spiritual power—one that will not only take us back to our old position, but eclipse the past by its brightness. Thousands of hearts in Utah feel that light is coming that will repay us for all, and justify all our grand expectations. It stands to common sense that temporalities without far more spiritual power than we have at present will not build up a heavenly Zion. No temporal order or system, by itself, can bring this about. The presence of Revelation widely diffused amongst us will alone constitute Zion, and that must depend upon the channels of Revelation in our souls being opened up. Everybody in the church may be wealthy, and the church as a whole, by its grand coöperation, have but one pocket, and thereby be able to out-purchase the world and bring it to our feet, and all this may add to our temporal comfort; but no union of wealth—or disunion either—can create a Zion of spiritual power. Spiritual power should in fact be *first*, and our union grow out of that and not our spiritual power grow out of our temporal union. The purity of our natures, the spirit of Christ in its self-abnegation and love in our bosoms, can alone bring angels to our homes. They will not come there because we all have our money in one bank, depend upon it. If they find our hearts right, they will come, because they will find their attractions there, and they will come no more, nor as much, if, as a Grand Commercial church, we hold the riches of the world in our hands and can buy or sell it at our pleasure, providing these characteristics are absent.

Supposing, then, as we do, that temporalities are useful and necessary in their way, they are not our ultimate destiny, it was not for this that angels left the Heavens and opened up a dispensation to man. Our destiny is to be a great spiritual nation, and all these temporalities are mere accessory aids. We were organized to bring the hosts of the Heavenly world nigh to man, the signs of whose presence in dreams, visions and inspirations, were to be daily and hourly felt—

not by one man or a dozen, but by all. Unless we accomplish this sooner or later, our system is humbug and a delusion. Where is this close intercommunication with heavenly things, to-day? Where the evidences of the nearness of the invisible worlds to our hearts? It is years upon years since many of us have heard even a gift of tongues, or felt the inspiration of a prophecy; and as to angels, we know many who talk of them as one of the weaknesses of the past. Supposing a Divine Hand has taken us off this pathway of spiritualities for its own great ends, must we not return before we can accomplish our destiny as a people? Let any man put this question to his soul, and the answer must be that we must return, and that speedily, and become a greater church of spiritualities than ever, or stand confessed before the world a grand and monstrous failure.

OVER-GOVERNING.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

The tendency of all despotisms is to overgovern. It is not only an evil, but an error which, eventually, defeats the object sought to be gained. Restraint is always irksome, and though it may, from necessity, be submitted to for a time, yet the spirit chafes under it and seeks to escape from, or throw off, the oppressive and unnatural authority. With men and women, as with children, the fewer the requirements and the less the governing power is felt the better. The laws that govern the movements of the material universe are few and simple, yet they produce grand results and maintain order and harmony in the spheres. But were God to undertake to control and hamper the operations of nature, as many men have attempted to hamper and dictate nature in men's minds in different ages on the earth, He would, as they have done, pile huge and overwhelming responsibilities upon Himself and involve the universe in inextricable confusion and conflict.

Nature, whether in the elements or in humanity, needs not so much hampering and controlling as freedom and guidance. The object of laws should be to preserve, as far as possible, free scope to the faculties of man and the operations of nature, and to prevent any unnecessary or unrighteous interference in the exercise of either. Laws to compel mankind to breathe, eat, drink, and sleep would be quite as sensible and consistent as many that are enacted for the government of society. Some men seem so dreadfully afraid that nature will go wrong that it would be no matter of surprise should they seek, by legal enactments, to compel the sun to shine, water to run down hill, and fire to burn. Such folly would only be consistent with their character. How long will it take us to learn that nature needs encouraging and developing instead of guiding or crushing. The latter course has cursed the world for ages, retarded its progress, extinguished many of its brightest lights, and cut out much of its life and joy. It practically says that God has left His work unfinished and that human wisdom must step in to supply the Divine deficiencies. The true object of all human legislation, as before remarked, is to secure to every individual the greatest personal liberty, and the freest exercise of every faculty and power of his organization, consistent with the exercise of the same rights in others and the general welfare of society. The simpler the laws by which these objects can be secured the better for all parties.

The divine wisdom and goodness was manifested by Jesus and his apostles in the early Christian Church by making the conditions of membership as few and as simple as possible, but afterwards men, assuming to themselves prerogatives which Deity never asserted, continued, in various ages, to multiply these conditions, until to-day, thousands of men and women in different parts of the earth groan under the galling yokes and the heavy mental burdens that have taken the place of the easy yoke and light burden impressed by the Great Teacher himself.

In the abstract, men admit love to be more powerful than fear, and that a throne based upon the love of a people is more secure than one sustained by a million bayonets. But as the love of power grows upon them, they become impatient of this slow but sure means of accomplishing their objects and adopt the shorter but less enduring process of mental or physical compulsion. The edifice thus speedily erected, however, sooner or later, crumbles to dust, and all their cherished dreams end in vexation and disappointment.

Thank God, the day of force and coercion, with its inquisitions, pious murders, and despotisms is rapidly passing away. A people have been gathered into these mountains who, under divine guidance and inspiration, are solving the greatest problems of the age; who are demonstrating the triumph of moral power over brute force; who understand that obedience should spring from love and a knowledge of correct principles alone, and who are laying the foundation of a system that will yet fill the world with the light, liberty, and glory of that heavenly Zion which has been the theme of inspired men in all ages.

THE MIND'S KINGDOM.

A bard once sung a strain like this:
"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
Another now may sing as free,
A kingdom, too, exists in me.

I'm king and subjects, laws and all,
My boundless realms obey my call,
I bow no head to mortal things,
The one I heed is King of Kings.

A tyrant here may bind my tongue
And bid me hear it when I'm stung;
But in mind's kingdom all is free,
No tyrant there can conquer me.

The rich man now, that once was poor,
Can turn the lowly from his door;
But, in my mind, both equal seem,
And wealth is counted but a dream.

I dare not speak my mind to all,
For some are seeking for my fall;
But, in my kingdom, Oh! how free
All acts are boldly judged by me.

The proud ones pass, they know not me,
The greedy grasp all they can see;
But, in mind's kingdom, I can find
How much they lack in worth of mind.

Some love authority to sway,
And drive meek Charity away;
But, in my kingdom, such a rule
Would brand each despot as a fool.

Some strive, like Satan, all they can
To spoil the agency of man;
But, in my kingdom, I am free
To act the man I'm made to be.

I wish the glorious day at hand
When God's great kingdom has command;
Its subjects in the gospel free,
And all as one in mind with me.

DELTA.

Provo, Sept. 29, 1868.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received several letters from choir-masters in the settlements, containing inquiries as to whether we would accept and publish compositions that were not grammatically written.

We will answer that our musical, as well as our literary department, is open to receive home talent of merit, even if the compositions are not grammatically correct.

We grant this liberty to our contributors as an incentive to their genius for composition, and for this reason we are willing to labor to render the inspirations sent us—should they contain merit—fit for publication. We must, however, observe that our only object for doing this is to lead them to the study of composition, by the attention, which we trust that they will give to the alterations that we might be compelled to make either in their melody or harmony.

Some persons have an idea that if they are endowed with natural genius for composition, that they have all that is necessary for rendering their subjects perfect and fit for publication. This is a mistake, and to strengthen our opinion we will give a quotation from the popular and well-conducted magazine called *Bow Bells*, published in London.

The musical editor, in answer to a correspondent—on the above subject—says that "correct music is not to be written by the light of nature; on the contrary, it is a waste of time to attempt composition without knowledge of the elements of musical grammar."

This is true, indeed. Genius can produce good subjects, but science only can develop and place them in correct order. Practice is also necessary, and the adroit practical musical composers can assist both genius and science.

We, however, to encourage our home composers, for a time, will assist them in rendering their compositions fit for publication; but, as we have observed, they must compare our alterations with the original for their instruction. But we will add, begin and study, and make yourselves acquainted with the elements of composition. The most simple elementary work on composition, that we have read, is Hamilton's Musical Grammar, which is published by Cox & Co., Musical Publishers, London, England. The price of this work is three shillings.

At present, send us your compositions, and if we find merit in them, although grammatically incorrect, we will fix them and print them in our MAGAZINE.

J. S., FARMINGTON.—We have said more than once or twice, in our articles, that consecutive *perfect* fifths and octaves in similar motion are incorrect and the progression is bad.

The reason why they are incorrect is because they are non-euphonious, and in sound produces the same effect as tautology in a literary sentence.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

The wire cord ran out with ease and precision; the comparatively shallow water along the shore offered no difficulty; and even when the cable dropped suddenly down the precipice, as steep and lofty as Mont Blanc, the electricity still flowed; the problem was solved. But soon after the cable broke, through the unskillfulness of an assistant, and the hopeful electricians, undisheartened, resolved to renew the attempt the next year.

The next year came, memorable for triumph and disappointment, and again, in June, 1858, the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara*, groaning under the weight of their precious cargo, and manned by the chiefs of ocean telegraphy, set sail from Valentia Bay. It was designed that they should meet in mid-ocean, unite the ends of the cable, and, separating, sail slowly to the opposite shores. But scarcely had the fleet set out when disaster and ruin seemed to hover over it. A violent storm separated the vessels. The huge and overloaded *Agamemnon*, straining and cracking in the gale, heeled over, and threatened every moment to sink in the trough of the sea. Her great beams snapped in two; her cargo of coal rolled over her decks; and at length, on the 10th of June, three or four gigantic waves swept over her and threw her nearly on her beam ends. Her brave captain and her gallant crew now believed that death was near, and thought to sink with their cable on the Telegraphic Plain. A wave still more tremendous rolled toward them; the men fell on the deck in heaps, saved only by clinging to the ropes; the captain strove to wear his ship, and, at the risk of immediate death, contrived to place the *Agamemnon* before the storm. She escaped, and finally rode safely to the rendezvous in the midst of the Atlantic.

The ocean was now as still as an inland lake. The two great ships and their attendants met on the 25th of June, and commenced unrolling their iron web. It parted again. They returned to Ireland for new supplies of cable; and on the 29th of July the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* met once more to renew their labors in the midst of the Atlantic. Nor can one read without sympathy and admiration the story of the heroic perseverance of Field, Bright, Canning, and their faithful associates, who, while Europe and America were deriding them on the safe shore for their Quixotic folly, persisted in heaping benefits upon mankind. No failures discouraged them; they were ever certain of success. At last, on the 29th of July, a day of rare loveliness, the great ships sailed away from each other, the *Niagara* for America, the *Agamemnon* for Valentia Bay. But they were never separated. The busy cable still bound them together. Storms came; the ships rolled upon immense waves; a thousand dangers seemed to surround the solitary wire; yet it never parted. The deep sea was passed; it slowly climbed the immense heights on either shore; no flaw appeared in the two thousand miles of scientific workmanship; the ships drew near to land; and at length, on the 5th of August, 1858, a thrill of wonder shot through the two continents, when it was told that they were bound together by electric thought.

America and Europe rejoiced; it was a moment of universal hope and exultation, and the first important message that came over the cable gave glory to the Most High, and promised peace and good-will to men. The Queen, ever in advance of her people, saluted the New World with a humane congratulation; the President returned her kindly sentiment. From Canada to the Gulf, America resounded with salutes of cannon and the pealing of bells. Cities were illuminated, and public and private thanksgiving flowed from every heart. The press, ever in the front of progress, celebrated the victory of science; and the name of Field, with that of Franklin and Felton, was placed high among the benefactors of his race. It is not our purpose to relate the circumstances of the gradual destruction of these generous hopes, and the slow death of the electric cable. The event came upon the public like the loss of a powerful friend. The utterances of the wires grew indistinct day by day; some flaw had occurred in the chain of intelligence, and by the 4th of September the communication ceased. Gloom and doubt settled upon the great enterprise, and, with the usual reaction that often attends a sudden disappointment, men even believed that the story of the momentary union of the two worlds was all delusion or fraud.

Eight years followed, during which the silent cable slept almost forgotten on the Telegraphic Plateau. They were years full of political convulsions and fatal disorder. The reign of peace on earth and good-will to men, which had been so fondly promised by the message over the Atlantic, seemed to have faded forever; for the Union was threatened with destruction, and the hopes of the people of every land in the final triumph of universal liberty were bound up in the fate of our civil war. A bitter alienation grew up between the government of England and the people of the Union; a profound gulf opened between Europe and America deeper and more impassable than the Atlantic itself. In the turmoil of the great rebellion the telegraph and its projectors sank into neglect; and when at length the war ended few believed that the proposed plan would ever be successful, or that the project would even be renewed. Intelligent electricians openly denied that any message had ever crossed the ocean. It was urged that the electric current could not be made to pass through so long a route; that its source must be dissipated long before it reached its distant aim. New plans, therefore, were suggested and advocated with vigor, and new companies were formed to carry telegraphic cables to the Azores, and from the islands to the continent of Europe. The public had lost its interest in the Atlantic Telegraph, and looked with coolness and neglect upon the project.

Amidst such discouragements, Mr. Field and his courageous associates, in 1865, had once more revived their telegraphic company, provided a new cable, and gallantly prepared to brave the dangers of the sea. Everything that science could do to insure success had been contributed by the highest intellects of the age. The new cable was more perfect than any former one. Instruments of unrivalled excellence had been provided, and a single vessel, the *Great Eastern* had been happily created by the genius of Brunel, capable of carrying a whole Atlantic cable within its bosom. While men doubted and derided, Science seemed to watch tenderly the great enterprise, and descended from the skies, a new Minerva, to cover it with her shield. In July, 1865, the great steamer set sail from the coast of Ireland, dropping her cable into a tranquil sea. She was manned in part by the same ardent navigators who, seven years before, had heard the glad voice of congratulation from Europe and America as they joined the rival shores. Field, Canning, and their associates, were once more united in a voyage more adventurous than that of Jason, more doubtful in its end than that of Columbus. But they were, as ever full of hope. The voyage passed prosperously; the sea was not unfriendly; and night and day, as the vessel glided slowly on, the voyagers were cheered by the musical flow of the cable as it dropped peacefully into the waves. So long as they could hear that sound they were satisfied that all was well. Every eye in the great ship was watching the turning of a single wheel; every ear seemed to listen only for a single sound. And we can well conceive with what rapt attention sailors and men of science, captain and chief, hung upon the strange note of the flowing cable that seemed to assure them of success. They had now reached the deepest part of the ocean without any important danger. Their labor was nearly ended. But on the 2d of August a flaw occurred, and the cable was drawn up for repairs. Mr. Field was watching on the tank. The sound of the wheel suddenly stopped; the cable broke, and was lost in the deepest part of the ocean. "It was enough to move one to tears," says Mr. Russell; and when a man came aft with the broken wires, and the ship's company gazed upon the torn strand and lacerated core, they mourned as if they saw the mortal agony of a friend. The still, shining Atlantic had swallowed up the expiring cable, and the *Great Eastern* returned unsuccessful to her port.

She sailed again in July, 1866, her tanks filled with a new cable, and the ardent Field once more on her deck. It was the last and successful voyage. All went well. The cable sank patiently and almost noiselessly down upon the ocean plain; and on the 26th of July the *Great Eastern* sailed triumphantly into Trinity Bay. The connection was made at Heart's Content, a little Newfoundland fishing village, and its pleasant sounding name represented well the inmost emotion of the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph. Not long after the lost cable of 1865 was raised and completed. The success of the great enterprise was doubly assured, and Europe and America were bound together by a chain of thought that must lead every where to the progress of freedom and the elevation of the people.

In fact, the moral and mental influence of the telegraph will far excel even its commercial value. Like printing, it opens a new epoch in the progress of thought. Its effect is instantaneous. The generous and progressive impulses of the New World are conveyed in a moment to the Old. The noble struggle of the Latin races in Italy, France, or Spain, to throw off the barbarous traditions of the feudal ages, and to become freemen, is sustained by the sympathy and applause that flows under the ocean from America. An eloquent Castellar speaks to New York as well as to Madrid. The republican orators of Paris know that they have an innumerable audience beyond the seas. Industry, temperance, probity, once more rise to command in nations, where for ages they have been derided; and men of intellect govern where they have been slaves. It is quite probable that as the whole civilized world is bound more closely together by new avenues of thought, and men are linked in unity as if by a single mind, we may reach that basis of common sense which Aristotle and Cicero discovered, and which Christianity approves, and that the era of peace on earth will be nearer than it has ever been before.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the triumphs of electricity. It is the most poetical of the sciences as well as the most practical. Its future is full of promise, and no one can safely affirm that it may not yet achieve discoveries more wonderful than any in the past, and produce a still more beneficial effect upon the progress of man. Yet its earliest cultivators can never be forgotten, and the gratitude of their race must always attend those laborious intellects whose endless toil snatched the thunderbolt from the skies and made it the useful servant of modern civilization.

From Harper's Monthly.

I COMBAT the errors of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from Executive authority; I cut the gordian knot of power; and I solve mathematical problems of universities, with truth, diamond truth, and God is "my right hand man."—*Joseph Smith.*

GIVE TRUTH a fair and open field. Let her grapple with error. Who ever knew Truth worsted?—*Milton.*

CURIOUS FACT.—In the Fish, the average proportion of the brain to the spinal cord is only 2 to 1. In the Reptile, the ratio is 2½ to 1. In the Bird, it is 3 to 1. In the Mamalia, it is 4 to 1. But in Man, it is 23 to 1 No less remarkable is the fœtal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then it grows into the form of that of a reptile; then into that of a bird: then into that of a mammiferous quadruped, and finally it assumes the form of a human brain, "thus comprising in its fœtal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man was in himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives.

OUR SOCIAL REDEMPTION.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

No. 1.

The social redemption of mankind is that which commands the special mission of nearly all modern reformers. A mere mission of doctrinal theology and fierce religious controversy possesses no charm for the broad-minded men of the present age, who are inspired more by the motives of practical good for society than the conscienceless spirit of religious fanaticism. Without caring largely to enter into the interminable controversies of Christian sects, to trace which *particular one* of the ten thousand is on the right road to Heaven, and which nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine are on the road to hell, thoughtful men come at once to certain very practical conclusions.

In the first place, they very generally realize that, if there are only a few thousand of the one particular sect on the right road to Heaven, out of the twelve hundred millions of human beings constituting the balance, it is scarcely worth while to attempt to find out who they are. The affair in such a case would be too insignificant for our modern conceptions of the grand intentions of a God, touching human redemption. And, coming down from Deity to man's own benevolent policies, we readily perceive how practically pernicious it is for any particular one of the sects to determine for *itself* that it alone is on the right road to Heaven, and that all the others are on the broad road to destruction. Moreover, giving this all important subject of man's salvation a scientific exactness, it is practically perceived that every large sect is divided into a hundred fractions of the particular faith, according to the intellectual and spiritual development of its disciples. Therefore, whether Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist, Methodist, or any other creed, there are scarcely two out of an average hundred disciples of any faith, who are in the same exact saved condition, and who can see the same truths in the same light. Of course when a common social interest, or the associations of community or brotherhood, throw a common salvation around us, the whole of the faithful members of any given church may be said to be on the same *road* to Heaven. But human experience shows that a corresponding class of minds hold very similar views, and are very similarly affected by truth, or perchance spiritual impressions, irrespective of these distinctions of communities. Hence there has been observed a remarkable resemblance between the religious and moral teachings of such men as Confucius, Zoroaster, Jesus and Plato, and also between the Grecian and modern philosophy. This is so striking, that crude infidels have charged Jesus with stealing his wisdom from Confucius and other sages, claiming it as the special outshootings of his own superabundant divinity, while the old Christian orthodox, has its side of the case, equally crude.

The foregoing is about a summary of our modern appreciations. And in connection with these there is another great fact of human experience which fills truly Christian minds of the present age with sentiments of charity towards all mankind. That fact is that the religious strifes and fierce hatreds of the ages past, have grown up, not between evil and malicious men, but between those most devoted to God in their *intentions*, and who have manifested the most earnestness in their lives, under the direction of potent, *contending Priesthoods*. Good men have cursed each other in their religious zeal and assumptions—brothers of a Christian faith have sent each other to the block or to the stake, believing in all solemnity of conscience they were doing God's service. Hence men have at length been brought to a broad sentiment of charity, and our modern Christian philosophy may be tersely defined thus: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him" without reference to sectarian names or religious creeds.

Out of these advanced appreciations of modern times, there has grown up a new school of divinity, and a new order of Apostles. They are the Apostles of the *social redemption* of the human race. At the head of these may be ranked the great social Apostle, the late Robert Owen. They commenced in infidelity, or more correctly speaking, heterodoxy, because priests and crude religions had left the most important work of humanity, up to the present time, undone, namely, *man's social relations*. These men, however, were more deeply earnest in their lives, and full of a truly Christian faith. Indeed their work was the fundamental work of Jesus himself, who sought to elevate mankind, first on earth that they may be afterwards lifted to a greater exaltation in the heavens. So much has this been the case with these modern social Apostles, that Robert Owen made Jesus Christ his example, and in his great human work went hand in hand with the Divine Master. He and his class were at first infidel in *appearance*, because faith was so grossly in darkness upon earth, but not in darkness in Heaven. At length they changed their phase, or the world changed *its* phase, and they appear now in the light of men of *faith*. Robert Owen himself, though nearly all his days a sceptic to such truths as the immortality of the soul, died a modern prophet of the life hereafter, having in solemn manifestoes declared to the enlightened minds of all nations, that in this opening age, Zion or the New Jerusalem should be established over all the earth, resulting in the social and spiritual redemption of all mankind. This, he said, should be brought about by the *direct* administrations of the Heavens.

Without being identified with Robert Owen's early infidelity or later spiritualistic views, yet somewhat in conformity with both, there is now leavening the nations a social divinity and everywhere at work these social apostles. They rank among the Catholics, Protestants, Calvinists, Free-grace-men, Infidels, Spiritualists, Jew, Gentile—men of all nations, tongues, color and creed. Abraham Lincoln, when he emancipated the slaves of America, placed himself among them; Alexander of Russia did the same when he broke the state of serfdom; Joseph Smith when he and his Apostles proposed emigration to the serfs of Europe; but Congress is not true to the modern mission of social redemption, when it denies Utah her political rights. The latter fact, however, is one of the specialties of our subject concerning Utah, and her social redemption in many respects, to be considered hereafter. Return we again to the general subject.

The stinging reproach cannot be made that it is a herd of political schemers, or a class of Utopian dreamers, who now maintain the modern gospel of social redemption. There was a time when its advocates could be stigmatized as Chartists and Socialists, who were aiming to dethrone the men in power, that they might themselves be seated in their place. But the later Apostles of social redemption have numbered among them such men as Earl Russell, Brougham, Shaftesbury, Carlyle and others of the most eminent statesmen and the best intellect of Europe. Some years ago they organized themselves into a grand "Social Science Congress," the first presidents of which were Lords Russell and Brougham, for the purpose of accomplishing the social elevation of the people, and the general education of the country. But America is the place wherein the problem can best be solved, for here the Almighty has realized, for His own purposes and humanity's good, all the requirements for that solution. The dominant races who have gathered, had a virgin world to subdue.

Again we may imagine the Divine command to have been promulgated, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." Here is then a vast field for human enterprise—here States of a matchless republic to be founded east and west. It is a work for a glorious national brotherhood, in the labors of which mankind may forget the religious differences of their forefathers, and even their parents' nationalities, in erecting not only a grand Republican Commonwealth, but also in spreading over the entire continent a platform for every human enterprise and every social good. On that platform already stand all races and every creed in generous fellowship. One of its latest planks was the Emancipation of the Slaves, for God in the practical manifestations of his Providence declares that this age shall not be retained in the dominion over serfdom of any kind, but the whole earth shall be redeemed from all its slaveries.

There shall be no more partitions erected between the branches of the human race; and if men, in their ambitious or sectional hatreds, lift them up, GOD will beat them down again. Have we not seen this in His providence of the last few years? He has baptized this continent in blood to redeem it from the distinction of races, for humanity had come up towards Him and his own thoughts. The world has advanced to a state where it could receive human fraternity at least in their political and social relations. Indeed, He has immersed the age in His own policies by this baptism of blood, the same as in Cromwell's time He shocked the world into the conceptions of modern republics by cutting off the heads of kings. Thank God, this has all gone by; the last martyr to human liberties and the emancipation of races we hope has already been offered up—the faithful, the honest Lincoln. There is neither black nor white, bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile, North nor South recognized in God's providence for the coming age. This consummation belongs to the broad Gospel of Social Redemption, which shall be preached not only in America, but in all the world, in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, for most surely does the Holy Ghost bear witness to this Gospel in every event of the times. Take, for example, the last three great events of this continent, namely: the Emancipation of the Blacks, uniting races; the Atlantic Telegraph, marrying the Old and the New Worlds; and, lastly, the Pacific Railroad, which not only binds the two halves of this continent into an inseparable Union, but which will send our modern civilization round into Asia, to regenerate mankind in the very Cradle of Empires. There shall be no more social slaveries in *institutional forms*, no more partitions erected, either of Churches or States, in this "New World," to separate mankind and perpetuate religious and national hates; this is the "Thus saith the Lord" to the age, not through one man, but through the best intellects of all humanity and great transpiring events. We may a little longer retain these pernicious distinctions and these wicked hates, but God, in the social redemption of this continent, will overrule us all.

DEATH FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

It is a law of Nature that whatever has a beginning must also have an end, the idea of death itself being associated with birth.

But this term of life, the moment that reduces to inert matter the body which life had animated, may arrive sooner or later, accidently or naturally.

Accidently death happens when one of the essential organs of life, from some cause or other, ceases to act; these principal organs being the brain, lungs, and heart.

The action of the brain, however, may be almost wholly suppressed, and yet life continue; breathing may for some time be suspended, and yet life linger within; but when the beatings of the heart cease, then life is extinct.

Accidental death, therefore, is all the more rapid from its cause acting more immediately on the circulating center; it may happen at all ages, although it is much more frequent in the earlier than the latter stages of existence.

Natural death is much rarer; accidents or disease almost always consuming life before the period primitively fixed upon by Nature.

It may also happen at a more or less advanced age, according to the peculiarities of constitution, sex, race, climate, etc. When the work of destruction follows its usual course, life departs in an opposite sense from the one in which it had been developed; in the embryo life seems to march from the heart to the remoter organs, but in the old man it gradually forsakes his body from the circumference to the centre. Then the members, becoming motionless, and obeying the law of heaviness, lose their sensibility and heat; the muscles no longer obey the will, even if the will exist; the skin becomes cold and dry, or is covered with a vicious sweat; the face assumes a characteristic aspect, and appears emaciated; the eyes withdraw deep into their orbits, the cornea is unsettled, the eyelids are half closed by the lowering of the upper one, the cheek-bones become prominent, the nose droops, and the discolored lips are parted and puckered. The voice, like thought, becomes incoherent; the eyes lose their powers of vision and the olfactory nerves are insensible to odors; but hearing is among the last of the faculties that leave him. The abdominal and pectoral viscera cease to fulfill their functions, drinks fall into the œsophagus as into an inert tube; breathing becomes short, slow, and irregular, now suspended, now renewed, terminating finally in the last gasp. The pulse beats rapidly, but fainter and fainter, offering numerous remittances until it ceases to be appreciable. The heart still continues beating feebly and irregularly, and its last contraction marks the moment that separates life from death.

No vestige of life now remains except in certain tissues, which, even for some time after death, retain organic properties; the capillaries are contracted, so as to drive into the veins all the blood they contain; the irritability of the muscles is demonstrated when placed under the influence of the voltaic pile; the uterus can expel the infant within, even when the heart has ceased to beat, etc. These last phenomena of life soon disappear, then the blood decomposes, its liquid parts infiltrating the tissues, and its solid elements being deposited either on the heart or on the sides of the vessels. Then follows decomposition, which slowly and mysteriously reduces the whole to water, carbonic acid and ammonia being the productions into which are resolved all animal matters in a state of putrefaction. These matters of complex composition return to the inorganic combinations which enabled the plants to elaborate them; thus the study of putrefaction, at first so revolting, acquires a special philosophical interest, while revealing to us a chain-work of phenomena admirable on account of its beautiful simplicity.

A FAILURE.—A recent book of historical reminiscences of the House of Commons narrates the laughable failure of one member who rose fully primed for a first attempt. He said: "Mr. Speaker, I am astonished—sir, I am astonished—sir, I am astonished;" and then his astonishment overcame him, and he sat down never to rise in parliament again.

THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MERINDA.

The "Cascine," as all know well who have done their Italy, are the delight of the "upper ten" (*hundred*) at Florence. The word, which is the plural form of Cascina, literally a cheese meadow, may be rendered by our phrase, a dairy farm. And the lovely spot in question was, in fact, the Grand Duke's dairy farm. There the richest milk and the best butter were to be had by all, who were willing to pay a higher price than the ordinary market rate for those luxuries, and who were also content to go some mile or so beyond the city gate in search of them. The past tense, indeed, need only be used as regards the ownership. For I have not heard that our Tuscan revolution in any wise disturbed the cows at their pasture, or turned the milk sour in the well-appointed dairy. So our "upper ten" take their evening drives as usual; those who think with Rousseau, that no dainties are so delicious as dairy dainties, still find cream and butter forthcoming in return for the accustomed pauls, and the Cascine are still as beautiful as ever, though no longer grand-ducal.

Few cities possess so delightful a public pleasure-ground as our Florentine dairy-farm. For driving, riding, walking, sitting, or lounging away a summer hour in the deep shadow of a forest glade, the Cascine are unrivaled.

Occupying a strip of ground immediately outside the city gates, about three miles or so in length, bounded on the south by the Arno, and on the north by the little stream of the Mugnone, which falls into the former river at the further end of it, the enclosed space comprises every variety of combination of meadow and woodland. A well-kept walk along the bank of the Arno, well fenced in from the winds sweeping down from the Apennines to the north by a magnificent high hedge of laurustinus, bay, and arbutus, and commanding the most picturesque peeps of the domes and towers of the city, framed in openings among the forest trees, offers as luxurious a winter's walk as can well be imagined. Soft sandy alleys cut in the forest, and appropriated especially to equestrians, present a ground for a gallop that "Nimrod" himself would have approved of. A good road round the whole space, now skirting the greenest coppice-embowered meadows, now plunging amid thick shady woods, and now again commanding a view of that lower range of the Apennine which shuts in the happy valley called after the Arno, makes a rarely equalled drive. There is no describing, without the aid of brush and palette and a right skillful hand to use them, the exceeding beauty of the view towards this mountain range, especially about the hour of an autumnal sunset. Passing over the strip of highly cultivated and rich alluvial flat which forms the bottom of the Valdarno, the eye is charmed with the extraordinary multitude of villas, with their surrounding trees and gardens, which stud the lower slopes of the hills. These are the abounding evidences of the luxury and wealth of the ante-ducal days of Florence, which so struck Ariosto by their number as to lead him to say, that if Florence could gather them within her walls, she would be equal to two such cities as Rome. Above these rises the range of hills which, under the names of Monte Morello, Monte Acuto, and the Mugello Hills, forms the barrier of the Val d'Arno. At the hour I have named they are all bathed in a rose-colored bloom, gradually deepening into purple plum color, as the short southern twilight dies away; and then whitening into pale ghosts of mountains, as the moon rises over the slender tower of Fiesole on its saddle-backed hill to the right, and far away in the same direction, over the dark pine forests of Vallombrosa, the sombre darkness of which sullenly refuses to smile beneath the pale ray like every neighbor hill around.

But before the last of these phantasmagoric changes has taken place, the band that has been playing among the rhododendron clumps in front of the handsome range of buildings containing all the dairy accommodation and appurtenances, has finished the last favorite bit from Verdi's last opera, and the last lingering carriage of all the closely-packed crowd drawn up in the open graveled area between the building and the band, has moved off towards the city. 'Tis the mode with the cosmopolite Florentine "upper ten" to halt in the spot described, after their drive for half an hour or so, before returning to the city. Some like to listen to the music, many enjoy the cool evening air blowing down from the hills. Almost all love dearly the polyglot flirting at carriage doors and windows, most conveniently and amicably performed when a dismounted cavalier is stationed on either side of a carriage containing two fair dames. All feel the absolute necessity of remaining in the spot, where fashion has decreed that it is at that hour essential to be found. So it often occurs that thinly-clad belles, who have been yielding to one or all of these temptations, may be seen gathering handkerchiefs and scarfs closely around delicate throats, while they are carried off through the darkening avenues at a sharp trot. For our Cascine with all its unrivaled charms, has, truth to tell, the reputation of being not wholly salubrious during the first hour after sunset. A light fleecy mist may at such times be observed to settle down upon it, while Florence and the neighboring hills are as free from damp as at mid-day. The bright emerald green of the meadows hints that all the advantages of different climates cannot be perfectly combined. And it unfortunately happens in this, as in some other cases, that the sanitary laws and those of "la mode," taking no cognisance whatever of each other's edicts, are apt to be a little at variance on the subject of evening drives to the Cascine.

But despite the habits of fashion, the social life of Florence is, perhaps, the least aristocratically exclusive of any to be found in the cities of Europe. There is even still deep down at the bottom of the national character a foundation of republican sentiment, surviving from the grand old days when Florence was said to be "the most republican of all republics," which very perceptibly modifies the manners and ways of the people. "Nobili" and "Snobili" are right classical Tuscan terms. Yet the division signified by them is a more impassable one on the banks of the Thames than on those of the Arno. Accordingly, we have no Hyde Park for the one class, and Victoria Park for the other. Our beautiful Cascine serves for all. And the working people of both races are quite as alive to its charm, quite as fond of enjoying it, quite as anxious to make themselves smart for the occasion of doing so, and often—taking into consideration the advantages imparted to a Manchester cotton-print by a lithe figure, and the disadvantages inflicted by a dowdy one on a French muslin—quite as successful in achieving that end.

But, although holidays are by no means such rare things in Florence as they are in London, still every day is not a holiday. Some are only half-holidays. There are even a few which are not holidays at all. And the snobile population, for the most part, limits its Cascine gayeties to those which are. Nor for that reason, it is to be observed, do the non-working classes at all take it into their heads that pleasure-seeking becomes thereby "vulgar" on a holiday. On the contrary, the same days which witness the greatest concourse of plebeians in all sorts of places of resort for the purpose of recreation, witness also an increase of the throng of patricians.

But there are certain days in the year when the true cockney Florentine especially makes a point of visiting the Cascine. It is in the prime of the early summer, in May, that the working world of Florence make their great Cascine holiday. A "merenda," or luncheon to be eaten in the southern meadow on the bank of the Arno, is the great enjoyment looked forward to, and the object, in many cases, of weeks of previous careful saving and scraping.

It is one of the very rare occasions on which eating and drinking enters into the plan of popular Florentine holiday-making. But very little out of the little that the working-classes can spend, or ought, beyond the bare necessaries of life, goes on what we northerners especially designate as creature-comforts. The theatre, cigars, a drive in a hackney-coach, six inside, the lottery, and dress, have all prior claims to the stomach. In no community in Europe, probably, is so large a proportion of the income of the entire society spent in dress as in Florence. The northern visitor, whose eye has been attracted by a pretty face at the window of a humble tenement, with its magnificent raven tresses most artistically dressed, and a finely-shaped bust encased in a snow-white and well-fitting bodice, could never imagine, that the reason why the fair one thus contended herself with exhibiting half her pretty person at the window instead of showing the whole of it among the holiday crowd in the streets, consisted in the dire impossibility of accomplishing a presentable toilette for more than one half of herself.

> In a fish-tail ends the form so fair above,

says Horace, speaking of a mermaid; and the case in question is almost as distressing:

> In a bedgown ends the form so fair above.

At all events, Laura Vanni, the daughter of old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweler and goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio, was as good a girl as a good man could wish to make a wife of, and as good a daughter as her father could desire, and very much better than he deserved. And yet had it entered the old man's head to propose to her that any portion of her habiliments should be contrived with a view to disfiguring rather than enhancing the ad-

vantages of face and figure with which Nature had endowed her, it is probable that an absurdity so monstrous in her eyes would have made a rebel of her. That it should be enjoined on her by any of the higher duties or sanctions, that she should make herself appear less beautiful than she might do, would have been so new, so unheard-of, so utterly incomprehensible to her; that it would have been a hopeless task to introduce such an idea into her brain.

Heaven knows her little toilette was simple enough on the morning on which I wish to present her to the reader, as she walked with her father and a couple of other individuals, to their annual festival in the Cascine. She had a plain white dress of some far from costly material, with a simple broad hem at the bottom—a *skirt* I believe I should say, for I mean only to speak of that part of it which robed her from the waist downwards. It was simple and cheap; but it was made of modest amplitude, and was irreproachably washed, starched, and ironed. Her bust to the waist was dressed in a black silk jacket, open in front so as to show a bit of worked muslin of the form of an inverted pyramid, extending downward to within an inch of the sash at the waist. This bodice also was quite plain. But it sat to perfection on the rich contours of her figure. Large heavy bands of dark brown wavy hair were skillfully arranged on either side of her face, and were surmounted by one of those coquettish dark brown hats which are assuredly the most becoming head-gear that fashion has yet invented for the young and pretty; though many of those who are both silly enough to let themselves be cheated out of the use of it by the stupid declaration of those who are neither, that it is "vulgar," only because the simplicity and easy cost of it place it within the reach of many.

And now how can I give an idea of the face that was beneath the hat, and between the bands of her hair? It was a face of the veritable Florentine type, with smaller features, more delicately chiseled, more expressive of intelligence, more mobile, than Roman female beauty. There was none of the massive dignity and harmonious repose of the Roman type of loveliness. A much larger portion of the charm of the Tuscan girl depended on the soul within, expressing its meanings through the large well-opened clear grey eyes, and in the constant play of the lines of the mouth. Altogether, there was less of purely animal perfection. The type of countenance was the product of a race that had passed through many generations of a higher civilization than modern Rome has achieved. The delicately-formed rounded little chin, with its dimple in the middle, was somewhat prominent. The mouth beautifully shaped, and capable of an infinity of varying expression. The lips might perhaps have been called too thin, and might have been held to indicate that form would be considered more important than color. The nose small, thin, and straight, but the least in the world retroussée. The great grey eyes were exceptional in a model Florentine head, and seemed to indicate that a rill of northern blood had in some antecedent generation been mingled with that of Laura Vanni's Tuscan Forefathers. The eyebrows above these remarkable eyes were straight and strongly marked, and the brow was slightly projecting. The forehead, of very fair height, was rounded rather than straight, and indicated an organization in which the perceptive faculties were more strongly developed than the purely intellectual ones.

Three male companions were escorting pretty Laura to the Cascine. Of these, two seniors walked together in front. One was old Landadio Vanni, and the other his intimate friend and gossip, and Laura's godfather, the Cavaliere Niccolo Sestini, who, having as a clerk in some one of the innumerable public offices spent his life till sixty years of age in doing as nearly as possible nothing, was now in the enjoyment of a pension of some eighteen pence a day, and of the felicity of having nothing *whatever* to do from morning till night. He had possessed this happiness for the last ten years, and still deemed his lot a most enviable one. He was a bachelor, and his friend Vanni a widower of many years' standing. In appearance the two old men were singularly contrasted. The cavaliere was a short, fat, roundabout little man, with a head shaped like the large end of an egg, and a skull as bald as an eggshell; rosy fat cheeks, from which every vestige of whisker, beard, or moustache, was scrupulously shaven; and a face utterly void of any expression save that of profound contentment and placidity.

The old jeweler, Laudadio Vanni, was a very much more remarkable-looking man. His unusually tall and strangely-slender figure was alone sufficient to attract attention; but the impression produced by it was exceedingly enhanced by an abundance of long straggling locks of silvery whiteness, which were blown about by the breeze as he walked, carrying his hat in his hand, and by an ample and flowing beard of the same hue. But the singular expression of his face was needed to complete the portrait, which the memory of those who saw him rarely failed to retain. It was long, narrow, and emaciated as his body. The forehead was higher and straighter than his daughter's, but much narrower, and remarkably pinched about the temples. But the eye was what gave the whole face its peculiar and striking expression. It was the same large clear grey eye that Laura had, scarcely dimmed by old Laudadio's eight-and-seventy years, but with a strange wildness and eagerness of expression that seemed to impart something almost "uncanny" to the physiognomy. The head might have been taken as a model for that of some rapt Ossianic bard, had it not been that there was a certain meanness about the lines of the mouth and in the expression of the narrow retiring forehead that would have been inconsistent with the idea. The old man stooped a little, not at the shoulders, but at the hips; and the attitude thus given to his body, joined to the slight protrusion of the chin, caused by the habitual rectification of the stoop, gave an air of restless anxiety to the figure which was very striking.

The fourth member of the party was, like old Vanni, a goldsmith and jeweler; but, though he had reached his five-and-thirtieth year, he was not yet master of a shop and business of his own. A better workman at his art than Carlo Bardi could not be found in Florence, and that is saying a great deal. Nor could there have been found a more thrifty man, which, as these are especially Florentine virtues, is saying much more. But Carlo had been unfortunate—had been obliged to support entirely a sickly sister, and pay the debts of a worthless brother. Both these had now been dead some years, however, and Carlo was once again beginning to hope that he should achieve the establishment of a shop and business of his own, and fulfill the almost equally long-deferred hope of making Laura Vanni his wife. It was quite understood between them long ago that the hope was mutual; and their talk, as arm in arm they followed the two old men along the path by the bank of the Arno, was accordingly more of material interests, and less of the pleasant nonsense of love-making, than might have been the case some eight or ten years before. For Laura, I am shocked to say, had reached her seven-and-twentieth year.

When they reached the favorite meadow selected by the Florentines for the annual celebration of their "merenda" festival, the ground was almost entirely occupied by parties of four or five, or sometimes ten or twelve, covering with their clean white cloths, pitched in most unexclusive neighborhood to each other, nearly the whole turf. The porter hired for the occasion, who had been sent on with the materials of our friends' "merenda," had selected for them what he deemed a desirable spot. But the old cavaliere was not so easily contented. One place was exposed to the wind from the hills, another would be in the full sun in half an hour; a third did not command a view of the "palazzo vechio" tower; and he had eaten his "merenda" in sight of that every Ascension-day for the last ten years. His old friend the while took no part in his search for a spot to suit him, but seemed, with his strange eager look, intently occupied in counting the numbers of the different parties on the ground around—counting the men, counting the women (for almost every knot was composed of family parties)—counting everything he could see, and all with an appearance of the strangest interest.

At last, old Niccolo—"Il Cavaliere," as his friend Vanni never failed to call him—found a spot to his liking; and the little party seated themselves on the grass, and made the necessary preparations for their feast. It cannot be said that the cavaliere's choice of a locality was a bad one. It was close under the thick tall hedge that forms the boundary of the meadow furthest from the city. The river was thus on their left; the meadow crowded with the holiday-makers, and the more or less pretentious and luxurious preparations for eating and drinking, with the towers and domes of the city in the distance, in front of them; and the thick woods of the Cascine, and above and beyond these the hill of Fiesole, with its tower and its villas, to the right.

Laura drew forth from their store a clean white cloth, and four very coarse, but nicely washed, napkins; while the cavaliere was ascertaining that the flasks of wine had traveled safely in the basket made expressly for the purpose of carrying a couple of Forentine flasks, and consisting of two circular receptacles some nine inches in diameter, and as much in depth, joined together at one point of their circumference, and surmounted by a semi-circular handle. Such a contrivance is needed for moving the fragile egg-shell-like flasks, which enter so largely into Tuscan domestic uses. Flasks for wine, flasks for oil, flasks for milk, flasks for medicine, flasks for water. The legal Florence flask contains seven pounds' weight of wine, and is equal to nearly three ordinary bottles. But the glass is of the very thinnest; and even the

baskets described above would fail in securing their large bulging sides and long slender necks from frequent breakage, were they not invariably covered with a rush-work coat as high as the shoulder. The neck, which ends without any rim, and looks just as if it had been irregularly broken off, is so slender, that corking it in our fashion is out of the question. The Florentine, therefore, when he has filled his wine-flask, pours into the narrow neck a little drop of olive oil, which, resting on the wine to the thickness of about half an inch, effectually and hermetically closes the aperture. A wisp of straw, or, oftener still, a vine-leaf, loosely placed in the mouth of the opening, serves to keep out flies, dust, and such matters, and the flasks, which of course remain always upright on their rush-plaited bottoms, may stay thus for years. When wanted, a morsel of wool or cotton thrust into the neck of the flask readily absorbs the oil, which is thus removed; or, without any such contrivance, a practised Florentine hand will toss the oil out with a jerk, without spilling a drop of the wine.

"There!" said the cavaliere, "those ought to be a couple of flasks of as good Pomino as you would wish to drink. I went to the bishop's cellar for them myself yesterday."

"Red wine—that gives me the number 33. I want my third number!" muttered old Vanni; "a very remarkable combination."

"Does all the Pomino vineyard belong to the Bishop of Fiesole?" asked Carlo.

"All," replied Signor Sestini; "but the worst of it is, that the bishop has other farms besides, on which he makes a very inferior wine; and his lord is just as apt to mix his flasks, and cheat his customers, as any wine-shop-keeper in Florence."

"Bishop is number 32!" cried Vanni; "very curious indeed."

Laura had by this time spread the cloth, and produced a long loaf of brownish bread, two feet or near it in length, by four inches in width, and three in height; a quantity of "salame," or Bologna sausage, uncooked thinly sliced, and wrapped in abundance of fresh vine-leaves; some salad; a quarter of roast lamb—the grand dish of the repast—about as large as a good-sized quarter of rabbit; and some apples.

The fat little cavaliere and ex-clerk fell to at once; and the young people followed his example. But old Laudadio's head was still running meditatively on his numbers.

"The three objects of discourse that first spontaneously strike your mind, and take your attention," said he, more to himself than to his companions; "certainly they were the red wine, the bishop, and the apples. Why did my mind fix on those in preference to all the other things spoken of? Aha! there is the force of the cabala. I multiply the number of the first object by that of the second, and thus get 1056. I multiply this again by the number of the third, and this gives me 2100."

"But what is the connection," said Carlo, with something almost like a groan, "between red wine and the number 33, or between a bishop and number 32?"

"What is the connection," returned the old man, sharply; "does not every one know that there is a profound and mystical relation between certain numbers and every object in nature and art, and every act which a man can do? Are they not recorded in the book which contains the result of the life-long labors of the greatest sages of the generations past?" And putting his hand in the pocket of the threadbare old long frock-coat, which hung loosely on his attenuated figure as on a clothes-horse, he pulled forth a dirty, greasy, and well-thumbed volume, entitled "Fortune for all Men. A Book of Dreams for Players in the Lottery. The last improved edition, published at Florence, in 1858." "Here," said he, laying his tremulous hand reverently on the book, "here is the connection, friend Carlo," and proceeding hurriedly to refer to his oracle, he turned to a kind of dictionary of all sorts of objects, name, and actions, which occupied one hundred and eighty-six out of its two hundred and fifty-six pages, and pointed to the above-mentioned numbers appended to the objects in question. "Ah! the science of numbers is a great and wonderful science!" said he.

"But to think of your knowing the numbers denoted by the red wine, the bishop and the apples, without turning to the book!" said the old cavaliere, with evident admiration. "Ah, my friend, what a head! what a mind you have!"

"Why, papa knows every number in the list, I do believe," said Laura, laying her hand on the old man's silver locks, as he sat beside her, and kissing him on the forehead; "few know as much of the cabala as papa does."

"Few have studied them, perhaps, as profoundly and as long," returned he, with the mock humility of gratified vanity. "But, alas! Art is long, and the longest life short."

"The longest life would indeed be too short, I fear, to reach the goal of your studies, Signor Vanni," said Carlo, not without bitterness.

"Who knows!" cried the old man, fiercely. "Who knows when the reward may come to the watchful and unwearied student—come in a moment, suddenly, unexpectedly, rich and abundant! 2100, I said. Multiply this by the number of the current year, add the golden number, and with the product from the pyramid of the great Rutilio of Calabria. Take the second line of it for your first number, the two figures at the right hand of the base for your second, and the two figures at the left hand for your third number; place these beneath your pillow at night; and, should you dream of them, the result is sure;—almost sure," added the old dreamer, with a long-drawn sigh.

The cavaliere, meanwhile, was doing great execution among the eatables; and it was not till the last diminutive bone of the cat-like lamb was picked, that he lit his cigar, and soon afterwards fell asleep in perfect beautitude smoking it. The old jeweler ate very sparingly, and fell to conning his book, and doing endless multiplications and additions. The lovers, of course, were happy, and busy in talk of their hopes of shortly accomplishing the long-waited for marriage. And thus the merenda lasted far into the afternoon; and it was nearly sunset when the little party started to walk by the river-bank to Florence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

FROM A LADY'S LETTER TO ANOTHER LADY.

The life of an ancient Egyptian lady was not so very different from that of our modern belles. Fancy yourself one, and I will tell all you would do. You rise in the morning and perform your toilet by the aid of a mirror of polished metal, whose handle is in the form of some monster—to heighten, by contrast, the beauty of the reflected features. You lengthen your eyebrows with kohl, and paint a dark rim around your eyes to make them look languishing, and you tint your fingers with rose-colored henneh. Then your maids oil and perfume your hair and plait it in narrow braids which bang down behind. You array yourself in fine linen and broidery, and I am afraid I shall frighten your husband if I tell him of the gold and silver jewels you adorn yourself withal. Bracelets of serpents and asps, and the holy scarabæus, rings and earrings of all imaginable shapes; Mediterranean shells, the flowers of the lotus, or waving papyrus, a slender palm leaf, grapes, bells, the sacred cat, or Path's hideous head, made of all precious things; necklaces of lapis lazuli, with hanging ornaments of every shape that the cunning artificers of Memphis can invent. You deck your feet with sandals of gilt and painted leather, or perhaps with the cool papyrus slipper. Perhaps you go upon the house-top to have a chat with your neighbor; but, no, I think you will wait till the cool of the evening for that. May be your husband will go fishing this fine morning, and as you see him coming, you prepare a boquet of the favorite lotus to offer him on his arrival. Then you accompany him to the papyrus boat, and watch the sport. As the boat wanders among the rushes, you sometimes grasp at them to steady it, and you applaud heartily as a skillful throw of the double spear captures two of the finny tribe. It is evident that the ancient husband has all the love for music that distinguishes the modern one; for his wife entertains him, after the fatigue of the morning's sport, with airs on the harp, while other members of the family accompany her on the lyre and guitar. Afterwards you beat him at a game of chess, and the rest of the day is passed perhaps at a dinner party at a friend's, or in entertaining company at home. In this case, your guests admire your elegant furniture of foreign wood, your glass vases of many colors and rare and elegant ornaments. The gentlemen note each other's wigs, their shape and size (for all are close shaven), while the ladies compare their ear-rings, and give various opinions upon the relative merits of kohl and antimony for darkening the eyes. Soon the servants bring in the sumptuous dinner, and the guests do full justice to the meats and vegetables (you ate onions there), and pastry; and you may be sure the wines are not neglected. During the dinner, and after it, your guests are entertained by a band of musicians, while dancers and buffoons add to their amusement. You end the day by ascending to the house-top to enjoy the delicious moonlight, such as no other land can boast, and gaze away into the west, where the great desert's sand seems to roll in golden billows. Your bed is of elegant shape, and as you rest your head upon the alabaster pillow and offer

your last prayer to the Sun, that he will lighten you through other happy days, let me hope that gentle sleep will soon embrace you, and all evil dreams flee far away.

The ancient Egyptians were, without doubt, acquainted with the art of glass-making. I have seen paintings on the tombs representing glass-blowers, and others of bottles half full of wine, where its red color is represented as visible through the clear glass. In one of the tombs a glass bead was found bearing the king's name. If I remember rightly, it was that of Thothenes III, the Pharoah of the Exodus. It seems to be also evident that they carried the manufacture of colored glass to a perfection which has not yet been attained by modern artists. Some specimens of their workmanship have received the highest commendation. One piece of glass was found in which the colors were arranged to form the figure of a bird somewhat resembling a duck, and in this the different colors continued through the entire thickness, so that if a horizontal section of any depth was made, the figures would still remain perfect. The microscope shows that the whole of this specimen is formed of minute cylinders of different colors, welded or fused together with a precision and accuracy which workmen of our day try in vain to emulate. You can imagine what progress they had made in art when they were able to manufacture these microscopic cylinders of various colors, and then fuse them together into any shape.

Nevertheless, they did not use glass windows then. The advantage of having a window of glass is simply to keep out the air while it lets in the light, and is peculiarly a necessity of northern countries. In Egypt, where comfort absolutely demands shelter from the sun's parching rays, and where, even if its direct beams are excluded, the very light, reflected from the white hills and glowing sands, is almost intolerable, the necessity was exactly the reverse—to admit the air while keeping the light out. "Necessity is the mother of invention," you know; and the lack of this necessity was, in my opinion, the only reason for the lack of the invention. They were certainly far enough advanced to have made it. At a very early period they made successful imitations of the amethyst, emerald and other precious stones, and a large proportion of foreign commerce was in these spurious gems.

The Egyptians excelled in other departments of manufacture. You remember that Ezekiel, in speaking of the wealth and splendor of Tyre, says, "Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which spreadest forth to be thy sail." This was written, however, in Egypt's later day, 588 B.C. The Egypt of which I have been speaking is that ancient land which Abraham visited, and where Joseph's brethren sought refuge. In those remote days the Egyptians enjoyed many of the refinements of civilization, and we may trace, in the history of the exodus of the Jews the influence of the art and culture they had left behind. Egypt had taught them how to make the sacred statue of Apis long before they erected the golden calf in the wilderness; but afterwards they used the knowledge they had acquired in a worthier service. When "the wise-hearted women did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen,'" they were honoring their God with those talents and that skill which had at first been employed in the service of their heathen mistresses; and we may be sure that God used the proper Egyptian workmen as instruments in teaching Bezaleel and Aholiab "in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in carving of work, to make any manner of cunning work, to work all manner of wood of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, of the embroiderer, and of the weaver. Some specimens of the ancient linen are perfectly wonderful. Their fineness and evenness are equal to that of our finest cambric. You can imagine what excellence they had attained in this manufacture when I tell you that, in one specimen, 140 threads were counted in a square inch, and in another 180.

A Teachers' Institute.—We have received an excellent letter from a Grantsville friend, urging the necessity of the establishment of a Teachers' Institute, or an organization for the purpose of securing uniform methods of teaching, as well as—that great necessity of our Territory—uniformity in the kind of books used in our schools. An organization of this kind at which the teachers of the Territory could periodically meet and discuss these and similar questions would be a blessing to our community. We urge attention to the subject and regret that our space will not permit us to say more in favor of it at present.

Correspondence.

Editors Utah Magazine:

Gentlemen—As a member of the "great public," permit me to thank you for the excellent manner in which you have thus far conducted your worthy periodical; and for such a beautiful display in its columns of original, talented, home-made articles—the high appreciation of which is, I presume, ten times more than you have ever dreamt of.

The Utah Magizine is now an absolute necessity—such as the thinking portion of Utah (whose ranks are by no means thin) cannot dispense with. The bold, firm, and unyielding, yet fair, intelligent and impartial stand which it has taken, has drawn towards it admiration from the hearts of all classes through the land, and laid for itself a foundation for a wide circulation and great success. Think not this flattery; for such must certainly be its happy fate, if the editors thereof do not change base and detract from the advocacy of principles so bold as at present adorn the pages of their weekly luminary.

Wherever I go, I hear naught but praises bestowed upon its head, accompanied with a wish that it might ever continue in its development of mighty truth to the world. For the people are satisfied that the great want of this world below—Truth—is competent enough to take care of itself, and the rough handling it might receive from us will only make it to appear brighter, and then it will have no naked deformity to present when the veil between us and it is rent asunder; but like the fountain of light itself the nearer we approach it the more we can perceive its beauty and goodness.

Your articles on "Steadying the Ark," "Our Workman's Wages," "A Real Representative of the Most High," "The True Development of the Territory," "Justifiable Obedience," and scores of others are certainly a great treat to thousands; and depend upon it, they are greatly if not duly appreciated by immense numbers. They are certainly an array of self-evident truths; all candid, thinking men readily accord them praise, and rejoice at the multiplication of means for carrying the grand, impressive truths of the gospel.

When knowledge and light march hand-in-hand with a firm step, ignorance must melt into nothing, God will be revealed as He is, although it may be galling to crabby, sanctimonious, self-righteous souls to find that there are others in the world who toil, not for pay alone, but who live for their fellow-creatures, who aim at worshipping God with all the fervor of their souls; but probably on account of their more enlarged views are not minutely scrupulous in the observance of outward ceremonies, and yet move in accordance with the will of Heaven. Presenting no zeal disproportionate to their knowledge, and never led by *blind fanaticism*.

The "great future" will undoubtedly discharge from its hold many surprises; but should we find glory bestowed upon heads contrary to our expectation, we should not feel grieved: it should be our aim to rejoice at the welfare of others. Nothing but merit will bring us exaltation, and against the rewarding of that noble quality, no one should raise his hand. The heaven we ourselves make will be the only one we shall enjoy; therefore, no one should envy us of that which we labored hard for. Neither would our enjoyment of a blessed abode on a celestialized world lessen the glory of the habitations of some one else any more than would the borrowing of a light from a candle rob it of that which gives it luster. Then let truth spread on in its progress, chasing away ignorance and superstition, and imparting to mankind a great conception of the life that is, and the life that is to come.

May prosperity attend your laudable exertions, and peace and plenty be your portion, is the desire of

Your well-wisher,

Carabantos.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1869.

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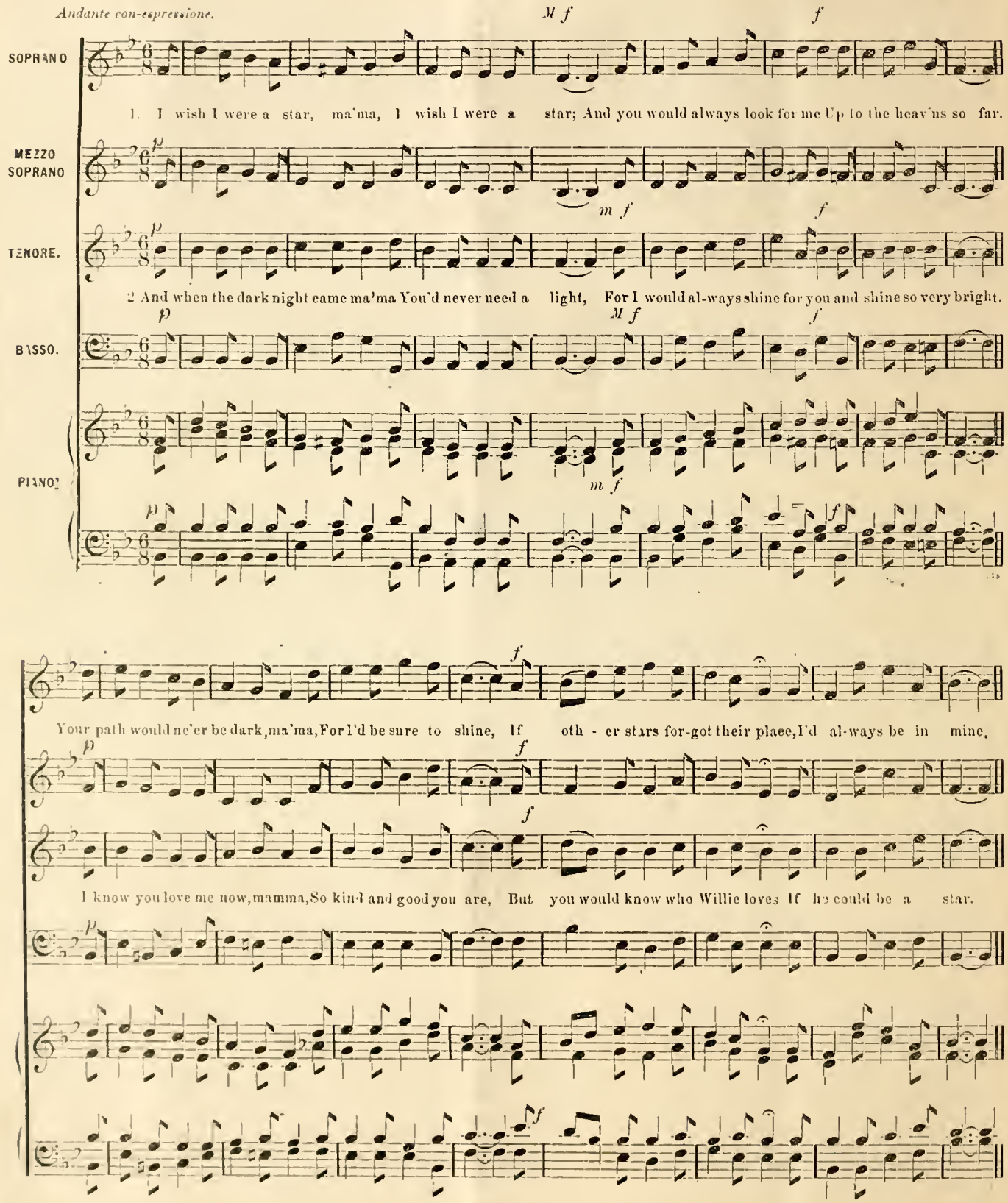
Words by Miss S. E. Carmichael. Music by J. M. Macfarlane, St. George.

Andante con-espressione.



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MUSICAL DOINGS.—Since Mr. Waters gave up publishing sheet music, he has devoted his whole capital and attention to the manufacture and sale of Pianos and Melodeons. He has just issued a catalogue of his new instruments, giving a new scale of prices, which shows a marked reduction from former rates, and his Pianos have recently been awarded the First Premium at several Fairs. Many people of the present day, who are attracted, if not confused, with the flaming advertisements of rival piano houses, probably overlook the modest manufacturer like Mr. Waters; but we happen to know that his instruments earned him a good reputation long before [illegible] positions and "honors" connected therewith were ever thought of; indeed, we have one of Mr. Waters' Piano-fortes now in our residence, (where it has stood for years,) of which any manufacturer in the world might be proud. We have always been delighted with it as a sweet-toned and powerful instrument, and there is no doubt of its durability; more than this, some of the best amateur players in the city, and several celebrated pianists, have performed on the said piano, and all pronounce it a superior and *first-class Instrument.* Stronger indorsement we could not give.—*Home Journal,*

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Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced.

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Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored. That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

Dr. Henderson, of Farmsville, Louisiana, says:

"The counter-irritant effect of Allcock's Porous Plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use."

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STRONGEST IN THE ARION.

Fourthly, The Patent *Arion* Iron Frame concentrates all the metal in front of the tuning pin line, and its frame is let into (butted) the front edge of the wooden wrest plank, thereby preventing the great strain of the strings upon it from splitting or moving it one particle. All other "Full Iron Frames" cover the entire wrest plank, and when it is split it cannot be seen, the wood of the *Arion* wrest plank is seen.

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unsupported by either buncome, weak facts, or useless or complicated Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

KNOW THE ARION.

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John H. Woods, Piano Dealer, Oswego, N. Y., says: The tone is truly immense, and I surpasses anything in the shape of a Piano we ever saw or heard of, etc."

Horace Greely said: "The *Arion* is the best Square Piano, superior for its clearness and brilliancy of tone," &c.

Louis Wagner, Fort Leavenworth, says: "My Piano arrived here in splendid order. Its tone fills my parlor with melody—it is the wonder and admiration of all who hear it. Miss ——, who is teaching the Piano desires me to order one for her," &

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NO. 26, OCT. 30, 1869. VOL. 3.

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Literature, Art, Science and Education

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The reputation of this water is based upon its effects in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and spleen. It acts with wonderful benefit in cases of chronic dyspepsia, constipation, gravel, gout, Scrofula, cutaneous affections, general lethargy, soreness and prostration of the system.

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LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 26] SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 30, 1869. [Vol. 3

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings, from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waiting seed;
After the shadowy river—rest.

ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

Love was everything to Margaret Mercer—love and home. She was such a very woman to the heart's core, that I doubt if she had any ambition. To wish to be great, to be known of all the world, to be very wise or learned, never entered her simple mind; but one thing she hoped and labored for with all her might—to be empress of her husband's heart, and living queen regnant in his home. Such a home as she made of it, too—so bright in every nook and corner—so bright as *she* was with her fair, smooth face—smooth save for dimples.

Mathew Mercer should have been a very happy man, and so he esteemed himself. Two children as pretty as their mother played at her knee; and there never had been an angry word between the pair since he first courted her. They were as greatly blest as were Adam and Eve in paradise. But even to paradise, as we remember, there came a serpent. So to Margaret Mercer's home came one day Elsie Grey, as fair a serpent as one could meet—a woman of whom one said, looking at her for the first time, "She is as good as she is beautiful." She came as governess for the children; and Margaret, charmed by her sweet face, made a compact of friendship with her at once, and was well pleased that Mathew liked the girl.

"She is so lonely, my dear," said Margaret, looking up into her husband's eyes, as they stood together before the pleasant fire on the first evening after the governess' coming. "And it is hard for any woman to earn her bread among strangers; let us be very good to her."

"You could not help being good to any one, Margaret," said Mathew, "and I will try; but I must not quite make love to her—eh, Maggie?"

Then the wife had turned and kissed him.

"I should be jealous, and put poison in a bowl of coffee, and offer her the choice between that and your sharpest razor," she said, laughing.

That was in December. One day in June Margaret walked a little thoughtfully among the roses in her garden, and wondered whether it might not be that she *was* a little jealous.

"So wrong of me," she said to herself. "Mathew is only kind to Elsie."

A tear trembled on her eyelash, and at last she sat down upon a bench and fairly sobbed aloud, telling herself all the while how wrong it was.

And just then, without knocking, in walked Miss Euphemia Jones, her next door neighbor, and looked straight into the wet eyes, turned, somewhat indignantly upon her.

"An't well, eh?" said the spinster.

"Not very," said Margaret. "And tired you know and—"

"And unhappy," said the spinster. "Don't tell *me*, Mrs. Mercer. And this I say—get rid of that sly boots of a governess, or you'll have more reason to cry than you have now. Men are men, Mrs. Mercer, and your husband——"

"He is the best man in the world," said Margaret.

"But he's a man," said the spinster. "Why, look here, my dear. Men are men. The last bright eyes are always brightest. It's only women that love through long years with nothing to show for it—not a kiss, not a word, not a letter; women that love some one without a speck of beauty until there couldn't be any face so bright and dear to them in all the world. Men an't like us, and never will be, and this Elsie Grey is pretty, my dear."

"But Mathew is my husband," panted Margaret.

"Then he ought not to go a-walkin' with Miss Grey," said the spinster; "holding her hand, too—he oughtn't. Don't be frightened. But there's something you ought to know—he oughtn't to go out of town along with her. We saw them go, I and Mrs. Thompson, only an hour ago. My dear, did you know they were going? My dear, dont look so; don't feel so, if you can help it. She had a bag with her; so had he. She——"

But then the wretched wife fell forward into her neighbor's arms, insensible.

Other neighbors came in, and they put her to bed and took care of her, as though for once all women were sisters. There

was no doubt on any one's mind that the very worst had come to pass; and so, indeed, it had. Bewitched by the beautiful serpent his wife's kind heart had warmed and nourished until it had strength to sting her, Mathew Mercer had left his home, his wife and his children, for her sake.

Margaret had no father or brothers to take her part; she could only suffer in silence. That which aroused her first was the need of earning bread for her children—the two who ceased their play to wonder why home had grown so dull a place, why papa never came home, and why mamma wept so bitterly, and the unconscious little creature born at the time when her grief was greatest and the blow but newly fallen.

What could she do for her children's bread? With the question came a thought to which ambition never would have given birth. She could paint. Already certain little bits of still life, scraps of landscape, and a child's head or two, proved her power to put a pretty thing, if not a fine one, upon canvas. Many artists at least lived by their art. *She* would live, and her children should know no want. And so she began her life-work.

There were hours to come of poverty so great, that the prayer for daily bread was answered with no more than bread and water. There were nights passed in the dark, because the purse held nothing which might be spent for oil or candle. There were fireless days in dead winter; but through all, hope lived, and pride, and a mother's love.

No one guessed what Margaret suffered; and at last her prospects brightened. A certain fashonable clique took a fancy to Mrs. Mercer's pictures; her bits of still life sold; her children's heads were voted gems; the womanly prettiness of her conceptions pleased the eyes of other women, and Margaret felt very rich and prosperous.

She had begun with no ambition save that of love; she had struggled only for her children. Now she began to dream of a name and fame—of painting great pictures—of being a great woman. Strange hopes for Margaret Mercer—hopes that seldom come to any woman until the natural hopes and ambitions of her life are blasted.

So, with no fear of starving upon her now, after five years of labor—ten years in which no word had ever come to her of the man she had loved so truly, and who had so wofully broken the vow he uttered, to cherish and protect her while life should last—Margaret began the first picture which went beyond mere prettiness—the first in which action and expression, rich draperies and knowledge of the costumes of the past, were needed; a picture of Queen Eleanor in Rosamond's Bower. It was an illustration of an old ballad which told the tale; and Rosamond was wondrous fair, and the Queen mightily stern and cruel, if the poet were to be believed; but as she painted, that which slept within her soul found utterance.

Rosamond, beautiful indeed, had a face as false as it was fair; and Queen Eleanor's eyes held in their depths a look of such reproach, that one might see she was an injured wife; and the bowl was at Rosamond's lips; and upon the wall of the bower hung a portrait—the portrait of the King. Margaret did not mean it; but as she painted hard and fast through the long summer days, the faces that grew upon the canvas were portraits.

Rosamond was Elsie Grey; Eleanor had her own features; and the portrait of the king upon the wall was that of Mathew Mercer.

Margaret's children watched her as she painted—the boy of sixteen and the girl of fourteen and the younger boy who had never seen his father.

"She is just like mamma—the Queen, I mean," cried this little one at last; "only mamma never looked so cross."

"Not cross," said the girl. "The Queen is not cross, but angry, and sorry and proud."

The elder boy said nothing for a while. At last he muttered, "She's pretty, though, that girl. Who ever looked like her? I know some one. Who was it? The king is like what I'll be when I get a beard."

Then Margaret knew what she had done. She sent her children out to walk, and locked the door. Then she stood before her easle, struggling with herself.

The woman within her said, "Dash your brush at it; paint it out for you have written down your life history." The artist said, "Let it stand. What though it wrings my heart to look at it? it is the best thing I ever painted."

The woman looked upon the false face of Rosamond and the beautiful portrait of the King, and cast herself down and wept. The artist arose and saw the gloss upon the golden hair, and the reflex of light upon the white satin and the purple velvet, soft as though one could lift it in its folds; saw the flesh like flesh—the shadow, and the like real light and shadow—saw power and feeling in the picture and smiled through her tears.

For the first time she understood that love was not all of life, for the first time she stood proud and ambitious and hopeful of fame, and desirous of it; and this before the record of her life-grief, with the beautiful faces of her false husband and his love, created by her own pencil, looking down upon her.

Then she opened the door and went to seek her children in the garden; and told them how some day they should all go to Italy together; and was happy, with a strange prideful happiness new to her and new to them.

The picture was sent for public exhibition It hung in a great gallery set off by a dusky proscenium; people went to see it, and it was admired; critics praised it. A rich man offered a great price for it. Margaret was proud and glad; so were the children, to whom she spoke again of Italy, where she would paint such pictures as she had never painted before.

And meanwhile a man, threadbare and rusty, old before his time, with remorse so stamped upon his handsome features that a child could read it there, prowled often about the door of the gallery where the picture hung, and looked in along the still echoing entrance, at the end of which the man who took the tickets sat. At last he ventured in.

"Look here," he said in a sort of shame-faced way to the ticket-taker; "I want to see that picture. I haven't any money; but I knew Mrs. Mercer once. Let me look, won't you? It can't hurt you, or any one."

"If you know her, why, I suppose——" yawned the man —"only look here; don't stay long——"

But the man had passed him. He walked up to the picture, and looked at it. Then he pressed his hands upon his forehead and ground his teeth together.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he muttered, "oh heavens! Margaret!"

And then he sat down, staring at the picture with eyes that saw those likenesses as none others ever had.

He sat there still, when a rustle of silk, a sweep of velvet; the high tones of young voices filled the gallery A lady walked up the room, and stood before the picture—a child by her hand, a tall girl and boy behind her.

"It looks better here than in my studio," she said quietly; "only I shall touch Eleanor's face again when I have it home. It is not stern enough."

The man heard the voice, gave one look, dragged his hat over his eyes, and cowered down upon the bench, huddling himself together as a beggar does—seldom any other. The lady did not look at him; but the child did. In a moment more it had pulled its mother's sleeve.

"There's a man just like the king," he said; "just such a beard, mother."

And Margaret turned her head. Then her face grew white. She took a step towards the man. He started to his feet.

"Mathew!" she cried.

He only turned his face away.

"Mathew," she said again, "did you come here to find me?"

"No," he answered, "I am not coward enough for that. I came to look at that picture. I knew what I should see; that picture, born of your grief, with the story of my treachery and your wrong stamped upon it Did you say to yourself as you painted it, that thus the memory of that evil done you should outlive you, and those who injured you?"

"I painted the picture with no thought of that," she said. "O Mathew, Mathew! I ought not to speak to you; but you are poor—you are unhappy——"

"I am as poor as I deserve to be," he said. "Nothing has prospered with me since I left you. As for the woman there——"

"That is Rosamond," said Margaret, as he pointed to the canvas.

"It is Elsie Grey," he said. "As for that creature, she has been as false to me as to you; and worse than the bowl of poison or the dagger was offered to her by fate before she died."

"She is dead, then said Margaret.

"Yes, of a dog's death," he muttered; "in a hospital. That's the way she died, as I shall."

Margaret went one step nearer.

"You have not asked me to forgive you, Mathew," she said softly.

"Forgive me, when you have painted my crime down for all posterity to look upon!" he said. "Is it likely? Besides you are rich now"—and he looked at her costly dress; "and I next door to a beggar."

Great tears filled Margaret's eyes.

"Mathew," she said, "does that picture stand between us?"

"Your hate—your scorn—that which gave birth to that picture, must," he said.

"Have you a penknife?" she asked.

"A penknife?"

"Yes."

Perhaps he thought she meant to kill him. He took it from his pocket and opened it, as he handed it to her, and flung his coat back, and stood, as it were, ready for a blow. And she indeed lifted the knife, but the blow fell upon the picture, upon the painted face of the King, upon the golden hair of Rosamond, and the royal robes of Queen Eleanor—slit and tore them, dashed from the canvas all the toil of months, in a few short minutes. There was no picture left, as she turned from her work, for critics to stare at, or rich men to buy; but her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were aglow.

"Nothing stands between us now, Mathew," she said. "There is no memory of the past on my heart, any more than on that canvas. Let it be blotted out for both of us, and let us begin our life anew together."

And in a moment she wept upon the bosom of the man who, whatever had been his faults, was still her husband, and the father of her children—and the only man she had ever loved in her life.

I think Margaret will never paint another great picture in her life. Pretty things—bits of still life and woodland nooks, and doves upon their nests still grow beneath her pencil; but no dreams of art or fame, no longings for Italy, slumber in her dark eyes now. Instead, you see there the sweet light reflected from the fireside, and all her dreams are of home. Perhaps she ought not to be happy, but she is. And he who has repented is dear to her, as the Bible says repentant sinners are to heaven. And Queen Eleanor, and Rosamond, and the false King, and the wrongs and woes that gave bulk to those "counterfeit presentments," have faded from her mind for ever.

As for the picture, no one guesses how it was destroyed, except the ticket-taker, who, laying the deed to the charge of the man, he admitted, keeps his own counsel, lest he should be blamed.

A COURT PREACHER AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

A combination of fortunate circumstances, with which I need not trouble the reader, enabled me to witness very recently two religious services in Paris, which, striking in themselves, were still more so as representing the chief phases of religious feeling in France at the present day.

The first was the celebration, by an archbishop, of high mass, at the private chapel of the Tuileries, where the "elder son of the Church," with his graceful empress and charming little boy, performed his devotions in the presence of a very select congregation, and listened to the exhortations of a bishop chosen on account of his great talent to pronounce the discourse which is always added in Lent. The second was a mass, very simply performed at the Madeleine as a preliminary to a sermon on behalf of the sufferers from the Mexican earthquakes, delivered by Father Hyacinthe, that great Carmelite preacher, whose wide-spread fame filled the great church hours previous to the time fixed, and sent hundreds of disappointed persons from the doors long before he appeared.

A brief account of these strangely-contrasted services may, I think, be interesting to those who wish to know something of the forms in which religion appears at the present day to our neighbors over the water.

Admission to the chapel at the palace is not now easily procured: it is to be obtained only by tickets issued by the Duke de B—, Grand Chambellan de la Cour, to those whose social status is supposed to entitle them to the entrée. Fortunately, the gentleman in whose house I was staying was in a position to demand this privilege for himself and his guest, and in due time the tickets arrived, inscribed with an order to appear in full dress, and in the mourning which the court was then wearing, somewhat late in the day, for the Duke of Brabant. I was told that any one neglecting to comply with these requirements of etiquette would be unceremoniously turned back at the door—a statement which I afterward saw verified in the discomfiture of an unfortunate individual whose equipment was not up to the mark.

A more agreeable intimation on the ticket stated that our seats were to be in the *premier banc a droite*, which proved to be the front row facing the altar, and immediately behind the chairs placed for the emperor and his wife and son.

Sunday, the 14th of March, dawned amidst falling snow and piercing blasts of the bitter wind from which gay Paris suffers so severely in the spring; but all recollection of the unpleasant weather outside vanished when we passed into the warm fragrant atmosphere of the gorgeous chapel at the Tuileries.

It has many sad historical associations, this royal palace of worship; but no trace of the storms of the past has been allowed to remain within it now, and everything that art and good taste can do has been done to render it beautiful and luxurious. A magnificent altar stood at the east end, draped with ruby velvet and splendid lace, and glittering with gold,

which reflected back the rays of innumerable lights. In front of it was a sort of throne, with a large chair to the left and a smaller one to the right, and the *prie-dieux* before them supported jeweled books, in which a priest assiduously marked the places before the service began. These chairs, as well as the seats where the congregation sat, were gorgeous in crimson and gold, and so was the pulpit, which was placed on the left of the altar.

The lower half of the chapel was already crowded when we went in; but fortunately very few had tickets for the upper part where we sat, and where we were joined only by some of the ladies of the court. They soon came in, all in mourning, but dressed with the inimitable good taste and elegance of high-class Parisians. Most of them were the wives of men holding high offices under Government. A duchess with a well-known name sat in the seat with us, and marquises and comtesses were rife on the opposite side; but, for all that, the old aristocracy of France had no representatives among the members of the empress's household. As is well known, the Faubourg St. Germain does not patronize the court. I had paid a visit the day before to one of the baronnes of the *ancient regime*, in her old gloomy, low-roofed house in the said faubourg, and there I found a stately circle of *grandes dames*, not one of whom would condescend to set her foot within the Tuileries while Napoleon III has his habitation there.

This fact speaks somewhat ominously for the future of the gentle little boy on whom the hopes of the present dynasty are fixed, no less than the sinister meetings of Red Republicans, which, at this present time, are being held constantly in Paris, where the fatal *bonnet rouge* is worn, and the doctrines that heralded in the political convulsions of '93 are openly proclaimed. Meantime, however, the empress had certainly succeeded in collecting a band of very fair and gracious ladies round her, whose appearance was followed almost immediately by that of the Demoiselles d'Albe, the orphan daughters of the empress's sister, whose death was so deeply mourned by her She has taken the entire charge of these young girls, and, though a certain approach to royal honors is paid to them, she very sensibly allows them to attend the *cours de lecture* which are open to all the daughters of gentlemen in Paris.

At last, after a somewhat tedious delay, the procession of the clergy filed in through a side-door close to the altar; choristers, with their long cassocks of scarlet cloth falling below their muslin surplices, and their arms folded over their broad blue sashes; priests, walking two and two; then the bishop who was to preach; and lastly, the archbishop, whose vestments were certainly the most splendid that could well be imagined. He, too, had a long train of crimson velvet; over it a surplice composed entirely of the richest lace, and a chasuble, stiff with gold embroidery and precious stones, which formed a large cross on his back. Other portions of his attire, which were new to me in shape, were equally gorgeous, and on his head he wore a red velvet skull-cap.

For some time these dignitaries sat in their places studying their breviaries with much attention, until at length they were roused by a sign from an individual who seemed very much out of place, standing where he did, close to the altar, for his dress and appearance were exactly those of a respectable butler, with only the addition of a gold-laced cocked-hat, which he held in his hand. Some mystic movement on the part of this functionary intimated to the clergy that the emperor was at hand, and rising from their places they filed out of the chancel and walked down the central passage to meet him. At the door they waited for some time, and then the pompous-looking butler, if butler he was, advanced in front of the altar, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "L'Empereur!"

I must say, this part of the ceremonial appeared to me to be in extremely bad taste in a church—as it was exactly like the announcement of a visitor in a drawing-room. Then the clergy returned toward the altar, and following closely after them came first the prince imperial—an exceedingly graceful, gentle-looking boy—appearing taller than he really is from the slenderness of his figure—with smooth dark hair, and a pale, thoughtful countenance, which has a very pleasing but rather melancholy expression. He is not at all like the Bonapartes, but resembles his mother, though he does not possess the striking beauty which must in early youth have characterized her fine face. He was dressed simply in jacket and trousers, but in mourning for that other prince, like himself the only son and heir of royal parents whose young head has been laid low in the dust of death. The son of Napoleon III came forward, bowed from side to side, and took his place on the smallest of the chairs in front of the altar.

Immediately after him followed the empress: she has now only the appearance of a woman who has been very beautiful, as her fair face is somewhat faded and worn; but there is a great charm in her refined and delicate features, and in the extreme grace of her movements.

I believe the Empress of the French is considered a high authority in matters of dress; and if so, her appearance entirely condemned the fantastic costumes in which our English ladies have been appearing of late. She wore no huge chignon or streaming hair, no looped-up tunic or short petticoats; but a plain black-silk dress falling in long folds to the ground, with a quiet little black lace bonnet over her very simply-arranged hair. Perhaps the best description of her personal appearance would be to say, that she was simply an extremely lady-like woman, with an amiable expression and pleasing manners

By her side walked the emperor, steadily and sturdily, as if to him the whole thing were simply a business which had to be gone through, and the sooner the better. Napoleon III, short as he is, and now, in advancing years, decidedly stout, is still a striking-looking man. That large head—too large in proportion for the size of his body—those strongly-marked, resolute features, seemed well fitted to the man, whose ever-working brain teems with the destinies of nations and hides in its hidden cells the projects which may one day fling the whole of Europe into convulsions. His hair is now of an iron-gray, and so are his mustaches and small, pointed beard; but there is no sign of any decay of force in the Emperor of the French; he has the look, more than any one I have ever seen, of *un homme capable*, which untranslatable term seems specially to characterize him.

They went forward at once and knelt down on the *prie-dieux* prepared for them. I believe it is only during Lent that they perform their devotions there in view of the congregation. At other times they occupy a gallery where they are not seen at all.

The service commenced with a litany, very well sung by an unseen choir, and then the bishop ascended the pulpit, and the chairs of the imperial party were turned round so as to face him, by which means they were also brought in front of us, and separated from our seat only by some four or five gray-headed, weather-beaten officers of high rank, who formed the emperor's suite. The sermon proved to be one which powerfully affected both the emperor and empress, for it so happened that the young prince's birthday of thirteen was to occur in two days, and the whole of the latter part of the discourse referred to this young child, in whom such high hopes centered.

The first portion of the sermon consisted of a very able comparison between the man who lives for the honors and pleasures of this life, and he who tramples under foot all earthly desires, and seeks the glory of God and the joys of heaven alone. It was a striking discourse to be pronounced in that gorgeous chapel, and in face of those who had risen to so unusual a share of this world's pomp and greatness; but the empress seemed greatly to approve of it. Whenever there was a burst of special eloquence from the bishop, she turned to one of the gray-haired officers close to her, and nodded and smiled to him in evident admiration. She did this more particularly when the preacher, having expatiated on the deep bliss of a life hid with God, wound up by exclaiming that sorrow and evil over such a one had no power. "Like other men he seems to suffer, but he suffers not; and when his last hour comes, he seems to die, but he dies not; death has no dominion over him—he lives—and even lives to God." Probably the empress thought, as the lady seated next me told me she did, that this fine closing sentence was original; but in truth it was simply borrowed from that lovely passage in the Apocrypha which says that—

> "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
> And there shall no torment touch them;
> In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die,
> And their departure is taken for misery,
> And their going from us to be utter destruction:
> But they are in peace."

While his wife, however, showed her approbation by such evident signs, none could have told from the impassible face of the emperor what he thought of the sermon, or whether he thought of it at all; up to this moment, he had remained looking fixedly before him, with a keen, thoughtful gaze, which seemed to penetrate far beyond the walls of the Tuileries.

But now the bishop began on a theme which riveted his attention at once:

"I have spoken," said the preacher, "of the triumph of him who enters as a conqueror into the kingdom of God, and I am reminded of an anniversary which will take place the day after to-morrow; for it was the saying of our most saintly king of old—that the crown of France is second only to the crown of Heaven; and these words impel me irresistibly to a consideration of the destinies of that young child who is inheritor of both, and who stands even now on the threshold of another year, which carries him another step on that path which cannot fail to be a marked and eventful one on earth."

He then went on to speak of the great interests which hung on this young life, of the pomp and glory which had surrounded his birth, and would, he trusted, surround him to the end; and, with the sanguine hopes of a devoted adherent of the second empire, he predicted a glorious destiny, alike on earth and in heaven, for that child of many hopes. He trusted, he said, that, long after the men of the present day had all passed away, this young prince would wear the crown of France in peace and prosperity, and surrender it only for the brighter crown of heaven, whose glory would never fade throughout the eternal ages.

And, as the bishop spoke thus, the fair face of the empress flushed and paled with emotion, and the keen eyes of the emperor looked out from under the shaggy eyebrows, and fastened on the face of the preacher with a softness of expression of which they had scarcely seemed capable; while the young boy, toward whom the eyes of all were turned, bent down his graceful head till his face was completely hidden.

To me, while the bishop spoke, there came back the memory of a scene I would fain have forgotten at that moment. The chapel of the Tuileries, and the gray sky and snow-clad earth, all seemed to vanish away, as a vision rose up before me, glowing in summer sunshine, of the beautiful gardens and palace of Schönbrunn at Vienna, where the only son of another Napoleon, born to the same inheritance, object of the same high hopes, passed through those years of early youth on which his young successor now was entering. But, passing from the sunny gardens where that short and most sad life was spent, my thoughts were constrained to turn to a dark vault, where a coffin was once pointed out to me as the last receptacle of the ashes of that "King of Rome," heir of the first great emperor, who had gone down mysteriously to his grave in the brightest years of opening youth, before the crown of his birthright had ever touched his brows. How many ominous points of resemblance there were between the early destinies of the dead and the living "son of Napoleon!" The record of that first young life is sealed up and laid aside forever; but over the opening page, where the history of the second shall be written, dark shadows are already stealing, which seem to indicate that for him, no less than for the early dead, it will be a blessed thing if the crown of heaven proves a surer inheritance than that of France.

The sermon was over. The general tone of the whole had been marked by the strongest ultramontanism, and it was in this respect that it formed so complete a contrast to that which I heard elsewhere from Père Hyacinthe, the first French preacher of the day.

The emperor and empress returned to their places before the altar and knelt down—a few words having passed between them, evidently on the subject of the allusions to their child in the sermon, and then high mass began. It was conducted with great solemnity—all but one episode, which struck me as appearing both irreverent and ludicrous. It was the sudden apparition of the butler before mentioned, who, with a quick movement, came up behind the archbishop, and literally snatched the velvet skull cap from his head—of course with the object of enabling him to perform the most solemn part of the service uncovered; but it was done in a manner so exactly resembling the way in which a saucy boy in the streets performs the same ceremony on his companion, that it conveyed a painfully absurd impression; as did also the proceedings of the choir-boys, who, every time they genuflected before the altar, turned round and repeated precisely the same act of homage to the emperor, as if there was to be no distinction between the honor they wished to show the King of kings and that offered to the earthly monarch.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OFFICE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 27, 1869.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG—

My Dear Sir,

Holding my connection with the UTAH MAGAZINE, you can no longer give to me your fellowship, nor can I conscientiously ask it. I believe that you would manifest towards me, personally, much tenderness, for which I am grateful. Were I in the States or California, I do not think you would take any exceptions to my writings for I am *simply* an author, while you are the leader of a people. As it is I see no virtue in multiplying words in justification, knowing myself to be heterodox. For years I have tried to shun the issue of this day, for theoretically I have been a believer in republican institutions and not in a *temporal* theocracy.

I am, Sir,

Very respectfully, Yours,

EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

Since the date of writing my last editorial, a startling change has taken place in my situation, although not in my feelings or sentiments towards the members of our Church. For writing such articles as "Our Workmen's wages," "The True Development of the Territory," "Steadying the Ark," etc, a charge has been preferred against me of apostacy, on the ground that I have no right to publicly discuss the wisdom of any measure or policy of the Priesthood and expect to retain a membership in the Church at the same time. For asserting my belief that the Gospel gives me the freedom to differ with the leaders of the church, and the privilege of stating my difference of opinion, provided I do it honestly and respectfully, I have been deprived of my membership in the Church — the doctrine being positively laid down on the occasion of my trial by President Brigham Young and Elder George Q. Cannon, that "*it is apostacy to honestly differ with the Priesthood in any of their measures.*"

If this definition of apostacy be correct, of course, I am an apostate, because it is true that I do not see eye to eye with our ecclesiastical leaders on the subject of the reduction of our workmen's wages, the mineral development of the Territory, and similar matters.

I wish to give, in a brief way, a statement of the circumstances attending my expulsion, and the reasons by which I have been guided in the course I have taken, so that all my friends may judge for themselves. In doing this, I shall have to omit most of the preliminaries connected with the case, inasmuch as they occurred at the "School of the Prophets." Suffice it to say that, on Saturday, 16th October, an announcement that we had been violently denounced by President Young reached our ears, and on the following Saturday we were publicly cited to appear before the High Council and "be tried for our standing."

On Monday we appeared before the High Council at the City Hall, which was densely packed with the authorities of the Church—no ordinary members, except those who appeared as witnesses, or were specially invited, being allowed to be present. The following is a brief synopsis of the trial, from minutes made on the spot.

After the charge of Apostacy had been preferred by Elder George Q. Cannon, on the ground of articles in the MAGAZINE containing views on financial questions differing with those of the President, as well as on account of an expressed belief that members of the Church held not only a right to think but to express their ideas on such subjects, the question was put to Elder Cannon whether "it was apostacy to differ honestly with the measures of the President," to which he replied.—"It is apostacy to differ honestly with the measures of the President. A man may be honest even in hell." This idea President Wells confirmed by remarking, that we "might as well ask the question whether a man had the right to differ honestly with the Almighty." Thus the doctrine was unqualifiedly asserted that the Almighty and the Priesthood, so far as its official dictates were concerned, were to be accepted as one and the same thing, on pain of excommunication from the Church.

William S. Godbe stated that his claim to conscientiously differ with the views of the leaders of the Church on certain questions, could not be apostacy, inasmuch as he had always believed that such were his rights. While he bore testimony to the divine mission of Joseph Smith, and to the appointment of Brigham Young as his successor in the Presidency of the Church, he denied his right to enforce unquestioning obedience upon all subjects secular and spiritual from its members. He believed the preservation of our unity was worth any price short of the concession of the right of thought and speech or any other true principle. *That* price he was not willing to pay even for unity. He claimed that he entertained none but the kindest feelings towards the Presidency and Priesthood severally, and trusted, however much they might object to his views, that they would at least concede to him honesty and purity of purpose.

E. L. T. Harrison then stated that if it was apostacy to differ conscientiously with the Priesthood of the Church, he must be considered an apostate, for he certainly did differ with them on some matters. The point upon which he most particularly differed, was their right to expel people from the Church because of a difference of opinion on matters of Church policy. He admitted that they had a right to demand of him implicit obedience to every gospel ordinance, as well as to every condition of a pure life. All that he claimed as his right was respectfully and temperately to discuss any difference of opinion he might entertain, without being cut off from the Church for so doing.

His reasons for considering that this was his privilege as a member of the Church were, that it was part of the gospel offered to him in foreign lands. He was told that in this Church the utmost freedom of speech would be permitted. Popery and other systems had muzzled freedom of speech, but in *this* Church such oppression was to be crushed for ever, and never raise again its accursed head. He accepted the gospel on these terms, not simply because the Elders told him these were his rights, but because the Holy Spirit bore testimony that they but uttered the truth when they so taught, and he was there that day to claim these privileges of the Gospel.

When he was examining the doctrines of this Church, he was advised by the Elders to use his judgment and his intellect to the fullest extent, and dispute every principle that he could not understand. This had resulted in his entrance into the Church. If he had mounted up the ladder of his own reason and judgment to get into the Church, why should he now be called upon to kick that down by which he had ascended, and go along without it? If it was a good thing, and had brought him blessing to use his own opinion at the first, why should he not continue the use of that which had done him so much good?

He objected to the requisition for any man to accept any doctrine or principle that he did not fully understand: such a dogma could not be supported by sound reason. We could only be expected to accept any principle, because it was beautiful and true. We were not required to accept God or Jesus because they were God or Jesus, but because they presented teachings higher, holier and more heavenly than any other beings. How could we tell that any principle came from God, except it was that it was better to our intellect and judgment than other doctrines. Beyond this witness of the light of truth within us, we had nothing to fall back upon to guide us.

It had been argued that we must passively and uninquiringly obey the Priesthood, because otherwise we could not build up Zion. He could not see this. A nation built up on

such a principle could be no Zion. The only glory or beauty that there could be in a Zion must result from its being composed of people all of whom acted intelligently in all their operations. Fifty thousand people acting in concert, building up excellent cities or doing any thing else well, but doing it mechanically, because they were told, was no sight to be admired. A dozen persons, not operating half as perfectly as to the nature of their work, but doing what little they did intelligently, must be a far more delightful exhibition to God and intelligences.

These were his views. If they constituted apostacy, the Council must deal with him according to their laws. One thing, however, they could not do. They might cut him off from his brethren, but they should never cut his brethren off from his affections. He had been twenty years a member of this Church, and he intended to live and die with them, and no one should ever drive him from their midst.

He knew and could bear testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. He could bear testimony that Brigham Young was divinely called to succeed Joseph Smith in the Presidency of the Church, and he knew that the President was inspired to bring this people to these mountains.

He then read the following:—

PROTEST.

To whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned, members of the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter-day Saints, temporarily suspended from fellowship, on a charge of irregular attendance at the "School of the Prophets," before any further action is taken on our case, do present the following declaration of our faith, on the subject of Church control:—

We hold that it is the right of all members of this Church to refuse to accept any principle or measure, presented to them by the Priesthood, further than the light of God within them bears witness to the same.

We believe that it is the right of all persons, so long as they obey the ordinances of the Gospel, and live pure and moral lives, to retain a standing in this Church, whether they can see the propriety of all the measures of the leaders of the Church or not.

We also believe that it is the right of all members of the Church to discuss, in the pulpit or through the press, in public or in private, all measures presented to them by the Priesthood, provided that they do it in the spirit of moderation, and with due regard to the sentiments of others.

We, therefore, hold that it is an illegal and an unrighteous use of the Holy Priesthood to expel any person from the Church, because they cannot conscientiously admit the divinity of any measure presented by the Priesthood.

We protest against counsel for the members of this Church to watch one another and observe how each votes or acts, as calculated to breed suspicion, coldness, and distrust between our brethren; and as opposed to that voluntary spirit which is the greatest beauty and glory of the gospel of Christ.

We also protest against the inquisitorial practise of catechising the members of this Church, through the teachers, as to their private views respecting Church measures.

And, finally, we protest against the spirit of compulsion in *every* form, as well as against the irresponsible investment of power in any person holding the Priesthood.

We claim the right of, respectfully but freely, discussing all measures upon which we are called to act. And, if we are cut off from this Church for asserting this right, while our standing is dear to us, we will suffer it to be taken from us sooner than resign the liberties of thought and speech to which the Gospel entitles us; and against any such expulsion we present our solemn protest before God and Angels.

As witness our hands this 23, Oct. 1869. { E. L. T. Harrison. W. S. Godbe.

Speeches on the question were then made by Presidents Brigham Young and George A. Smith, also by Elder Cannon and members of the Council, and a verdict of excommunication against W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison finally rendered.

For replying in the affirmative to the question whether he sustained the above brethren in their course, Elder Eli B. Kelsey was summarily cut off from the Church.

During the above trial, remarks were made by various speakers, comparing us to every foul apostate—the Laws, the Higbees and Fosters, and every debauchee, drunkard, whoremonger and gambler—that ever left the Church for his own iniquitous purpose. In reference to this, I have only to say that our past lives are before the people, and the future will show whether there is any difference between men who come out in the assertion of a principle, and men of the class referred to.

It was also asserted, without the first fraction of proof, that we were seeking Gentile influence and aid to the injury of the religious interests of our community. Inasmuch as this statement will, doubtless, be reiterated in order to arouse the feelings of the people of the Territory against us, while we boldly avow that we respect all men, Gentiles or otherwise, in exact proportion to their private virtues, we dare any Gentile in this Territory or out of it, to come forward, from whom, up to this very moment, we have ever sought the first particle of assistance or coöperation, and challenge any man in existence to produce such a person. The ties of faith and principle necessarily unite the hearts of men closer together than they can be without these bonds; and to this extent, we love our brethren more than all other men; but independent of this consideration, and viewing men as men alone, we respect Gentile as much as Mormon, provided they act as well, and better than Mormon if they act better.

We have sought no Gentile coöperation, and shall seek none further than we shall desire and seek the friendship of all good men, because we believe that, as a people, we need no aid beyond our own. And at once, and forever, to crush out this slander, we publish now to the whole Gentile world our sentiments upon this subject. We wish them to understand that we have intelligence, manliness and divinity enough among our people and in our system to correct our own evils where we have any. We gratefully accept, as all men should, the sympathies of our fellow men in every good word and work, but our faith is that God is in our system, and that Zion is perfectly capable of purifying her own fountains, and presenting herself before the world a model of freedom and a center of light and truth.

There is another subject upon which we wish to say a word. During the investigation of our case, President Young many times asserted his willingness that we should enjoy freedom of speech and of the press. This we believe to be true, so far as our civil rights are concerned. We have no quarrel with

him or any other man in the Priesthood on the question of our civil right to speak and publish in Utah. No one has interfered with us in this respect. This is not our difficulty. Ours is a Church question—a question of our right to speak and publish and retain our positions, as members of the Church. In every other respect we have all the freedom we want. We make this statement now to all, because an effort was and will be made to prove that we want the outside world to believe that there is no freedom of speech in Utah, and thus bring on a collision with our people. This is a charge as false as it is unscrupulous. What we complain of is that there is no freedom to think and speak within the limits of the Church. What a farce to say, "Brethren, you have all the freedom to speak and publish what you please," and in the next breath remark, "But I shall cut you off from the Church and send you down to hell if you do. Brethren, use your privileges." What freedom is this? Who, among even despots, does not give as much? All monarchs say, "Think and speak as you please; but we will imprison and punish you, notwithstanding." President Young says, we are free to differ with him, but he will cut us off from the society of God and holy beings; separate us from all we hold dear in the Church, and wither up all our hopes of eternal life if we attempt it. Who uses the greatest amount of compulsion or intimidation? There is no force or coercion like that applied to men's hopes and fears of a future life, and this is the lack of freedom we complain of. President Young admits our right to speak *outside* the Church. On that point he neither tries nor wants to coerce us; what we want is our right to speak within it.

In the course of President Young's speech, he drew attention to a remark in the article called "Steadying the Ark," to the effect that "the Priesthood is not intended by God to do our thinking." He stated that this was true, and said, "The Priesthood is only intended to *help* us to think." Was this principle *practically* acknowledged by President Young, as much as theoretically, he would concede all we claim; but it is not so, for, immediately upon the top of this statement that the Priesthood only assumes to "help us to think," comes the doctrine that unless, when they do "help" us, we think exactly as they direct us on every subject, we shall be expelled from the Church. This, every sensible person will see, is not "*helping*," but *forcing* us to think, whether we will or not.

Among other matters urged against us, at our trial, was the idea that we wished to flood the country with the refuse of society in search of gold. This was indignantly denied. We refer our readers to our article on "The True Development of the Territory." It will be seen there that we *do* believe that the chief hope of this country lies in its minerals, but there is no invitation therein for the outside world to develop our mines. In that article, we specially urge our own people to develop them. It was to urge our people to work their minerals themselves, instead of letting capitalists from every part of creation come in and take their rights out of their hands, as they will do, unless they bestir themselves, that we wrote that article. Every impartial reader will see this; and the false charge attempted to be fastened upon us will fall harmless to the ground.

It will be seen that we have borne testimony to the legality of the appointment of Brigham Young as President of the Church, even while we object to some of his views. We do this consistently, for we hold it is a false doctrine, because God in his providence calls any man to preside, that that man necessarily is the will and voice of the Lord, in all he chooses to do and say. It is a manifest truth, and agreeable to all experience, that God can only inspire a man to the extent that his organization and spiritual character will admit. A man may have a strong and determined bias, and conscientiously believe that his projects are the will of heaven when he is only following the bent of his own organization. God never did or can work through any man further than that man's character and will may permit. On this account, all prophets or presidents must be fallible in their dictation, and to build upon them—even the greatest and the best, independent of the light of God within us—is to build upon the sand. Priesthoods and presidents are not given for man's infallible guides, they are merely aids or "helps" for the cultivation of the greater and more absolute light within the soul. That light *is* infallible, because it travels beyond all earthly weaknesses, and drinks directly and immediately from the throne of God itself.

With these explanations, I present my case and that of my friend, William S. Godbe, before the Church, and the world at large. We have no intention of suspending the issue of this Magazine, but from time to time, shall in its columns take up this question and analyze it in every light until our brethren understand the question thoroughly. We should, and will, yield our judgment to that of a child, if it can point out to us an error of thought or spirit, but we will not bow to force. The day has gone by for that, and there dawns upon the hill tops of Utah a bright and radiant star of ecclesiastical, as well as civil, freedom. Let every heart rejoice, God Reigns! The day of darkness flies before the era of advancing thought. From out our mountain valleys shall yet be borne a banner emblazoned with a wider creed, a nobler Christianity, a purer faith than earth has ever seen. Men shall yet learn that the true mission of priesthood is to teach and not to control, and in our midst shall stand the same priesthood that we believe in to-day, but whose greatest glory shall be that they represent a spirit from which every principle of coercion has been wiped away.

In the full assurance that that time is at hand, I subscribe myself a brother to all who do right, and no less a friend to all who ignorantly err.

E. L. T. Harrison.

A CARD BY W. S. GODBE.

To the Public:—

Having been, for twenty years, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and eighteen years a resident of Utah Territory, and the High Council having excommunicated me from said Church on a charge of apostacy, and turned me over to "the buffetings of Satan" until I repent, I feel it due to myself and my numerous friends throughout the Territory and elsewhere, to give the following particulars in regard to it:

On the 16th inst. I received a note, of which the following is a copy:—

Salt Lake City, Oct. 16, 1869,

Elder W. S. Godbe,

Dear Bro.:—I hereby inform you that a motion was made, seconded, and carried by a unanimous vote of the School of the Prophets to-day, that you be *disfellowshipped* from the Church until you appear in the School and give satisfactory reasons for your irregular attendance there.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

George Goddard,

Secretary.

In response to this communication, I presented myself at the School on last Saturday and stated, in answer to the charge contained therein, that, with very few exceptions, I had been punctual in my attendance at the School ever since

I became a member, excepting when absent from the City or Territory, or when illness in my family prevented me; consequently was innocent of any wrong in not having been always present at their meetings

What further transpired on that occasion the rules of the School will not permit me to state, but on the same night I received a notice to appear for trial on Monday, 25th October on a charge of apostacy, which charge was sustained on the ground of my having endorsed the sentiments contained in the UTAH MAGAZINE, of which I am one of the publishers, advocating freedom of speech and the press, and differing from the authorities of the Church on the question of unconditional obedience to their requirements, although nothing bordering on immorality or unchristianlike conduct was brought against me, but, on the contrary, a great amount of testimony was volunteered by the speakers to the purity of my life and correctness of my course up to the present time.

I will now give some of my views in regard to the action taken, and the principles involved in it.

According to my knowledge of the rules of the Church, no man or number of men—irrespective of their position in the Priesthood—have a right to disfellowship a man for such dereliction. Had I been guilty of irregular attendance at the School of the Prophets without justifiable cause, I should only have broken one of its rules, the penalty of which, at most, could not have exceeded dismembership from the School.

In attempting to discharge this duty, I desire to be guided by the inspiration of Heaven, that my readers may have a correct understanding of my views, and appreciate the high motive that now prompts me to give them expression.

In the first place I wish it distinctly understood that I will speak about *principles* and not *persons*: let there be in your minds a clear line of demarcation between them; for while I feel solemnly impressed to speak with the utmost freedom concerning some principles that may reflect unfavorably on the judgment of the Authorities, let it be remembered that I do not impugn their motives, question their integrity or attack them as men; but it certainly is my right to judge as to the correctness of the principles taught by all men, whether they be inside the pale of the Church or not.

It is proper for me to state in this connection that I possess only the kindest feelings towards my brethren in the Priesthood, and to all mankind, and especially so towards President Young, with whom none but the most friendly and intimate relations have existed since, in the days of my boyhood, I first came to this Territory; and whatever erroneous opinions I may think he possesses. I regard them as imperfections of the judgment of a great man.

Instead of enumerating the measures lately adopted that my judgment cannot endorse, I will at once call attention to the fundamental principle they involve—the soundness of which justifies or condemns them—I refer to the doctrine of unconditional obedience; implicit obedience of one portion of the Priesthood to the edicts of another portion of it who may be called to fill the leading positions in the Church. For it is well known that they claim the prerogative of absolutely dictating the people as to where they shall live, and what they shall do, what they shall eat and what they shall drink, what they shall accept as true and what they shall reject as false, and this assumption of priestly power goes as far as to determine what we shall *think* in regard to things temporal as well as things spiritual, as much as with reference to where we shall purchase our goods, as to the most cardinal points in our Most Holy Faith; in a word, in regard to everything that interests us here or hereafter—that pertains to time now or time to come.

To minds unshackled by superstition, and free to think, the bare statement of such a principle would be sufficient to show its fallacy—its dwarfing influence on the intellect, its fearful and dangerous tendency.

Yet this doctrine is asserted and enforced, and those who dare question its divinity, do so at the imminent risk of their standing in the Church, in losing which they become banished from social circles, positions of public trust and honor, and to some extent, from business patronage. Neither does the mischief end here, for in nearly all such cases the verdict against the parties cut off is, that they are grossly immoral, and, therefore, have got into spiritual darkness and allowed the devil to lead them captive at his will, no matter how long their standing in the Church, how much they may have done for the advancement of its cause, or how irreproachable their lives.

Inasmuch, then, as such vital interests are involved in this principle, it will not be wondered at that I should have realized how important it was to arrive at a correct conclusion in regard to it. For so strong is the force of first impressions; with such tenacity do early trainings—especially religious ones—cling to the mind that, although my *reason* always taught me that the doctrine of unconditional obedience was false, yet, until within the last few years, I did not dare to trust wholly to that reason—for I was taught that "the wisdom of man is foolishness with God," and that there was safety only in following the dictates of the servants of the Almighty, whether I could see their utility or not. Moreover, of late years I have been, more or less, interested financially in some of the enterprises of the Church, and thought it probable I might be required to be more so. I deemed it, therefore, to be absolutely necessary that I should have my faith intelligently based, my principles clearly defined, and settle this question of obedience to an infallible Priesthood forever.

I looked above and sought for light from its great fountain, and the light came, and with it, a direct testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and fulfilled a divine mission, and that Brigham Young became President of the Church by the will of the people and the approval of Heaven. But did it follow of necessity that all his schemes were fraught with Heavenly wisdom, or that obedience to them must be rendered under pain of excommunication; that his voice was the voice of God to the people in all things, and that there was no access to the illimitable fountain of truth but through him? By no means; but, on the contrary, it bore testimony that the light within the soul, however faint it might be, was a divine spark that could only have been kindled by its Creator and its God, and that it was the privilege of all to so live as to possess sufficient of its brightness to guide them in the true path; and that while, on the one hand, obedience to the counsels of the servants of God, free acceptance of their doctrines, and a whole-souled response to their requisitions, are sound propositions, and essentially conducive to the good of the community, yet on the other hand, should such counsels, doctrines, or requisitions come in conflict, with what, by History, Experience, Revelation or Reason, we knew to be right—when *conscience* tells us they are wrong, *then* response to them is idolatry, and those who render it violate the noblest instincts of their natures—and obedience to men under such circumstances—irrespective of their priesthood—becomes disobedience to God.

But it is urged by some that such liberty of conscience should only be exercised by advanced minds, that it is only natures enriched by the influences of continued virtue, that can enjoy this freedom without abusing it; that people, in a low state of progress religiously as well as politically, have to be governed by authority, and like children be required to conform to a rigid discipline. The force of this objection I am

free to admit,and, so far as the principle it involves finds application to us as a people, let it be carried out; but it will not by any means apply to the whole community. For I know by personal experience that there are thousands among us whom the truth has made free, and who sense in the gospel of Jesus, "a perfect law of liberty,"—not liberty to do wrong,—but who, in the consciousness of their integrity, purity of purpose and love of humanity, dare to think for themselves in regard to all principles whether they emanate from the lips of the Priesthood or not. To all such the severe *regime* to which we are subjected, is terribly oppressive; their condition demands a more liberal one, their souls are faint for spiritual food, and they thirst for the waters of that unfailing fountain that was opened up by the meek and lowly Jesus.

To such as believe that all the measures instituted by the President are fraught with divine wisdom, I will say that many of them have resulted in failures too well known to need enumerating. I will, however, mention the building of a warehouse on the Colorado, in 1864, at a cost of about eighteen thousand dollars, which has never realized any income, and is now next to worthless. I give this as my opinion, but am aware that the President disagrees with me, for he said at the High Council that the Colorado Warehouse would yet be a success, and that he would yet buy out the stockholders. Now to prove my sincerity in this statement I will thank the President, or any one else, to give me twenty-five cents on the dollar on the amount I have invested therein, namely, three thousand dollars.

The Utah Produce Company, for the purpose of shipping flour and other Home products to Montana, was originated and controlled by the President, and cost the stockholders of whom I was one, to the amount of one thousand dollars, not only all the money they invested in stock, but half as much more besides. I wish it distinctly understood that these failures do not necessarily prove President Young to be a bad financier, but simply that his judgment, being human, is liable to err like that of other men; and that, in such matters, at least, he is not infallible. But the defenders of the belief that "the Pope can do no wrong," tell us we are incompetent to judge in such matters, even if they do result in apparent failure, for, say they, the Lord may design to try the people by such means, and it is impossible to tell what hidden motive or purpose existed in His mind in regard to them. This is very true, and the logic is irresistible, when based on the assumption, in the first place, that all such measures, whether according to human judgment, they are successful or not, are nevertheless inspired by God. But how can we accept any such assumption when by so doing, we ignore the light of reason, and have no further use for the faculties with which we are endowed by the Great Creator? Is it not wiser and safer to judge a tree by its fruits, and the wisdom of enterprises and policies by their manifest results?

I will now call attention to what I regard as the most baneful effect of forced compliance to such doctrines and rules of Church discipline, which first engender and then foster hypocrisy. Hundreds of good men in this Territory are guilty of evasion and dissimulation; they cannot see the wisdom of some things they are required to accept under pain of being disfellowshipped; and this is not the worst of it; they are not even permitted to *think* differently from the appointed way, for, as is well known, they are visited by teachers, who, as a class, are made up of our most faithful men, who are themselves compelled to put such inquisitorial questions as will force the questioned either to a truthful avowal of their views, in which case, should they be heterodox, excommunication would be certain.) or evade the objectionable points, failing in which they resort to dissimulation. In nothing is this hypocrisy so much manifested as in our so-called voting. It is a principle well understood, that in order that people should enjoy the right of voting in its true sense, they be influenced neither by fear nor favor; and yet with us, if a man raises his hand against any measure emanating from the Priesthood, he does so at the almost certain loss of his fellowship. Neither is he permitted to withhold his vote; he must sustain the measure or oppose it, the effect of which is to make good men conscientiously hypocritical: for, much as they may hate dissimulation—far as their natures may be removed from hypocrisy, they believe it to be better to submit to this sort of compulsion, quieting their consciences for the time being with mental reservations, than come out in opposition to their brethren, whom, notwithstanding their differences of opinion, they both love and respect. This accounts, in a measure at least, for the unanimity so universal in our voting. One case illustrating this fact occurred the other day. A friend deeply interested in my welfare, expressed regret that he would have to be present at my trial; for, although his views in regard to certain measures of Church policy and government corresponded with mine, he knew that, in case I did not renounce those views, he would be required to vote for my severance from the Church; refusing to do which would be noticed, and an explanation called for which would probably result in the loss of his standing in the Church. Another instance bearing on this subject, illustrates the fear some have of President Young. A man occupying a high position in the Church, said he would not dare to tell the President anything he did not want to know, meaning, any thing that did not accord with the President's views.

Some twenty years ago I became identified with this people, because the principles presented to me appealed to my reason as being true, and the sweet influence that accompanied them, told my heart that the work must be divine Since then, the weaknesses of human nature permitting, I have been faithful to the truth I then embraced, and have learned to love it more and more as my nature unfolded and my appreciation of its beauties increased. And it never was so priceless, so dear to my soul as it is to-day. I have responded to the requisitions of the authorities frequently, because I have seen their utility and felt myself interested in their accomplishment; but sometimes I have done so at the cost of thousands of dollars, when I was of opinion that the measures were not wisely planned, and the results have proved that my judgment was not at fault. I obeyed, in those cases, to preserve unity of action, believing then as now, that our union is worth more than money, that it should be maintained at the cost of individual interests. Indeed, I regard union as a gem of such worth that we should do everything but wrong to maintain it; *that* we must not do even to preserve us from disunion; and a man does wrong when he acts contrary to the dictates of conscience, God's monitor in the soul, for then he violates the divine part of his nature and sins against light and truth. I have not done these things simply because I was told to do so; but because the light of Deity within me testified it was right.

This issue has been by me unsought; it has been forced upon me. I have endeavored to meet it like a true man, who, although valuing most dearly the friendship of this people, which has been so long and uninterruptedly enjoyed by me, and fully appreciating all the advantages resulting therefrom, would rather incur the temporary displeasure of some and its consequences, than do violence to his sense of right, disregard the holiest promptings of the soul, and thus, in sinning against nature, sin against nature's God.

With regard to apostacy, I know myself to be wholly inno-

cent, the truth of which. God will in the early future make fully apparent. I might as consistently be charged with the violation of a trust that I never accepted. To apostatize from religion, is to abandon it. This I have not done. It is because of my firm adherence to my religion that I have been thus dealt with. My faith at the outset was accepted on the basis of my understanding of the truth; it rests there now; and there it will continue to rest, while reason holds her sway or immortality endures.

I am charged with no crime or immorality of any kind. My only fault is in being one of the publishers of the UTAH MAGAZINE, and for endorsing the sentiments and principles set forth in its columns. Whether these be true or false, treated upon in a temperate and respectful manner or not, you will be the judges; you can read the articles; they speak for themselves. The Magazine was started with the consent and approval of President Young, although he then expressed serious doubts as to its financial success, in which I did not very much differ; but money-making was not the object for which it was started. Its aim was to disseminate liberal ideas and advocate broad, generous principles; but such only as were compatible with our faith, at least, in its most universalian aspect; in a word, to do good to the people with whom our lot was cast; and it has been devoted faithfully to that object ever since.

We have taken the privilege of freely advocating our views in its pages, as an inalienable right, that no man can righteously dispossess us of; and unless they conflict with truth or militate against progress, no action of an ecclesiastical character can justly be taken against us for so doing. Am I wrong in this?

Let the future, with its irresistible logic of facts, answer!

Meantime, would you have me false to my convictions, to the holiest impulses of my being, and quench the divinest aspirations of my soul for religious liberty? If I would, I dare not, for am I not accountable to the great God for so much of light, and so much of truth as he has blessed me with, and how can I sin against Him who is the perfection of goodness, the embodiment of love?

W. S. GODBE.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

TO MY FRIENDS IN UTAH AND ELSEWHERE:

I was, at the meeting of the High Council held in the City Hall, Salt Lake City, Monday, the 25th inst., summarily cut off from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and "handed over to the buffetings of the devil," because I voted in the negative, when the vote was taken to cut off Elders Harrison and Godbe, who were then upon trial for apostacy. I feel it not only my privilege, but a duty that I owe to myself and those interested in my welfare, to plainly define my position with regard to the faith I have clung to so firmly and advocated so strongly for a period of over twenty-six years of my life. My faith in the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, as the Prophet of this dispensation is stronger, if possible, to-day than ever before; I heard, with my own ears, the Prophet declare in the spring of 1844 that he had placed upon the heads of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles all the powers necessary to build up the Kingdom of God upon the earth and bear off the Gospel to the nations." I was with the number that were expelled from Nauvoo; the Church was governed by the Quorum of the Twelve in council, until December, A.D. 1847, at which time a re-organization of the Church authorities took place, by which Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards were taken out of the Quorum of the Twelve and constituted a quorum or First Presidency, by the voice of all the quorums and members of the Church, for the purpose as then avowed, of enabling the quorum of the Twelve to really act as a "Traveling High Council" of the Church, as contemplated in the Revelation in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants. I was present at that organization, and voted for it in connection with my brethren of the Seventies. I felt then that that move of the Church met the approval of the Heavens, and I am, if possible, more firm in that conviction now than then.

I here declare in all truth that I am as firm in my faith in the Gospel, as when I proclaimed it so fervently in my four years' mission to Europe, (from 1848 to close of 1851), or at any time since then.

My mind was first stirred up to a closer inquiry of the Revelation given to Joseph Smith upon the subject of Church government, as well as to all Revelations containing anything on the subject of the inspirations of the Spirit of Truth upon the heart and mind of the believer, by a startling declaration made by President Young, nearly two years ago, "That it was his right to dictate to the Church in all things, either spiritual or temporal,—even to the ribbons the women wear;" and was still more startled when he gave a definition of his views of the Order of Enoch, and of the Law of Consecration. When the policy of a coercive system of coöperation was inaugurated, and the faithful everywhere commanded to trade *only* with the orthodox establishments of Zion's Coöperative Merchantile Institution upon pain of excommunication, I then fully opened my eyes to the fact that I must make a stand for liberty or be forever in bondage; that the Order of Enoch and the Law of Consecration, as *he* interprets them, were calculated in their combined results to reduce the people to the condition of "*Tenants at Will*," and thus render them utterly powerless to resist the most oppressive conditions that it might be thought wisdom to heap upon them.

I invite all to carefully read the four Revelations given on the order of Enoch, and, if I mistake not, they will there find that all who may become members of that holy order are to be *equal* in temporal things, that they may be equal in spiritual things,—that each member has an *equal* voice in all things pertaining to the interests of the order. I also invite all to read carefully the Revelations that treat upon Consecration. They will find, if I mistake not, that they teach the rich and well-to-do sort of men to consecrate all of their surplus properties for the benefit of the poor of the Church; they will also find that each poor man, who becomes a recipient of any portion of the properties so consecrated shall forever thereafter be a steward unto God; and not a steward of the President of the Church through the bishops.

I have apostatized from no doctrine nor commandment ever given to the Church by revelation through Joseph Smith, nor, indeed, from any of the measures of President Young—save it be wherein he claims infallibility for *President* Young, at the same time, admitting his fallibility as a man. Hildebrand admitted his fallibility as a man in the same breath that he claimed infallibility as Pope. I cannot, for the life of me, distinguish the difference between the *man* and the *president*. The fallibility of the man cannot, in my view, be made infallible by the office of President. I, myself, in my ordinations in the Priesthood, was told that I had then been made a recipient of the highest priesthood, in degree, that had ever been conferred upon man on the earth.

If a man's testimony of himself cannot be believed, in the name of all that is true, I ask, whose testimony shall be received? I have heard President Young assert, again and again, that he (speaking of himself), was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but simply claimed to have been

"profitable to this people,"—if not indeed a prophet, what, I ask, is the character of his inspirations, that they should be worth everything and mine worth nothing, unless sanctified by his? If, through the laying on of hands, the Holy Ghost was given to me as a comforter, by whose inspirations "the things of the Father and the Son would be made known unto me," did I not, through my faith and that holy ordinance, receive the right to drink of the waters of the *river of life?* Who shall say to me, after I have drunk of the blessed stream, that the water is bitter, when I know, for myself, that it is sweet to *my soul?*

My acquaintance with Brothers Harrison and Godbe has reached over a period of many years. A congeniality of temperament, and a similarity of views, on all the topics of interest that have occupied our attention for years, has rendered our friendship very warm and enduring. I have proved to myself, by the best of all evidences, namely, that of close personal intercourse, that they are men of the highest moral worth and unfailing integrity—men in whose breasts flows richly the milk of human kindness; men, who are true in their allegiance to God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, then, with all this knowledge of the men, should I hold up my hand to cut them off from my fellowship? I knew that they had done no wrong; that they were only in resistance to the mere assumption that to differ in opinion with the Presidency, on any question, ecclesiastical, civil, commercial, or political, is the rankest apostacy. I feel deeply the hasty, inconsiderate, and intolerant manner that we have been dealt with. Speaking for myself alone, I ask every candid and considerate mind to pause before they condemn. I have every earthly consideration to urge as an excuse for desiring to be at peace and good-fellowship with my brethren of the household of faith. All my interests and affections as husband, father friend, and citizen, would naturally impel me to desire to be at peace with the powers that be. I am fully aware that, for a period in the future, a heavy, gloomy cloud will hang over me; that my social status in society will be deeply injured; in other words, that I shall be "spotted" as a man, by hundreds and, maybe, by thousands, of my former acquaintances. Yet, as is my faith in God, so is my faith that truth will triumph, and human liberties in these Mountains be placed on a sure basis that shall endure forever.

With an earnest expression of a strong desire to be at peace with all men, and at war with none, I close.

Eli B. Kelsey,

LIBERTY.

BY EMILY E. TEASDALE.

Note.—The following was crowded out of our late issue.

Perhaps no word in the English language is more full of meaning than that of LIBERTY. It decides the development of nations. All the natural creatures of God boldly bear its impress; ask the the warbling lark for what she would exchange her liberty, and, could she speak, she would tell you death would be preferable, for liberty is the burden of her song. Bondage is of earthly origin, dictated by the ambition of man. If we take China for instance, where is her development? A word to her without a meaning. Man knows liberty and power are synonymous, and the tyrant endeavors to throw his shackle around his brother man, that he may lord it over him. Many a noble spirit, with heart and brain well calculated to elevate the sufferings of humanity, has dragged out an existence in obscurity and toil, because destiny has clasped with a monarch's diadem some mean, contracted soul, who would not hesitate even to shed the blood of the innocent, if he imagined he might, some day, rival him in power. From the days of Cain, man has ever allowed this earth-born element to creep into his nature; in his shortsightedness, he realizes not that another power detracts not from his own, because every man must eventually fill the niche carved by his own intrinsic worth. How frequently do we blame unseen influences for the misery we bring upon ourselves; through our own cramped feelings;

If we would study the benefit of humanity instead of our own exclusive aggrandizement, we, too, should share the benefit of an improved condition of society in general. We may read in nations the efforts of liberty, and *vice versa*. What has Russia gained by the bondage in which she has held Poland? Whereas she might have secured her friendship, and by so doing, an ally. Ask the poor Pole what he would be willing to do to liberate his country and his life, his all would be laid on the altar of sacrifice. When man has attained his full development, we shall find love alone will rule. Bondage makes of man mere automatons,—their pinions are clipped,—the noblest aspirations of the man are crushed; henceforth he turns his attentions to the groveling things of earth, that he may accumulate its dross, forgetting the counsel of Jesus, to lay up treasures in heaven. Man has ambition so strongly implanted in his nature that, if it is turned from its legitimate channel, it takes a lower aim. But God has destined man to rise from tyranny, oppression and wrong; and He will accomplish the mighty work he has commenced. Surround a man or woman with every luxury the world could produce, yet deprive him of liberty, and to what would it amount? The spirit of God is the very essence of love and liberty, Jesus conveyed this idea, when he said "my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Love was his crowning attribute, a yearning for man's redemption to see him rise from the thraldom of earth to the love and liberty of the heavens. Could man see as God sees, all envy of another's greatness of course would cease, and he would only see another instument in the hands of God for man's development. The purest happiness we can ever know springs from a knowledge of being a blessing to others. The spirit of God whispers a time will come when earth will be ruled by intellect, dictated by the spirit of God.

The gloomy night is breaking,
The gospel light now rests,
With a bright and cheering radiance,
On the hill-tops of the west.
The mists are gently rising
From the valley and the plain,
And a spirit is awaking
That shall never sleep again.
And ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like the ocean,
With its solemn bass along.
O can ye stay the rivers?
Or bind the wings of light?
Or bring back in the morning
The old departed night?
Nor can ye check its impulse,
Or stay it for an hour,
Till earth's deluded millions,
Have felt its healing power.
This spirit is the gospel,
In the vigor of its youth—
The foeman of oppression—
And its armour is the truth.
Old Error with its legions
Must fall beneath its wrath
Though blood and tears and anguish,
May work its brilliant path,
But onward, upward, heavenward
The spirit still will soar,
Till peace and love shall triumph
And falsehood reign no more.

THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

CHAPTER II.

THE JEWELER, AND THE JEWELER'S DAUGHTER.

On Tuscany, and on the dynasty of Lorraine, must rest the disgrace of having first given to Europe that evil example of a government exciting and pandering to the most pernicious and anti-social vices of its people, by making gambling a national vice. The lottery, as a means of revenue, was first introduced there in 1740, shortly after the death of the last Medicean duke. Something of the kind had previously existed in the republic of Genoa. It was said to have arisen there from a system of betting on the different candidates for the various magistracies to be elected by ballot; and it was in its early days known as the "Genoa Lottery." But it was at Florence that the lottery became a systematised means of duping and plundering the people. From Florence it passed to Vienna. France eagerly seized on the new invention. England, as we know, permitted state needs to override the perfectly understood, but deliberately disregarded, principles of state morality. To Frederick the Great belongs the honor of having resisted the temptation, and strictly forbidden the introduction of the abomination into his states. In proportion as the different countries have advanced in moral civilization, they have discountenanced and abolished their lotteries. In Italy, as might be expected, the system still continues in full vigor. Rome, struck at first sight by the immorality of the thing—but not at first sight comprehending the profit to be drawn from it—began by anathematising the lottery, but pocketed its infallibility and adopted it, immediately on perceiving its real object and value.

In central Italy, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and the Father of the Faithful were partners in keeping the public hell for their respective subjects. And by this arrangement the lottery drawing in the various Tuscan cities served the Pope for continually "making the game" with his "children;" while that at Rome assisted the grand-duke in like manner. It is understood that the immoral and disreputable keepers of the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden, and Homburg, have chances in the games played to the extent of five per cent against the players, who are perfectly well aware of the fact. But the amount of "the pull" which his Highness the Duke and his Holiness the Pope permitted themselves against their subjects, was, as near as may be, seventeen per cent.

The "game is made, gentlemen," in this wise: The drawing takes place every week in one or other of the different cities, more or less frequently in each in proportion to their size and importance, according to a regular fixed cycle. This change in the locality of the drawing has no other object or effect than to give each place in turn a share of the amusement of seeing the ceremony. The offices are always open in all the towns, and a man at Rome may play on the drawing to take place at Florence, or vice versâ, just as well as if the drawing were to be performed in his own city. The numbers put into the wheel are always from one to ninety inclusively. From these, five are drawn. The player, therefore, bets that such or such a number will be drawn.

When the drawing is to take place, a scaffolding, handsomely ornamented with upholstery, is raised in one of the most conspicuous spots in the city, and a band of music is provided. Three magistrates attend in their robes of office; the wheel is placed before them at the front of the platform, and a boy stand beside it. The numbers are called aloud by one of the magistrates, held up to the sight of the people, then passed from one of them to the other two successively, and lastly to the boy, who drops them, one by one, into the wheel. Two or three turns of the machine mixes them well up together; and the boy proceeds to take out one. It is handed to the presiding magistrate, who calls it aloud, shows it to the crowd, and then affixes it in large figures to a board provided for the purpose. Then comes a flourish of music; and so on, till the five numbers have been drawn. They are immediately put up conspicuously in all the lottery offices; they are communicated as quickly as possible to the other cities; and the fortunate holders of them, if there be any such—for it will be observed that by this system it by no means follows that there will be any prizes to pay at all—present their tickets for payment at any of the offices.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the degree to which the lottery occupies the thoughts of the Tuscan populace, or of the largeness of the place it holds in their daily life. It has even modified their language. Expressions, allusions, metaphors drawn from it, have become part of their household speech. The walls and pavements throughout the city are always scrawled over with figures, generally in combinations of three or five. It is a constant subject of conversation; and if a working man has occasion to put his hand into his miscellaneously filled pocket, the chances are, that you may see him pull out, among other matters, one of the abominable little strips of coarse grey-blue paper which constitute the tickets in the lottery. Hawkers, crying their special numbers, may constantly be heard in the street. A ticket may be bought for a sum somewhat less than a penny; and the mendicant risks his alms in preference to buying himself a bit of bread. Many and many of the poorest classes play every week; and there is always an especial run on the government pawnbroking establishment a few hours previous to the closing of the sale of tickets.

> Hell's darksome gate stands night and day agape,

says the Latin poet.

A confirmed lottery player is to a Tuscan family almost as fatal a cause of misery and ruin as a confirmed gin-drinker is to an English hearth. And the reader will be prepared to find that the home to which we left Laudadio Vanni and his daughter Laura returning, after their day's holiday at the Cascine, was not a prosperous one. Yet, had it not been for the curse that was on the old man, there were reasons why it ought to have been both. Laudadio Vanni had once been celebrated in the little world of Florence for his talent in his art. Ideas which have once become a portion of the popular mind in any country are endowed with a wonderful vitality. The goldsmith's art in the palmy days of Florence—from the old time when Giotto drew the perfect circle without compass as he sat at his work-bench, to the later generation when Cellini delighted Europe with the elegance of his fancy and the daintiness of his handiwork— was one of the fine arts. The statue of that unrivaled art-workman stands among the great ones, poets, painters, sculptors, statesmen, and captains, whom Florence still delights to honor; and his works are among the undying possessions which still bring the lovers and students of art as pilgrims to its shrine in Florence, from every part of the civilized world. And to the Florentine mind the cunning and tasteful worker in gold and its combinations is still an artist.

And Laudadio Vanni was held to have caught more of the ancient spirit and traditions of Florentine art than any of his contemporaries. If a restoration was needed of some treasured relic of former magnificence, no eye was so sure as Vanni's to comprehend the feeling of the original design, and no hand so capable of equalling the original workmanship. If a stranger needed a fitting setting for some gem of mediæval art, the acquisition of which was the main triumph of his tour, Vanni, was the man to whom he was recommended. His was the shop on the Ponte Vecchio which travelers in search of some memorial of their stay at Florence especially sought out. And all this ought to have "led on to fortune." More especially as the old widower's only daughter from an early age began to prove herself a very valuable assistant to him.

Laura Vanni was indeed a born artist. Had the circumstances of her position put it within her reach, she would have undoubtedly excelled in some one of the higher branches of art creation. She had striven hard, and had effected much, towards retarding her father's down-hill path on the road to ruin. Her talent had made itself known; her designs were sought; and the old shop on the Ponte Vecchio had a new attraction added to it. But the evil spirit she had to fight against was too strong for her; and gradually things went from bad to worst. A precarious hand-to-mouth struggle with difficulties drove them to substitute mere manufacture for the slower process of artistic elaboration. Visitors who sought the shop in the expectation of finding some charming chef-d'œuvre of grace and fancy, found only the ordinary bunches of turquoises and garnets and pearls, which made the staple of every shop on the bridge. The display even of these soon began to be scantier and shabbier than those of their neighbors and rivals. It was not only that the old man neglected his business, and did nothing, being wholly absorbed in cabalistic calculations, and endless searches for fortunate numbers from every object in life and in nature. Had this been the worst, Laura, by her own industry and talent, and with the true-hearted help of her faithful friend and patient lover, Carlo Bardi, might have managed to keep the old man and herself without any assistance from him. Carlo would willingly have installed himself as the old jeweler's assistant and workman, and have served his seven or twice seven years for his love, had such a scheme promised any good issue. It had often been talked over between them, and as often abandoned as hopeless. For old Laudadio was in the habit of pilfering from his own shop to supply the means of gratifying his passion. Any chance suggestion of a combination of numbers to his diseased brain was sure to be followed by the abstraction of a brooch or a bracelet; and a dream was a sentence of sacrifice under cost price of the most valuable article in the shop.

It will be seen that poor Laura's task was an up-hill one, and her position sufficiently hard. Without the frequent and always ungrudgingly bestowed assistance of her godfather, the cavaliere ex-clerk, old Sestini, it would have been impossible for her to have got on from one year's end to another. But it was curious enough, that though old Niccolo was held by all who knew him to be a fool, though he seemed, in truth, not to have two ideas on any subject under the sun, and, still more strangely, though he always testified the utmost admiration for his friend Laudadio's profound cabalistic science, yet some species of instinct with regard to the side on which his own bread was buttered, prevented him from ever risking a farthing in the lottery himself and also led him so to manage his benefactions to Laura, as that they should always reach their hands, just when needed to meet some special pressure, and should never find their way into those of his profoundly mathematical friend.

Under these circumstances, it would seem that pretty Laura Vanni must have been among the many victims who have cause to hate the paternal institution of the lottery as the one cause of all their sorrow in life. How numerous must be the victims ruined by the fatal passion in those on whom they depend! Yet no such feeling is common among the people, even among those who are themselves free from the lust of gambling. And Laura herself had no such feeling on the subject. It was not only that her affections for her father was in no wise diminished by his conduct, but she did not seem to feel either hatred or anger against the thing itself.

While the old shop on the bridge was becoming stripped, and things were getting worse and worse with Laura and her poor old incorrigible father, worthy Carlo Bardi was slowly making his way up fortune's hill. By rigid economy and hard work as a journeyman jeweler, he had contrived to save a sum which at last placed him in a position to make a proposal he had been long meditating. This was nothing less than that Laudadio should give up the shop and business to him, that he and Laura should forthwith be married, and that he should charge himself with finding the old man a home and maintenance during the remainder of his days. The business had, in fact, become worth nothing, and the shop was as nearly as possible bare. Nevertheless, Carlo hoped to be able to stock it with his little capital, and by his own industry and skill, and his wife's talent and taste, to recover in some degree its old credit. It was a bold scheme, for poor Carlo's means were of the smallest. When matters were canvassed between him and Laura, he steadily set his face against all notions of partnership with the old jeweler. Laura feared that her father's pride would rebel against this proposal of complete abdication. But Carlo was of opinion that the lottery had swept all that away, together with so much else.

At all evdnts, it was settled between them, as they walked back from the Cascine on the Ascension-day evening, that the attempt should be made. Carlo went over his calculations yet once again, and, as usual, a certain sum of a hundred dollars figured in the little budget, which Laura was to receive on her marriage from her godfather. These hundred dollars had been laid aside years and years ago by the little cavaliere, long before he had quitted his place in the government office, and had they been placed at interest, might have been two hundred by this time. But nothing, to Carlo's great disgust, could ever induce Niccolo Sestini to take any step of the kind. There were the identical dollars, all fresh from the mint, and those dollars he should put into Laura's hand when she was to be married. Over and over again he had resisted temptation to permit the little hoard to be diminished. And he was equally immovable in refusing to touch it for the purpose of increasing it. "How could he know," he observed, which it was shown him that the hundred might ere this have become two hundred—"how could he know that Laura would have remained single so long?" So the hundred dollars were but a hundred; but they were counted on by the young couple as a very important fund for meeting the immediate expenses of starting, and thus leaving Carlo's little capital free for the all-important work of stocking the old shop.

It may be surmised that Laura and Carlo saw little of the surpassing beauty of their sunset walk by the bank of the Arno from the Cascine to the city gate, and thence by the long line of the Lungarno to the Ponte Vecchio. It was then arranged between them that Carlo should call on her father on the following morning, and make his proposal. Old Laudadio, who, as in the morning, walked in front with the cavaliere, was equally blind to all around him, unless it were that he occasionally recorded to himself the numbers suggested, according to his science, by the objects that met his eyes. A little boy patiently dangling a bit of string at the end of a stick in the river, produced the remark that fishing with a hook was 41. Two men, with bare brown legs and arms, in a boat, which they were loading with sand scooped up from the shallows of the river, and which looked as if one more shovelful added to the heap which had already brought their gunwale to the level of the water must surely sink their boat, led to the observation that sand denoted number 20.

Old Niccolo alone seemed, as he gently puffed his cigar, strolling onwards with his hands behind his back, to be enjoying the lovely view of his dear Florence to the utmost. For among these Southern organizations, be it observed, it does not follow that because a man is seventy years of age, an ex-clerk in a public office, fat and paunch, and an old fool into the bargain, he is therefore insensible to beauty of any kind. A Parisian, in a similar position and circumstances, would see no beauty save of a far more facetious kind. It is not so with a Tuscan.

"Ah! come è bella! come è bella!" he exclaimed, as the moon rose over the black pine-forests of Vallombrosa, and tipped the pinnacles of the Palazzo Vecchio's tall slender tower with her light.

"Moon," said Laudadio, "is number 6."

"She must be full to-night, I think," remarked Sestini.

"But *full* moon is 90, my sympathetic number!" cried old Vanni.

"What a head he has! What a philosopher's head!" said the ex-clerk, shaking his own in admiring wonder.

And so they passed under the shadow of the quaint old buildings on the Ponte Vecchio.

The Ponte Vecchio, or old bridge at Florence, is one of the most remarkable specimens remaining in Europe of the mediæval fashion of turning bridges into streets, by loading them with rows of houses on either side. Space within a walled and fortified enclosure was of course scarce and valuable; and the difficulty of lodging an increased community within the unelastic circuit of its stone girdle, led citizens to this and other non-sanitary expedients, which, according to Dame Nature's usual just and inexorable mode of dealing with us, levied inevitable retribution on mankind for the crime of so mis-managing their lives on this fair earth as to make stone walls round their dwellings necessary to them. In a simply artistic point of view, something may be found to be said on either side—in favor of the old building-laden bridge, as well as of the modern unembarrassed structure. If Waterloo Bridge be a beautiful and magnificent work of art, ancient London Bridge, as its appearance has been preserved for us by old pictures and engravings, was rich in picturesque beauty of its kind. And on the banks of the Arno, although the Ponte Santa Trinita, situated a few hundred yards down the stream, is a masterpiece of elegance, lightness, and scientific construction, it is its ancient neighbor, with its quaint superstructure of queer little shops, that attracts the eyes and occupies the sketch-books of both resident and pilgrim artists.

The Florentine working jewelers, who produce the combinations of pearls, garnets, and turquoises, which are peculiar to Florence, and who invent cunning Etruscan settings for pietra dura and cameo ornaments, still stick to the Ponte Vecchio. Their shops are of very diminutive dimensions. Behind most of them a tiny little back-shop is contrived, generally for the purpose of a workshop, by dint of projecting the buildings over the sides of the bridge, and supporting them by timbers, resting in a sloping position on its solid masonry. Notwithstanding what would seem a somewhat insecure foundation, these buildings are of two, and in some cases of three stories. They are built with complete contempt for all uniformity and regularity; and being adorned, here with an ancient stone-cut coat of arms or an inscription, there with a fragment of fresco or a tabernacle to the Virgin, with its pendent lamp in front of it, the general effect is picturesque in no ordinary degree.

Laudadio Vanni and his three companions turned up the bridge from the Lungarno, and stopped before the narrow door of one of the little houses on the left hand as you cross from the north to the south side of the river. Massive iron-bound shutters, not made to stand perpendicularly against the front of the house, but projecting from it in a slope, so as to cover and protect the cases of jewelry made to jut out from the little window fronts; in order to gain a little space at the cost of stealing it from the public way, were in front of every tenement on the bridge, and now that they were all closed on this high day and holiday, had the appearance of huge sloping-roofed chests deposited on the pavement in front of each little house. Every narrow door, barely large enough for one person to pass through it at a time, was secured by two or more huge locks. The Florentine locksmith still looks mainly to massiveness and size as the elements of security, and dreams not as yet of the cunning devices by which an ounce of steel in the

hands of a Bramah or a Chubb is made to render better service than half a dozen pounds' weight of less-skilled workmanship.

The old jeweler deliberately drew from his pocket a sufficiently greasy-looking leathern bag, or key case, which with its contents may have weighed some six or eight pounds. Unwinding the thong which was bound around it, he took out first one huge key, which he applied to a lock at the middle height of the door, and gave it three complete turns. Then another such lock was opened at the top of the door. And lastly, an immense padlock, which secured an iron stanchion across the whole width of it, at the bottom, was removed; and then at length the narrow door thus jealously secured was opened. There was little enough at present in old Laudadio's shop to necessitate all these precautions, but such had not always been the case.

Laura struck a light as soon as all four had entered the miniature dwelling, and proceeded, while her father carefully put up his keys again, to light two of those slender tall brass lamps, with their implements—snuffers, scissors for cutting the wick, and pin for trimming it, hanging around it by three brass chains—and their oil reservoirs and burners, made still in the shape of those found in old Etruscan tombs—lamps which are seen in every Tuscan house; and have in the eyes of strangers such a curiously classical appearance.

Placing one of these on the narrow little work-bench before the window on one side of the door, which was her father's now rarely occupied place of work, and in front of which stood his old worn arm-chair, she passed with the other through a door still narrower than that which communicated with the street, into the second room, if a space of some six feet square could be called such. Here, in front of a tiny window over-hanging the river, was Laura's own little work establishment, with its appurtenances of multitudinous small tools, spirit-lamp, blow-pipe, &c. Three or four casts of bronzes and basso relievo were hung round the little cabin. One or two old books, in a sadly dilapidated condition, containing engravings of celebrated gems and cut stones, lay upon a hanging table (or shelf rather, it was so narrow) against one of the side-walls. The little bit of a window, small though it was, gave the inmate the precious advantage of a pure and unbroken light; for, looking out over the river as it did, there was nothing between it and the heavens.

Here, seated at her bench and busily at work in shaping the delicate materials of her art into the expression of some dainty device or skillful reproduction of mediæval workmanship, Laura passed the happiest hours of her life; unless, indeed, those exceptional ones of the society of Carlo are to be counted as ranking first in her estimation.

And now this evening, one of the last, as she hoped, silly mortal! of that sort, never-returning blossom-time of a life which precedes love's fruit-season—this evening she would celebrate by a combination of both delights. The two old men sat down in the front shop for a "chiacherata"—a bout of gossip; and Carlo, as she had intended him to do, followed her into her work-shop and artistic sanctum. She sat down in her accustomed seat at the narrow work-bench before the window, and Carlo took the only other seat in the little room, and placed himself at the end of the bench, and thus at right angels to her and the window. Of course they had enough to talk of. But if Laura had been intent on talk only, the lamp would hardly have been necessary. For the moonlight was streaming in at the little window, and was reflected in a long pathway of light on the water, extending from the edge of the shadow cast by the "Ponte alle Grazie"—the bridge next above the Ponte Vecchio on the river—till it ended beneath the arches of the old bridge under their feet. Few quainter and more characteristic town views could be found than that commanded by the little window at which the lovers sat. In front, the queer old bridge of the Grazie, with its chapels, and little shops on its massive piers all in deep shadow, and the Chianti hills in the distance; to the left the river facade of the Uffizi, with its noble arches and harmonious Palladian architecture—that frontage of which Vasari was prouder than of all his other various art-works, and of the difficulty of rearing which on the unstable soil of the river-brink he boasts so much—all this, too, black in deep shade; then, to the right, the strangely varied line of the backs of the houses, which at this part of the river come sheer down to the water, without any intervening quay or pathway. These were in the full moonlight; but the irregularities of the buildings chequered the light with innumerable variously shaped patches of shade. The backs of houses always offer a more suggestive and amusing view, and often a more picturesque one, than their more uniform street fronts, got up with a view to respectable appearance in public. The inhabitants of every one of them would be far more interesting objects of observation than they mostly are, if one could get a peep at their minds and opinions in an analogous behind-the-scenes point of view. And it is the same with their dwellings.

CHAPTER III.

THE JEWELER'S SHOP.

Laura's lamp was not needed for looking on this scene, or for conversing with Carlo, as they sat in the moonlight. But she was never absent from her work-bench for a few hours without longing to be back at it. And now she was in a hurry to look at a piece of workmanship which she was completing, and which she was anxious to compare with an engraving she had recollected while at the Cascine. Laura's piece consisted in a most ingenious and tasteful combination and adaptation of several pearls of large size, but of very irregular shape, in such a manner as to make their abnormal forms serve instead of marring the purpose of her design. Most daintily fancied was the idea she had imagined, and Laura was pleased with her work, and eager to return to it. Carlo had not yet seen it, as she had intended to have shown it him only when finished. But this evening she could not resist drawing it forth from the little locked drawer beneath the working-bench; and so it was presented for the criticism of the Paris-taught workman in its still unfinished state.

"Charming!" cried Carlo, genuinely pleased with the beauty of the gem; "davvero, davvero—truly, truly, it is exquisite. There is but my Laura in all Florence this day capable of a design so deliciously fancied. There is the true sentiment of the cinquecento," added he, recurring to a Florentine artist's constant beau-ideal of art in all its branches.

"Ah, that is the real praise!" said Laura; "that is what I have been striving after. And if I could only hope that I had a ray of the real light!"

Very absurd, was not it, for a poor jeweler's prentice daughter to talk in such a strain? Absurd enough for a girl to meddle with men's work at all, and quite against all the rules of the trade! But then, you see, poor Laura was an enthusiast in her own way; knew all the glories of the Carrionis, Giuffuris, Torricellis, and Ginghis, the masters of her own craft in the days when fine art meant the creation of the beautiful in any form and in any material; knew especially the story of Francesco Borghigiani and his daughter, who at a later day won herself a niche in Art's Pantheon by her skill in works of the same class.

Quite a fanatica, this pretty little Laura! Yes; but not by very far so strange a one, observe, under the shade of Brunellesehi's dome, as she would have been under that of Christopher Wren.

Carlo Bardi had acquired more modern notions, and, moreover, was not an enthusiast in any way, though Laura's enthusiasm appeared infinitely beautiful to him.

"I *do* think, then, in all truth," replied he to Laura's outburst, "that your work has quite the style of the old workmen. But I very much fear, my Laura, that the world's tastes have so much changed, that, with the exception of here and there a purchaser with antiquarian tastes, this beautiful work of yours would not be calculated to meet the modern demand. Look, now, at this model of a brooch," added he, taking a small case from his pocket, "that we have just received from Paris at our place, as a sample of the last new style."

"A sample!" cried Laura, flushing with indignation; "and of the latest Paris style. Do tell me, Carlo mio, whether he who wrought that crucifix," pointing to a plaster model of an exquisite work by Benvenuto Cellini, "used to receive samples of the latest style from Paris?"

"Not so, Laura," replied Carlo, quietly; "unhappily, alas! Paris and Florence have changed places. Benvenuto sent the Parisians samples of the newest style. That is the difference."

"No! Carlo, no! and no again. What is this vulgar thing sent here for? That you and every one on the bridge may make fifty dozen exactly like it, if you could get the order for them. Is not it true? And do you think Cellini's works were sent to Paris with any such hope or expectation? When the French kind wanted Florentine art, he had to bring the Florentine artist, I think, and not *samples* to Paris."

"That is very true, Laura mia," said Carlo, stooping across the bench to press a kiss on the cheek that was so charmingly colored by her disdainful mood; "but say, darling, why do you call this French brooch vulgar? Is not it very pretty?"

"It is vulgar," said Laura, nodding her graceful head, "first, because it *is* a sample; and may serve for one; because anybody can make another exactly like it, and as good as the original. It is vulgar, secondly, because the value of it is more in the intrinsic cost of the material than in the workmanship; and, thirdly, it is vulgar because no sentiment went to the making of it; the maker

put none of his individuality into it, and it is, therefore, as one would say of a human being, all body and no brain, and no heart."

"It is quite true," replied Carlo, "that our modern workmen would turn you out as many dozen of such brooches as you choose to order, not one of which could you tell from the original. But still, modern work has its advantages and excellences. See, now, these circular lines! They are perfectly accurate. See how truly in the center is the exact point that ought to be the center. You know how constantly the old works, even of the first hands, are inaccurate in such matters. A lopsided circle, an untrue angle, or a false center, would not be tolerated now-a-days."

"So much the worse for those who won't tolerate them!" cried Laura. "I love the careless inaccuracies of the old workers. Their care was occupied otherwise. These little departures from mechanical accuracy mark the individuality of the artist. An artist is not a machine, to work with machine-like precision. Is one man's mind the exact counterpart of another's? Am I the same one day that I am another? I like the careless inexactitude that marks the humanity of the artist without injuring the expression of his thought, better than the precision which only shows that your compasses were in good order. But as for my poor trinket here, one of the here and there individuals of antiquarian tastes has been met with, for this is a commission for an Englishman. It came to me through Signor Raddi, at the gallery."

"I am delighted to hear it; my own Laura!" said Carlo; "for the truth is, that I am thinking of the subject rather from the mercantile than from the artistic point of view. And you know, that if all goes well for our hopes to-morrow, as please God it will, it is in that light that we must look at it."

"Heaven grant that all may go well!" responded Laura, fervently; "but oh, Carlo, I fear, I fear. I think I shall sit here and work at my pearls all night. For then I shall think of my work, and get over the hours. But I am sure I shall not sleep a wink. Sometimes it seems to come out quite clear to me, that of course my father will never consent to take off the old name that has been over the shop for three generations. You don't know how much pride my poor father has in his business."

"I think, my Laura, that when the business was, the pride was; but both, I suspect, have been killed by the same malady," said Carlo, a little bitterly. "Besides," he added, "there is the too evident difficulty of going on, as things are. Surely your father must feel painfully anxious for the future, and will welcome a proposition which will, I trust, remove all anxiety from him for ever."

"You forget, Carlo dear, that my father feels poverty only as one does who is on the point of leaving it behind him for ever. He is well and truly persuaded that the prize, which has so often seemed within his grasp, will come at last, and that soon. And if it should, Carlo——"

"Laura! by all the saints, don't let me hear you talk in that way too! Have you not seen enough of lottery drawing and gambling by this time?" said sensible Carlo, sadly.

"But my dear father *does* understand the lottery as few others do," pleaded Laura. "And I am sure, if calculation and meditation on the cabala and the mathematics can avail, he ought to win."

"Laura! Laura! for Heaven's sake don't talk so!" groaned poor Carlo, with real alarm. "Tell me," said he, "did you ever buy a ticket, Laura? Did you ever wish to do so?"

"Surely you know, Carlo, I never did either the one or the other. I neither understand anything about it, nor ever attempted to understand it. The numbers for my terno are my own true love, my art, and my old work-bench. Papa would tell the numbers sympathetic to all three in a minute. Will my terno come up, Carlo?" said she, with a look which made it impossible for Carlo to scold.

"Dearest," he said, "I would rather talk of our happiness under any other form. Can it be that you really have any shadow of belief in the possibility of any connection between the numbers to be drawn out of the wheel at the lottery, and all the calculations, sympathetic numbers, and dreams that your father, and so many others, put so much faith in?"

"In truth, dearest Carlo," replied Laura, seriously, but without a particle of the animation and intense interest that had lighted up her face, and lent fire to her eye, a few moments previously, when she had been speaking of matters of art—"in truth, dearest Carlo, I have never given the question a thought, and know, as I said, that I understand nothing about it. But——"

"Understand it, Laura!" broke in Carlo, the sceptical and the sensible; "why, it is within the comprehension of a baby."

"And yet they all speak of it," rejoined Laura, humbly, "as a profound science and mystery, to be fathomed only by the longest and deepest mathematical study. See, now," she continued, "what reasons I have to believe these things, which seem to you so incredible. My dear, dear father, certainly was never considered wanting in intelligence. You know, before pressing want of money led him to devote all his attention to this subject, how highly his talents were thought of by all the men of art in Florence. And years of deep study have only confirmed him more and more in the certainty of his speculations."

Carlo groaned; but not letting him interrupt her, she went on:

"Then, as you remarked yourself, my father is far from singular in his belief. How many others think like him? And then again, above all, that book which he had with him this morning. I have never so much as looked into it. But I have often and often heard him quoting the names of the great philosophers whose calculations are there given. I know that the book states the correspondences and sympathies of numbers, and the possibility of winning in the lottery by their means, as matters of fact. And it is credible that the government and Holy Church, which takes such ceaseless care to prevent evil books of any kind from being printed, would suffer that book to be published and sold openly to thousands of people, deluding them in the most cruel and wicked manner, if it were all false? Is this in any way credible, I say?"

Carlo's Paris-grown ideas brought to his lips some pithy expressions of his estimate of the paternal care of "government and Holy Church," in reply to his Laura's triumphant arguments. But he suppressed them, wisely judging that so very large a dose of novel and startling doctrine, administered all at once, might be more than was good for the mental digestion of his pretty and much-loved patient. So contenting himself with inwardly resolving that a little enlightenment on these matters should reach his Laura's deeply art-instructed, but on all other subjects blank-paper mind, at some future and more convenient period, he merely said:

"Well, my sweet Laura, without pretending to give up my own ideas on the matter, I will be content if, as you tell me, at all events, never felt an inclination to dabble in the lottery."

"And if I had, Carlo, which I truly never had, would it not be enough for me to know that you did not approve of it?"

This, as the speaker doubtless felt, could only be answered by a very tender caress. And then it was settled between them that the all-important interview of the morrow should come off at ten o'clock, at which hour Carlo was to call on the old man for the purpose.

Of course Laura and Carlo would have sat on where they were as long as ever the two old men in the front shop chose to leave them undisturbed. But it was not long after they had finished their business and type-reproducible talk, and had betaken themselves to very orthodox hand-in-hand moon gazing, that the round-about figure of Godpapa Niccolo appeared in the too narrow frame of the little doorway between the two rooms. Laudadio, he said, was specially absorbed in some calculations of the influence which the full of the moon would have on the drawing of the lottery on the following Saturday at Rome, as deducible from the numbers that came up the last time the drawing took place at Rome in the quarter of the full moon. And he had betaken himself to the room above, which was reached by a ladder-like stair constructed in the thickness of the wall. Carlo, and he, he said, would go off to bed, and Laura was to close the door behind them.

The engagement between Laura and Carlo was perfectly well known to Sestini, and had his warm approbation. The hundred dollars, he said, were ready at the first intimation that the wedding was fixed. He was not aware, however, of Carlo's determination to bring matters to a crisis by the proposal the reader has heard. As they left the heavily ironed little door, which Laura was heard barring and bolting inside, Carlo told the old cavaliere his project, and asked his opinion as to the probability of Signor Vanni's acceptance of it.

"My opinion is," said Niccolo, "that he will gladly accept it. For when a man's head is occupied by the profound and intense studies which engross my respected friend, I have observed that he rarely troubles himself much about meaner things. A wonderful head has old Laudadio Vanni!"

"I have made much the same observation that you have, Signor Cavaliere," returned Carlo, "and it is on it that I build my hopes of success."

"I heartily wish it you, both for dear Laura's sake and your own. Good night, Signor Carlo."

"Good night, Signor Cavaliere!"

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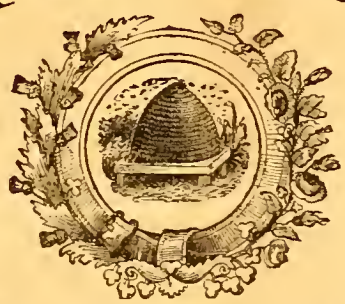
NO. 27, NOV. 6, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother, District of Utah. } In Bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 13th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

G. A. MANN.

Clerk of said Court.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 28th A. D. 1869.

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AUTUMN.

There is a glory on the earth to-day,
There is a spirit in the changing trees,
There is a soft, low murmur in the heart,
And on the breeze.

Sweet Autumn sheds a gentle influence now,
The world is clad in beauty and in light;
The sunshine shimmers softly through the trees,
And all is bright.

Some spirit has made love to every flower
That breathes its love out on the passing breeze;
Some magic hand has thrown a witching garb
Upon the trees.

For all the blossoms blush—they seem rare gems
From the bright land of dreams. In earthward flight,
Some seraph's wing has swept the trees and left
Gleams of its light.

Above us bends the silent, cloudless sky,
And o'er its depths a lone bird wings its flight;
Seen for one moment—then, like gilded hope,
It fades from sight.

The spirit of the Wind has struck its harp,
But altered is the music of the lay;
The notes are wailing, and the burden is,
"Passing away."

We love to linger out. The deep, blue sky
Seems nearer now than when the Summer's here;
The rustling leaves a melting murmur cast
Upon the ear.

Yes, there is music in the fallen leaves;
They breathe the spirit of the mighty Past;
They wake a chord in each heart as they sigh
"Bright days fly fast."

"THE STUDENT."

A TALE OF GERMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Among my acquaintances in Gottingen, were two students, both Prussians, and both from the same small town of Madgebourg. They had been school-fellows, and came together to the university, where they lived together on terms of brotherly affection, which even there, where friendship takes all the semblance of a sacred compact, were the subject of remark. Never were two men less alike, however, than these. Eisendecker was a bold, hot-headed fellow, fond of all the riotous excesses of a Burschen life; his face, seamed with many a scar, declared him a "hahn," as, in student phrase, a confirmed duellist is termed. He was ever foremost in each scheme of wild adventure, and continually brought up before the senate, on some charge of insubordination. Von Muhry, his companion, was exactly the opposite. His *sobriquet*—for nearly every student had one—was "der Zahme"—the gentle; and never was any more appropriate. His disposition was mildness itself; almost girlish in his look, with large blue eyes and fine, soft, silky hair, which, German-like, he wore long upon his neck. His voice—the index of his nature—soft, low and musical, would have predisposed you at once in his favor. Still, these disparities did not prevent the attachment of the two youths; on the contrary, they seemed rather to strengthen the bond between them—each, as it were, supplying to the other the qualities which nature had denied him. They were never separate in lecture-room, or at home, or in the allee—as the promenade was called—or in the garden, where, each evening, the students resorted to sup, and listen to the music of the Jager band. Eisendecker and Muhry were names that no one ever heard separated; and when one appeared, the other was never more than a few yards off.

Such was their friendship, when an unhappy incident occurred to trouble its even course, and sow dissension between these, who never had known a passing difference in their lives. The sub-rector of Gottengen was in the habit of giving little receptions every week, to which many of the students were invited, and to which Eisendecker and Muhry were frequently asked, as they both belonged to the professor's class. In the quiet world of a little university town, these *soirees* were great occassions, and the invited plumed themselves not a little on the distinction of a card, which gave the privilege of bowing in the Herr professor's drawing-room, and kissing the hand of his fair daughter, the Frederica von Ettenheim, the belle of Gottengen. Frederica was the prettiest German girl I ever saw, for this reason, that having been partly educated at Paris, French *espieglerie* relieved what had been, otherwise, the too regular monotony of her Saxon features, and imparted a character of sauciness —or "*fierte*" is a better word—to that quiethood, which is too tame to give the varied expression so charming in female beauty. The *esprit*, that delicious ingredient, which has been so lamentably omitted in German character, she had imbibed from her French education; and in lieu of that plodding interchange of flat common-places, which constitute the ordinary staple of conversation, between the young of oppo-

site sexes beyond the Rhine, she imported the light, delicate tone of Parisian raillery—the easy and familiar gaiety of French society, so inexpressibly charming in France; and such a boon from Heaven; when one meets it by accident elsewhere. Oh! confess it, ye! who in the dull round of this world's, so called, pleasure—in the Egyptian darkness of the dinners and evening parties of your fashionable friends—sit nights long, speaking and answering, half at random, without one thought to amuse, without one idea to interest you—what pleasure have you felt, when some chance expression, some remark—a mere word, perhaps, of your neighbor beside you—reveals, that she has attained that wondrous charm—that most fascinating of all possessions—the art to converse; that neither fearful of being deemed pedantic on the one hand, or uninformed on the other, she launches forth freely on the topics of the moment, gracefully illustrating her meaning, by womanly touches of sensibility and delicacy, as though to say these lighter weapons were her own peculiar arms; while men might wield the more massive ones of sense and judgment. Then, with what lightness she flits along from theme to theme, half-affecting to infer that she dares not venture deep, yet showing, every instant, traits of thoughtfulness and reflection.

And now to come back to the students, whom, mayhap, you deem to have been forgotten by me all this time, but for whose peculiar illustration my digression was intended; it being neither more nor less than to show, that if Frederica von Ettenheim turned half the heads in Gottengen, Messrs. Eisendecker and Muhry were of the number. What a feature it was of the little town, her coming to reside in it! What a sweet atmosphere of womanly gracefulness spread itself, like a perfume, through these old saloons, whose dusty curtains, and moth-eaten chairs, looked like the fossils of some antediluvian furniture! With what magic were the old ceremonials of a professor's reception exchanged for the easier habits of a politer world! The venerable dignitaries of the university felt the change, but knew not where it lay, and could not account for the pleasure they now experienced in the vice-rector's *soirees*; while the students knew no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration; and "Die Ettenheim" reigned in every heart in Gottengen.

Of all her admirers, none seemed to hold a higher place in her favor than Von Muhry. Several causes contributed to this, in addition to his own personal advantages, and the distinction of his talents, which were of a high order. He was particularly noticed by the vice-rector, from the circumstance of his father's holding a responsible position in the Prussian government, while Adolphe himself gave ample promise of one day making a figure in the world. He was never omitted in any invitation; nor forgotten in any of the many little parties so frequent among the professors; and even where the society was limited to the dignitaries of the college, some excuse would ever be made by the vice-rector, to have him present, either on the pretence of wanting him for something, or that Frederica had asked him without thinking.

Such was the state of this little world, when I settled in it and took up my residence at the Meissner Thor, intending to pass my summer there. The first evening I spent at the vice-rector's, the matter was quite clear to my eyes. Frederica and Adolphe were lovers. It was to no purpose; that when he had accompanied her on the piano, he retreated to a distant part of the room when she ceased to sing. It signified not, that he scarcely ever spoke to her, and when he did, but a few words, hurriedly and in confusion. Their looks met once; I saw them exchange one glance—a fleeting one too—but I read in it their whole secret, mayhap even more than they knew themselves. Well had it been if I alone had witnessed this, but there was another at my side who saw it also, and whispered in my ear: "Der Zahme is in love." I turned round, and it was Eisendecker; his face, sallow and sickly, while large circles of dark olive surrounded his eyes, and gave him an air of deep suffering. "Did you see that!" said he, suddenly, as he leaned his hand on my arm, where it shook like one in ague.

"Did you see that?"

"What?—the flower."

"Yes—the flower. She dropped it, when she crossed the room. You saw him take it up—did'nt you?"

The tone he spoke in was harsh and hissing, as if he uttered the words with his teeth clenched. It was clear to me now, that he, too, was in love with Frederica, and I trembled to think of the cruel shock their friendship must sustain ere long.

A short time after, when I was about to retire, Eisendecker took my arm, and said. "Are you for going home? May I go with you?" I gave a willing assent, our lodging being near, and we spent much of every day in each other's chambers. It was the first time we had ever returned without waiting for Muhry; and fearing what a separation, once begun, might lead to, I stopped suddenly on the stairs, and said, as if suddenly remembering—

"By-the-bye, we are going without Adolphe."

Eisendecker's fingers clutched me convulsively, and while a bitter laugh broke from him, he said, "You wouldn't tear them asunder—would you?" For the rest of the way he never spoke again, and I, fearful of awakening the expression of that grief, which, when avowed, became confirmed, never opened my lips, save to say—"Good night."

I never intended to involve myself in a regular story, when I began this chapter, nor must I do so now, though, sooth to say, it would not be without its interests, to trace the career of these two youths, who now became gradually estranged from each other, and were no longer to be seen, as of old, walking with arms on each other's shoulders—the most perfect realization of true brotherly affection. Day by day the distance widened between them; each knew the secret of the other's heart, yet neither dared to speak of it. From distrust there is but a short step to dislike—alas! it is scarcely even a step. They parted.

Another change came over them, and a stranger still. Eisendecker, the violent youth, of ungovernable temper, and impetuous passion—who loved the wildest freak of student, daring, and ever was the first to lead the way in each mad scheme—had now become silent and thoughtful—a gentle sadness tempered down the fierce traits of his hot nature, and he no longer frequented the old haunts of the cellar and the fighting school, but wandered alone into the country, and spent whole days in solitude. Von Muhry, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed the castaway mantle of his once friend; the gentle bearing, and almost submissive tone of his manner, were exchanged for an air of conscious pride—a demeanor that bespoke a triumphant spirit—and the quiet youth, suddenly seemed changed to a rash, high-spirited boy, reckless from very happiness. During this time, Eisendecker had attached himself particularly to me; and although I had always hitherto preferred Von Muhry, the feeling of the other's unhappiness—a sense of compassion for suffering, which it was easy to see was great—drew me closer in my friendship towards him; and, at last, I scarcely saw Adolphe at all—and when we did meet, a mutual feeling of embarrassment, separated and estranged us from each other. About this time, I set off on an excursion to the Hartz mountains, to visit the Brocken, and see the mines—my absence, delayed beyond what I first intended, was about four weeks—and I returned to Gottengen just as the summer vacation was about to begin.

About five leagues from Gottengen, on the road to Nordheim, there is a village called Meissner, a favorite resort of the students, in all their festivals—while at something less than a mile distant, stands a water-mill, on a little rivulet among the hills—a wild, sequestered spot, overgrown with stunted oak and brushwood. A narrow bridle-path leads to it from the village, and this was the most approved place for settling all those affairs of honor, whose character was too serious to make it safe to decide nearer the university; for, strangely enough—while, by the laws of the university, duelling was rigidly denounced—yet, however the quarrel was decided by the sword, the authorities never, or almost never, interfered—but if a pistol was the weapon, the thing took a more serious aspect.

Toward the mill, I was journeying at the easy pace of my pony, early on a summer's morning, preferring the rural breakfast with the miller—for they are always a kind of innkeepers—to the fare of the village. I entered the little bridle-path that conducted to his door, and was sauntering listlessly along, dreaming pleasantly, as one does, when the song of the lark, and the heavy odors, of dew-pressed flowers, steep the heart in a happiness all its own—when, behind me, I heard the regular tramp of marching. I listened—had I been a stranger to the sound, I should have thought them soldiers—but I knew too well the measured tread of the student, and I heard the jingling of their heavy sabres, a peculiar clank a student's ear cannot be deceived in. I guessed at once the object of their coming, and grew sick at heart to think that the storm of men's stubborn passions, and the strife of their revengeful nature should desecrate a peaceful little spot like this. I was about to turn back, disgusted at the thought, when I remembered I must return by the same path, and meet them—but even this I shrank from. The footsteps came nearer, and I had barely time to move off the path, into the brushwood, and lead my pony after, when they turned the angle of the way. They who walked first, were muffled in their cloaks, whose high collars concealed their faces, but the caps, of many a gaudy color, proclaimed them students. At a little distance behind, and with a slower step came another party, among which I noticed one, who walked between two others, his head sunk on his bosom, and evidently overcome with emotions of deep sorrow. A movement of my horse, at this instant attracted their attention toward the thicket—they stopped, and a voice called out my name. I looked round, and there stood Eisendecker before me. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and worn—his black beard and moustache deepening the haggard expression of his features, to which the red borders of his eyelids, and his bloodless lips, gave an air of the deepest suffering. "Ah, my friend," said he, with a sad effort at a smile, "you are quite *apropos*. I am going to fight Adolphe this morning." A fearful presentiment that such was the case, came over me the instant I saw him—but when he said so, a thrill ran through me, and I grew cold from head to foot.

"I see you are sorry," said he, tenderly, while he took my hand within both of his—"but you would not blame me—indeed, you would not—if you knew all."

"What, then, was the cause of this quarrel—how came you to an open rupture?"

He turned round, as he did so, his face was purple, the blood suffused every feature, and his very eyeballs seemed like bursting with it—he tried to speak, but I only heard a rushing noise, like a hoarse drawn breath.

"Be still, my dear Eisendecker," said I, "cannot this be settled otherwise than thus?"

"No! no!" said he, in the voice of indignant passion, I used to hear from him long before, "never!" He waved his hand impatiently, as he spoke, and turned his head from me. At the same moment, one of his companions made a sign with his hand towards me.

"What!" whispered I, in horror—"a blow?"

A brief nod was the reply. Alas! from that minute all hope left me. Too well I knew the desperate alternative that awaited such an insult—reconciliation was no longer to be thought of. I asked no more, but followed the group, along the path toward the mill.

In a little garden, as it was called—we should rather term it, a neatly chosen grass plot—where some tables and benches were placed, under the shade of large chesnut trees, Adolphe von Muhry stood, surrounded by a number of his friends. He was dressed in his costume, as a member of the Russian club of the Landsmanschaft—a kind of uniform, of blue and white, with silver braiding on the cuffs and collar—and looked handsomer than ever I saw him. The change his features had undergone, gave him an air of manliness and confidence, that greatly improved him—and his whole carriage indicated a degree of self-reliance and energy, which became him perfectly. A faint blush colored his cheek, as he saw me enter—and he lifted up his cap straight above his head, and saluted me courteously, but with an evident effort to appear at ease before me. I returned his salute mournfully—perhaps, reproachfully, too—for he turned away, and whispered something to a friend on his side.

Although I had seen many duels with the sword, it was the first time I was present at an affair with pistols, in Germany—and I was no less surprised, than shocked, to perceive that one of the party produced a dice-box and dice, and placed them on a table.

Eisendecker all this time sat apart from the rest, and with folded arms, and half-closed eyelids, seemed to wait in patience for the moment of being called on.

"What are they throwing for, yonder?" whispered I to a Saxon student near me.

"For the shot, of course," said he; "not but that they might spare themselves the labor. Eisendecker must fire first; and for who comes second after him——"

"Is he so sure as that?" asked I in terror, for the fearful vision of blood would not leave my mind.

"That is he; the fellow that can knock a bullet off a champagne bottle at five-and twenty paces, may chance to hit a man at fifteen."

"Muhry has it," cried one of those at the table; and I heard the words repeated from mouth to mouth, till they reached Eisendecker, as he moved his cane listlessly to and fro in the mill-stream.

"Remember, Ludwig," said his friend, as he grasped his arm with a strong clasp; "remember what I told you."

The other nodded carelessly, and merely said—"Is all ready?"

"Stand here, Eisendecker" said Muhry's second, as he dropped a pebble in the grass

Muhry was already placed, and stood erect—his eyes steadily directed to his antagonist, who never once looked toward him, but kept his glance fixed straight in front.

"You fire first, sir," said Muhry's friend; while I could mark that his voice troubled slightly at the words. "You may reserve your fire till I have counted twenty, after the word is given."

As he spoke, he placed the pistol in Eisendecker's hand, and called out:

"Gentlemen fall back, fall back—I am about to give the word. Herr Eisendecker, are you ready?"

A nod was the reply.

"Now," cried he, in a loud voice; and scarcely was the word uttered, when the discharge of the pistol was heard. So rapid, indeed, was the motion, that we never saw him lift

his arm; nor could any one say what direction the ball had taken.

"I knew it, I knew it," muttered Eisendecker's friend, in tones of agony. "All is over with him now."

Before a minute elapsed, the word to fall back was again given, and I now beheld Von Muhry with his pistol in his hand, while a smile of cool, but determined malice sat upon his features.

When the second repeated the words over to him, I turned to look at Eisendecker, but he evinced no apparent consciousness of what was going on about him; his eyes, as before, were bent on vacancy; his pale face, unmoved, showed no signs of passion. In an instant the fearful "now" rung out, and Muhry slowly raised his arm, and levelling his pistol steadily, stood with his eye bent on his victim. While the deep voice of the second slowly repeated one—two—three—four—never was anything like the terrible suspense of that moment It seemed as if the very seconds of human life were measuring out one by one. As the word "ten" dropped from his lips, I saw Muhry's hand shake. In his revengeful desire to kill his man, he had waited too long, and now he was growing nervous; he let fall his arm to his side, and waited for a few seconds; then raising it again, he took a steady aim, and, at the word "nineteen," fired.

A slight movement of Eisendecker's head at this instant, brought his face full front; and the bullet which would have transfixed his head, now merely passed along his cheek, tearing a rude flesh-wound as it went.

A half cry broke from Muhry; I heard not the word, but the accent I shall never cease to remember. It was now Eisendecker's time, and as the blood streamed down his cheek, and fell in great drops upon his neck and shoulders, I saw his face assume the expression it used to wear in former days. A terrible smile lit up his dark features, and a gleam of passionate vengeance made his eye glow like that of a maniac.

"I am ready; give the word!" cried he in frantic impatience.

But Muhry's second, fearful of giving way to such a moment of passion, hesitated; when Eisendecker again called out —"The word, sir, the word;" and the by-standers, indignant at the appearance of unfairness, repeated the cry.

The crowd fell back, and the word was given. Eisendecker raised his weapon—poised it for a second in his hand—and then elevating it above his head, brought it gradually down, till, from the position where I stood, I could see that he aimed at his heart.

His hand was now motionless, as if it were marble—while his eye, rivited on his antagonist, seemed to fix on one small spot, as though his whole vengeance was to be glutted there. Never was suspense more dreadful, and I stood breathless, in the expectation of the fatal flash, when with a jerk of his arm he threw up the pistol, and fired above his head; and then, with a heart-rending cry: of "Mein bruder! mein bruder!" rushed into Muhry's arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

The scene was indeed a trying one, and few could witness it unmoved. As for me, I turned away completely overcome; while my heart found vent in thankfulness that such a fearful beginning should end thus happily.

"Yes," said Eisendecker, as we rode home together that evening, when, after a long silence, he spoke: "Yes, I had resolved to kill him; but when my finger was even on the trigger, I saw a look upon his features that reminded me of his earlier and happier days, when we had but one home and one heart; and I felt as if I was about to become the murderer of my brother."

Need I add, that they were friends for ever after.

A COURT PREACHER AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

[CONCLUDED.]

All thoughts, however, of anything but the highest enjoyment soon passed away; for, when the little bell had announced that the consecration was over, and the deep silence which followed it had lasted a few minutes, there suddenly arose high above our heads, like an angel singing in the air, the most exquisite woman's voice I almost ever heard, breathing out a *Salutarius hostia* with a sweetness and pearly clearness of tone which were unspeakably beautiful. The singer was unseen; but so full and rich was the lovely voice, that one could not even tell from what direction it proceeded, as, quite alone, with only the softest organ accompaniment, it filled the whole chapel for some time with its pathetic melody, and at last died away in a sort of langour of sweetness which seemed still to breathe from the air when it had already ceased. I was told afterward that it was probably the chief *prima donna* of the day, as the first singers are always employed in the Tuileries' Chapel. But I do not know certainly that it was; I only know that neither Jenny Lind nor other noted singers I have heard, ever left such an impression of beauty on my mind as that one soft strain of sacred music floating in the upper air of the quiet chapel. At last, mass was at an end. The emperor rose at once, and, bowing as he went, passed down towards the door. The empress stopped for a moment, with her son at her side, to say a few words to the Duchesse de C——, who was in the seat with me; and her gentle unassuming manner struck me very pleasantly. Then she, too, went on, followed by her ladies, and the whole train passed quickly from our sight.

Very different, indeed, from this aristocratic congregation were the masses who thronged the Church of the Madeliene, when the Carmelite monk, who has acquired an European reputation for eloquence, preached the sermon which has since been the cause of so much excitement in the ecclesiastical world of Paris. I was told that, unless I went an hour and a half before the time fixed, I should not get a seat, and I found this warning perfectly justified, for already when I went there the great church was half full, and, had I been only a few minutes later, I should have failed in getting the place near the pulpit which I was fortunate enough to obtain. Within half an hour after, there was not standing-room for the men, who filled every passage, and ladies were sitting on the steps, on the floor, on the railings, and wherever a few inches of space were to be found. Every class seemed to be represented in this enormous crowd—*la haute aristocratie*, as well as *la bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, many of whom seemed to have come from the country, while there were members, I believe, of almost every religious order in Paris.

There was much to interest in the aspect of this great crowd of Parisians, and the time passed quickly, till a quiet, low mass commenced at the altar; then, scarcely had the creed been said when the noiseless approach of the great preacher was detected, and he was seen kneeling down in the pulpit, which he had entered unobserved. In another moment he stood up and silently surveyed the enormous mass of human beings whom the fame of his rare gifts had drawn to the spot. Father Hyacinthe has a noble face; his marked, well-cut features are of a very refined type; his eyes are clear and penetrating, and, unlike the majority of religious, he does not keep them fixed on the ground, but looks out with a free; bold glance, which is full of candor and truth; he is pale and thin, but scarcely ascetic-looking, and, though he seems to be no longer young, the fringe of dark hair below his tonsure is untinged with gray. He wore an under-robe

of brown serge, with loose hanging sleeves, and over it the white woollen habit of the Carmelites.

Perfect silence reigned through the vast church, and all seemed to wait breathlessly for the first words from the lips that have spoken the truth to France more boldly than any others in this age. At last his accents were heard; in a clear, vibrating tone, which rang to the uttermost limits of the vast fabric, he gave out the words, "I heard Thy voice . . . . and I hid myself." He did not pause to state whence the text was taken, but instantly plunged into a graphic and startling description of the first guilty man seeking so vainly, so madly, to hide from the eye of the Omnipotent Being who had created him. Then he passed to an able and thoroughly philosophical explanation of the manner in which the whole human race became tainted by this first sin, and its effects on individuals. In this, as in every other part of his sermon, when he touched on dogmas which modern scepticism has disputed, the preacher gave a detailed *resume* of the arguments brought by unbelievers against the truth, and refuted them with a withering sarcasm which was full of power.

Then he spoke of the terrible earthquakes in Mexico, which had caused the suffering he expected his hearers to relieve. What, he asked, was the primary cause of these catastrophes? He would tell them in plain words, though he knew the majority of his hearers would revolt against the statement—he would tell them that these calamities were the chastisement of sin!—the sin that steeps this whole beautiful world in pollution, that infests the great cities of civilization—the mountain villages, the hamlets of the plain—that walks the waters of the sea, and burrows in the depths of the earth, wherever human skill has led human beings with their passions and their crimes—and in the lands where those convulsions of Nature had taken place, had there not been slavery and crime, and bloodshedding and torture, under the very shadow of the Cross, planted there by the Christians who first took possession of them in the name of Christ?

As he spoke on this theme, the flood of natural eloquence with which this man is so remarkably gifted, burst from his lips, and his description of the guilty condition of this world, on which the eternally-righteous God is forever looking down with eyes too pure to behold iniquity, was simply magnificent, and not the less so for being thoroughly philosophical. It was plain that this monk was a man who had not feared to face the mystery of the origin of evil and all the dark problems which spring from that great center; but deep and difficult as was the theme on which he spoke, the stream of thought that bore him onward seemed to carry him out of himself, and his voice rolled like melodious thunder over the whole vast church, vibrating through the resounding air till every one of that great multitude must have heard and felt each word. As he terminated his wonderful picture of that horror of great darkness which morally underlies the outward beauty and sunshine of this lovely world, his ringing tones died away into a sort of moan, and he remained silent, his gaze fixed on vacancy, as if contemplating the awful images he had conjured up. After a few moment's silence, he seemed, as it were, to draw himself back from the dark thoughts that engrossed him; he came forward, and looked down from the pulpit on the vast audience. "You will ask me," he said, speaking very quietly, "why this just chastisement of sin is to take effect on the persons of a few only out of the guilty masses who throng this fair, sad world—why these are to suffer and we to escape—why the yearning earth and the mountain wave are to swallow up those hundreds of Mexico, while the thousands of Paris and the millions of Europe are left in ease and safety, in luxury and rest?" Again, for a moment, he paused, and sent his keen glance over the multitude of faces upturned toward him. Then he folded his arms, and said, calmly, *Mes freres, je n'en sais rien.*" Not a sound interrupted the momentary silence which followed, but almost instantly he raised his right arm, and stretched it out with a solemn gesture, as he said, "The question you would ask me hollows out beneath my gaze a dark and fathomless abyss—the abyss of the mind of God. Deep in the hidden councils of the Omnipotent, to whom the myriad worlds that throng infinity are but as moats floating in the sunbeams of the morning, and who yet deals with each individual soul on this one puny globe, as if it alone existed for Him in all eternity—deep in the mysteries of his justice and of His mercy, ever active, yet never opposed, lies hid the solution of that problem before which I, a mortal man, can but bow my head in adoration and submission. But my brothers," he went on, a sudden animation kindling in his eyes till they seemed to glow as with fire; "I can see well and clearly that, in this age of intellectual inquiry, God needs some such witness as the cleaving earth of Mexico to prove His hatred of sin, and His power to chastise as well as to bless; for it is no more as in times of less mental progress and lower culture, when falsehood and unbelief appeared before men in their true guise, and, if embraced, were embraced as the enemies of God and of religion; it is now by the appeals to the highest qualities of our souls, to our finest instincts, that we are asked to throw off the trammels of the faith—it is in the name of truth and virtue and brotherly love that we are called on to deny the God of revelation; and error, in our generation—error itself, has become transfigured as an angel of light in the heaven of our most noble thoughts."

On this theme the preacher went on long, showing that he had guaged the depths of the rationalism and infidelity of the day, with such an uncompromising candor and keen intelligence as are not often brought to the task.

Drawing now to the close of his sermon, he spoke of the remedies, with which we were bound, at least, to combat the evils of which he had been speaking; and it was in this part of his discourse that the most remarkable feature of the whole became so prominent. This was the freedom and liberality of thought—the utter absence of anything approaching to ultramontanism which, in a preacher who was a Roman Catholic and a monk of one of that church's most ascetic orders, was certainly very extraordinary. The most large-hearted and independent orator, that ever spoke to a monster-meeting from a platform, could hardly have exceeded Father Hyacinthe in the breadth and liberality of his views—universal love, brotherly kindness—the whole world girt about with a mutual interchange of benefit, irrespective of differing creeds or nationalities—all barriers between human beings, the common offspring of a universal Father, thrown down—no limits of government, ecclesiastical or temporal, to separate brothers of the human race—no conditions imposed on mutual help—the gifts, the powers, the wealth of each, to become by the law of charity the treasury of all—such were, in substance, the counsels he addressed from a Roman Catholic pulpit to a Roman Catholic audience. He ceased, and disappeared from the pulpit almost as suddenly as he had entered it: in silence the vast audience waited for the conclusion of the mass, and then they poured out in one huge stream through the streets.

EDUCATION.—The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

NOTICE.

To insure personal responsibility etc. for every article that shall appear in the MAGAZINE hereafter—except where specially requested to the contrary—every writer, from the editor down, will have his name attached to his contributions.

We shall insert no correspondence unless the full name and address of the writer are given. This name we shall not publish without permission, but we specially request our contributors always to allow us this privilege, as it presents greater evidence of fairness to the public; and fairness is what we are after.

We are on the eve of a great and an important crisis in our history, for the great question of conditional or "unconditional obedience" has to be decided. We shall open our columns only to such articles as are written in a spirit of kindness and moderation. No intemperate or personal article will be allowed to appear. In this way we hope to shame the efforts of those who attack by covert insinuations of a personal character. Let *our* weapons be those of reason and intelligence, and depend upon it truth will take care of itself. [ED.

THE LIMITS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

The Doctrine and Covenants say that "to every law there are certain bounds and conditions, and all creatures who abide not within these conditions are not justified." This applies equally to the law or principle by which men act in behalf of Deity as to anything else. The Priesthood are invested with power to act in behalf of the Heavens, but all its acts must be in righteousness to take effect, or to entitle them to the sanction of the Almighty.

This applies to everything the Priesthood do or say. They baptize for the remission of sins, and they may pronounce the sins of the candidate remitted, but unless he has truly repented, all their baptism and their words are as wind. When they bless, confirm or ordain, they promise certain things, but it is well understood that the Heavens are not bound to recognize their promises, unless the heart of the person so promised is in an acceptable condition.

The great difference between our Priesthood and that of the Roman Catholic Church has always been, that, while that Priesthood has believed it had power to cause the drapery of sin to drop off the sinner at a touch, by virtue of its authority, ours has always acknowledged it had no such power, but that the virtue of all its decrees depended upon certain conditions. This feature, modifying and restricting priesthood—so just, wise and elevated, drew our admiration years ago when we came into the church, and we personally preached it as one of the greatest beauties of our system, for half a score of years, in all the conferences of the Church wherever we traveled, without ever hearing one dissenting voice. Priesthood, theoretically at least, has been proclaimed by us all over the globe as a system, the authority of which was restricted within certain laws of right. All its decisions must be in righteousness, meekness, lowliness of spirit, and love unfeigned, to be recognized above. There must be no feeling of spite, jealousy, selfishness or ambition interwoven in the matter, or the whole of its decrees fall to the ground, and are as the chattering of the crows over our heads. It may curse, but unless it is done in perfect righteousness, the curses will but return with interest to the bosom of the utterer. In a word, the Priesthood is a power only to do right, and it can only act within the right. Outside of the right, it has no more force or influence with heavenly beings than the whisperings of the wind. Hence the security of every soul in the church from oppression and wrong. No elevation or dignity in the Priesthood can lift men up above these laws. Whether priest or archangel, it is the same; they have no power only within the right. The weakest child of earth has rights which no being in the universe can infringe upon. All dominion and position claimed by the loftiest and most omnipotent personages in existence has to bow before the rights of the smallest, and their very power and influence depend upon their doing so. It is only poor, ignorant creatures in mortality, clothed with the priesthood, who ever imagine that the fiat of any being in the Priesthood must be obeyed irrespective of all conditions.

The safety of members of the Church lies in the fact that the Priestoood upon this earth are amenable to a higher Priesthood behind the veil, from whom all their power emanates, and by whom all cases are finally settled. Were this not so, where would be the protection for any of us? We all know that men in the Priesthood, like men out of it, are oft-times selfish and ambitious, and, were there no provision of this kind, any man could get up a case against us at any time, and put a bar between us and God.

These are self-evident truths that require no arguing, but there is another principle by which the Priesthood is limited, and that is by the laws of nature. The Priesthood with all their binding and sealing power—all the Priests that ever lived, with all the authority of all the beings in the universe heaped into one, cannot force into union that which by nature is uncongenial. Hence, no matter what promises or decrees may have been made upon our heads, no father can claim his child, or husband his wife, where the father or the husband has failed to attract by the power of love. Where we have tied hearts to our own by cords of affection, the Priesthood, of course, can ratify that which nature, care and love, have already made one. But we need never fear that because some words have been uttered over us by a servant of God, that we shall therefore be forced to live for ever with any one to whom our souls do not naturally cling. Depend upon it, the finest instincts of the human soul, in man or woman, are cared for in the provisions of the Almighty. Where else would be our Heaven—where our Paradise?

There is another point which all will have to understand sooner or later, and that is, the Priesthood have no authority beyond that of persuasion and love. Every principle of compulsion is antagonistic to the true spirit of the Priesthood, which is based entirely on the power of attraction and superior intelligence. Where men cannot control by persuasion, they walk outside the limits of their Priesthood when they attempt to coerce by threats of excommunication, which are the strongest kind of compulsion that can be brought to bear on men's minds. No one knew better than the great founder of our Priesthood what its rights and limits were. The following words were written by Joseph Smith while in Liberty Jail, Clay County, Mo. 1838. They will stand as a protest against the spirit of compulsion in the Priesthood for ever. Hear them, O Latter-Day Saints, for they are the truest and fullest definition of the limits of the Priesthood ever given by mortal man. Speaking of certain ambitious men in the Priesthood, Joseph says,—

They do not learn the lesson that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of Heaven,

and that the powers of Heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness; that they [*the powers of the Priesthood*] *may be conferred upon us it is true, but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride, vain ambition, or to exercise* DOMINION *or* COMPULSION over the souls of the children of men in any degree of unrighteousness, *behold the Heavens withdraw themselves, the spirit of the Lord is grieved*—THEN AMEN TO THE PRIESTHOOD, OR TO THE AUTHORITY OF THAT MAN.

Joseph further says,—*No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood,* ONLY BY PERSUASION, *by long suffering, by gentleness, by meekness and by love unfeigned.* [*Times and Seasons,* Vol. 1, Page 131.

Here we have words that take us back to the spirit we felt when we first entered the Church. They fall on our ears like the words of Jesus, saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." They are full of inspiration, and carry their own testimony with them.

In these words of Joseph we have a clear admission that the Priesthood were liable to use "compulsion and dominion over the souls of the children of men." The doctrine that the Priesthood cannot exercise unlawful authority is therefore swept away at one blow. We also see that the Priesthood, like everything else, can be perverted by the highest as well as the lowest; for Joseph, Prophet, Seer and Revelator as he was, says, "when WE undertake," etc., thus including himself among the rest.

From these words of Joseph it is clear that the true province of the Priesthood is to teach and influence, but not to *dictatorially* control. It is their right to teach true principles, and leave men to carry them out as far as they have light and knowledge, and not to enforce their teachings as governors. The Priesthood is simply a great and grand institution for teaching and propagating truth. It is its privilege only to influence mankind on the principle laid down by Joseph Smith, when he said concerning the Saints, "I teach them true principles *and then they govern themselves.*" "DOMINION" is therefore no part of the Priesthood, except where it is the dominion of love. Where it becomes anything more than this, its beauty, its power and glory depart. It evaporates into thin air; it is less than nothing; for the Priesthood is only a power and a force for "persuasion" and love.

It may be asked where can compulsion possibly be exercised in our system? We reply, whenever any man lays down his inspirations or conceptions as the sole rule of right or wrong, and requires his brethren to admit their divinity —or, if they believe them incorrect—hold their peace thereon, on penalty of being branded as apostate, and cut off from all their hopes of life beyond the grave, and from all for which they have given a life's labor to establish on earth. This is the most fearful kind of "compulsion and dominion" ever exercised by mortal man: compared to which threats of prisons, or the gallows, are as nothing. Men that hold a penalty of this kind in their hands—one which touches men's souls to the very quick—and threaten to use it on all who differ in opinion—provided they publicly express that difference—and in the face of all this, still talk of "freedom of thought and speech," must have very curious ideas of liberty. What is the use of being allowed to differ if we must not use our efforts to have the obnoxious measure set aside. Far better not to be allowed to think at all.

It must be understood that, by the word Priesthood we refer only to its human representatives, and not to the divine and perfect system itself.

When Jesus, the Great Head of the Priesthood, was upon the earth, he said but little about his Priesthood or his authority, but spent his life in preaching principle. The writer has often thought how different this to his personal experience; for ninety-nine out of every hundred sermons he has heard, have been about "authority" and "doing as you are told." As far as we can learn, Jesus simply reversed all this. All Priesthood, as pertaining to his dispensation, was centered in him, and yet the word Priesthood was never in his mouth. All harsh, authoritative dictatorial words were foreign to his nature. In him the true spirit of the Priesthood reigned—a spirit that will yet prevail in every heart that bears the same Priesthood. If there is a different spirit than that in any of us to-day, it arises from the weaknesses and misconceptions of men. Priesthood in itself is one divine, eternal, unchangeable thing—essence of love, persuasion, gentleness, patience and charity, and eternal enemy of "dominion and compulsion," it reigns in the sanctified worlds of eternity, controlling by its attractions alone; and as such it will yet prevail and influence mankind when the misconceptions of mortality have passed away.

"SOPHISTRY AND SPECIAL-PLEADING."

At the late High Council trial held in this city, it was repeatedly asserted that the editorials of this Magazine were "full of sophistry." Since then, we have heard that the same charge has been reiterated in a still more public manner, with a statement that they contain "sophistry and special pleading," with the intention of placing "the acts and counsels of the Authorities of the Church, if possible, in a wrong light." Now, what we understand by sophistry is the use of an unfair, unsound, or a weak argument, colored up to give it effect. But nothing is clearer than that, inasmuch as the Magazines are on hand, if any such arguments are used they can easily be detected and pointed out. If the arguments are unfair, the unfairness can be shown. If they are unsound or weak, they can be overpowered with stronger ones. And this is what should be done. No one wishes more than we do to see their weakness if they have any, and it is only fair that those who so earnestly assert their sophistry should at least be able to show wherein it consists. If they do not show this, but continue to cry sophistry, all thinking people will be compelled to believe that such loose, undefined charges are merely made for want of something better to say. Our articles are still before the public, and it is easy enough to analyse them, and triumphantly expose their fallacy if it exists, and this is the very thing we want. We have been "dealt with;" not because the arguments were false, or the conclusions incorrect —for this no man has ever attempted to show—but, simply, because they differed with the views of some one else.

We have waited in vain for some one to show an incorrect statement or position in our articles, and we now urge that it be done at once, so that we all may be set right. Let our friends take up the subject of our workmen's wages, for instance, and let them controvert our assertion that no commercial fact requires their reduction more than one-third at the very outside. Let them expose the weakness of our article on the mineral development of the Territory, by showing that minerals are not the best commercial opening for our enterprize; or let them show *wherein* we have set the "counsels of the Authorities in a wrong light." If they are put in an unfair light, it is certainly due the public—and no more than we deserve—that it should be shown, and we exposed. In any of these ways can the sophistry be demonstrated. Unless this is done shortly, an impression will rest on the public mind that the articles are incontrovertible —a very bad view for the case to have, we should imagine, when it can be so easily removed.

Essays, Contributions, etc,

NOTE.—Essays and contributions under the above heading do not, of necessity, represent the sentiments of the Editor. They are inserted on the personal responsibility of the writers.

OUR FAMILY DIFFICULTY.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

I have been asked several times by my friends why I acted so strangely at the close of the trial of Elders E. L. T. Harrison and W. S. Godbe. The circumstance will perhaps practically illustrate much concerning their case and mine.

As I listened to their trial, and especially as it drew towards the close, it seemed much as though my friends were about to lay their necks upon the dreadful block. There was no *reason* for my rising and appealing to the executioners to "hold," nor in my broken prayer to my companions not to be beheaded after the blow was struck; but there was the *impulse* of the same mighty feeling that bore them up at their trial. I have since calmly placed my own neck upon the block, though I was overwhelmed with emotion at witnessing their ecclesiastical execution. This case is above even our own will. It is a matter of principle, conviction and conscientiousness. To men of honor and purpose there is no choice. All must abide the issue, and those of us who are cast into this fiery furnace by our convictions and conscience, must endure the fire even if it consumes us. Yet my dear brethren who were upon their trial on that day had been as deeply moved before they came to it as I was then. Think not that they have met the issue in a spirit of rebellion, or that hardness of heart has made them firm. We have all been tortured with an agony of thought and feeling, not at the dread of hells or devils, in which we believe not so much as we trust in God and revere Him for His character of love, but we have been tortured by our very yearning towards the brotherhood and the great man who has so long been to us in the position of a father. My own heart never yearned so much towards Brigham as on the trial in question, and the impulse was to urge my companions to renounce *themselves*, and be obedient to him in all things as little children. And this I am assured they would willingly have done, had it been *merely themselves* to renounce; but it was the truth, and the right, and the conscience of humanity, required to be renounced, and not the mere *self* parts. Had my friends done this, I should have dispised them, though, at the time, I could have plead with them most earnestly to humble themselves to the Priesthood, even as I have since respectfully *invited* its action upon myself, because I hold the same views as my brethren do upon priesthood, and not because I *brave* its authority.

At the trial, the opinion was held by the judges that the *conscience* of those at the bar was the peculiar *mood* of their state of mind; and as that state was declared to be an apostate state, it was therefore the apostate's conscience. I will not condescend to the special pleading which any advocate could make upon this point, for the advantage of an argument is not the aim of those who represent the MAGAZINE. Let us rather affirm certain great facts in harmony with this conscience and our views.

The conscience maintained in the case, is that of humanity, and not of an apostate few who dissent from the Priesthood of this Church. History is the most infallible revelation not only of the great human problem, but also of the Divine Mind and Will concerning mankind. We cannot do better than to take the Catholic Church as our example, especially seeing that in its Priesthood and assumptions it affords so many parallels to that of the Mormon Church at the present time. A few centuries ago the Roman Catholic Church, was almost omnipotent in the world. Its *Priesthood* held the assumption of infallibility, not of its sovereign Pontiff, but of its order; and princes and empires were at its feet. That Priesthood maintained, for a thousand years, the union between Church and State, and sought to bring mankind not only under a spiritual, but also a temporal rule. It accomplished that object as completely as did the Hebrew Priesthood, and a hundred times more extensively, for the Roman Catholic was worthy in some sense to be considered the universal Church of Christians. Take the comparison. The Mormons are one hundred and fifty thousand; say the Catholics were three hundred million. Here then in the Romish Church was a grand union of Christian disciples upon a faith and a line of thought laid down, as by rule and compass, through a Priesthood. Mark, then, how false was that faith and how fallible that thought, when both Providence and humanity have since made such solemn and overwhelming appeals against that faith and thought, even to the Catholics of the present age, who cast down kings, and believe that popedom erred in its assumption of *temporal* dominion. Why, there is scarcely a point which the old *heretics* or *apostates* affirmed, that the Catholic Church to-day will not itself affirm. Galileo and the Catholic Priesthood would not now urge their family quarrel, nor would the philosopher have to recant, and in a manifesto renounce one of the great truths of the universe only to affirm again in an aside, "The world moves for all that." Neither would they excommunicate my brother Eli B. Kelsey, to-day, for showing "How the World Has Grown," in its intellectual, social and moral states, moving along in its grand course towards God's ultimatum.

Let it also be further marked, that the old heretics *did not design in their hearts to forsake the parental* rule of their pontiffs, but simply to affirm the right of mankind to travel in self-development, and receive light and truth from the everlasting revelation of God and Nature. Of course these promptings of the Divine Spirit, extended in time to solemn affirmation of liberty of conscience, freedom of thought and speech, a free press, and the general rights of man as laid down in that grand declaration of human liberties and necessities made by the American people for all mankind. Out of these Divine and human movements grew this *conscience* of the man of thought and honor—patriots and reformers—and finally the conscience of nearly all the civilized world—Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Infidel and Christian. It would seem from the revelations of history, that neither God nor the heretics designed in the first intention to *forsake* the Fathers of the Church. This forsaking was brought about chiefly by the Fathers of the Church themselves persisting in chaining mankind down to conditions against which both *God and mankind rebelled*. But is it not too much to say that God rebelled? Yet He certainly has been one in the case.

Come now again to *our* family difficulty. My companions, then, are simply affirming what the Protestants for ages have maintained, what the Puritans of England fought for, and what the American nation won in revolution, and asserted by "*inspiration*" in solemn manifestoes for themselves, their children and all mankind. What then can we do? One thing only: remain firm to our convictions and the truths of God as illustrated in human experience, even though it should lose us the love of those whom we have called our brethren, and his to whom we have looked up as children to a great father. I do sincerely believe that Brigham has been that great father to his people, though I also believe that he is

aiming to bring his Mormon children into impossible social and religious conditions. Nevertheless, on all points where it is *merely* a question whom shall we follow, Brigham or our own *perverse wills*, I say follow Brigham Young, for at least he is one of the greatest rulers that the world ever saw. He who would captiously differ from him is a fool —not a wise man; he who would go against him, from the motive of rebellion, is a dishonest Mormon; and he who would for ambitious purposes seek to lead the people's hearts astray from him, is a designing knave; but he who seeing the impossibilities of the social and religious conditions designed to be established, protests against them from a clear conviction that they would lead mankind backward is found, by the irresistible impulse of a true conscience, in his right place.

Let me pass from this subject of our "Family Difficulty," to continue the articles on "Our Social Redemption," including the popular questions coming up, one of which touches the great fact of the future, that

UTAH CAN BE NO LONGER ISOLATED.

The growth of civilization is simply the growth of universality. In proportion as nations become universal in their relations one with another, do they throw off the barbaric remains of the primitive ages and come more into harmony with the great Commonwealth of all mankind. The epithets "Gentile Dog" and "Disbelieving Jew," are no longer applicable, either in the Jewish or Christian vocabulary. They belong to times when the human race was in isolated conditions, each petty nation or tribe foreign to the other, and all baptized in vindictive hates. Then a tiny Israel was to its Prophets the sum of the value of all the universe: hence the contemptuous term "Gentile Dog." Judah, however, has since become wiser and a hundred-fold greater in his grand republicanism, as citizen of every nation, than when, in Palestine, he maintained his isolated theocracy. On the other hand, modern Gentile humanity in its generosities, has wiped out the curse placed upon Judah's head, so that his seed are no longer a despised and a dispersed people; and such will be the case with the Mormon Israel when they are redeemed from their exclusiveness and isolation.

But, passing from general views, let us consider the practical bearings of Utah, touching the condition of her isolation. In the first place, that condition to her people is most unnatural and constrained. Her citizens, except those born in the mountains, or brought here very young, were reared in the midst of the European nations or in the States. From the teeming millions of civilized men we have migrated to Utah, and for a time have hid ourselves in the "chambers of the mountains." This was, however, for the sake of our religion, and not from the love of isolation, which has always been most irksome, especially to the English and Scotch. The empire-founding Americans, whose fathers as well as themselves had been trained to go into the wilderness to build up cities, have on their part tolerated isolation for a time, because their training was somewhat in harmony with the necessities of their Mormon career. But the Europeans, and especially the Scotch and English, have been educated to city life, and thousands of them brought up in factories. Isolation in the Rocky Mountains, to them has been almost like transportation, and nothing but their religion could have made it endurable. There is scarcely a soul who has come from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester, who has not somewhat pined in isolation on the first arrival in Utah, until property has accumulated to make the condition tolerable. Isolation, then, is destructive to the life our religion, rather than preservative, though the growth of property around may increase our worldly satisfaction. Hence their leaders have often reproached the Saints from the old countries with the fact that faith has died out of their hearts after their arrival in Utah.

But there is a much more important view of this subject than the mere repugnance of a large number of the people of Utah to the condition of isolation. There is the great fact of the repugnance of the American genius against it; the determination of the nation's course against it; the irresistible destiny of the United States to overrule our will in the matter. No argument of a simple writer can weigh a feather either for or against the inevitable in this case; no wish of President Young and his people will affect it; nor could the will and deliberate design of the whole United States change it on either side the breadth of a hair. The case is like the ordinance of day and night, above all human will and purpose —as much above the counsellings of the righteous, as the deep designs of the wicked. God has doomed the isolation of Utah to pass away, and every event in which we are concerned is proving this. That fiat of Heaven cannot have reference to our hurt, but must have reference to our good. Were all the Priesthood in the world to resolve against it, the course of the United States would come up towards Utah, just as the course of the mighty ocean would be unbroken were we to resolve to turn it back.

This fact is appreciated by all the intelligent men in America, outside of ourselves, especially by the Government, Congress, and members of the Press. They urge the fact that Utah can no longer be isolated; that America is now on our borders, and that her course must run through our very destiny. The inference drawn is that the Mormons would persist in their resolve for isolation in opposition to the will and course of the United States. For my part, I view the points as follows:

Utah is a Territory of the American nation, and she ought to be and must be soon a State. However much, then, her people as a religious community might desire isolation, they cannot maintain it against the irresistible course of this nation. Nor, indeed, ought they to be foreigners to the American people. No special religious or social problem of our own can justify us in making ourselves as aliens to the commonwealth of our great country, nor should the parent government and citizens from other parts of the Union, treat the Mormons as outlaws whom the tide of the nation's progress has at length overtaken in their mountain home. The development of the Pacific coast, and the enterprise of the nation westward, is no longer a divided Mormon and Gentile problem, but one in which all are alike concerned, and as far as possible there should be fair play and a generous admission of rights.

I think on one side there has been too much taunting of the Mormons for their isolation, and too great a tenacity towards it on *this* side. The isolation of the past has been the legitimate result of our peculiar circumstances; and the consolidations of our priestly and social power have tended to build us up as a people and preserve our name in the world. Nevertheless, when our circumstances change, we should change the base of our operations; or the very forces which have built us up thus far, if continued in the *same direction*, may hereafter break us down.

We can scarcely touch upon this point of Mormon isolation and consolidation without thinking of the great man who has led us. It is not too much to affirm that had not God in his providence raised up Brigham Young, this Church would have been a chaos to-day. Its own erratic forces would have exploded it, just as now his very potency of character may overwhelm the preservative tendency of his mission and coerce his people against their will. Hitherto we have run in unity with him in his own course, because our will, confi-

dence and interests have harmonized; but, in all deference to him, I believe that a leader should go with his people and the circumstances of the times, instead of forcing his people and the times to go with him. And doubtless this is still largely the fact, though there are coming up such matters as a free press, free thought, free speech; the workingmen's wages, the development of the minerals of this Territory, and the impossibility of our continued isolation and exclusiveness.

There is, however, upon these very points much distrust. On one side the Mormons, and especially their leaders, have cause for suspicion that the wishes of the people in the States are against the continuation of the "Mormon problem;" while the Government and the whole fraternity of the Press equally believe that the Utah Priesthood are determined to pursue their own course, even though they should come in contact with the will of the entire nation. There is, undoubtedly, much clear and keen appreciation on both sides in the case; and it becomes all, in justice and good purpose, to determine how much can be legitimately held of the situations on either side. Touching faith and the religious conscience of men, that is all clearly guaranteed by the genius and Constitution of America to Brigham and his people, but touching the right of the United States to encourage on the Pacific Coast the nation's enterprise, maintaining their governmental supremacy above a temporal theocracy, the case, I honestly believe, is on the side of America. These are matters with which the moment is pregnant, and, if they are noted by the writer, it is because they are in the present thoughts of the country. We should, therefore, nicely discriminate at this very pass, for we are on the turning point of our destiny.

Thoughts which are firmly spoken in love, are more loyal than those which are concealed by the policy of adherents. I have resigned a twenty-one years' standing among my brethren, because the Priesthood has just determined, in solemn High Council, against men who hold views in common with myself on most points, and, as this liberty of thought has been purchased at so great a cost, it is now only becoming manliness to maintain the advantage of a free press and respectfully give it an utterance.

VALUE OF CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

Judging from their conduct, very many persons appear to think that the Gospel consists entirely of an outward organization, with certain officers, ordinances and laws, without which it has no existence, and upon connection with and obedience to which—regardless of the Spiritual life or righteousness of either—depends their Salvation. Poor humanity is always running into extremes: too much government or too little—despotism or anarchy, fanaticism or infidelity; contempt for all outward ordinances and ceremonies, or a blind faith in their efficacy, without the Spiritual life and blessings they were meant to represent or convey. Organization, priesthood, laws, ordinances, are especially necessary in our present condition; but they are only the machinery of the Gospel, not the Gospel itself—the mediums for making it known and diffusing its blessings among the children of earth. The Gospel—so far as its Spirit is concerned—is independent of all organizations—it existed before the establishment of any as pertaining to our earth, and would be none the less a living, sublime, glorious fact, were it possible to sweep away every vestige of its present organization from the face of our planet. The Gospel is the kernel; priesthood and laws the shell; the latter necessary for the preservation of the former, but absolutely worthless, like a shell without fruit, when destitute of the Heavenly spirit, light and inspiration which alone give to it power. Devoid of this, one system would be as good as, or rather, no better than, another. The Gospel is "glad tidings of great joy" to all mankind. What tidings? Why, that God, instead of being a revengeful tyrant, is a kind, loving, merciful Father, whose bowels of compassion yearn over His children; who so loves the world, and is so anxious to bless, elevate and develop all His children, that He has done and is still doing all He can to accomplish this end; has enlisted the sympathies and coöperation of the whole Heavenly world in the great cause of human development, and is ready to bestow His Spirit upon all who seek it, filling their souls with peace, joy and love ineffable, causing *them* also to rejoice in laboring to bless humanity. In short, as the Apostle beautifully expresses it,—"The Gospel is the *power of God* unto salvation;" or, as President Young has said, "The power of endless lives, of eternal increase and development." Hence, we see, that the Gospel, like gold, has an intrinsic value, whether moulded into any particular form or marked by any particular stamp, though, for convenience and increase of circulation, both have been subject to certain external regulations. It is not, however, sufficient that a coin bear the external form and impress which Government has decided,—it must have the true ring, and stand the test which distinguishes the base metal from the precious. On the same principle, spiritually speaking, may we judge of any system professing to be of Divine origin Says the Savior, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

It is true, the feelings of the majority of men have to be reached through and influenced by a system that appeals to their external senses, and that they find it much easier to accept the dogmas of others than to think for themselves, or to exercise that faith and labor necessary to obtain spiritual light within and Divine guidance to their own souls. Hence, in all ages, it has appeared so natural and easy for men to transfer to their religious leaders and teachers, that allegiance which they vowed and owe to truth and God alone. This has led, in past times, to the most terrible evils and abuses that a corrupted priesthood could perpetrate or sanction. Men became so puffed up by the flatteries of their servile followers, that they assumed to themselves prerogatives which Divinity itself never asserted nor exercised,—not content with lauding it over the world temporally, but, as was predicted by the Apostle John, "making slaves of the souls of men." This was the origin of all the evils attending the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. So long as men would acknowledge the supremacy of its priesthood and authority, they might do almost what they pleased with comparative impunity. To question the infallibility and divine authority of its sovereign pontiff, was a worse crime than to take the life of a fellow creature. To doubt a dogma of the "church" was a sure sign of a corrupt mind and of impending perdition. Such is the tendency of all priestcrafts, because ignorance and slavery, physical and mental, are necessary to their perpetuity. Hence they hold their subjects in thraldom by superstitious fears and threats of divine displeasure.

To what should our faith and obedience be pledged? To the Truth. This is Nature's law, God's law—the higher law, which supercedes, and annuls everything that comes in contact therewith. He who is not faithful to his own perceptions of Divine truth, no matter who or what else he obeys, is a traitor to God and humanity. How far, then, should mankind obey their teachers and leaders, spiritual or temporal? Just so far as their teachings or requirements are in accordance with the will of God, the laws of nature.

and the rights of humanity. No Divine appointment ever did, or ever will, authorize any man to trample or infringe upon the poorest, meanest or most ignorant of his fellows. Were it possible for the Almighty himself to wilfully wrong one of the least of his intelligent creatures, he would cease to be God, and we should be absolved from that allegiance and worship which is due only to the personification of truth, justice, mercy and love.

Let no one imagine, from the preceding remarks, that the importance or necessity of organization and Priesthood si undervalued. The object is simply to show the necessity of enjoying the spirit of the Gospel as well as attending to its forms; of not only being led and guided by a divinely inspired Priesthood, but of also possessing the spirit of truth to enlighten our own minds, that we may be intelligent, humble, joyful co-workers with all holy beings in the great cause of the freedom, elevation and perfection of humanity.

MUSIC IN THE SETTLEMENTS.

BY PROFESSOR J. TULLIDGE.

FISHBURN'S CHOIR, BRIGHAM CITY.

In my first article on Music in the Settlements, I remarked that the progression of the divine art, in the City wards or in towns outside, depended much upon the interest rendered to its votaries—both instrumental and vocal—by the bishops in their various localities. My object in repeating this assertion is to make it known that wherever I have found a music-loving bishop, I have invariably found a creditable choir, and, in many instances, a good band also.

I think that it is pretty generally understood that President L. Snow, as well as his sister, Miss E. Snow, are not only fond of all that is beautiful in poetry but are also lovers of the sweet sounds of music, and I believe both of them have a high appreciation of the two arts combined.

About three years ago, with a view of understanding the progression of music in the Settlements, I started on a professional tour North. On this occasion I was accompanied only by two of my lady pupils: Mrs. S. A. Oliphant and Miss Mary Culen; I accordingly wrote to President L. Snow for his patronage, also for his interest with Mr. Fishburn to assist my small party at this concert.

When I arrived at Brigham City I and my little vocal selection were most hospitably entertained by President Snow at his residence, and we had a pleasant time with him in conversing on musical and other subjects; this conversation gave me the idea I entertain of his pure love of music.

At the period I have named, Mr Fishburn had just left, by request of President Snow, the direction of the choir at Smithfield, and had come to reside at Brigham City to conduct and instruct a body of singers at that place.

As the voices which Mr. Fishburn had then under his direction, had not been organized for four-part harmony, nor drilled sufficiently for effective rendition of compositions, I thought it unfair to request a hearing of his newly-formed choir under these unfavorable circumstances. However, I found this gentleman to be gifted with the true spirit of Apollo's sons and daughters, as he immediately offered, without fee or reward, to place himself and all those under his direction, who were efficient, at my service, and, with this assistance, we managed to give a very creditable entertainment, much to the satisfaction of those who attended it.

I had almost forgot to mention that the Bishop, as well as President Snow, used his interest to forward the entertainment, and he also lent me his organ for the accompaniment. I am led to believe, from observations made on my visit to Brigham City, that, in a great measure, the interest and patronage of President Snow and the Bishop have been an incentive to the exertions of Mr Fishburn, and have enabled him to keep his choir together; a selection from that body has given much satisfaction, by their performance of many excellent compositions, at several Conferences in this city.

With this introduction of Mr. Fishburn and his choir, at the period I have named, I will, by way of introduction, make a few remarks on this gentleman's method of drilling and conducting the choral body under his direction.

The opinion I at present entertain, is gathered from an experience of their rendition of pieces at Conference times.

In reviewing the conducting of musical compositions by Mr. Fishburn, and the performance of the same by his choir, I will here state that the few remarks I might make on the subject will be more for the guidance of conductors and principal singers in general, than for being personally critical.

I will say that I admire the principle of amalgamating the voices, adopted by Mr. Fishburn in the performance of pieces by his choir.

Lights and shades are exceedingly pleasing and also produce much effect in music; in fact, when it is perfectly brought out, it is Nature's beautiful coloring.

To explain more fully my meaning to the musical student, I will say that it is to understand the method of obtaining in its purity the *piano*, *pianissimo*, *mezzo-forte*, *fortissimo*, *crescendo*, and the *decrescendo*. When these points are gained by systematic training, the effect produced on the uncultivated as well as on the cultivated musician, will afford much pleasure. Although Mr. Fishburn has hit on one of the most pleasing methods of rendering effect in music, and, in a great measure, has succeeded in producing coloring beauties, I must say, that, although the shades are by no means perfect, they are better portrayed by his choir than by any other I have heard in the Settlements. Mr. Fishburn has not been professionally trained in vocal renderings, nor has he had a professional experience in conducting choral bodies, therefore much credit is due to him for what he has done, and doubtless has pleased and satisfied a vast amount of his hearers by his teaching and conducting.

I will now speak of the method adopted by eminent vocal teachers to obtain a perfect rendition of musical lights and shades.

To obtain, in vocalization, fine, artistic coloring, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the use of the diaphragm, which will produce the *sotto voce*, or under-tone delivery. I have slightly touched on this subject when reviewing the choral department of the Murphy and Mack Minstrel Troupe. The thorough command of the voices, in this respect, displayed by that troupe, was the greatest beauty of their choral renderings; in fact, it was the crowning success of their songs. As I only, on that occasion, pointed to the effect produced by the *sotto voce*, I will on this, as I have before stated, explain the method for its acquirement.

The perfect *piano* with its various shades, the *forte* with its changes, and the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* beauties, can only be made effective by the thorough command of the voice in the under and full chest tone delivery. The *pianos* and *fortes*, without this species of practice, will not only lack the effective delivery but it will produce a throaty tone.

In order to obtain these perfect shades, great attention must be paid to the training of the voice as to breathing. The point of practice is to sustain a sound during several bars.

For want of space in this number I am compelled to leave my subject somewhat abruptly, but in the next I will endeavor to make my meaning plain to the musical student.

THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TERNO.

It was a Friday evening about a month after the day of the "merenda" in the Cascine and the conversation following it, which has been recorded in the last chapter. And the same four persons were once again together in the little shop on the Ponte Vecchio. Upon this occasion, however, the party of four was not divided into two pairs as had then been the case, but were all assembled in the larger front shop. Carlo's proposition had been duly made to the old jeweler, as had been projected; and the result had fully confirmed the sagacity of his judgment on the subject. As soon as old Laudadio had been made to understand that it was intended to assure to him a home and maintenance, together with unbounded command of his own time, and ample leisure for pursuing studies which had become his master passion, he jumped at the proposal. All the feelings which would once have arrayed themselves in opposition to it—the citizen's pride, the artist's pride, the householder's pride—had long since died out under the blighting encroachment of the one domineering thought, like the healthful vegetation that perishes beneath the baleful shado of the upas-tree. Carlo had judged rightly. The lottery, which had killed so much else, had killed all these things in the old man.

The proposed arrangements, therefore, had all been brought to bear prosperously. The marriage of Carlo and Laura was fixed for the following Sunday. It was to take place in the quiet little church of Santo Stefano, which serves as a parish church for the houses on the northern part of the bridge. After some delay and trouble the necessary papers and certificates were all in order. Carlo, like most others of his class and generation, had not been near a confessional box for a long time. But it was neccessary to do so, and to have a certificate to that effect, before he could be married. And he had, not without considerable repuguance, gone through the ceremony, and obtained his papers accordingly. On the morrow the necessary agreements between him and old Vanni were to be formally executed before a notary; and the neat tablet, with the words, "Carlo Bardi, Jeweler and Goldsmith," in letters of gold on a blue enamelled ground, which had been duly prepared, was to be put up over the narrow little door, in the place now occupied by the half-effaced and faded name of Laudadio Vanni, which had been written there in old-fashioned black letters on a white ground more than half a century ago. This morrow, in short, was to be a very busy day with Carlo. The goods in which he had invested his little capital for the stocking of his shop had all been purchased, some in Florence, and some in Paris. The latter were still in the custom-house; some of the former not yet delivered. But Carlo hoped to have them all safe under his own roof by the Saturday night, and looked forward to a long day of hurry and bustle. Laura was to be equally busy in receiving the goods, arranging, cataloguing, and examining, all day long.

This Friday evening, therefore, was the last quiet hour before the marriage, and the last of the old jeweler's life as a householder and master tradesman. His life-long friend, Niccolo, had accordingly chosen this evening to bring his congratulations—and the bride's dower.

"Here they are, friends," said the cavaliere, producing two long rouleaux wrapped in paper, that looked as yellow as an old man's life-long treasured packet of love-letters; "here they are, two fifties, just as I rolled them up something like twenty years ago. They have never been touched since, though many a time there has been sore need of them. But trust old Cola Sestioi for that! Sure hind, safe find! And now, Laura mia," he added, as he put the heavy rolls into her hands, "there they are, and the keeping of them is off *my* mind."

"You know, Caro Signor Cavaliere," said Laura, "that grateful as Carlo and I are for an assistance so important to us, there is little more to be said about it than we ought to say every day. For God knows how things would have gone with us but for you. You must be tired of being thanked, and anybody else would be tired of doing the good deeds to be thanked for. Here Carlo," she added, as she put the packets into his hands, "you have not to learn now all that my godfather has been to me."

"Thanks, Signor Cavaliere, for my Laura's dower," said Carlo, as he got up to take the money, extending as he did so his right hand to the old man, "and a thousand times more thanks for your approval of our marriage. I will lock up the dollars, and leave them yet a little longer in their old wrappings. But I am afraid that their long repose is very nearly over."

And so saying, Carlo proceeded to place the two rouleaux in an iron-doored strong safe, constructed in the thickness of the wall; just opposite to the staircase, which opened in the doorway between the front and back shop. Carlo turned on them the massive key of the safe, and put it in his pocket, thus exercising the first act of mastership of the house.

"Godfather, thirty-seven; dower, twenty-five; marriage, twenty-eight," cried Laudadio, raising from his old arm-chair in great and evident excitement. "The very numbers! The numbers I ——" He checked himself, looking round on his three auditors with a sharp glance, half timid, and half suspicious; but continued, as he paced to and fro the few steps to which the limits of the little shop confined him, muttering to himself, "Was there ever a clearer indication? It satisfies all the rules. All, all! This at least is clear. At last! at last! And yet——Friends," continued the old man, reaching his hat from the peg on which it hung, "I must go out for a short time. I shall not be long. I will be with you in half an hour. Cavaliere, I shall find you here when I come back?"

Old Sestini and the young couple glanced at each other as the old man left the shop, and the former was the first to speak.

"They did come pat enough, the three numbers, it must be owned; didn't they, now? and all on the same subject, too, as one may say: godfather, dower, and marriage! Well, that *is* remarkable! Who knows, who knows!"

Carlo shrugged his shoulders, with an expression which consideration for Laura barely sufficed to keep half way between contempt and pity.

"Has he any money in his pocket; Laura?" asked he; for the errand on which old Laudadio was gone was evident enough to them all.

"Not more than a paul or two, dear Carlo, I know for certain," replied Laura; "and to-night, you know, for the last time, you won't object——"

"Nay, Laura mia, I say nothing," rejoined Carlo, rather sadly; "but as for the *last time*, I hope your father has some years of life before him yet; for a lottery player there is no *last time* till his own last hour."

"It would be hard on Vanni if he had not a ticket for to-morrow," remarked the cavaliere. "The drawing takes place in Florence, and it must be much pleasanter to see the numbers come up, one by one, than merely to read them all in a lump, two or three days afterwards. Besides, who knows? as my old friend so justly observed. I have great confidence myself in Laudadio Vanni's science. Such a head as he has!"

"But you don't avail yourself of the suggestions indicated by his science, Signor Cavaliere," said Carlo, with a dash of satire in his tone, which was quite imperceptible to the worthy ex-clerk.

"I? No, I don't. Why should I? Don't you see, Signor Carlo, I have got my crust, my cup of coffee, and my cigar, sure and safe, every day, as sure as the sun rises. I *might* lose them if I were to play ever so wisely. And I could not make Sunday begin over again, when Sunday night is come, if I won the biggest terno ever played for," said the old cavaliere, with more philosophy than he guessed.

Meantime, Landadio Vanni did not go at once, as his friends supposed he would, to the nearest lottery office, and there empty his pockets of their little all in exchange for a scrap of paper. He was in too high a state of nervous excitement for this. Those three numbers, which he had so promptly matched with the things to which they are appended in the cabalistic volume described in a former chapter, had, as he, correctly or not, persuaded himself, occurred to him in his dreams. It was, indeed, likely enough that they might have done so. The three ideas with which his "science" connected them had of course naturally enough been in his thoughts lately, And as his morbid mind incessantly and habitually fixed itself upon the numbers suggested by every incident, every object, and every idea which presented itself to him, and as these numbers were the continual subject of all his waking meditations, it is likely enough that he might have dreamed of them. At all events, to the old jeweler's diseased mind, the reiterated suggestion of these figures appeared, to be proof, "plain as heavenly writ," that these were the fortunate numbers, which, duly backed, would lead him on to fortune.

To minds in any degree accustomed to observe or examine the connection of cause and effect, it seems altogether impossible that any human being, not perfectly insane, should imagine that information of the numbers about to be drawn at hazard out of a wheel should thus be communicated to him. And, in truth, the existence of such a persuasion would be utterly incredible, did we not see it existing, and actively influencing, large numbers of persons, in other respects as sane as the average of mankind. A moment's

consideration of the phenomenon sets one speculating as to the possible theories of these lottery devotees respecting the world they live in, the government, and the eternal and almighty governor of it; thoughts too large and serious, maybe, for this light page! Yet they are such as necessarily and properly rise from the subject of it; and without them we should fail to appreciate duly the thick and heavy darkness of the spiritual night—a darkness surely equal to that of the "untutored mind" of any fetish-worshipping Indian—which envelops the pupils of a "paternal" government and a dominant orthodox church.

It is difficult to imagine the nature of the workings of a mind under the hallucination which possessed poor old Laudadio Vanni. But, assuredly, doubt had no place among them. Success, the long-delayed reward of his studies, patience, and perseverance for long years, was now within his grasp! But how was he to avail himself of the great opportunity? Fortune slighted would assuredly never offer her favors a second time! Cruel, cruel fate! to place the prize within his reach just when he was unable—all but unable—to profit by the golden chance!

Tormented with these thoughts, the old man turned from the bridge, down the Via degli Archibusieri towards the Uffizi, and began pacing to and fro beneath the colonnade that faces the river. Pulling from his pocket the old leathern bag that served him for a purse, he emptied the contents into his lean and shaking hand, and counted up the amount of the various small coins. There was one paul, one half paul, a piece of two crazie, or quarter of a paul, and several of the small thin copper coins called soldi, the twentieth part of the lira, and containing twelve denari. The lira is worth eightpence; and its two hundred and fortieth part, the denaro, no longer exists in the body, but only as a money account. These Lire, Soldi and Denari are the originals of our £ *s. d.*, but while prosperity and progress have with us pushed up the value of the coins to pounds and shillings, they have remained in Italy, during her period of stagnation, more nearly of their original worth. So that, although Laudadio counted up one pound ten shillings and eightpence, his whole available assets amounted only to an unstatable fraction more than a shilling.

Now this sum, invested in a ticket for a terno, would, in case of success, produce a prize of some twelve hundred crowns, or about two hundred and fifty pounds; a very large sum to Laudadio Vanni, but far from sufficient to repay him with interest all the moneys he had, in the course of his long life, sunk in lottery tickets. And he considered that Fortune owed him nothing less than this, and that she was now at last ready and willing to discharge all her debt to him, if he could only comply with the indispensable conditions. To make no more than twelve hundred dollars out of the great and sure opportunity now offered to him, seemed a stroke of misfortune and ill luck more difficult to bear than all the disappointments his worship of the blind goddess had hitherto exposed him to. Visions of riches paraded themselves before his mind, riches which should not only bring with them all the advantages which usually accompany them, but which should triumphantly justify in the face of all Florence, and especially of his own friends and family, his wisdom and prudence, and the accuracy and value of his much-boasted science. The more he thought of all this, and the more he pictured to himself the certainty of success, the more the small sum at his disposition seemed altogether contemptible and insignificant.

"If only they would believe me!" he muttered, as he continued in increasing agitation and excitement to walk up and down beneath the dark colonnade, turning over and over in his hands the poor little coins, for which he felt a growing contempt. "If only they in their ignorance would trust the knowledge gained by half a century of study and education! But they are obstinate as ignorance always is. And for whose sake do I need wealth now? Not for my own, I trow. And I could make their fortune for them! All too late for me! But I could make for them a life and position such as my Laura deserves, and such as Carlo Bardi has never dreamed of! And all that is wanting is a few dollars, which they have, and of which they can have no need, till after they will have been installed to them tenfold—a hundred-fold!—a thousand-fold!"

The old man had quickened his pace as these thoughts were passing through his mind; and he continued his walk, even quicker and quicker for some minutes, gesticulating with his arms, and ever and anon coming to a sudden stop in his walk. At last he turned towards the bridge, and slackening his pace considerably, and bending his face more than usual to the ground, he reached the door of his own shop. He paused before putting his hand to the door; looked with a sharp suspicious glance up and down the bridge; pulled a check blue handkerchief from his pocket, with which he wiped the drops from his brow; tossed with an impatient movement the coins he had been counting into his coat pocket, and then entered the little shop.

It was by that time about half-past nine o'clock, and the cavaliere and Carlo were thinking of saying good night. They all took it quite as a matter of course that the old man had been to the office, and had expended all the money in his pocket in a lottery ticket.

"You'll be watching the drawing to-morrow, my friend," said Sestini. "Shall I come with you? If you will, we can meet at the café in the piazza."

"No! I don't know—perhaps I shall not go to-morrow," replied the old man, hesitatingly; but added, after a pause, "well! yes! we will go together. I will look for you at the café a little before mid-day."

Laura and Carlo had meanwhile said their good nights, and once again he and the cavaliere left the shop together.

"Let us go to bed, Laura," said the old man, as soon as ever they were gone. "You will have a long day's work to-morrow, and I am sleepy."

Laura was rather surprised to hear him say so, for his usual habit was to sit up long after she had gone to her closet over the back shop. But she made no remark, her mind being, as may be supposed, full enough of her own thoughts.

"Good night, father," she said; "sleep well, and dream of the numbers of your terno for to-morrow;" and so saying, she climbed the steep stair to her miniature bedroom, leaving him to follow her up the ladder-like stair.

Laudadio went to the door of the shop, opened it and looked out anxiously, as it seemed, first in one direction, then in the other, then closing it, put his hand to the heavy bolts and locks, which he moved, as if securing the shop for the night. Yet he turned no lock, and shot no bolt, but, leaving the door thus simply closed, proceeded to climb the stairs, and entered his room over the front shop. There, instead of beginning to undress himself, he seated himself on the bedside, and remained perfectly still for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Opposite to the bed was a sort of cupboard contrived in the thickness of the wall, by the side of the one small window that lighted the room. To this he then went, and from behind some articles of clothing on the uppermost shelf, drew forth a large key. Having possessed himself of this, he again sat down on the bed for several minutes. He then arose, and creeping noislessly to the stair-head, again paused there some minutes. It might have been thought impossible for the old man to have descended the steep narrow stair with the perfect noiselessness with which he contrived to do it. Once at the bottom, he rapidly, but with caution to avoid the slightest sound, poured from his lamp a drop or two of oil on the wards of the key in his hand, and then applied it to the door of the safe in which Carlo had locked the cavaliere's hundred dollars. The key was, in fact, a duplicate one, laid aside when the other had years ago been entrusted to Laura for the nightly custody of the more precious articles in the shop, and long since forgotten, till the recollection of it had unfortunately occurred to the old jeweler, during his pacing under the Uffizi colonnade.

In less than a minute the two rolls of dollars were in his hands, and leaving the lamp burning on the work-bench, he stealthily stepped through the doorway on to the bridge, and quietly closed the door behind him.

Laudalio Vanni had been, though a gambler during the latter part of his life, yet an upright, honorable, and strictly honest man throughout all the many years of it, and it was in vain that he strove to conceal from himself the nature of the action he was now committing. The big drops stood on his wrinkled brow, and dropped from the ends of the straggling silver locks that fell on either side of his hollow emaciated cheeks. He trembled visibly; and instead of hastening at once on his errand, he paused at the top of the bridge under the colonnade, which at that part of it leaves the river visible. It was by this time nearly half-past eleven. The lottery offices on the night previous to the drawing remain open till twelve. After the first stroke of the clocks sounding midnight, no stake could be played for the morrow's drawing. Yet still he paused. It seemed as if he were half minded to give his honor and fair name the advantage in their struggle with the demon which possessed him, of the chance that he might be too late to accomplish his purpose.

There is under the arches, in the space void of houses, at the

top of the bridge, an ancient and dingy picture of a Madonna, in a wooden tabernacle against the wall, and a little dimly twinkling oil-lamp was burning before it. He examined the two rolls of money in the faint ray of light thrown by this lamp, to ascertain that there was no writing on the paper in which they were wrapped; and then turned towards the parapet, and leaning on it again paused, while the minutes ran on quickly towards the moment at which the power of the tempter would be at an end. It wanted now but ten minutes of the time. But there is no part of the city in which that is not more than ample time enough for reaching a lottery receiving house. The paternal government takes care that the demon of play shall be ever at every man's elbow.

"What would they think of me," he cried, suddenly—"what would they think of me, if they knew all that I know, and knew, also, that I hesitated to obtain the prize for them? The money won with their money will be all theirs, of course. When I give it them, I shall say: 'Now will you believe that your old father's days and nights of study are worth something?'"

And as he muttered thus to himself, he hurried to the well-known counter, and thrusting himself among the crowd of wretches who were staking the half-pence they had succeeded in procuring just in time, he startled the clerks by putting down his two roleaux for a terno on the numbers, 37, 25 and 28.

The officials in these hells are not unaccustomed to strange sights. Remark on them in no wise enters into their functions. So the money was swept up; and the vile looking little strip of coarse grey-blue paper was duly scrawled over, signed, sanded and put into his shaking hand.

As he quitted the den, the great bell of the palazzo vecchio began to toll twelve. The yawning clerks shut up their books, and "the game was made" for that week.

After having first secured the precious document in an inner pocket, Laudadio's first movement was to return to his home, and he began to walk in that direction. But his steps became slower and slower, and by the time he had reached the foot of the bridge, he felt that he could not endure to pass the remaining hours of the night in the stillness of his little room over the shop. He felt a strange reluctance, too, to enter his house again, and pass by that safe in the wall at the bottom of the stairs. No! he would go home no more, till he should go in with his triumph and his justification in his hand. So he turned back once more towards the Uffizi colonnade, and again paced forwards and backwards under the now silent and deserted porticos.

But strangely enough, the result of the desperate stake he had played for, which had seemed to him so safe and certain an hour ago, while the "to be or not to be" was still in his own hands, began, now the fatal step was taken, and the irrevocable die cast, to appear less inaccessible to doubts as to the issue. It was one of those revulsions of feeling which the most compendious scheme of ethical philosophy loves to ascribe to the immediate action of the traitorous fiend; but which the students of mental phenomena would attribute to the sense of powerlessness which takes possession of us on the completion of an irrevocable deed, aided, in poor Laudadio's case, by the importunate reproaches of his conscience. It was in vain that he repeated again and again to himself that he was only doing far better for his child with her money than she could do for herself, in vain that he argued that as her father he had some right to act for her, and watch over her interests. The genuine utterances of the still small voice are less easily overborne and put down than the dictates of the intellectual powers. The old man might succeed in persuading himself that the numbers to be drawn from the lottery wheel on the morrow were revealed to him by his waking and sleeping dreams; but he could not for an instant bring his conscience to absolve him for the deed he had done. The great prize for which he had been hoping for so many years, was now, as he told himself again and again, as good as won: a greater prize, indeed than he had ever hoped for, for he had never before had the power of risking so large a sum at one time. Yet probably never in his life had Laudadio Vanni passed a more miserable hour than that which he spent in his midnight pacing under the colonnade of the Uffizi.

At length, wearied in body as well as in mind, he betook himself to the great "loggia" of the piazza. Every one who remembers Florence, remembers this magnificent structure by Orcagna, its wonderful noble arches, and the assemblage of masterpieces in marble and bronze collected beneath its lofty roof. At the back of the building a broad stone bench runs along the wall, and on that Laudadio stretched the long length of his gaunt and weary limbs to await the coming of the dawn. Many a worse sleeping chamber might be lighted on by a weary man than that masterpiece of architecture, proportion and beauty, all open as its vast arches are to the mild breeze of the Italian summer night. But no bed of down could have brought sleep that night to the old lottery gambler. The stake to be decided by the events of the morrow was too tremendous a one to him. For it will be readily understood that now—strangely inconsistent creatures as we are—the amount of money to be won was the least important part of the interest that for Laudadio hung on the dirty scrap of paper in his pocket.

At last, towards morning, he fell into a kind of uneasy doze, from which he was awakened soon after dawn by the workmen coming to erect the scaffolding for the ceremony of the drawing. The grand "loggia" of Orcagna, in the principal square of the city, is the spot chosen for this purpose, and the carpenters and upholsterers were come to make their preparations. Many a condemned man has been waked from his last earthly sleep by the noise of the erection of a scaffolding for a more terrible, though scarcely less pernicious purpose, and has met the coming day with more apathy than Laudadio felt at these preparations for his triumph or intolerable overthrow! How to get through the next six or seven hours? That was now the most immediate question. Remain quiet, he could not. Besides, he was too well known in Florence; and it would have been too strange, perfectly well as his devotion to the lottery was known to all the world, for him to have been found there at that hour of the morning. So he slunk away from the piazza, and passing through the obscure streets which lie at the back of the palazzo pubblico, reached the large square in front of the church of Santa Croce. The vast building was already open, and at a far altar in the transept a few old men and women were hearing, or rather looking at, a morning mass. Here a seat, silence and solitude, were to be had; and Laudadio entered the church and seated himself in a dark corner of the transept, opposite to that in which mass was being said. Here the deep silence of the place, and the fatigue of his sleepless night, gave him the advantage of a couple of hours of forgetfulness. It was nearly eight when he awoke; and he thought he might then venture to go and look at the preparations in the square. He found all there in readiness. There was the gaily decked raised platform, like a box at a theatre, with its seat for the magistrates, the lofty board prepared for the exhibition of the winning numbers, and the music desks for the band; and above all there was the wheel in the front of the box, looking like a large barrel-churn, only made of mahogany, and ornamented with brass mountings. In Naples, there would have been also a place for the priest, who, in that country, always attends on these occasions "to keep the devil from interfering with the numbers." But in less religious Tuscany this precaution is omitted. All was ready, but the hours, as it seemed to Laudadio, *would* not move on. He returned once again to Santa Croce, and finding it impossible to sit still, occupied himself with strolling about the immense church, and endeavoring to meet with the important numbers, that were so deeply engraved on his brain, in the many inscriptions on the walls and pavement of the building.

In the meantime, Laura had risen early to begin the various work of her busy day. The lamp which her father had left burning had burned itself out. But the unlocked and unbolted door, and the absence of the old man's hat from its accustomed peg, showed that he had gone out. There was nothing to surprise her much in this. She knew that he was apt to be restless on the morning when the lottery was about to be drawn in Florence, on which occasions he was always sure to play. She doubted not that when he had left them on the preceding evening, he had gone to buy a ticket with the few pauls he had in his pocket, and supposed that he had gone for a morning stroll to walk off his restlessness. Carlo was to be most part of the day at the custom-house, receiving and passing the goods from Paris, and she did not expect to see him till the evening. So she quietly set to work to arrange, inventory, and ticket a parcel of jewellery that had come in the day before.

Laudadio had firmly determined that he would not leave Santa Croce till the clock should strike the quarter to twelve. Never did hours appear so interminable to him. Yet as they were away, and the moment, big with fate, approached, he trembled at the nearness of the minute that was to decide his fate. He had found in the adjoining cloister the gravestone of some one who had died at the age of *thirty-seven*, on the *twenty-fifth* of the month, in the year eighteen *twenty-eight*. The combination thus met with appeared to him a wonderful confirmation of the justice of his expectations. He was much comforted and strengthened by it; and had several times wandered back into the cloister to gaze on the auspicious numbers. He was standing thus dreamily staring at them, when the long-expected quarter to twelve was tolled from the convent belfry. He started and the whole blood in his body

seemed to rush back to his heart. It appeared to him that he would fain have yet had one of those hours which had passed so laggingly, interposed between him and the moment which now, at the last, he could not prevent himself from regarding with as much of sickening dread as of hope.

He left the church, however, at once, and walked with a quicker step than usual towards the café in the piazza, at which he had agreed to meet his faithful friend and admirer, Sestini. The placid little cavaliere was at his tryst, calmly sipping a glass of water into which he had poured the remaining third of his little cup of black coffee, after regaling himself with the other two-thirds neat and hot; a favorite mode with the Italians of spreading the enjoyment derivable from three half-penny-worth of coffee over as large space of time as possible. Sestini, little observant as he was, could not help noticing the excited manner, the haggard look, and the feverishly gleaming eye of his friend. It still wanted a few minutes of the hour, and Sestini tried to persuade the old man to take some refreshment before going out into the crowd with which the great square was by this time full. But he could not induce him even to sit down. So the two strongly contrasted old men went out to make their way through the crowd to the immediate front of the lustings prepared for the drawing. The figure and face of the old gambler, stooping with hoary age, yet expressing in every shaking movement and every restless glance an excess of highly-strung nervous excitement, might well have caused remark at any other time or place. But amid the crowd in front of the lottery wheel every one was too much occupied with self, and strangely-moved faces were too common to attract attention.

The band had already begun to play a noisy lively air; the three magistrates in their gowns and high round flat-topped cloth caps were in their places; and two little boys in gay fancy dresses were standing one on each side of that terrible wheel—the instrument of torment little less in amount and in intensity than that caused by the other instrument of the same name the express object of which was torture. And now began the tedious process of unfolding the little rolled-up scrolls containing the numbers, holding them up to the public view, calling them aloud, handing them from one to the other of the presiding functionaries, and finally dropping them one by one into the wheel. And once again Laudadio thought that the minutes went slowly, and that the preliminary formalities would never be completed.

But at length the whole tale from One to Ninety had been deposited in the wheel. The music sounds; the little boys churn away at the fateful churn; two or three turns have tumbled the numbers into a confusion sufficient to make—to all human ken—CHANCE the sole blind master of the position of them; and then, amid sudden and profound silence, the first number is drawn. The boy plunges his bared arm into the machine, brings out one rolled-up scroll between his finger and thumb, holds it up aloft, and passes it, always keeping his hand at arm's length, to one of the presiding trio. He unrolls it, proclaims aloud "EIGHTY-EIGHT," hands it to his colleague, who holds it up aloft open to the people, and passes it to the third officer, who affixes it to the conspicuous board provided for the purpose. Then out blare the trumpets again, and out bursts a tempest of tongues. Nothing is lost yet. Five numbers are to be drawn; and there is yet room for a terno to come up—and to spare. Those, indeed, who have betted that some other number would come up "first" (which is termed playing an "estratto determinato")—those, indeed, have already lost; but for all others "the game is still alive."

Again the music ceases, and again every voice is suddenly hushed. The same mode of operation is repeated, and this time "TWENTY-FIVE" is called aloud, and takes its place on the board by the side of its predecessor.

Again the music and the roar of voices burst forth.

"It's right!" said Laudadio to his sympathizing friend, in a faint and choking voice. "Oh, yes! it's all right. I have no doubt; none." And Sestini could feel the old man's arm shaking as if he had been struck by sudden paralysis.

Once again the ceremony is repeated, and "37" is the result.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried the old man, trembling all over, while the big drops of perspiration started to his brows. "Oh! there could be no doubt. Of course I was certain of it." And drawing from his pocket with difficulty, so violently were his hands shaking, the ticket with his numbers, he showed them to his friend, carefully hiding with his lean hand the sum for which the ticket was made out.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the little cavaliere, "if you had only played for an ambo, you would have been all right." (The ambo is when *two* numbers are named to come up.) "An ambo makes a nice little bit of money. I wish it were an ambo."

"Why an ambo?" returned Laudadio, fiercely. "I tell you my terno is certain—certain!"

By this time all hope is over for the majority of the crowd, and the silence for the drawing of the fourth number is by no means so general. Now for it. "56."

A long deep breath came from the old gambler's chest with a sound almost of a groan, and he closed his eyes for a minute. "But it will be all right, I tell you," he said, angrily, as if his companion had maintained the reverse. "I tell you it is sure. It can't fail me now. It can't!"

And now for the last number—the cast of fortune that was to make all safe or all lost. It was a tremendous moment for the old man. The music and the voices sounded strangely in his ears, as if they were far off. Now, silence! Now!

"*Twenty*-NINE!" shouted the officer.

For one short moment, as the syllables "twenty" reached his ears, the unhappy old man had imagined that all was well with him. Then came with a roar, as it seemed to him, of a mighty tempest wind rushing through his ears, and crushing him to the earth, the fatal sound that hurled him from the summit of his hopes into an abyss of misery.

"What a pity it was not an ambo," said Sestini, not dreaming that the disappointment was a greater or more important one than the veteran gambler had a thousand times had to bear. But the revulsion was too terrible for old Laudadio's over-excited nervous system. After gazing for a moment with a fixed glassy stare into his companion's face, his long attenuated body swayed to and fro like a tall tree whose foot the axe has nearly severed, his gripe on the cavaliere's arm relaxed, and he fell in a dead swoon on th flag-stones of the piazza.

Poor little Sestini was extremely shocked and frightened. The crowd of course formed a ring round the prostrate figure of the old man, whose hat had fallen off, and whose long white locks were straggling over his livid face. For a moment they thought that he was dead. But the heaving of his chest soon indicated that he had but fainted. Many of those around knew old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweler on the Ponte Vecchio, and understood perfectly well the cause of his present trouble. "Poor fellow! he will have been playing high!" said one. "He's one that the Madonna owes a good terno to before he dies!" remarked another. And Sestini, with the aid of three or four of the nearest bystanders, proceeded to carry him to his house on the neighboring bridge. He probably had regained his consciousness before he reached his home. But his eyes remained closed, and he suffered himself to be carried by those who had picked him up. The fatal ticket remained clutched in his hand, and having been taken from it by Sestini, after those who carried him had placed him in his chair and departed, sufficed to tell very shortly the whole facts of the case.

And the remainder of our story may be told almost as compendiously.

Carlo took the matter very much more coolly than Laura had dared to hope. He said that such things were necessarily to be expected from lottery playing, and—that a new lock, to which he would see himself, must be put on the strong safe.

Sestini remarked that there were few heads in Italy, save that of his friend, who could have discovered *within one* the very numbers to be drawn for a terno. And Laudadio observed that loss in the lottery was number 90.

The marriage took place duly on the Sunday, despite the loss of Godpapa Sestini's dower. And the business-like Carlo and his artist wife have long since ceased to feel the need of such a sum.

Old Laudadio lived several years after the loss of his great stake. Did that miscarriage serve to open his eyes or cure him of his malady? Any one who is doubtful on such a point has happily little knowledge of the insanity in question.

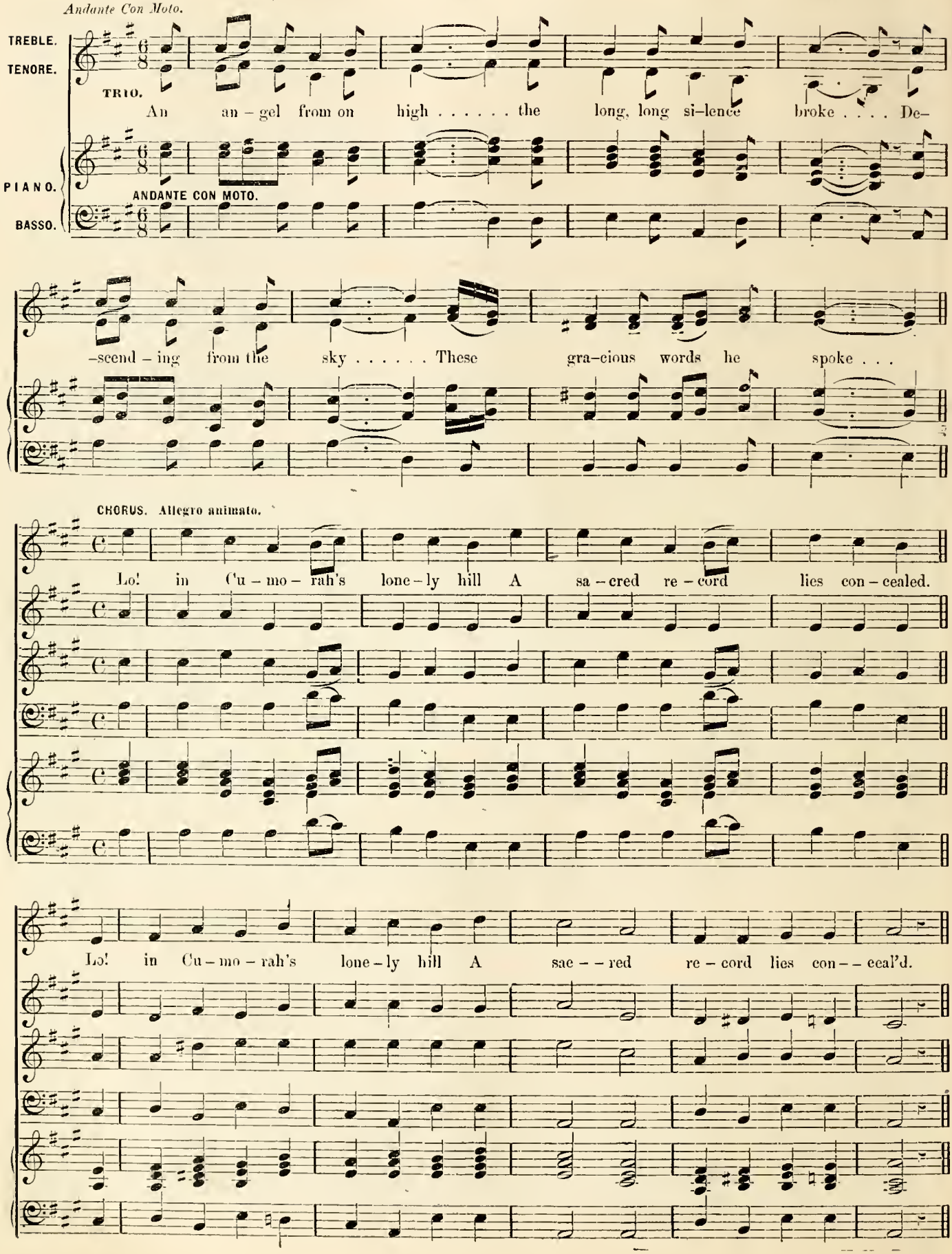
The present writer has had an interview with Laudadio Vanni. It took place one bright and frosty moonlight night on the "Ponte Trinita." It was late, and there was no other person on the bridge. The striking but shabby-looking old man, courteously lifting his hat, addressed himself to the deponent, and stating that he had something of importance to communicate, proceeded to propose a partnership enterprise in the lottery; the conditions to be, that the deponent should furnish the funds for the purchase of a ticket, while he, Laudadio, would supply numbers dreamed of by him, and warranted to win.

The deponent, deeming the old man no better than a self-conscious and designing swindler, punished him by saying that he approved perfectly of the scheme, only that he would prefer to reverse the parts. But had he known the history, which he learned on mentioning his recontre to some Florentine friends, and which has been set forth in the preceding chapters, he might probably have treated the old lottery dreamer more gently.

"An Angel from on High."

Words from L. D. S. Hymn Book, Page 218, 4 lines 6s & 2, 8s. — Music by Prof. J. Tullidge.

Andante Con Moto.



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The Musical Director of the New York Conservatory of Music, *Edward Mollenhauer*, says. "The *Arion* I bought of you is the best Piano I ever played on; that rolling bass and silvery treble, etc."

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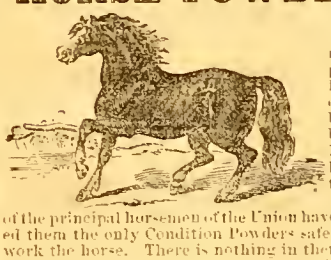

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Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced.

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Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored. That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

Dr. Henderson, of Farnsville, Louisiana, says: "The counter-irritant effect of Allcock's Porous Plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use."

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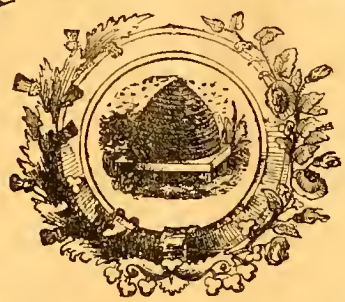
NO. 28, NOV. 13, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education.

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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AGENTS.

SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts. / In Bankruptcy / District of Utah. \

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 13th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

S. A. MANN,

Clerk of said Court.

Salt Lake City Oct. 28th A. D. 1869.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH AND ALL Maladies [illegible] the head, nose and throat

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It has been thoroughly tested and has not failed in a single instance. Several of the most obstinate cases have been speedily cured by this remedy, after every other known remedy had failed. Every one who has tried it will testify to the truth of the above statement.

Every one afflicted with Catarrh should give it a trial and find out for himself whether it is a humbug. Price [illegible] sold by GODBE & Co. Salt Lake City.

NOTICE.

To [illegible] John Stone and all those interested in the Estate of [illegible] that I will appear before the Probate Court of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, on the [illegible] day of December next, to make my final report as Administrator of the Estate of [illegible] deceased, and ask for my discharge as such Administrator. Said Court will sit at the Probate Office in the City Hall, in Salt Lake City, at which time and place you can appear and contest it if you see fit.

Witness my hand and seal this 7th day of November A. D. 1869.

OLIVER DURANT

All the Grocers in Utah, recently Sell GILLET'S BAKING POWDER, and it is not surpassed in QUALITY or CHEAPNESS by ANY OTHER POWDER, in this or any other Market

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Published Weekly.

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LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 28] SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rose in the road of life,
  Could we only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
  If the querulous heart would make it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
  And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
  Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
  And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through
  When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
  Or an evening without a morning:
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
  Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
  Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
  Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
  Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
  For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
  A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
  And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
  Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
  And sit and grieve and wonder.

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

A STORY OF A ROADSIDE INN.

The diligence from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening, just after dark, some miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to set down an English lady and her child at a lonely roadside *auberge*. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to the Chateau de Senart, a distance of some leagues, whither she was repairing on a visit; but was told that it had not yet arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse-looking woman, who showed her into the vast hall that served at once as a sitting-room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night that there was little chance of her friend arriving before the morning. "You had better, therefore," she said, "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you; and you will be much more comfortable between a pair of clean, warm sheets than knocking about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs. Martin, though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect; but she felt so confident that her friends would not neglect her, that after a moment she replied: "I thank you, madame, I will sit up for an hour or so—it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not, I shall be glad of your room, which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious that her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above; but Mrs. Martin found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of faggots was blazing on the vast hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, about five years of age, soon went to sleep in her lap; and she herself found that whilst her ears were anxiously listening for the roll of carriage wheels, her eyes occasionally closed, and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects around her. The apartment was vast, and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle, stuck into a dirty tin candlestick, that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across half-way up the walls, leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, etc. There were very few signs that the house was much visited, though a pile of empty wine bottles lay in a corner. The landlady sat at some distance from the fireplace, with her two sons, who laid their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers; and the words, "*C'est elle*," (it is she)—which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to alarm her. The door leading into the road was left ajar; and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation; and if the people of the house really entertained any evil designs, her attempt would only precipitate a catastrophe. So she resolved on patience; but listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard, however, was the whistling of the wind, and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At

length the door was thrust open, and a man, dripping wet, came in. She breathed more freely; for this new-comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hosts, if they entertained any. He was a red-haired, jovial-faced looking man; and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manners.

"A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. "What have you to give me? *Salut, messieurs et mesdames.* I am wet to the skin. Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said:

"You see your friends will not come; and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply; which elicited a kind of shrug of contempt.

The red-haired man finished off his bottle of wine, and then said:

"Show me a room, good woman—I shall sleep here to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought that, as he pronounced these words, he cast a protecting glance towards her; and she felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in that house. When, therefore, the red-haired man, after a polite bow, went up-stairs, she said that, as her friends had not arrived, they might as well show her to a bed-room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Pierre, take the lady's trunks up-stairs."

In a few minutes Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It was closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked round for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave her strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table, to increase her defence. The leg was broken; and when she touched it, it fell with a crash to the ground. A long echo went sounding through the house, and she felt her heart sink within her. But the echo died away, and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the windows. They were all well protected with iron bars. The walls were papered, and, after careful examination, seemed to contain no signs of a secret door.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to reflect on her position. As was natural, after having taken all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that they might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilly, his rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame, whilst the unsnuffed candle burned dimly. The room was full of pale, trembling shadows; but she had no superstitious fears. Something positive could alone raise her alarms. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing save the howling of the wind over the roof, and the pattering of the rain against the window-panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigue—which had been for a time forgotten—began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralysed. She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidently dropped her watch. Stooping to pick it up, her eyes involuntarily glanced towards the bed. A great mass of red hair, a hand, and a gleaming knife, were revealed by the light of the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt that she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

Her bed was so disposed that the robber could only get out from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There were no curtains in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running knot in her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her own life and that of her child.

The position was an awful one; and probably, had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears, and endeavored to raise the house by screams. The fire on the hearth—unattended to—had fallen abroad, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment showed dimly and uncertainly, and seemed to be endowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but, startled by some movement under the bed, went scouring back in terror to its hole. The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother endeavored also to imitate slumber, but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not avoid occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied only with two ideas. First, she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in this red-haired man; and, secondly, it struck her that, as he could fear no resistance from a woman, he might push aside the chairs that were in his way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once even she thought that, whilst her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim, put on its guard, might alarm the house.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour, with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney-piece told one hour after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presented itself—the fire had nearly burnt out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noose hanging, like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture. "What," she thought, "if he delay his appearance until the light has completely died away! Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill this assassin—to save myself and my child? Oh, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging of hands and knees along the floor—a heavy, suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulder; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down upon the spot where the question of life and death was to be soon decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out—every second assumed the proportions of an hour.

But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an indistinct medium of blended light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head cautiously forward. Mrs. Martin bent down. There was a half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling on the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! pull! Mrs. Martin heard nothing but the scarf passing over the head of the bed between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and, holding the scarf with both her hands, pulled with desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a sound escaped from his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

* * * * * *

"Well, Mother Guerard," cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the *auberge* next morning; "what news have you for me? Has my mother arrived?"

"Is it your mother?" replied the landlady, who seemed quite good-humored after her night's rest. "There is a lady up-stairs waiting for some friends; but she does not speak French easily, and seemed unwilling to talk. We could scarcely persuade her to go to bed."

"Show me the room!" cried Arthur, running into the house.

They soon arrived before the door.

"Mother! mother!" cried he; but received no answer.

"The door is only latched; for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady.

But a formidable obstacle opposed their entrance. They became alarmed, especially when they heard the shrieks of the little girl, and burst open the door.

The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, violently upturned from beneath the bed, and with protruding tongue and eye-balls; the next was the form of Mrs. Martin, in the position in which we left her. She was still pulling with both hands at the scarf, and glaring wildly towards the head of the bed. The child had thrown its arms round her neck, and was crying; but she paid no attention. The terror of that dreadful night had driven her mad.

W. H. SHEARMAN ON FACTORIES, MINERALS, ETC.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—In common with many others, I have read, with great care, your editorial in No. 24 of the MAGAZINE, on "The True Development of the Territory." While I cannot but agree, in the main, with the arguments adduced, for reasons which will be stated below, there is one short sentence which especially claimed my attention, and struck me as very liable to be construed to mean the opposite of what I think you designed to convey. Having been spoken with in reference to it by several parties who read the MAGAZINE with interest, I concluded to address you on the subject, so that whoever has misinterpreted your meaning may be set right. The sentence referred to occurs in the second paragraph, where you speak of the necessity for some internal developments that will produce money before factories for home manufacture can be successfully established, and reads thus: "To start them before we have, is to begin at the wrong end." In a subsequent paragraph you "heartily endorse the wise policy of our ecclesiastical leaders," which enables me, I think, correctly to interpret the former sentence to refer to *extensive* manufacturing establishments Standing, as the sentence does, in bold relief, it has attracted considerable attention, and considered—as some men do Scripture texts—without any reference to the context, has elicited much unfavorable criticism, as a tacit condemnation of past efforts at self sustenance.

The primal settlers of almost all new countries—perhaps particularly in the United States—have been obliged to depend, to a greater or less extent, upon their own labor and skill in producing and manufacturing the materials for their own clothing, and many other articles of convenience; and Utah has been no exception to the rule. I speak from personal knowledge when I say that, had it not been for the little care that has been bestowed upon the production of wool, flax, leather and other materials, and the simple methods of manufacturing them into the needed articles, hundreds of the people who inhabit these mountains, would have been in a deplorable condition. True, I have not yet learned of a single factory that, under existing circumstances, is a paying institution to its proprietors; but home manufacture has been a necessity to the people, from the fact that such products could be made by themselves or obtained by exchange of other home products, while imported articles, though much cheaper, could only be purchased with means beyond the reach of many. Unless I mistake, these are your views also.

I fully agree with you, that home manufactures, as a speculation for the investment of capital, have, so far as I know, generally proved a failure, and that it will be impossible to make them a success on a large scale without reducing our artisans and laborers to a level with the same classes in Europe. Neither do I see how cotton or woolen manufactories could be sustained under your hypothesis, for the extensive development of minerals would so raise the price of labor as to render it impossible to produce such articles for anythinglike the price they could be imported for. Unless we suppose that, under either circumstance, we are to be isolated from the rest of the world, which appears most improbable.

As to the discovery and development of our mineral resources, I have always understood, whether correctly or not, that President Young has asserted that the precious and other metals abounded in our Territory, and that, when the right time came, they would, under the guidance of Providence, be developed for the good of this people. Whether that time has come, subsequent facts only can prove. If it has, it will be useless to oppose it; because, as with the discovery of gold in California, a chain of events will bring it about that human power and wisdom will be unable to control. True, I can see no other specialty in which we can excel, and until we do obtain an abundance of something which will pay to export, the vast majority of the people must remain in deep poverty; but no such development exists to-day, and until it does, or some other avenue of wealth is opened up, we must do the best we can to sustain ourselves out of the elements and materials at our command, whether it "pays" or not.

I am aware there are two sides to this as to almost every other topic. But it appears to me, the true conclusion depends on the question, whether it is the design of God that we should be isolated and cut off from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, or be brought into closer contact and association with them. Whichever policy Divine wisdom deems best adapted to the accomplishment of the purposes of Heaven, the establishment of Zion, and the universal prevalence of the principles of righteousness, love and peace, I pray may prevail. W. H. SHEARMAN.

We have but room to say that Elder Shearman interprets us rightly. We will refer more fully to his letter in our next. ED.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869

NOTICE.

To insure personal responsibility etc. for every article that shall appear in the MAGAZINE hereafter—except where specially requested to the contrary—every writer, from the editor down, will have his name attached to his contributions.

We shall insert no correspondence unless the full name and address of the writer are given. This name we shall not publish without permission, but we specially request our contributors, always to allow us this privilege, as it presents greater evidence of fairness to the public; and fairness is what we are after.

We are on the eve of a great and an important crisis in our history, for the great question of conditional or "unconditional obedience" has to be decided. We shall open our columns only to such articles as are written in a spirit of kindness and moderation. No intemperate or personal article will be allowed to appear. In this way we hope to shame the efforts of those who attack by covert insinuations of a personal character. Let *our* weapons be those of reason and intelligence, and depend upon it truth will take care of itself. [ED.

THE QUESTION OF "UNCONDITIONAL OBEDIENCE."

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

We propose in the following article to investigate the question of "Unconditional Obedience" to the Priesthood, believing that it can be easily demonstrated that such a doctrine has no foundation in reason or in the will of God. As there are many who have never thought of the extent to which unconditional obedience will lead, it is necessary for us to exhibit clearly what it means, and to what degree it will affect us as members of the Church.

By "unconditional obedience" we mean the total subjection of the will and the intellect to the dictates of the Priesthood—accepting all their requirements as the will of God.

As we understand it, the obedience required of us by our Priesthood is an unlimited one. There are no bounds to what it may require of us. We are expected to obey the Priesthood as unquestioningly as though God Himself, in all the plenitude of his power, were personally present and made the same requirements at our hands. It is understood that, if there is any ability or power, which physically or mentally we enjoy, or any means or influence we possess, that the Priesthood have not yet attempted to control, it is simply because our "weaknesses" will not permit the exercise of such authority for the present. The absolute and complete control of body and spirit—every faculty of the brain and every power of the hands—is, therefore, only a question of time. And the right to exercise this dictation is claimed in respect to the most trivial as well as to the most important matters, the President of the Church (as stated at our trial by one of the Twelve Apostles, in the presence of President Young, himself) being capable of dictating the people in everything—even to "the setting up of a stocking."

That this is what the doctrine of "unconditional obedience" means, and that our Priesthood intend to carry their claims fully to this extent, will be seen by what they already have done. Even now they claim to dictate what we shall eat and drink; where we shall buy and sell; at what we shall operate, and what we may ask for our labor; what we may read—and on all questions, as to perfect agreement with their measures, what we may think. So much for their present assumptions; and as to the future, President Young declared on the occasion above referred to, that the people had to be brought to that condition that they would place all they received for their labor before the Bishops, who would give them back what was deemed necessary for their support; and all who possess a true conception of the unlimited control which the Priesthood expect to wield, know that even this is but the opening wedge to the exercise of a power more absolute still.

Every man or woman in the Church—and members of the Priesthood as well as the rest—should settle in their minds the right or wrong of this principle of "unconditional obedience," because, to exercise an influence in opposition to any of the above requirements—while the Priesthood think as they now do—must be deemed apostacy, and will have to be followed by expulsion from the Church. We have been expelled for opposing the measures of the Priesthood for the reduction of wages and similar matters. On the same principle any person who shall, in time to come, differ with the Priesthood as to what trade or business he may follow; what he may charge for his labor, or how much of his wages he has a right to keep back for the support of his family; or upon any other of the thousand questions in which the Priesthood believe they have a right to interfere, must, if he refuses practical compliance with their requirements, be deemed an apostate and treated accordingly. We say the Priesthood *must* do this, for, no matter how good or well disposed they may be, as to intention, (and, there are as good men among them as the world can present,) they must, to be consistent with their ideas of Priesthood, act in this way. We are after principles and not men. We have no difficulty with the bulk of the members of our Priesthood. As a class they are unsurpassed in conscientiousness and fidelity to their ideas of right. We differ not with them but with the doctrine of "unconditional obedience" alone, because we deem it opposed to all true principles, and calculated to injure all concerned.

It is admitted by those who advocate such "unconditional obedience," that, while it is the right of all persons to use their judgment to the fullest extent in getting into the Church, it is their duty as soon as they *are in*, to lay aside judgment and intellect wherever it comes in conflict with the views of the Priesthood, and subject every thought and feeling to their dictation, whether it agrees with the light of God within the soul or not.

We have tried to conceive of some reason on account of which an intellectual man could accept such an absurd proposition as the above. The nearest justification for such a doctrine that we can think of, is the assumption that every person on getting into the Church, obtains a testimony that not only is every principle true that they have received up to that time, but that every principle or measure the Priesthood will ever after give, will, in every case, be also true; and that there *can* no error come through them, on any subject, financial or otherwise.

There is no logical way of showing why every measure of the Priesthood should be obeyed without thought or investigation, but on some supposition of this kind. But it is not true that any such testimony is given. So far as an experience of twenty years goes, we have never learned that the testimony of the Holy Spirit is thus given to all principles in advance. Principles are only certified to when they are

given, or sometimes, a little before they come, so that they may be received. If there are any persons who have received a testimony that every principle or measure that the Priesthood ever have given, do give, or ever shall give, will inevitably be true, they are the proper persons to shut their eyes and obey unthinkingly. *They* have some reason for blind obedience. But neither in our own experience nor in that of our friends, has such testimony ever been received. The only witness we know anything about is simply, in the first place, a testimony to the divinity of the work as a whole, after which each principle is certified to as it comes along and not before. And it should be understood that the fact of God's causing a testimony to fill the bosom that the work as a whole is true, is no voucher that every measure of mortals acting in this Priesthood, will of necessity also be correct.

One of the strongest proofs that such a throwing away of the judgment and complete reliance upon the Priesthood, is an incorrect doctrine, is found in the fact that it destroys the individuality of men. It takes away the opportunities for a man's own mental development. It is only by launching out on one's own account and thinking fully and freely for one's self that we can obtain any increase of mental strength or judgment. For God to create a Church and give the members nothing to do but to accept His dictation—or that of His servants—would be to create a nation of mental dwarfs. Men must be thrown upon themselves, not once or twice but always, to develop them and make them truly men. Therefore, if any priesthood be truly God's Priesthood, the proposition of passive unthinking obedience is equally foolish. For God could not govern on such a principle without killing the intellect, life and energy of mankind.

It would reflect no wisdom on the part of the Creator to govern his creatures on such a principle, because it would only injure them and reduce Himself to the contemptible position of a mere manager of so much passive machinery, instead of a Deity presiding gloriously over beings all acting in intelligent concert with Himself. God, then, has no motive for governing mankind on this absolute, despotic principle.

Let us now come to the stronghold of the advocates of unquestioning obedience. Say they, God demands this kind of obedience in His Revelations. Said one person in the hearing of the writer,—"It is true that God offers the Gospel to all the world and that He gives everybody the right of thought, but He is going to damn two-thirds because they do not see fit to obey." This we deny. It is true that the Bible says, "Preach the Gospel, and he that believeth not shall be damned," and taking the words literally, and setting aside every principle we have ever heard taught in "Mormonism," it might look as though mankind *were* arbitrarily required to obey or be damned—whether they saw the propriety of the requirement or not. But every child in "Mormonism" ought to know that another principle comes in, which is not there stated but well understood by us all, and that is, that, Priesthood or no Priesthood, no one can be condemned for disobeying a requirement of the Gospel until the light of heaven has penetrated his mind and borne testimony to the divinity of the proposition.

To damn two-thirds of mankind, simply because some man, holding Priesthood (of which the poor wretches knew nothing beyond his mere assertion) required obedience to certain ordinances and principles, would be the work of a greater Devil than Lucifer has ever been described. The idea is false to every law of right, as well as to every one of the wise, just and merciful principles upon which the whole Gospel is based. It is an infallible truth, to which witness is borne in every bosom, that there can be no condemnation until light enters the soul and shows the truth of the requisition. And this is as true of the one-hundredth requirement of the Gospel or of the Priesthood, as it is of the first principles.

We will now turn to that great argument of the upholders of the unlimited control of the Priesthood, namely, that it is necessary for the sake of unity, and the building up of Zion. According to such persons, in order to produce unity, one mind must control and dictate everything. It is true that in this way—provided human beings *could* be brought to so far give up their individuality, which we by no means admit—unity of action could be brought about. But what would such unity be worth when obtained? There would be no glory or beauty about it. *It would be but the unity of machines—the unity of automatons.* Unity is a grand thing, provided it be intelligent unity. The unity of a score of people operating in concert, because they perceived the wisdom of every movement in which they were engaged, would be worth something, but the unity of a million, acting mechanically, would be despicable. There could be no Zion in it; for Zion's beauty and superiority can consist only in the fact of a great people voluntarily and intelligently acting together. And as to the temporal results of such a system, the houses, the streets, the gardens, the eating and drinking, the employments and pursuits of all the people, might be as uniform and perfect as possible, and even far more regular and orderly than could by any possibility be seen under any other conditions, but it would, to the truly intelligent mind, be a pitiable sight after all, because all the beauty and regularity would be obtained at the sacrifice of the individuality of the whole people. It would be a great piece of machinery without soul.

And as to the spirit and vitality of such a community, these inspiring qualities can only exist in fullness where unchecked but educated intelligence—or Deity in every man's soul—is allowed freely and fully to manifest itself. How many of us have felt, even to the small extent to which the present system of things has prevailed in this Territory, how lifeless and monotonous everything has been—how killing to the spirit and all its energies. Men holding greater or less positions in the Priesthood may not have felt this, because they have had a certain amount of thinking and directing to do, which has kept *their* energies alive. But all intelligent, enterprising men—not so situated—have, more or less, felt what a check and drag upon all enterprise the system of submitting every plan, project and purpose, to some personage has been. It has only been, and could only be yielded to for fear of displeasing God. And were this system of dictation carried out to its fullest extent, and members of the Priesthood invested with the absolute power proposed, we may imagine how confined, cabined and manacled we should feel. It is a proposition at war with nature and nature's God—one to which the spirit of man can never submit. It may look reasonable and fair as a theory at a distance, but we no sooner come up to it and put on the yoke than we are compelled to feel that it is as impossible as it is absurd.

We will now refer to an argument sometimes brought up to support the idea that the President of the Church must be obeyed as the voice of God Himself. It is stated in the Doctrine and Covenants that the Church are to receive the words of Joseph "*as from mine own mouth*," or words to that effect. It is, therefore, argued that the dictations of Joseph's successor are to be unhesitatingly accepted as though given by the Deity direct. Taking it for granted for a moment, that the present President of the Church

stands in every respect in Joseph's place, the first question that arises is, on what principle are we required to receive commandments from God's "own mouth?" and the answer is we are only bound to receive them exactly in proportion to the divinity with which they are witnessed to the soul; for, was it possible for God to give a commandment in such a way that the receiver did not perfectly know that it came from Him, he could, of course, be under no obligation to receive or obey it. And this is all we claim. To the extent that we have a testimony of the truthfulness, wisdom or divinity of a measure, we contend that it should be obeyed, and to that extent alone. As we have already shown no one is under condemnation for not obeying words from God's "own mouth," even when coming through a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, unless the light of God within the soul has certified to their being divine. No matter what the Bible—or any other book—may *seem* to say to the contrary, this principle speaks for itself and must be true, for God is a God of justice, and it would be a monstrous perversion of all justice to condemn men on any other principle.

This much is all we could assert concerning the dictations of the present President of the Church, even did he actually stand in Joseph Smith's place. But he does *not* do this in every respect. He is his successor only so far as the Presidency of the Church is concerned. He does not succeed him as Prophet and Seer. President Young has, himself, publicly admitted this on several occasions; and did he not admit it we know, by the fact of his presenting no new Revelations, that it is so. A man cannot be ordained a Prophet or Seer any more than he can be ordained to be six feet high, or to have red hair. The faculty of Seership and the Prophetic quality are matters of personal organization, and must—as in Joseph Smith's case—be born with the man These natural qualities President Young—though gifted in other ways—does not possess, and he does not claim them. It is well understood that he is influenced simply by his *impressions* and the best light he can get. He is an inspirational man, but like all men who do not possess that power of direct communication with the invisible world possessed by such men as Joseph Smith, his impressions are liable to be colored or influenced by the natural leanings of his personal organization. Seership, we admit, is simply a natural quality, and Seers, as men, may possess far less of intelligence and heavenly qualities than men not so organized; but speaking of them simply as *vehicles* for communications from the Heavenly worlds they are far more reliable. On this account we are very differently situated to what we were in the days of Joseph.

Our present situation is simply this: it has pleased God to lead this Church for a time by a President instead of a Prophet and Seer. In the days of Joseph we had continuous Revelations and far more direct communications with heavenly beings. Principles were, consequently, dictated with a great degree of certainty. There was, therefore, some reason for saying that commandments were to be received as from "mine own mouth." But now the case is vastly different. Instead of this direct communion with angelic beings we are led by past revelations, and such light and intelligence as a man holding simply a Presidency over us can give. How great the difference as to fallibility or errors of judgment between then and now. That faith that could be claimed for the revelations of a Prophet and Seer cannot be demanded for the dictations of a presiding officer who does not possess his opportunities. No matter how intelligent or good he otherwise may be. No thinking man could demand that his ideas and judgment under such circumstances be received as from God's "own mouth." The argument, therefore, that such sayings, as those in the Doctrine and Covenants concerning Joseph Smith, apply to President Young, falls to the ground. But, as we have shown, were he a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, even then, that eternal and immutable proviso that no man can be condemned except so far as he receives light and rejects it, would leave things just where they were so far as unquestioning obedience was concerned. How much more then, seeing he makes no such claims is it unreasonable to ask the people of a whole Territory to lay aside their entire judgment and intellect and place it at the feet of a man—wise and desirous of doing right though he may be—who is led solely by impressions and his best conceptions?

The next point to which we shall refer is that vague notion which exists in many people's minds, that, some such absolute dictatorial power as now claimed by the members of our Priesthood, has been exercised in the Church in all ages. In answer to this idea let us say that there have been but two churches organized similarly to ours of which we have any distinct record, and it is easy enough to see how their Priesthood operated. These two consist of the one established by Jesus, recorded in the Bible, and the one spoken of in the Book of Mormon. It is true that we have a few fragmentary words which go to prove that there was a Church of Zion under Enoch, but we have no record of the peculiarities of its history, and can only assume how its priesthood acted. Again it may be said that Moses preached the Gospel to the Israelites before he introduced the law of carnal commandments. Supposing that he did we have no records of its organization, or of its methods of procedure. And, if Adam, or any other patriarch, had a similar organization to ours, we have even less description of their organization and of the claims of their Priesthood. Of course any persons can assume what they like concerning the systems of Enoch, Moses, or any other patriarch, and we cannot contradict them; but so far as history goes, we have a record of the organization and system of two churches only in our sacred books—and in neither of these cases is there one word to show that the Priesthood ever assumed to dictate, unquestioned, all the spiritual and temporal affairs of the people. We do not say that they did not *occasionally* give counsel and advice on temporal matters, but if they did, there is no evidence that they claimed to dictate or control, further than the light and inspiration of God bore witness to each individual of the truth of their counsels. It will be seen at once that such claims to absolute rule as are now put forth, are without a precedent in the past, and were never even heard of until our own times.

There is another way of testing this assumption of the right of the Priesthood to dictate in all things temporal and spiritual, and that is, by our experience in the past. When such claims to control us are made by our brethren, on the ground that they are guided by a wisdom superior to that of man's—in fact, by the wisdom of God Himself, we—who are required to obey—before committing ourselves and all we possess into their hands—certainly have a right to look at the results of their past efforts in the use of such powers, and see wherein a wisdom greater than man's has been manifested. Where God acts in nature we see proofs of his skill, before which man's ability is as nothing. And when it is asserted that God has directed and controlled certain financial affairs, we have also a right to look for evidences of such wisdom as shall throw the ordinary skill of men altogether into the shade. Now with all respect to the natural ability and judgment of the presiding Priesthood—which we think equal to that of most men—we must say we discern no manifestation of such superior wisdom. Let the reader allow his mind to pass over the list of the many temporal enterprises which the Priesthood have already controlled, from the Iron Works to

the building of the New Tabernacle, and he will see that they have been followed by such failures and weaknesses as might be expected from the best human judgment of ordinary men. He will be forced to the conclusion that, judging by the result of such efforts, there is nothing to warrant us in the belief that God has specially appointed the Priesthood to direct such matters, or to encourage us in resigning our own judgment upon temporal matters entirely into their hands.

And now one point more before we close. We know that it will be asserted that mechanical obedience is not required by our Priesthood, but that it is the right of every man to know for himself that what he is counselled to do is right. A little examination will show that this is a mere theory with no practical meaning. For instance, it is said that it is our privilege to know that the counsels of the Priesthood are of God, but suppose, in answer to the sincere prayers of one or a thousand of us, we get no evidence to that effect, but a clear conviction that the measures are wrong, will the Priesthood permit us to act on our convictions and remain members of the Church? Certainly not! They will reply at once, that the fact of our having such an evidence is direct proof that such testimony did not come from God. What, then, is the use of our going to God for any testimony in such a case? Really and truly, the theory of our Priesthood amounts to this,—It is your privilege to have a testimony that the measures of the Priesthood are of God, but it is not your privilege to obtain a witness that they are not. If you do not obtain a knowledge that they are correct, it is because you are more or less corrupt. The measures of the Priesthood are right, and there can come no testimony from God that they are wrong. Who cannot see that, while the Priesthood take a position like this, all application to God on the subject is rendered useless? What is the use of the privilege of asking God concerning the measures of the Priesthood, when, virtually, you may only ask Him to prove to you that they are right? It will be seen that, first and last, we have to assume that the measures are of God. The exercise of our judgment or opinion is, therefore, useless to begin with. Any child can understand that, with such assumptions staring us in the face, there is no room left for anything but mechanical obedience, no matter what may be asserted to the contrary.

Thus far we have briefly examined the doctrine of unquestioning obedience to the Priesthood. We have shown that its tendency is to destroy the individuality of man, intellectually and spiritually and to impede his growth and progress.

We have seen that the statement that the Gospel is an arbitrary law, and a precedent for absolute requirements, is untrue. We have demonstrated that a Zion built up on the principle of unconditional obedience, would be bereft of its greatest glory—the voluntary and perfectly intelligent operation of its people; and that its unity would only be the unity of coercion—a unity yielding no glory or honor to God or benefit to man.

We have also seen that the exercise of such arbitrary rule is without a single precedent in the history of all Gospel Churches in the past; and finally, that there is no guarantee or proof of the divine investment of such authority to be found in the success of the temporal enterprises of the Priesthood in our own midst.

And we now leave the question with the members of our church, assured that the hour is near that will necessitate every one to consider the question; for the carrying out of the present programme of the Priesthood will compel all, sooner or later, to resign their freedom of thought and action, or to be treated as apostates. Every man must, therefore, decide this question for himself, and assert his gospel rights or for ever lay them down, without an intelligent reason for so doing. The Priesthood as an institution we revere as divine. It is because we know that such claims to absolute power form no part of that Divine institution, that we are opposed to them. Priesthood, itself, will live for ever and universally prevail, but its supremacy and influence will be found in its light, intelligence and heavenly influences, and not in authoritative rule. It is its destiny yet to control the temporalities of this earth, not, however, by coming down to their level, but by standing up above them as a great spiritual and intellectual power, and shedding down its influence upon them, and thus moulding them to its will. In this way will it yet govern or influence the whole earth, and fulfil the grand destiny which Prophets have foretold.

LETTER TO PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 6th, 1869.

Prest. B. Young,

Dear Brother:—Endorsing, as I do with all my heart, most of the sentiments contained in the Utah Magazine, together with the policy, "Cards" and "Protest" of the Editors, I feel that it would be, in the highest degree reprehensible and hypocritical, to attempt to fulfil the mission lately assigned to me, without first frankly explaining my sentiments to you. I feel compelled, by every conviction of my soul, by my duty to God and to humanity, to sustain the policy and spirit of the Magazine; and, while reserving to myself the right to differ from any views that may be expressed therein, I must maintain and advocate what I consider to be right and truth, regardless of consequences to myself.

With sentiments of personal esteem, I remain

Your Brother,

W. H. Shearman.

THE NOBLE SOUL.

God bless the man—the noble soul—
Who lives to bless his fellow man,
Who lives the evil to control,
And bring to pass what good he can.

No narrow views his mind enthral,
No selfish aim his spirit knows,
His heart expands with love to all
The human race, both friends and foes.

Though oft of "mean and humble birth,"
Stranger to wealth and pomp and show,
He shapes the destiny of Earth,
He strikes, and tyrants feel the blow.

He speaks, and words of lightning fall,
Which lightens e'en the darkest mind,
And in their flame intense, though small,
He melts the shackles from mankind.

And yet—however strange—'tis true
That few accord the meed of praise,
While countless foes his pathway strew
With thorns where they should scatter bays.

Though hard his fate, he murmurs not,
Thus has it been since time began;
Yea, hard indeed has been the lot
Of every noble-minded man.

A few such men in every age,
Of almost every race and clime,
Have lived to brighten history's page,
Which, else, had been one blot of crime.

The blessings we most highly prize,
Were by these men full dearly bought
With toil and blood and sacrifice,
While scoffed, reviled and set at nought.

And though in life they seldom drew
Applause, or won a worldly name,
Their deeds succeeding ages knew,
And crowned them with undying fame.

G. W. Thurston.

Essays, Contributions, etc.

NOTE.—Essays and contributions under the above heading do not, of necessity represent the sentiments of the Editor. They are inserted on the personal responsibility of the writers.

THE SCHISM IN UTAH.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

East and West, throughout this entire continent, the American press is publishing news of the "Great schism in Utah," while our contemporaries at home affect to treat the subject with contempt. Now, be the issues before us more or less important, we should all aim to treat the subject with impartial and serious deliberation. Not as partisans, but as tributes, ought we, who are the most deeply concerned in the matter, to sit in judgment now to examine all our situations; not with fierce hates, but in dispassionate friendship should we sound the present depths of our faith and look in fearless good-will at each other's views. Shall any so err in judgment or heart as to forget that, however much our difference, we should at least be men of justice and truth?

Friends abroad, brethren at home, THIS IS NO SCHISM. All who thus view it, will misconceive the problem, and will understand nothing of the solution which Providence will assuredly give it, until, like Mormonism in its entirety, it has become one of the great facts of the age. It is a *result*, not a *split*,—a result of the *whole* and *not of a part*. There is a *condition* in "Mormonism" to-day, and not a dissension. It is a condition of thought, of feeling, of sentiment and practical situations both social and religious. True, it has now assumed form, through the action of the Utah Priesthood, in High Council, upon certain of its members. But though this action has been brought about between the few who represent the UTAH MAGAZINE and the ruling authorities of the Church, it extends, in fact, to a defining of the situations of the whole, both priests and people. The situations of the authorities are very simple; their aims of government immense; but much better adapted to the conceptions and conditions of the world a thousand years ago, when such men as Charlemagne and the ruling Priesthood of the Catholic Church, were bringing the barbaric chaos of Europe into form; certainly *not* suited to the advanced thought of modern times, nor specially adapted to our conditions to-day, occupying, as we do, the geographical heart of the Pacific Territories. And thus it practically stands that the ruling Church authorities of Utah in the coming issue have defined not only the situations for their people but also the situations of the United States concerning this Territory. I grant there is integrity in the conception of our leaders from their point of viewing Priesthood, and a certain legitimacy in their position; but that position mankind never will again allow to be maintained, especially on this continent. The gist of all their situations and policy, both social and religious, is found in two words—THEOCRATIC ABSOLUTISM. But just at this point we have to pause, for there is now clearly defined for us a form of religious and social government, which the thousands of us understood not to be in the Mormon programme when we accepted it. Circumstances, then, are to-day bringing us to a reconsideration of ourselves and our stand-points. There is no more schism about the matter than there was in the world when we were baptized. Sooner or later the Mormon people throughout the world must determine for themselves how many of them have accepted, or how many in future will accept *understandingly* a theocratic absolutism as the true exposition of their faith and the genius of the Mormon work.

We have before us, near in the future, not a schism, but the very ISSUE of Mormondom. Five more years of determined administration of the authorities of this Church towards temporal and spiritual absolutisms, under the new circumstances of the coming times, will clearly show the character and genius of the Mormon people. If such movements as Coöperation and Consecration are pressed home with the settled purpose and concentrated might which have ever characterized the administration of President Young, then we shall perforce more fully understand ourselves, our intentions and our issues.

There never was a man who stood more firmly to his purposes and more consistently maintained his own conceptions of his mission, than Brigham Young. I cannot help doing justice to him who has led us for a quarter of a century; at the same time claiming my own views upon religion and social government. Judging, then, from all the past, the President will continue to the end of his life, to maintain all his positions and carry out all his purposes. He would give up a kingdom and become a private gentleman rather than renounce his policy. This I admire, touching the consistency of his character; but I also believe the policy of a theocratic absolutism to be detrimental to our commonwealth, destructive to individualism and personal enterprise, and in radical antagonism to the general rights of man.

Taking these views of the subject from various sides, it appears to me that the entire Mormon people and their movement are entering into an *issue* not a *schism*. This brings us to a consideration of the other side, which has always existed in the Mormon Church, though circumstances are now bringing that side into more determined prominence. It matters not what name you give it, for it is facts and conditions that we are tracing—the facts and conditions of all Mormondom, in its social and religious elements. Call one side, if it so please, the orthodox, and the other the heterodox; or, what would be much more just, the absolute and the exclusive, the liberal and universalian. Both are the outgrowths of the Mormon people.

Now this liberal side has its corresponding thoughts, genius, will and direction. The characteristics of these are towards individualism and self-manifestation, towards expansion rather than concentration.

The tens of thousands from the old countries embraced Mormonism because they believed it to be the broadest and most liberal system, socially and religiously, ever revealed from Heaven to man. They viewed it not as something destined to be narrowed down into an absolute rule and a state of isolation in a given locality, for, though they believed that Zion had gone up into the mountains for growth, they prophetically, beheld her coming down from the mountains and spreading over all the earth with healing medicine for the nations. It is true the Mormon system was understood to be a system of Divine government, but certainly not for that less fraught with *good will* for all mankind—not less general in its applications for human good in every part of the earth. Out of this grew the fact that we became a nation of missionaries, and in the fervor of a grand ambition, spread our marvellous religious enterprise over almost every land. Indeed, it was the mighty genius of a mission which impelled us through the nations, with our glad tidings that God once more had spoken to man and that the Heavens were opened, never to be closed again. As HE is my judge, I believe to this day that this was and is the truth. And this passing testimony leads me directly to another phase of what I have termed a *condition* of the whole and not a schism made by a few thinking men. The phase to which I now refer, is the *spiritual* phase of Mormonism and the Mormons. I think that no one will say that this phase constitutes a schism,

when it once belonged to the entire people, from the Prophet to the last member baptized, and did in fact create the Mormon type of religion.

Here, then, we will start this line of our subject, with the statement that several thousand Mormon Elders have been impelled by the forceful spirit of a new dispensation, through the nations, especially of Europe, bearing witness that God had spoken to man again and that the Heavens were opened never more to be closed. This we all believed, and all even declared that they *knew* it to be true. That form of wording expressive of knowledge, became the peculiar distinction between the Mormons and the different sects, who affirmed that certainty was not possible in this world touching spiritual and eternal things, and that God would never open the Heavens to speak to man again till the day of judgment, when the whole world should be summoned to appear before the great Tribunal. But the Mormon Elders bore their strange testimony to the reverse of this in their own experience; they made, from first to last, above a quarter of a million converts, of whom nearly every man was ordained to preach and witness to the great spiritual condition and facts of the Mormon dispensation. And to the men let us add the sisters, who were not only brought into the same spiritual state, but who testified to it as earnestly as did the brethren, making, on their part of our missionary operations, almost as many converts. This, then, it will be perceived, formed the proper Mormon condition and experience, and out of this grew our UNITY which we have all dwelt upon so much and which has so astonished the world. Now this condition was one of unlimited free thought, free speech and individual manifestations of gifts and character. It made us, in fact, immensely republican in our genius, and our Elders were veritable image-smashers in beating down the conservatisms of religions, and the consolidations of ages in institutional forms. New thoughts, new ideas, new inspirations, were the very characteristics of the Mormon condition. We were not *afraid* of contact with the world, we courted not isolation for the growth of our faith, but sought a broad field and universal publicity. The clergymen of all denominations in England, Scotland and Wales, can bear testimony how little we *feared* to throw our thoughts down before them, and how many thousands of converts we took from under the pulpits of the most eloquent men of the age. This was in consequence of our spiritual power and the irresistible force of our testimony. It was not because we were masterly builders and administrators of temporal systems and government, for the majority of us were young and inexperienced, but it was because we were daring thinkers in new directions and God sent antagonists to all conservatisms. Our very missions taught us that conservatisms, whether in religions or in national polity, brought the world into spiritual and temporal bondage and hindered it from pursuing a progressive course; and we are now finding the same thing to be true in our experience in Utah. As nearly all the Scotch, English and Welsh Elders were very young men, we did not at first realize that conservatism and concentration of governmental power were sometimes necessary even to preserve the existence of a people, as we can now understand it, through the illustrations of President Young's personal mission in bringing the Saints into the Rocky Mountains and there consolidating them into a social and temporal power. What the Elders at first chiefly appreciated, was that they were as batteries of thought, charged with new ideas, fresh inspirations and bolder views of God and his intentions concerning mankind. Hence grew up among us men of strong individuality, marked character, and daring thought in new directions. For individualism and character take such men as Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball; for thinkers and idealists, the two Pratts and Amasa Lyman. They were the legitimate outgrowths of Joseph Smith and his condition of the Mormon mission.

But Brigham's mission was as necessary as that of Joseph —the successor necessary even to preserve and continue the work of the founder.

After Joseph Smith, who was the Prophet of a new dispensation, and whose very character was that of a smasher-down of worn-out systems and all impediments to human progress, came Brigham Young, the Prophet of conservatism and organization—a very society-builder by nature. He led the people into the wilderness, away from a lawless mob who sought to destroy them; he organized and consolidated them into a community, representing perhaps the most clock-like piece of social machinery ever created in any part of the world. Indeed, its perfection in this feature of consolidation and centralization, is its present detriment. It is too much like clock-work machinery; for human society can never be reduced to mechanical conditions or mathematical laws. Much less can this be in such a work as Mormonism, the very genius of which was destined to charge not only its own society but the whole world with fresh impulses, ever coming, never ceasing. Human society can only be brought into a temporal and spiritual absolutism, mechanically thinking in the daily circles of one man's brain, by the Heavens being closed for a time, so that fresh thoughts and inspirations may cease to flow in their ten thousand channels to the masses.

And this has been the case. The President himself honestly confessed this, when he affirmed, at the High Council, that we had enough revelations on hand to last us for a thousand years. The fact is, then, that the Heavens have been closed while we have been building up our temporal power in the Rocky Mountains.

Thus we find *two conditions* belonging to the Mormon people, which are abundantly illustrated in their history: the temporal and the spiritual. The temporal is represented in the mission of Brigham Young, the spiritual in the mission of Joseph Smith. Both of these conditions are legitimate in their turn, and have grown out of the *constituted authorities of the Church*. No one will ever understand our Mormon problem in the past, much less in the future, who treats these two conditions as constituting a schism; yet all human experience proves that the temporal and the spiritual are always somewhat opposed, and sometimes marvellously so.

Let a community—as ours does now—go with heart and might to build up a temporal absolutism, extending to the very sum of the whole, and to such elaborate minuteness as to control the property, the enterprise, the actions, and even the thoughts of every man, woman and child,—then the temporal is in *direct* antagonism to the spiritual, and will destroy it. This, in fact, has been the case, but there must come the reaction—the issue of the whole, not the schism—and that is the part of the Mormon problem now before us. A temporal absolutism will in time explode itself. Every experienced thinker knows that this is a sound statement of social philosophy.

If this temporal absolutism explode, what, then, will become of Mormonism and the Mormons? Why, they will be expanded a hundred-fold. The spiritual condition, which is represented in Joseph Smith's mission, is not only the *proper* condition of the Church, *but it is the oldest* and most universal among the Saints. It has been the condition of the whole and not a part, and the return to it, instead of being a schism, will be a return to our proper state. We have nearly all left that state since we came to Utah, because circumstances naturally tended another way, and the very necessities of our existence as a community, in the first settling of society, threw us all into the direction of the special mission of our Presi-

dent, who has gone, with the Twelve and the leading authorities, so far out of the primitive condition of Joseph Smith's mission, that it is almost impossible for them to return. The *people*, however, will be restored to the spiritual condition from which they have departed. The very nature of things will bring this about by the law of reaction, as certainly as that the day succeeds the night.

That is our issue. We shall all return in time to Joseph Smith who founded us, and the spiritual condition of his work. The predominance of temporalities will pass away, and the very energy and executive ability of the President, the Twelve, and the Bishops, in attempting to reduce the community to an absolute temporal rule, will bring about the reaction. Co-operation must be continued; the "Order of Enoch" attempted, or else resigned; and, as before observed, the President never gives up his purposes.

The vision which we have heard so much about, will be fulfilled. The "hoops," which the Presidency and the Twelve are driving around the people, will burst by the very force of the present policy. Joseph Smith will again come uppermost; his name again ring through every nation. The genius of the mission of our great founder will redeem the people and bring about spiritual and mental freedom.

If this be not realized, Mormonism and the Mormons will die out of the world. The name of Brigham will live, but our work will enter into a new phase. The Saints are an inspirational people, and their return to a spiritual state will be most legitimate. The genius and mission of Joseph will revive in the hearts of his people. This is the solution of the whole Mormon problem. Cannot our friends abroad and our brethren at home understand, then, that this will be NO SCHISM?

WHO ARE THE CALLED?

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

PAUL.

There is, probably, no question of more interest to the faithful elder of Israel, than that of *calling* to the ministry of the word of God. The quotation from the sayings of Paul placed at the head of this article, has often been used in defence of the practice prevailing for many years past in this church, of calling men to the most arduous and responsible missions, by an effort of dictatorial power, without any reference or respect to their individual inspirations. Indeed, the right to exercise any agency or discretion on the subject by the individual most interested, has been so utterly ignored that the mere hesitancy of the person called to go upon a mission—no matter how much it may be against his own feelings, nor how destructive it may be to his personal affairs—would subject him to the severest ecclesiastical censure; and in some cases would be considered cause sufficient to justify his expulsion from the Church.

I have often heard Elders who were enthusiastically conservative in their views, quote and wind up with what they considered the most conclusive of arguments, Viz: "How was Aaron called? Why, he was called of God through Moses." I hope I shall not be considered too heterodox when I declare that Aaron *was not* called of God through Moses. In proof of this assertion I quote Exodus 4th chapter, 14th verse:

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses, and He said, Is not Aaron, the Levite, thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee, and when he seeth thee he will be glad in his heart.

At this period, nearly forty years had passed away from the time of Moses' flight from Egypt, and since he had seen Aaron, and the opening of God's ministrations to him through the burning bush. We have no account of his having had any intercourse with his brethren in Egypt during all the time of his sojourn in the land of Midian. Who told Aaron to go out into the wilderness to meet his brother Moses? Who told Aaron that God had called his brother Moses? In answer to these questions, we quote Exodus 4th chapter, 27th verse:

And *the Lord said to Aaron*, go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.

Aaron was prepared by the voice of revelation for the special part that he was to play in the great work he performed in behalf of Israel. The saying of God,—"I know that he can speak well,"—foreshadowed the character of Aaron's mission.

Aaron was rich in that wherein Moses was deficient—the power of speech. Moses, on the other hand, was *rich* in administrative qualities of mind—Aaron's utter want of administrative ability was rendered apparent during the forty days that he was left in charge, while Moses was in the "mount." Sidney Rigdon was not more unfortunate in his efforts to govern the people in Kirtland, than was Aaron, when, through his want of tact, the congregation broke loose from him and transferred their hope of leadership to a small golden image of a bull-calf.

Peter was left in charge of the church by Jesus Christ. Was Peter's presidency ignored when Jesus himself called Paul? Does not this show that the Lord calls whomsoever He will, through the authorities of the Church or otherwise?

Peter, by education and instinct, was Judaic in character. The field of observation of a fisherman on the Lake of Galilee, was narrow in the extreme. He knew but little of the world outside of the land of his fathers. All his conceptions of the grand and glorious in the work of redemption, were confined to the aggrandizement of the chosen seed. Many years passed away before he was even prepared for a thrice-repeated vision, which, coupled with the out pouring of the Holy Ghost upon Cornelius and his household, broke through the shell of his tradition, and taught him that the Gospel was broad enough for the salvation of the Greek as well as the Jew.

Paul was a man of another mould; through a more intellectual training, all that was cosmopolitan in a naturally generous nature was developed.

Paul could no more have confined his conception of the saving character of the Gospel of Christ to the elevation of the "chosen seed," than Peter could have at once overcome his iron bound Judaic prejudices, and extended his views of the area of salvation beyond the hills of Judea. If no man can take upon himself the honor of the ministry of the word of God, but he that is called of God as was Aaron, then *individual inspiration* is absolutely necessary to qualify a man to preach the Gospel in the power of the spirit. I do not wish to be understood that it is not lawful for those in authority to call whomsoever they will to go upon missions to preach the Gospel; but I do contend that unless the call so made shall meet with a response in the heart and mind of the individual called to perform a special work in the ministry, that the call is not made by the inspiration of God's spirit. For if the person selected is a worthy servant, it is his right that the Lord, in calling him through another, should *speak loud enough for him to hear*. If, on the other hand, he should be an unfaithful and slothful servant, he cannot have the answer and witness of the spirit, and is not worthy, nor will the Lord want him to go forth in the ministry—for such a man would only gather such souls as were of like character with himself.

I contend that no calling to the work of the ministry, let it be made by whomsoever it may, is of God unless the inspiration and witness of the spirit reach the heart and mind of the individual called. Unless this be the case, he is not "called of God as was Aaron."

Who among the elders of Israel does not know that for many years, the word "mission" has been used in very many cases as a terror to the (real or supposed) transgressor; and that "spite missions" are not unknown circumstances? What has dried up most of the missionary fields among the nations? Is it because the righteous element has been exhausted in those nations? By no means. But because the drunkard and the illicit dealer in cattle have, in some instances, been constituted the representatives of Zion, with the hope that they might find reforming influences abroad that they would not give heed to at home. It is also because many of the young, the careless and inexperienced have very often been sent forth as representatives of Zion—they going forth reluctantly, and fearfully, feeling no inspiration nor desire to take upon themselves the office of the ministry. They have gone because the finger of scorn would have been pointed at them had they not gone. A great part of those young men were of noble spirit, and of excellent parentage, and would, no doubt, in time have been called with the holiest of all callings, namely: through the inspiration of God witnessed in their own souls—CALLED OF GOD AS WAS AARON.

Many good and true men have been called by an inexorable spirit of power, to leave houses, lands, wives and children, and have all their industries broken up—the plans and labors of years destroyed. What for? For Christ's sake and the Gospel? No! but because of a private pique on the part of a Bishop—a President or influential enemy. They went not because they felt the inspirations of the spirit prompting them, as it did Aaron when he went out to meet his brother Moses. They went away grieved in spirit—their confidence and trust in their brethren injured. Through their prayers and faithfulness they were blessed in a measure and blessed others, but did they feel that Divine unction resting upon them that they would have felt had they gone because they had God's inspirations speaking to their own souls, and filling them with the noblest desires to be the bearers of the glad tidings of salvation to the honest in heart?

I think it is manifest to all that, beginning with the death of the Prophet Joseph, a gradual falling off in the spirituality of the work has been manifest, and that we have by almost insensible degrees developed in the course of years a most intense materiality.

Ancient Israel refused to have the Lord talk to them directly, but requested Moses to ask the Lord to talk only with him, and let him be a mouth-piece unto them. But do we want to go back to those days for light, or for all our precedents? If so, then let us go back to the laws of sacrifice—to the bloody Mosiac code as well.

If we have been made the blessed recipients of a higher and holier faith, let us strive for the highest developments of that faith. If the promise is to us that the Holy Ghost will take of the things of the Father and the Son and reveal them unto us, let us strive to cultivate an inspirational state or condition, that having ears and hearts, we can both hear and understand for ourselves the whispering of the "still, small voice of the spirit,"—then shall we always know "Who are the called."

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime:
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Correspondence.

A CARD FROM JOHN TULLIDGE, JUN'R.

Having, at the trial before the High Council, endorsed the views and sentiments of Elders Harrison and Godbe, I beg to offer a few remarks through the UTAH MAGAZINE.

When the representatives of the Latter Day work came to us with their mission, they proclaimed truth and liberty to the children of men. Their programme was one of a grand and universalian character, marked not with those traits so generally observed in the various denominations of sectarianism. The mission of the Prophet came not to me as a narrow and dwarfish mission, seeking to divide mankind, creating in their bosoms petty differences and sectarian jealousy. I had no conception that, in embracing the Gospel, I was about to resign my manhood and become a slave to a priestly rule.

Indeed, I saw not man in the work, nor was the fear of man in my breast. The Gospel came as something grand and supremely liberal, and I received it with all my heart. I would not, even at that early age, have consented to renounce all that constituted a man—namely, reason, freedom of thought and action. We understood "Mormonism" to be characterized by a different spirit than that which seeks to coerce the human mind and subvert our manhood.

How often did we sing the favorite verse—

Freedom and reason make us men,
Take these away, what are we then,
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

Now I respectfully beg the privilege of maintaining the faith once delivered to the saints. I believe in a spiritual work,—a broad, just and generous Gospel. Such I received in my boyhood, and I must be true to that to which I have given the devotion of a life. For seventeen years I have stood by my faith, and dare not APOSTATIZE from it now, to embrace a temporal and commercial Gospel. The faith once delivered to the Saints, is mine. Upon its platform let me stand, though the price for desiring to be a man, should be that which my brethren have already paid, for daring, in the UTAH MAGAZINE, to maintain the rights and conscience of men.

JOHN TULLIDGE JUN'R.

PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

A friend has called our attention to the following extracts from Herbert Spencer, one of the most advanced thinkers of the age.

"'Why,' it may be asked, 'if all creeds have an average fitness to their times and places, should we not rest satisfied with that to which we are born? If the established belief contains an essential truth—if the forms under which it presents this truth, though extrinsically bad, are intrinsically good—if the abolition of these forms would be at present detrimental to the great majority—nay, if there are scarcely any to whom the ultimate and most abstract belief can furnish an adequate rule of life; surely it is wrong, for the present at least, to propagate this ultimate and most abstract belief.'"

"The reply is, that though existing religious ideas and institutions have an average adaptation to the characters of the people who live under them, yet, as these characters are ever changing, the adaptation is ever becoming imperfect; and the ideas and institutions need remodelling with a frequency proportionate to the rapidity of the change. Hence, while it is requisite that free play should be given to conservative thought and action, progressive thought and action must also have free play. Without the agency of both, there can not be those continual re-adaptations which orderly progress demands."

Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact, that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others.

He, with all his capacities, and aspirations, and beliefs, is not an accident, but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendent of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the *Unknown Cause;* and when the *Unknown Cause* produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief.

For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet,

> —— Nature is made better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean; over that art
> Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes.

Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith that is in him.

The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world, knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not—well also; though not *so* well.

Renan, after premising that religions naturally construe as hostility, even the most respectful expression of difference and see enemies in all who exercise on them the simplest rights of reason, adds that "the harshest penalty which the man who has reached a life of reflection suffers, is doubtless that of seeing himself cut off from the best souls, and of thinking that the people with whom he would best love to dwell in moral communion, must perforce regard him as perverse. One must needs be very confident not to be troubled when women and children clasp their hands and exclaim: 'Think as we do!'" He closes with these noble sentiments, not inapplicable, I think, to the present crisis.

"While I am ready to receive with gratitude, to discuss, to adopt, if need be, all suggestions really scientific that may be addressed to me; I shall to the same degree persist in holding as impertinent the declamations of the sectarian spirit, and in avoiding at all cost the pitiful debate which too often, by substituting personal questions for the pure search for truth, make learning ridiculous. If people imagine that by insults, by false citations, by anonymous and cowardly slanders, by cunning equivocations designed to deceive the uninitiated, they can stay my adopted course of study and thought, they are mistaken. These studies early had for me a supreme interest; they will ever remain under a form more and more extended, the chief object of my investigations. Were I, like so many others, the slave of my desires, did interest or vanity guide me in the direction of my labors, people might, no doubt, by such measures force me to abandon studies, whose usual reward is abuse. But desiring only to be good—asking no recompense for study, but study itself—I am bold to declare that no human motive has power to make me utter one word more or less than I am determined to say. The liberty I demand being identical with that of science, cannot be refused me; if the seventeenth century had its Holland, mental restriction, however general, will hardly go so far in our day, that the corner of the world shall not be left where a man can think at his ease. Nothing, therefore, shall force me to deviate from the plan that I have marked out, and bold to be the line of my duty; inflexible search for the truth according to the measure of my ability, by all the means of legitimate investigation which are at the disposal of man; firm and frank expression of the results that seem to me probable or certain, wholly regardless of their bearing, and careless of conventional opinion; willingness to correct myself whenever the criticism of competent persons, or the advance of knowledge, brings me to it. As to the assaults of ignorance and fanaticism, they will afflict without staggering me when I think them sincere; when I cannot think them so, I hope through practice to reach a serenity that they will not ruffle by an emotion of sadness."

Pardon the liberty I have taken, and believe me the friend of free thought, whether it agrees with my own views or not.

THE TRAVELING POST-OFFICE.

Many years ago, and before this Line was so much as projected, I was engaged as a clerk in a Traveling Post-office running along the Line of railway from London to a town in the Midland Counties, which we will call Fazeley. My duties were to accompany the mail-train, which left Fazeley at 8.15 P. M., and arrived in London about midnight, and to return by the day mail leaving London at 10.30 the following morning, after which I had an unbroken night at Fazeley, while another clerk discharged the same round of work; and in this way each alternate evening I was on duty in the railway post-office van. At first I suffered a little from a hurry and tremor of nerve in pursuing my occupation while the train was crashing along under bridges and through tunnels at a speed which was then thought marvelous and perilous; but it was not long before my hands and eyes became accustomed to the motion of the carriage, and I could go through my business with the same despatch and ease as in the post-office of the country town where I had learned it, and from which I had been promoted by the influence of the surveyor of the district, Mr. Huntingdon. In fact, the work soon fell into a monotonous routine, which, night after night, was pursued in an unbroken course by myself and the junior clerk, who was my only assistant: the railway post-office work not having then attained the importance and magnitude it now possesses.

Our route lay through an agricultural district containing many small towns, which made up two or three bags only; one for London; another perhaps for the country town; a third for the railway post-office, to be opened by us, and the enclosures to be distributed according to their various addresses. The clerks in many of these small offices were women, as is very generally the case still, being the daughters and female relatives of the nominal postmaster, who transact most of the business of the office, and whose names are most frequently signed upon the bills accompanying the bags. I was a young man, and somewhat more curious in feminine handwriting than I am now. There was one family in particular, whom I had never seen, but with whose signatures I was perfectly familiar—clear, delicate, and educated, very unlike the miserable scrawl upon other letter-bills. One New Year's-eve, in a moment of sentiment, I tied a slip of paper among a bundle of letters for their office, upon which I had written, "A happy New Year to you all." The next evening brought me a return of my good wishes, as I guessed, by three sisters of the name of Clifton. From that day, every now and then, a sentence or two as brief as the one above, passed between us, and the feeling of acquaintance and friendship grew upon me, though I had never yet had an opportunity of seeing my fair unknown friends.

It was towards the close of the following October that it came under my notice that the then Premier of the ministry was paying an autumn visit to a nobleman, whose country seat was situated near a small village on our line of rail. The Premier's despatch box, containing, of course, all the despatches which it was necessary to send down to him, passed between him and the Secretary of State, and was, as usual, entrusted to the care of the post-office. The Continent was just then in a more than ordinarily critical state; we were thought to be upon the verge of an European war; and there were murmurs floating about, at the dispersion of the ministry up and down the country. These circumstances made the charge of the despatch-box the more interesting to me. It was very similar in size and shape to the old-fashioned workboxes used by ladies before boxes of polished and ornamental wood came into vogue, and, like them, it was covered with red morocco leather, and it fastened with a lock and key. The first time it came into my hands I took such special notice of it as might be expected. Upon the corner of the lid I detected a peculiar device scratched slightly upon it, most probably with the sharp point of a steel pen, in such a moment of preoccupation of mind as causes most of us to draw odd lines and caricatured faces upon any piece of paper which may lie under our hand. It was the old revolutionary device of a heart with a dagger piercing it; and I wondered whether it could be the Premier, or one of his secretaries, who had traced it upon the morocco.

The box had been traveling up and down for about ten days, and, as the village did not make up a bag for London, there being very few letters excepting those from the great house, the letter-bag from the house, and the despatch-box, were handed direct into our traveling post-office. But in compliment to the presence of the Premier in the neighborhood, the train, instead of slackening speed only, stopped altogether, in order that the Premier's trusty and confidential messenger might deliver the important box into my own hands, that its perfect safety might be ensured. I had an undefined suspicion that some person was also employed to

accompany the train up to London, for three or four times I had met with a foreign-looking gentleman at Euston-square, standing at the door of the carriage nearest the post-office van, and eyeing the heavy bags as they were transferred from my care to the custody of the officials from the General Post-office. But though I felt amused and somewhat nettled at this needless precaution, I took no further notice of the man, except to observe that he had the swarthy aspect of a foreigner, and that he kept his face well away from the light of the lamps. Except for these things, and after the first time or two, the Premier's despatch-box interested me no more than any other part of my charge. My work had been doubly monotonous for some time past, and I began to think it time to get up some little entertainment with my unknown friends, the Cliftons. I was just thinking of it as the train stopped at the station about a mile from the town where they lived, and their postman, a gruff matter-of-fact fellow—you could see it in every line of his face—put in the letter-bags, and with them a letter addressed to me. It was in an official envelope, "On Her Majesty's Service," and the seal was an official seal. On the folded paper inside it (folded officially also) I read the following order: "Mr. Wilcox is requested to permit the bearer, the daughter of the post-master at Eaton, to see the working of the railway post-office during the up-journey." The writing I knew well as being that of one of the surveyor's clerks, and the signature was Mr. Huntingdon's. The bearer of the order presented herself at the door, the snorting of the engine gave notice of the instant departure of the train, I held out my hand, the young lady sprang lightly and deftly into the van, and we were off again on our midnight journey.

She was a small slight creature, one of those slender little girls one never thinks of as being a woman, dressed neatly and plainly in a dark dress, with a veil hanging a little over her face and tied under her chin: the most noticeable thing about her appearance being a great mass of light hair, almost yellow, which had got loose in some way, and fell down her neck in thick wavy tresses. She had a free pleasant way about her, not in the least bold or forward, which in a minute or two made her presence seem the most natural thing in the world. As she stood beside me before the row of boxes into which I was sorting my letters, she asked questions and I answered as if it were quite an every-day occurrence for us to be travelling up together in the night mail to Euston-square station. I blamed myself for an idiot that I had not sooner made an opportunity for visiting my unknown friends at Eaton.

"Then," I said, putting down the letter-bill from their own office before her, "may I ask which of the signatures I know so well, is yours? Is it A. Clifton, or M. Clifton, or S. Clifton? She hesitated a little, and blushed, and lifted up her frank childlike eyes to mine.

"I am A. Clifton," she answered.

"And your name?" I said.

"Anne;" then, as if anxious to give some explanation to me of her present position, she added, "I was going up to London on a visit, and I thought it would be so nice to travel in the post-office to see how the work was done, and Mr. Huntingdon came to survey our office, and he said he would send me an order,"

I felt somewhat surprised, for a stricter martinet than Mr. Huntingdon did not breathe; but I glanced down at the small innocent face at my side, and cordially approved of his departure from ordinary rules.

"Did you know you would travel with me?" I asked, in a lower voice; for Tom Morville, my junior, was at my other elbow.

"I knew I should travel with Mr. Wilcox," she answered, with a smile that made all my nerves tingle.

"You have not written me a word for ages," said I reproachfully.

"You had better not talk, or you'll be making mistakes," she replied, in an arch tone. It was quite true; for, a sudden confusion coming over me, I was sorting the letters at random.

We were just then approaching the small station where the letter-bag from the great house was taken up. The engine was slackening speed. Miss Clifton manifested some natural and becoming diffidence.

"It would look so odd," she said, "to any one on the platform, to see a girl in the post-office van! And they couldn't know I was a postman's daughter, and had an order from Mr. Huntingdon. Is there no dark corner to shelter me?"

I must explain to you in a word or two the construction of the van, which was much less efficiently fitted up than the traveling post-offices of the present day. It was a reversible van, with a door at each right-hand corner. At each door the letter-boxes were so arranged as to form a kind of screen about two feet in width, which prevented people from seeing all over the carriage at once. Thus the door at the far end of the van, the one not in use at the time, was thrown into deep shadow, and the screen before it turned it into a small niche, where a slight person like Miss Clifton was very well concealed from curious eyes. Before the train came within the light from the lamps on the platform, she ensconced herself in this shelter. No one but I could see her laughing face, as she stood there leaning cautiously forward with her finger pressed upon her rosy lips, peeping at the messenger who delivered into my own hands the Premier's despatch-box, while Tom Morville received the letter-bag of the great house.

"See," I said, when we were again in motion, and she had emerged from her concealment, "this is the Premier's despatch-box, going back to the Secretary of State. There are some state secrets for you, and ladies are fond of secrets."

"O! I know nothing about politics," she answered indifferently, "and we have had that box through our office a time or two."

"Did you ever notice this mark upon it," I asked—"a heart with a dagger through it?" and bending down my face to hers, I added a certain spooney remark which I do not care to repeat. Miss Clifton tossed her little head, and pouted her lips; but she took the box out of my hands, and carried it to the further end of the van, after which she put it down upon the counter close beside the screen, and I thought no more about it. The midnight ride was entertaining in the extreme, for the young girl was full of young life and sauciness and merry humor. I can safely aver that I have never been to an evening's so-called entertainment which, to me, was half so enjoyable. It added also to the zest and keen edge of the enjoyment to see her hasten to hide herself whenever I told her we were going to stop to take up the mails.

We had passed Watford, the last station at which we stopped, before I became alive to the recollection that our work was terribly behindhand. Miss Clifton also became grave, and sat at the end of the counter very quiet and subdued, as if her frolic was over, and it was possible she might find something to repent of in it. I told her we should stop no more until we reached Euston-square station, but to my surprise I felt our speed decreasing and our train coming to a stand-still. I looked out and called to the guard in the van behind, who told me he supposed there was something on the line before us, and that we should go on in a minute or two. I turned my head and gave this information to my fellow-clerk and Miss Clifton.

"Do you know where we are?" she asked in a frightened tone.

"At Camden-town," I replied. She sprang hastily from her seat, and came towards me.

"I am close to my friend's house here," she said, "so it is a lucky thing for me. It is not five minutes' walk from the station. I will say good-bye now, Mr. Wilcox, and I thank you a thousand times for your kindness."

She seemed flurried, and she held out both her little hands to me in an appealing kind of way, as if she were afraid of my detaining her against her will. I took them both into mine, pressing them with rather more ardor than was quite necessary.

"I do not like you to go alone at this hour," I said, "but there is no help for it. It has been a delightful time to me. Will you allow me to call upon you to-morrow morning early, for I leave London at 10.30; or on Wednesday, when I shall be in town again?"

"O," she answered, hanging her head, "I don't know. I'll write and tell mamma how good you have been, and, and—but I must go, Mr. Wilcox."

"I don't like your going alone," I repeated.

"O! I know the way perfectly," she said, in the same flurried manner, "perfectly, thank you. And it is close at hand. Good bye!"

She jumped lightly out of the carriage, and the train started on again at the same instant. We were busy enough, as you may suppose. In five minutes more we should be at Euston-square, and there was nearly fifteen minutes' work still to be done. Spite of the enjoyment he had afforded me, I mentally anathematised Mr. Huntingdon and his departure from ordinary rules, and, thrusting Miss Clifton forcibly out of my thoughts, I set to work with a will, gathered up the registered letters for London, tied them into a bundle with the paper bill, and then turned to the counter for the despatch-box.

You have guessed already my cursed misfortune. The Premier's despatch-box was not there. For the first minute or two I was in nowise alarmed, and merely looked round, upon the floor, under the bags, into the boxes, into any place into which it could have fallen or been deposited. We reached Euston-square while I was still searching, and losing more and more of my composure every instant. Tom Merville joined me in my quest, and felt every bag which had been made up and sealed. The box was no small

article which could go into a small compass, it was certainly twelve inches long, and more than that in girth. But it turned up nowhere. I never felt nearer fainting than at that moment.

"Could Miss Clifton have carried it off?" suggested Tom Merville.

"No," I said indignantly but thoughtfully, "she couldn't have carried off such a bulky thing as that without our seeing it. It would not go into one of our pockets, Tom, and she wore a tight-fitting jacket that would not conceal anything."

"No, she can't have it," assented Tom; "then it must be somewhere about." We searched again and again, turning over everything in the van, but without success. The Premier's despatch-box was gone; and all we could do at first was to stand and stare at one another. Our trance of blank dismay was of short duration, for the van was assailed by the postmen from St. Martin's-le-Grand, who were waiting for our charge. In a stupor of bewilderment we completed our work, and delivered up the mails; then once more we confronted one another with pale faces, frightened out of our seven senses. All the scrapes we had ever been in (and we had had our usual share of errors and blunders) faded into utter insignificance compared with this. My eye fell upon Mr. Huntingdon's order lying among some scraps of waste paper on the floor, and I picked it up, and put it carefully, with its official envelope, into my pocket.

"We can't stay here," said Tom. The porters were looking in inquisitively; we were seldom so long in quitting our empty van.

"No," I replied, a sudden gleam of sense darting across the blank bewilderment of my brain; "no, we must go to head-quarters at once, and make a clean breast of it. This is no private business, Tom."

We made one more ineffectual search, and then we hailed a cab and drove as hard as we could to the General Post-office. The secretary of the Post-office was not there, of course, but we obtained the address of his residence in one of the suburbs, four or five miles from the City, and we told no one of our misfortune, my idea being that the fewer who were made acquainted with the loss the better. My judgment was in the right there.

We had to knock up the household of the secretary—a formidable personage with whom I had never been brought into contact before—and in a short time we were holding a strictly private and confidential interview with him, by the glimmer of a solitary candle, just serving to light up his severe face, which changed its expression several times, as I narrated the calamity. It was too stupendous for rebuke, and I fancied his eyes softened with something like commiseration as he gazed upon us. After a short interval of deliberation, he announced his intention of accompanying us to the residence of the Secretary of State; and in a few minutes we were driving back again to the opposite extremity of London. It was not far off the hour for the morning delivery of letters when we reached our destination; but the atmosphere was yellow with fog, and we could see nothing as we passed along in almost utter silence, for neither of us ventured to speak, and the secretary only made a brief remark now and then. We drove up to some dwelling enveloped in fog, and we were left in the cab for nearly half an hour, while our secretary went in. At the end of that time we were summoned to an apartment where there was seated at a large desk a small spare man, with a great head, and eyes deeply sunk under the brows. There was no form of introduction, of course, and we could only guess who he might be; but we were requested to repeat our statement, and a few shrewd questions were put to us by the stranger. We were eager to put him in possession of everything we knew, but that was little beyond the fact that the despatch-box was lost.

"That young person must have taken it," he said.

"She could not, sir," I answered positively, but deferentially. "She wore the tightest-fitting pelisse I ever saw, and she gave me both her hands when she said good-bye. She could not possibly have concealed it about her. It would not go into my pocket."

"How did she come to travel with you in the van, sir?" he asked severely.

I gave him for answer the order signed by Mr. Huntingdon. He and our secretary scanned it closely.

"It is Huntingdon's signature without doubt," said the latter; "I could swear to it anywhere. This is an extraordinary circumstance!"

It was an extraordinary circumstance. The two retired into an adjoining room, where they stayed for another half-hour, and when they returned to us their faces still bore an aspect of grave perplexity.

"Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Morville," said our secretary, "it is expedient that this affair should be kept secret. You must even be careful not to hint that you hold any secret. You did well not to announce your loss at the Post-office, and I shall cause it to be understood that you had directions to take the despatch-box direct to its destination. Your business now is to find the young woman and return with her not later than six o'clock this afternoon to my office at the General Post-office. What other steps we think it requisite to take you know nothing about; the less you know the better for yourselves."

Another gleam of commiseration in his official eye made our hearts sink within us. We departed promptly, and, with that instinct of wisdom which at times dictates infallibly what course we should pursue, we decided our line of action. Tom Morville was to go down to Camden-town, and inquire at every house for Miss Clifton, while I—there would be just time for it—was to run down to Eaton by train and obtain her exact address from her parents. We agreed to meet at the General Post-office at half-past five, if I could possibly reach it by that time; but in any case Tom was to report himself to the secretary, and account for my absence.

When I arrived at Eaton, I found that I had only forty-five minutes before the up-train went by; but I made all the haste I could to reach it. I was not surprised to find the post-office in connection with a bookseller's shop, and I saw a pleasant elderly lady seated behind the counter, while a dark-haired girl was sitting at some work a little out of sight. I introduced myself at once.

"I am Frank Wilcox, of the railway post-office, and I have just run down to Eaton to obtain some information from you."

"Certainly. We know you well by name," was the reply given in a cordial manner, which was particularly pleasant to me.

"Will you be so good to give me the address of Miss Anne Clifton in Camden-town?" I said.

"Miss Anne Clifton?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes. Your daughter, I presume. Who went up to London last night,"

"I have no daughter Anne," she said; "I am Anne Clifton, and my daughters are named Mary and Susan. This is my daughter Mary."

The tall dark-haired girl had left her seat, and now stood beside her mother. Certainly she was very unlike the small golden-haired coquette who had traveled up to London with me as Anne Clifton.

"Madame," I said, scarcely able to speak, "is your other daughter a slender little creature, exactly the reverse of this young lady?"

"No," she answered, laughing, "Susan is both taller and darker than Mary. Call Susan, my dear."

"In a few seconds Miss Susan made her appearance, and I had the three before me—A. Clifton, S. Clifton, and M. Clifton. There was no other girl in the family; and when I described the young lady who had traveled under their name, they could not think of any one in the town—it was a small one—who answered my description, or who had gone on a visit to London. I had no time to spare, and I hurried back to the station, just catching the train as it left the platform. At the appointed hour I met Morville at the General Post-office, and threading the long passages of the secretary's offices, we at length found ourselves anxiously waiting in an ante-room, until we were called into his presence. Morville had discovered nothing, except that the porters and policemen at Camden-town station had seen a young lady pass out last night, attended by a swarthy man who looked like a foreigner, and carried a small black portmanteau.

I scarcely know how long we waited; it might have been years, for I was conscious of an ever-increasing difficulty in commanding my thoughts, or fixing them upon the subject which had engrossed them all day. I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, nor closed my eyes for thirty-six, while, during the whole of the time, my nervous system had been on full strain.

Presently the summons came, and I was ushered, first, into the inner apartment. There sat five gentlemen round a table, which was strewed with a number of documents. There were the Secretary of State, whom we had seen in the morning, our secretary, and Mr. Huntingdon; the fourth was a fine-looking man, whom I afterwards knew to be the Premier; the fifth I recognised as our great chief, the Postmaster-General. It was an august assemblage to me, and I bowed low; but my head was dizzy, and my throat parched.

"Mr. Wilcox," said our secretary, "you will tell these gentlemen again, the circumstances of the loss you reported to me this morning."

I laid my hand upon the back of a chair to steady myself, and went through the narration for the third time, passing over sundry remarks made by myself to the young lady. That done, I added the account of my expedition to Eaton, and the certainty at which I had arrived that my fellow-traveler was not the person

she represented herself to be. After which, I inquired with indescribable anxiety if Mr. Huntingdon's order were a forgery?

"I cannot tell, Mr. Wilcox," said that gentleman, taking the order into his hands, and regarding it with an air of extreme perplexity. "I could have sworn it was mine, had it been attached to any other document. I think Forbes's handwriting is not so well imitated. But it is the very ink I use, and mine is a peculiar signature."

It was a very peculiar and old-fashioned signature, with a flourish underneath it not unlike a whip-handle, with the lash canght round it in the middle; but that did not make it the more difficult to forge, as I humbly suggested. Mr. Huntingdon wrote his name upon a paper, and two or three of the gentlemen tried to imitate the flourish, but vainly. They gave it up with a smile upon their grave faces.

"You have been careful not to let a hint of this matter drop from you, Mr. Wilcox?" said the Postmaster-General.

"Not a syllable, my lord," I answered.

"It is imperatively necessary that the secret should be kept. You would be removed from the temptation of telling it, if you had an appointment in some office abroad. The packet-agency at Alexandria is vacant, and I will have you appointed to it at once."

It would be a good advance from my present situation, and would doubtless prove a stepping-stone to other and better appointments; but I had a mother living at Fazeley, bed-ridden and paralytic, who had no pleasure in existence except having me to dwell under the same roof with her. My head was growing more and more dizzy, and a strange vagueness was creeping over me.

"Gentlemen," I muttered "I have a bed-ridden mother whom I cannot leave. I was not to blame, gentlemen." I fancied there was a stir and a movement at the table, but my eyes were dim, and in another moment I had lost consciousness.

When I came to myself, in two or three minutes, I found that Mr. Huntingdon was kneeling on the floor beside me, supporting my head, while our secretary held a glass of wine to my lips. I rallied as quickly as possible and staggered to my feet; but the two gentlemen placed me in the chair against which I had been leaning, and insisted on my finishing the wine before I spoke.

"I have not tasted food all day," I said faintly.

"Then, my good fellow, you shall go home immediately," said the Postmaster-General; "but be on your guard! Not a word of this must escape you. Are you a married man?"

"No, my lord," I answered.

"So much the better," he added, smiling. "You can keep a secret from your mother, I dare say. We rely upon your honor."

The secretary then rang a bell, and I was committed to the charge of the messenger who answered it; and in a few minutes I was being conveyed in a cab to my London lodgings. A week afterwards, Tom Morville was sent out to a post-office in Canada, where he settled down, married, and is still living, perfectly satisfied with his position, as he occasionally informs me by letter. For myself, I remained as I desired, in my old post as traveling-clerk until the death of my mother, which occurred some ten or twelve months afterwards. I was then promoted to an appointment as a clerk in charge, upon the first vacancy.

The business of the clerks in charge is to take possession of any post-office in the kingdom, upon the death or resignation of the post-master, or when circumstances of suspicion cause his suspension from office. My new duties carried me three or four times into Mr. Huntingdon's district. Though that gentleman and I never exchanged a word with regard to the mysterious loss in which we had both had an innocent share, he distinguished me with peculiar favor, and more than once invited me to visit him at his own house. He lived alone, having but one daughter, who had married, somewhat against his will, one of his clerks: the Mr. Forbes whose handwriting had been so successfully imitated in the official order presented to me by the self-styled Miss Anne Clifton. (By the way, I may here mention, though it has nothing to do with my story, that my acquaintance with the Cliftons had ripened into an intimacy, which resulted in my engagement and marriage to Mary.)

It would be beside my purpose to specify the precise number of years which elapsed before I was once again summoned to the secretary's private apartment, where I found him closeted with Mr. Huntingdon. Mr. Huntingdon shook hands with unofficial cordiality; and then the secretary proceeded to state the business on hand.

"Mr. Wilcox, you remember our offer to place you in office in Alexandria?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," I answered.

"It has been a troublesome office," he continued, almost pettishly. "We sent out Mr. Forbes only six months ago, on account of his health, which required a warmer climate, and now his medical man reports that his life is not worth three weeks' purchase."

Upon Mr. Huntingdon's face there rested an expression of profound anxiety; and as the secretary paused he addressed himself to me.

"Mr. Wilcox," he said, "I have been soliciting, as a personal favor, that you should be sent out to take charge of the packet agency, in order that my daughter may have some one at hand to befriend her, and manage her business affairs for her. You are not personally acquainted with her, but I know I can trust her with you."

"You may, Mr. Huntingdon," I said, warmly. "I will do anything I can to aid Mrs. Forbes. When do you wish me to start?"

"How soon can you be ready?" was the rejoinder.

"To-morrow morning."

Upon arriving I found that all the postal arrangements had fallen into considerable irregularity and confusion; for, as I was informed immediately on my arrival, Mr. Forbes had been in a dying condition for the last week, and of course the absence of a master had borne the usual results. I took formal possession of the office, and then, conducted by one of the clerks, I proceeded to the dwelling of the unfortunate postmaster and his no less unfortunate wife. It would be out of place in this narrative to indulge in any traveler's tales about the strange place where I was so unexpectedly located. Suffice it to say, that the darkened sultry room into which I was shown, on inquiring for Mrs. Forbes, was bare of furniture, and destitute of all those little tokens of refinement and taste which make our English parlors so pleasant to the eye. There was, however, a piano in one of the dark corners of the room, open, and with a sheet of music on it. While I waited for Mrs. Forbes's appearance, I strolled idly up to the piano to see what music it might be. The next moment my eye fell upon an antique red morocco workbox standing on the top of the piano—a workbox evidently, for the lid was not closely shut, and a few threads of silk and cotton were hanging out of it. In a kind of dream—for it was difficult to believe that the occurrence was a fact—I carried the box to the darkened window, and there, plain in my sight, was the device scratched upon the leather: the revolutionary symbol of a heart with a dagger through it. I had found the Premier's despatch-box in the parlor of the packet-agent of Alexandria!

I stood for some minutes with that dream-like feeling upon me, gazing at the box in the dim obscure light. It could *not* be real! My fancy must be playing a trick upon me! But the sound of a light step—for, light as it was, I heard it distinctly as it approached the room—broke my trance, and I hastened to replace the box on the piano, and to stoop down as if examining the music before the door opened. I had not sent in my name to Mrs. Forbes, for I did not suppose that she was acquainted with it, nor could she see me distinctly, as I stood in the gloom. But I could see her. She had the slight slender figure, the childlike face, and the fair hair of Miss Anne Clifton. She came quickly across the room, holding out both her hands in a childish appealing manner.

"O!" she wailed, in a tone that went straight to my heart, "he is dead! He has just died!"

It was no time then to speak about the red morocco workbox. This little childish creature, who did not look a day older than when I had seen her in my traveling post-office, was a widow in a strange land, far away from any friend save myself. I had brought her a letter from her father. The first duties that devolved upon me were those of her husband's interment, which had to take place immediately. Three or four weeks elapsed before I could, with any humanity, enter upon the investigation of her mysterious complicity in the daring theft practised on the government and the post-office.

I did not see the despatch-box again. In the midst of her new and vehement grief, Mrs. Forbes had the precaution to remove it before I was ushered again into the room where I had discovered it. I was at some trouble to hit upon any plan by which to gain a second sight of it; but I was resolved that Mrs. Forbes should not leave Alexandria without giving me a full explanation. We were waiting for remittances and instructions from England, and in the mean time the violence of her grief abated, and she recovered a good share of her old buoyancy and loveliness, which had so delighted me on my first acquaintance with her. As her demands upon my sympathy weakened, my curiosity grew stronger, and at last mastered me. I carried with me a netted purse which required mending, and I asked her to catch up the broken meshes while I waited for it.

"I will tell your maid to bring your workbox," I said, going to the door and calling the servant. "Your mistress has a red morocco

workbox," I said to the girl when she answered my summons.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Where is it?"

"In her bedroom," she said.

"Mrs. Forbes wishes it brought here." I turned back into the room. Mrs. Forbes turned deadly pale, but her eyes looked sullen, and her teeth were clinched under her lips with an expression of stubbornness. The maid brought the workbox. I walked, with it in my hands, up to the sofa where she was seated.

"You remember this mark?" I asked; "I think neither of us can forget it?"

She did not answer by word, but there was a very intelligent gleam in her blue eyes.

"Now," I continued softly, "I promised your father to befriend you, and I am not a man to forget a promise. But you must tell me the whole simple truth."

I was compelled to reason with her, and to urge her for some time. I confess I went so far as to remind her that there was an English consul at Alexandria, to whom I could resort. At last she openened her stubborn lips, and the whole story came out, mingled with sobs and showers of tears.

She had been in love with Alfred, she said, and they were too poor to marry, and papa would not hear of such a thing. She was always in want of money, she was kept so short; and they promised to give her such a great sum—a vast sum—five hundred pounds.

"But who bribed you?" I enquired.

A foreign gentleman whom she had met in London, Monsieur Bonnard. It was a French name, but she was not snre that he was a Frenchman. He talked to her about her father being a surveyor in the post-office, and aked her a great number of questions. A few weeks after, she met him in their own town by accident, she and Mr. Forbes; and Alfred had a long private talk with him, and they came to her, and told her she could help them very much. They asked her if she could be brave enough to carry off a little red box out of the traveling post-office, containing nothing but papers. After a while she consented. When she had confessed so much under compulsion, Mrs. Forbes seemed to take a pleasnre in the narrative, and went on fluently.

"We required papa's signature to the order, and we did not know how to get it. Luckily he had a fit of the gout, and was very peevish; and I had to read over a lot of official papers to him, and then he signed them. One of the papers I read twice, and slipped the order into its place after the second reading. I thought I should have died with fright; but just then he was in great pain, and glad to get his work over. I made an excuse that I was going to visit my aunt at Beckby, but instead of going there direct, we contrived to be at the station at Eaton a minute or two before the mail train came up. I kept outside the station door till we heard the whistle, and just then the postman came running down the road, and I followed him straight through the booking-office, and asked him to give you the order, which I put into his hand. He scarcely saw me. I just caught a glimpse of Monsieur Bonnard's face through the window of the compartment next the van, when Alfred had gone. They had promised me that the train should stop at Camden-town, if I could only keep your attention engaged until then. You know how I succeeded."

"But how did you dispose of the box?" I asked. "You could not have concealed it about you; that I am sure of."

"Ah!" she said, "nothing was easier. Monsieur Bonnard had described the van to me, and you remember I put the box down at the end of the counter, close to the corner where I hid myself at every station. There was a door with a window in it, and I asked if I might have the window open, as the van was too warm for me. I believe Monsieur Bonnard could have taken it from me by leaning through his window, but he preferred stepping out and taking it from my hand, just as the train was leaving Watford—on the far side of the carriages, you understand. It was the last station, and the train came to a stand at Camden-town. After all, the box was not out of your sight more than twenty minutes when you missed it. Monsieur Bonnard and I hurried out of the station, and Alfred followed us. The box was forced open—the lock has never been mended, for it was a peculiar one—and Monsieur Bonnard took possession of the papers. He left the box with me, after putting inside it a roll of notes. Alfred and I were married next morning, and I went back to my aunt's but we did not tell papa of our marriage for three or four months. That is the story of my red morrocco workbox."

She smiled with the provoking mirthfulness of a mischievous child. There was one point still on which my curiosity was unsatisfied.

"Did you know what the dispatches were about?" I asked.

"O no!" she answered; "I never understood politics in the least. I knew nothing about them. Monsieur did not say a word; he did not even look at the papers while we were by. I would never, never, have taken a registered letter, or anything with money in it, you know. But all those papers could be written again quite easily. You must not think me a thief, Mr. Wilcox; there was nothing worth money among the papers."

"They were worth five hundred pounds to you," I said. "Did you ever see Bonnard again?"

"Never again," she replied. "He said he was going to return to his native country. I don't think Bonnard was his real name."

Most likely not, I thought, but I said no more to Mrs. Forbes. Once again I was involved in a great perplexity about this affair. It was clearly my duty to report the discovery at head-quarters, but I shrank from doing so. One of the chief culprits was already gone to another judgment than that of man; several years had obliterated all traces of Monsieur Bonnard; and the only victim of justice would be this poor little dupe of the two greater criminals. At last I came to the conclusion to send the whole of the particulars to Mr. Huntingdon himself; and I wrote them to him without remark or comment.

The answer that came to Mrs. Forbes and me in Alexandria was the announcement of Mr Huntingdon's sudden death of some disease of the heart, on the day which I calculated would put him in possession of my communication. Mrs. Forbes was again overwhelmed with apparently heart-rending sorrow and remorse. The income left to her was something less than one hundred pounds a year. The secretary of the post-office, who had been a personal friend of the deceased gentleman, was his sole executor; and I received a letter from him containing one to Mrs. Forbes, which recommended her, in terms not to be misunderstood, to fix upon some residence abroad, and not to return to England. She fancied she would like the seclusion and quiet of a convent; and I made arrangements for her to enter one at Malta, where she would still be under British protection. I left Alexandria myself on the arrival of another packet-agent; and on my return to London I had a private interview with the secretary. I found that there was no need to inform him of the circumstances I have related to you, as he had taken posssession of all Mr. Huntingdon's papers. In consideration of his ancient friendship, and of the escape of those who most merited punishment, he had come to the conclusion to let bygones be bygones.

At the conclusion of the interview I delivered a message which Mrs. Forbes had emphatically entrusted to me.

"Mrs. Forbes wished me to impress upon your mind," I said, "that neither she nor Mr. Forbes would have been guilty of this misdemeanor if they had not been so much in love with one another, and very much in want of money."

"Ah," replied the secretary, with a smile, "if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the fate of the world would have been different."

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
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Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother;
And as we journey down life's road,
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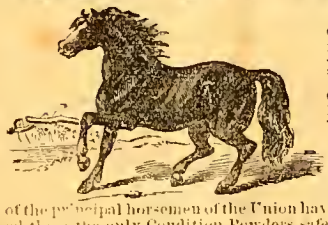

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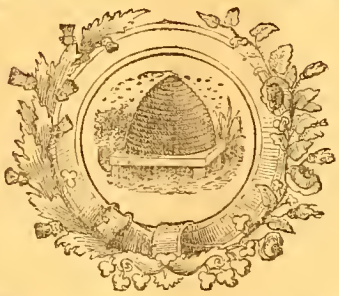

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These Bitters are not a gilded pill, to delight the eye or please the fancy, but a true medicine, placed in the hands of the people for their relief, and no person can take them, according to directions, and remain long unwell. They are a perfect Renovator of the System, as they carry off every particle of poisonous matter. Every family should have a bottle of Vinegar Bitters at hand. No sailor, soldier, mechanic, farmer, professional man, or traveler should ever be without it. Its timely application may often be the means of saving life.

For Female Complaints,

Whether in the young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn in life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient.

It is a gentle purgative as well as a Tonic.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

R. H. McDONALD & Co.,

Druggists and Agents,

Corner Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal. and Sacramento, Cal., and 34 Platt Street, N. Y.

Godbe & Co.

AGENTS.

SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN.

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother, District of Utah. } In Bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 13th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

S. A. MANN.

Clerk of said Court.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 28th A. D. 1869.

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court for the District of Utah.

In the matter of GEORGE D. WATT, R. G. SLEATER and WILLIAM AJAX, Partners lately doing business in Salt Lake City as Merchant. Bankrupts. } In Bankruptcy.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate and effects of Watt, Sleater and Ajax, of Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, within said District, who have been adjudged Bankrupts upon a creditor's Petition, by the Supreme Court of said Territory, sitting as a Court of Bankruptcy for said District.

Dated at Salt Lake City, the 15th day of November A. D. 1869.

JOHN CUNNINGTON

ASSIGNEE ETC.

NOTICE.

To Hans C. Heiselt, John Sears and all others interested: you are hereby notified that I will appear at the U. S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah before the Register and Receiver thereof on the 15th day of December 1869, to prove my right to enter, under the provisions of the Pre-emption Act of Sept. 4, 1841 the S. E. ¼ Sec. 19, Town 5 S. Range 2 E. at which time and place you can appear and contest it if you see proper.

Witness my hand and seal this 9th day of November A. D. 1869.

OLIVER DURANT.

NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Dr. CADY'S CATARRH REMEDY.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH AND ALL Mucous Diseases of the head, nose and throat.

This is a Medicine never before used or known to the public. Dr. Cady, the discoverer, **was a sufferer from this terrible disease for twenty years,** and after testing all the remedies extant—without relief—in his efforts to obtain a cure he discovered this UNEQUALLED REMEDY, which cured him in the short space of eight weeks.

It has been thoroughly tested, and has not failed in a single instance. Several of the most obstinate cases have been thoroughly cured by this remedy, after every other known medicine had failed. Every one who has tried it will testify to the truth of the above statement.

Every one afflicted with Catarrh should give it a trial and find out for himself whether it is a humbug.

Price, $2 per Bottle. Sold by GODBE & Co., Salt Lake City.

All the Grocers in Utah, (nearly) Sell GILLET'S BAKING POWDER; and it is not surpassed in QUALITY or CHEAPNESS by ANY OTHER POWDER, in his or any other Market.

ILER & Co.

DISTILLERS,

Importers and Manufacturers of

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

AMERICAN

LIFE BITTERS,

233 FARNHAM STREET,

Omaha, Neb.

"EUREKA!"

After long and patient investigation, it has been demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all concerned, that the most potent and acceptable cure for such complaints as Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Indigestion, Liver Disease, Disorders of the Stomach, etc., is **Dr. Farr's Invigorating Cordial.** It is made of roots, barks and pure liquors, a purely natural beverage, and one of the most pleasant form of bitters ever invented. It is a fine thing for children. For sale by Brown, Weber, and Graham, Nos. 10 and 12 North Second street, St. Louis.

GRAIN WANTED.

WE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR

Oats,

Barley

and Wheat,

On account of DEBTS due us.

KIMBALL & LAWRENCE.

Salt Lake City Sept. 11.

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Of San Francisco, Cal.

CASH CAPITAL fully paid in GOLD COIN $750,000

Stockholders Personally Liable.

Insure against Loss by Fire on terms as favorable as any other First Class Company

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THE UTAH MAGAZINE

THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

No. 29] SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE LOTUS PLANTER.

BY THEO. TILTON.

A Brahmin on a lotus-pod
Once wrote the holy name of God.

Then, planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.

A slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.

The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.

The deed scarce done, he looked aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.

"Behold!" he cried, "I stand unclean:
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"

God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.

The buried seed arose from death,
And bloomed and fruited at his breath.

The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:

First count men all of equal caste,
Then count thyself the least and last.

The Brahmin with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God writ plain!

Transfigured in a sudden light,
The slave stood sacred in his sight.

Thenceforth within the Brahmin's mind
Abode good will for all mankind.

MISTRESS BARBARA.

The rain beat against the round green window-panes, and the winds whistled about the angles of the house, but in the room within all was quiet.

In this room, at the head of the great table, which filled almost the whole space between the fireplace and the door, sat the Master-miner, Christopher Uttmann and his wife Barbara, with their stalwart sons and fair daughters. Below them, on either side, sat Uttmann's workmen and maids, stout miners with their wives and daughters, and also farmers and other town folk. For whoever in Annaberg, on Saturday night, had a mind to go up to Master Uttmann's house, was sure of a hearty welcome. At such times the bowl passed quickly from hand to hand, quaint stories of horned Siegfried and the fair Magelone were told, and jovial glees and moving ballads sung; while the spinning-wheels buzzed merrily, and the lads jested and flirted with the maidens. Often it was late in the night before the meetings broke up and the light-hearted guests went home. But on this evening—the 15th of May, 1561, it stood in the calendar—it was so quiet about the oaken table that one could plainly hear without the monotonous music of the rain. Master Christopher, with arms crossed over his chest, sat lost in thought. A tear trembled on the good wife Barbara's eyelash. The men hung their heads, the women's hands lay in their laps, no wheel hummed, no one thought of telling a story or singing a song.

Of a sudden, Master Christopher roused himself. "Children, we are letting our spirits droop. That will never do. I am heartily ashamed to have to own that I too have caught myself giving way to gloomy thoughts."

"Master, how can one be gay, with misery at the door?" said the gray-haired miner, Ohlentrud. "But you do not speak as you feel at heart. You only seek to divert our thoughts."

"Good father," rejoined the Master, "do you despair because one learned man from Dresden has failed to find what we wish? With God's grace, the second for whom I have sent our Klaus, will find next week a new vein of silver, or cobalt. Annie Marie, sing a ballad for us, that one about mighty faith."

Anne Marie, Ohlentrud's daughter, who on account of her pleasant voice was the chief songstress of the little circle, yielded this time, but unwillingly, to the Master's wish. How could she sing gayly, with want and sorrow drawing nigh to the hearthstone? But the good Master wished it; so she began singing:—

"There once did live a goodly youth
Who held his true love dear;
Full seven years his love forsooth
Was proof 'gainst doubt and fear.

"This youth—"

"Well, why do you stop before you have well begun? What, weeping, too?"

But her father spoke up for her. "It will not do, Master. The maiden is in no tune for song to-night. How could she be? The mines will yield no more, and with a short harvest, and plague among the cattle, we have but a dreary prospect before us?"

The gloomy looks of all showed what a sad echo his words had found in their breasts. Mistress Barbara covered her face with both hands, and Master Christopher rejoined, but

with a trembling voice: "Let us only hope that the other learned man from Dr. sden will find new mines."

But the rest doubtfully shook their heads.

In truth, it was a sad time, and no wonder that the brave Annabergers lost courage day by day. What was to become of them, if the mines were really worked out? There was nothing left but to starve, for up among the mountains there, they had no other employment.

And next week came Klaus from Dresden with the second learned doctor. He went first into one shaft and then into another, and hammered at the rocks, measured to the right and to the left, then up and down, and talked a great deal of Latin, but nothing did he find. So he gave it up, shook his white head and went away with a roll of silver gulden, out of the money-bags of Master Christopher.

Then the poor people gave up all hope. Their hammers and drills rusted, the sheds and workshops stood empty, and over and above all, a period of grim, dreary storms set in. At last, even Master Christopher lost heart, and the cheerful looks vanished, which he had worn all along for the sake of his poor people.

It happened one day about this time, that a poor woman with three hungry children knocked at the door of Master Uttmann's house. She was a stranger, had come from a long distance, and begged in charity a bit of bread, and rest and shelter for a short time.

Mistress Bertha received the poor thing with cheering words as was her wont, brought her into the house, and refreshed her as best she might with food and drink. Then she established the helpless wanderers in a comfortable chamber, and rejoiced most heartily at the rest which they found there for their weary limbs.

She had not asked the stranger whence she came, nor whither she was going. She was poor and needed her aid, that was enough. After a little time the woman came out from the sleeping-room, seated herself, at Barbara's request, beside her at the table, and began, without being asked, to tell of her home, her flight, and her wanderings. And while talking, in order not to be sitting idle, she took from her pocket a little package. This contained short woollen needles, which ended in little hooks of iron wire, a ball of linen thread, and a paper with a pattern drawn upon it. This pattern the woman spread out upon the table, loosed an end of thread from the ball, and caught it upon one of the little hooks. Had Barbara paid attention, she must have been astonished at the dexterity with which the stranger at one time crossed her needles, at another twisted the thread abouts the hooks, and then again tied such wonderful and complicated knots. But she looked only at the face of the woman, whose story excited her deepest sympathy.

She was from Brabant. She had lived happily with her family until the time when the Duke of Alva was sent to the Netherlands as Governor by King Philip of Spain. Hardly arrived in Flanders, he had set up a tribunal of blood, by which all, whose opinions excited suspicion, were tried. Harrowing, indeed, was the description which the poor woman gave of the evening on which Alva's creatures came at last to their peaceful home; how her husband made useless resistance and fell before her eyes, how fire was set to the roof over their heads; but a few minutes and nothing remained of their home but smoke and ashes. "Thus," said she, "in a short hour I had lost my husband and my home, and was compelled to go into the world as a houseless wanderer, like thousands of other families who made their way, some to England, some hither to Germany. My work and instruments," she continued, pointing to the needles and the thread, "I found in my pocket when I awoke next day from my stupor. Thanks be to God! so long as I have these I shall not need to beg. Then we wandered from place to place, and when we rested I worked; everywhere my lace was gladly taken for money. But far from here my strength gave out, I could move neither hand nor foot, and when the last of my laces were gone the door was shut in our faces, for I had nothing more to offer. Sick and wearied almost to death, we reached this house, and had you, Mistress, not succored us—"

Overcome by her emotions, the grateful woman could say no more. When after a while she was able to command herself and began eagerly to pour forth her thanks to her benefactress, Barbara, who was no friend to such demonstrations, quickly interrupted her by the question, "So you have been making lace? I had not noticed what you were doing." The Brabant woman laid the ball of thread and the needles with the work upon them before Barbara on the table, and said "It is not such as you would wear, Mistress. You have there on your kerchief, silken lace, such as can only be made in Brussels, and which is fitting for a lady of your rank. But the wives of the tradesmen love ornament also, and for them we make this linen lace of ours."

"True," said Barbara, "when I bethink me of how it is at my home, in Nuremberg, I must allow that you are right. No woman of rank would condescend to wear linen lace. But if, as you say, this can only be made in Brussels, they must be poorly off in the Netherland provinces. How little you must be able to make by your linen laces! the people who buy them cannot surely pay much for them."

"That depends upon how you look at it, Mistress. This work supported us in Wayre, from childhood; we knew not want, but were contented and happy. Nor, believe me, did we live from hand to mouth only. Not my husband alone, every one in Wayre used each year to put aside a little money for hard times. And when once half the place was burned, and another time again, the lightning struck our tower, and it was burned from top to bottom, we were not only able to build it all up again with our savings, but had something left besides, though all of that, alas! Alva's men have taken now. The people in Brussels, to be sure, do not know what to do with all their money, but we poor linen lace-makers have never envied them of their riches. And then, what an advantage our work has! To make the silken lace, one needs long practice, and a great deal of skill, but a child can learn to make our linen work. Children of five years old make lace in Wayre. See, only! what can be easier than this? First I look at the pattern,—then loop the thread around one of the needles, next cross one needle over another, thus,—and the thread loops of itself about the hook, and—look, there is a beautiful mesh made already! But you are weeping, Mistress! what grieves you?"

Her hands folded above her heaving breast, her eyes raised toward Heaven, Barbara stood, and, with tears of thankfulness and joy cried, "Yes, Heavenly Father, as thou wilt! In thy mercy have I trusted, and thou hast sent this poor woman that our sadness may be turned to rejoicing, and happiness may return into our house, nay, into every home in this hamlet! Remain with us, dear woman. I will be to you and your children, friend, sister, mother! See, sorrow reigns in this place. The miners' hammers rust, the cattle are dying, the fields lie barren. My husband gives all that he can, but what avail are the gifts of one, when so many need? Teach us how to make this lace. We will work night and day, and send the strongest through the land with our laces, and so perhaps once more prosperity and joy may return to us; please God, we too, as did you in Wayre, may be able to lay up a little against the time of trouble shall come upon us again,—say that you will stay with us, good woman, and teach us!

The stranger grasped the hand extended to her with both her own. Though she had but half understood Barbara's words, she could not fail to comprehend their friendly meaning.

Next morning all the people of the little hamlet,—only children younger than five years were left behind,—came together at Master Uttmann's request. The miner, who had acquiesced in his wife's scheme without a scruple, communicated to them Barbara's plans. They were received with astonishment and doubt, and looks of incredulity and suspicion were cast upon the Brabant woman and her children. To this, however, the worthy pair paid no attention. Needles were prepared, which the smith provided with hooks, and Klaus was sent to Dresden to buy thread. An artist, too, came thence to draw the patterns, and the lessons began. What amusement and comfort the poor people found in learning this, to them, new art! How many cares were forgotten, for every day their doubts became less, and their hope greater. Light-hearted jests, and now and then a jovial song began to be heard again. And then, when two months had past, the shout of triumph which went up throughout Annaberg! For the two messengers who had been sent out with the laces made, returned with empty knapsacks, but with pockets so full, that it seemed as if the wealth could never be exhausted.

But their Brabant guest could not share this joy with them. Not far from the great linden-tree which still stands in the middle of the churchyard, she had been buried a few days before. Grief for the loss of her husband, and all the the fearful hardships through which she had passed, had sown fatal seeds in her heart; poor heart, it could break more peacefully now, for she saw her children within Barbara's motherly arms. All praise be to Mistress Barbara! From sunrise to sunset she busily plied her lace needles, the best spur to industry and perseverence which her people could have. And with their joy and hope, the stores of lace grew greater and greater, though the strongest of their men were ever setting forth with the delicate wares, with which they went to and fro, through the whole of Saxony and Bohemia. Not until the severe winter set in did their travels cease.

When spring and summer came again, there was indeed a contrast with the former year: strong, healthy cattle in stable and meadow, smiling fields, and happy men. For the learned man, who had come at Master Uttman's request, from Cologne on the Spree, to make another examination of the mines, had gone away, after speaking pretty plainly his opinion of the wisdom of his colleagues in Dresden. The mines in the Schrecken and Schottenberg were not exhausted. It only needed to understand the right way to open them. So the clever man from Cologne brought up some of the black powder, of which the Annabergers had as yet no idea, and hey! what a crash and noise! How the rocky walls burst asunder, and rich veins of silver and cobalt were exposed in countless numbers!

It was this summer also that Barbara, accompanied by Marie Oblentrud, undertook the long journey to Brussels. The cruelties of the Spaniards in the Netherlands did not deter her. It was her plan to bring new artists and workmen to Annaberg, so as to teach her people to make the Brussels lace also, and we all know how well it succeeded. Manufactory after manufactory, loom upon loom, there seems to be no end now-a-days, in Annaberg, of laces and ribbons.

And all this was the work of Barbara and Christopher Uttmann. When Barbara came back from Brussels she found her husband on a bed of sickness, from which he never rose again. What could better console her sorrow than the peace and happiness which she saw on every side? So long as her heart beat, it beat for her children,—for the children of the Brabant wanderer,—and for all who lived within the circuit of Annaberg. When she died, they buried her one spring day by the side of Christopher and the stranger. Thousands of birds warble among the limbs of the great linden which overhangs the stone at the head of the three mounds; and in the evening, when the rays of the setting sun gild the steeples of Annaberg, the workpeople leave the shops and factories and mines, and gather about the linden, talking, perhaps, of those who sleep beneath,—of the Brabant mother, of Christopher, and of Barbara Uttmann, the benefactress of the Erzebirge.—*Every Saturday.*

W. H. SHEARMAN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Lack of space last week prevented our referring more fully to friend Shearman's correspondence on the subject of factories and minerals, etc. We now wish to say that we heartily endorse his understanding of our article. Our meaning in reference to home factories was simply, that to start with them as our principal means for getting capital into the country, while we had something in which we could far better compete with the outside world untouched, was to "begin at the wrong end."

By a perusal of his letter it will be seen that brother Shearman sees with us that home factories, under existing circumstances, do not and cannot pay. This shows they should not be largely gone into. If they will not pay, they cannot be kept going; and if they cannot be kept going, it matters not whether they are useful and needed or not, we cannot have them any way.

On the other hand, we fully endorse the wisdom of our personal and local manufacturing in the past, under such circumstances as he refers to, such as where many of our people would have had to have gone without, through lack of *cash* to purchase imported goods. It will be seen, however, that manufacturing to meet our personal necessities as a people, and trying to start "*extensive* manufacturing establishments" to compete with the world who have far greater facilities, are two different things. Ed.

ON LEAVING A FRIEND.

Thy form still seems as lovely yet,
As when I left my native land;
That day, that time, I'll ne'er forget,
When last we gave the parting hand.

My saddened heart could scarce endure,
Nor could I hide the trickling tear;
While parting words fell soft and pure,
From one I hold in memory dear.

Thy voice still lingers on my ear,
Thy smiles I see so clear and bland;
E'en while I pen my verses here,
I seem to feel thy clasping hand.

Ofttimes in silent midnight dreams,
On fancy's wings to thee I fly;
But when I 'wake, alas! it seems,
Between us still broad rivers lie.

Now should cold Death lay Samuel low,
No more on earth thy face shall see;
Pure as yon white-capped mountain snow,
So is my friendship still to thee.

From whence, I ask thee, doth proceed
This kind impulsive, ardent love;
I answer, God's the fountain head,
The Great I Am, who rules above.

Then may our love to God extend,
That when our days on earth are o'er;
So we may meet in heaven, dear friend,
And give the parting hand no more.

S. Magia.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
MUSICAL DO. - - - - - - - - - - PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

BY W. S. GODBE.

Divine authority, in the most extended sense, may be defined as comprising authority from all good sources; and, inasmuch as every benevolent desire, noble aspiration and generous impulse, every prompting of the soul to do good in any conceivable way, must come from a good source, it follows that—in this extended sense—all actions resulting therefrom are performed by Divine authority.

In this general view of the case, it certainly requires no special delegation of power from on high for one to act under its dictation, and do "what conscience dictates to be done." whether it leads to the acting the part of a Luther, a Wesley, a Father Mathew, or a Father Hyacinthe.

Such men find their authority in the inborn love of humanity that ceaselessly wells up from the depths of their big souls, and the lofty inspirations by which they are led to battle for the right, regardless of consequences to themselves.

But while these are propositions that none can reasonably question, we as a people, entertain certain ideas of Divine Authority in regard to *Priesthood* that have their origin in what we have learned of the order observed in the Heavens, in relation to the appointments and functions of this Holy Institution. And it is with reference to Divine Authority, in this special and important sense, that I am now desirous of expressing some of my thoughts.

Priesthood is an eternal order "without beginning of days or end of years," and is as illimitable as the universe itself. A portion of its authority has been delegated to this planet, to assist its inhabitants in their progress during their brief probation on its face, as also in their higher conditions beyond.

Jesus was the Great High Priest of this Holy order, and was the instrument through which lofty and beautiful truths were revealed to man. Joseph Smith was ordained to this Priesthood by angelic beings from the celestial world. Their object was not so much to reveal at that time very advanced ideas—for the world still possessed the glorious principles already made precious by the blood of Jesus—as to authorize him to organize a Church upon the earth, corresponding in its external form with Heavenly systems above; having for its governing power the same Divine Priesthood, the presiding portion of which was to be in constant communion with the Priesthood behind the veil, from whom light was to be obtained and dispensed for the guidance of its members for all coming time. Nothing of a coercive or compulsory character was to be in the least degree admissible in this Church. For Joseph Smith, its great founder, expressly says: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, *only by persuasion*, by long suffering, by gentleness, by meekness and by love unfeigned." (*Times and Seasons*, vol i, page 131.)

To Him who sees the end from the beginning, it was known that those, to whom were committed this power, would not, or rather, could not, in the nature of things, use it perfectly at first,—no matter how earnestly they might desire to do so, or how essentially good they might be as men. Surrounding circumstances, the condition of their brethren as well as their own, would render a perfect exercise of this authority, in all respects impossible. Hence, God in His wisdom has placed limits and restrictions upon it, beyond which no man can go, and have his actions sanctioned by Him. For the same high authority (Joseph Smith) tells us, in speaking of certain ambitious men in the Priesthood, that "they do not learn that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of Heaven, and that the powers of Heaven cannot be controlled nor handled, only upon the principles of righteousness; that the powers of the Priesthood may be conferred upon us it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride or vain ambition, or to exercise DOMINION or COMPULSION over the souls of the children of men in any degree of unrighteousness, *behold the Heavens withdraw themselves*, the spirit of the Lord is grieved. Then *amen to the Priesthood or authority of that man*."

This proves most conclusively that the Priesthood is liable to exercise its authority beyond its true limits, and assume prerogatives that do not belong to it. Where, otherwise, would be the necessity for this emphatic protest against the spirit of compulsion—Where the necessity for this clear statement, that the Heavens will endorse the acts of their representatives upon the earth, only so far as they are in perfect accord with the spirit that prevails, where the God of love alone rules supreme?

But it is claimed by some that while this fallibility may be looked for in individual members, it does not apply to the Priesthood, as a whole, neither does it apply to him who stands at the head of the Church on earth, whose voice they are taught to believe is the voice of God to them.

In answer to this I will simply say that although I have searched diligently, I have failed to discover evidence in history or revelation to justify such a belief, but, on the contrary, have found the most abundant evidence that such a belief is erroneous.

I find further that in many cases men who have been specially called of God to fulfil Divine missions, have gone more or less astray from the straight path. It does not appear that they were bad at heart—in fact, quite to the contrary. Why then, I ask, should we expect more to-day of frail human nature than yesterday? Does not history repeat itself only in milder forms?

Seeing then that there is not only a possibility, but a probability—judging from what has been—of men, holding the highest positions in the Priesthood, exercising an undue authority "over the souls of the children of men," when it does take place, by what means shall the evils resulting be corrected? Through whose agency shall the then needed reformation be effected?

All men agree that it should not come from without the Church. A system must be weak indeed that cannot, in the time of need, purify itself from its own imperfections. It is also no less clear that it cannot come through the instrumentality of those by whom the evils originated, and the very existence of which rendered the reformation necessary.

Would it not be unreasonable to suppose that the Lord would let His servants exercise undue authority if He saw fit, or could prevent it in the first place? And still more unreasonable to believe that after they had done so, He should be compelled to call upon the very men who had thus erred—perhaps unintentionally, or owing to the peculiar organization of their minds or natures—to reform the very evils they committed? What reason can be shown that God should be thus restricted by the ideas of finite man in His

appointments? Surely He is no respecter of persons, nor has He more care for one of His children than another. Depend upon it, He is guilty of no favoritism. He operates through whom he will, because of their *fitness* for such work. And when it becomes necessary, in the interests of the progress of His Church or humanity, He raises up others for His work. Common sense should teach, and history proves, that He reserves to Himself the right so to do, He acting of course always in harmony with the divine order of which He is the great originator.

The Lord did not not call upon Eli to correct his own faults, but revealed Himself to the then obscure boy Samuel, and told him what He had against Eli, Israel's High Priest.

Neither did the Lord require Saul, His anointed, to correct his own evils, but called upon the herd-boy, David, and through him inaugurated a better state of things in Israel. All history, biblical and profane, abounds with instances, more or less analogous to these.

And, as in governments political, evils are permitted to grow until they produce the reactions by which they are cured, so in governments ecclesiastical do encroachments upon the rights of conscience, liberty of thought and freedom of utterance, increase until they become so oppresive as to be no longer endured. And then the man or the men are always found to lead the van, and aid the people to remove the evils that distress them and free themselves.

It is thus in history we see the finger of God showing us the way man struggles onward and upward, painfully slowly, but steadily, in the rugged path of human progress.

Let us see whether the facts, to which I have called attention, can have any just application to ourselves as a community as we are to-day.

In entering upon this part of the subject I find myself under the painful necessity of calling attention to the present Authorities of our Church, and of charging them with assuming—not wickedly, but ignorantly, to say the least—dictatorial control, and exercising prerogatives that do not rightly belong to them, and that are not connected with the powers of Heaven.

Do not be startled at this unequivocal statement against the assumption of the powers exercised by those, towards whom we are bound by so many lofty considerations and fraternal ties. If I am wrong in my opinion, or unfounded in my allegation, it will fall as harmless on all except him who gave it expression, as is a summer's breeze to disturb the mighty ocean in its deep foundations. But if what I have dared to assert be true, then all efforts to refute it or avoid the consequences to which it will give birth, will be as futile and unavailing as resistance must ever be to all-prevailing truth. For truth will press calmly, steadily, grandly on, regardless alike of obstacles or opposition. And great as is the moral courage sometimes necessary to the honest man, to speak the truth,—a far greater amount is necessary to speak falsely, or to be silent when God requires that the truth be spoken.

What I have said has been considered with deliberation and uttered not in the fear of the creature, but the Creator, and with the fullest appreciation of the great responsibility that has been assumed thereby. It is not my purpose in this article to adduce further evidence in support of my assertion, nor do I consider it essential, for there are many thousands in this Territory, who, through painful experiences have been made to realize its truth—and it is more particularly to such that I now address myself. How often have I heard men, not false, nor weak in the faith of the Gospel, but men good and true, deplore the condition of things as they now exist, and wonder how much longer the Lord will require the people to submit—and to acquiesce in an order of things that they feel is steadily increasing in rigor and severity, and that will inevitably, if persisted in, result in the overthrow of our religion and the blasting of all our most cherished hopes. They feel that a radical change must take place, and that speedily, but when or how they cannot tell. Some who have been anticipating, somewhat in advance of the times, have become through hope deferred faint at heart, for they have seen no gleam in the horizon that betokened the coming dawn; no ray of hope to strengthen and encourage them on their plodding, weary way. How often have we heard it said by our most faithful men, while discussing the situation,—"Be patient, brother, things cannot continue in this way long, but we must endure it until a change comes, so in the meantime let us *stand still and see the salvation of God.*"

What does this indicate—this deep half-suppressed feeling of dissatisfaction. What does it foreshadow? It means most unmistakably that all things are *not* as they should be, that a change *will* come, and that such men will not "stand still" awaiting "the salvation of God" *in vain;* for it will come —nay, is at our very doors.

But how shall the change be effected? By whose instrumentality shall it be brought about? Must it not come through the legitimate channel? These queries, more or less varied in form, are in the mouths of hundreds, and in the minds of thousands. They must be satisfactorily met. It will not do to tell them them "they are in the dark, and have got the spirit of apostacy," for they know better; they know they love the truth, and will hold fast to it, and cling to Zion, and are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all they possess to promote her cause. To all such, I say that help *will* come, and that, too, in a legitimate channel. This brings me to the all-important question of Divine Authority in the special sense referred to.

As in the cases of Eli and Samuel, David and Saul, so in the present instance will God, in His own due time, call upon such person or persons as will be willing instruments to do His holy bidding, and proclaim to the Latter-Day Saints the glad tidings that the dawning of a brighter day has come, and that its growing light will soon dispel the dark clouds that now obsure their spiritual vision, to shine with ever increasing effulgence in all coming time.

When God begins a work, evidences in support of its truth are never wanting. Its testimony will be found in the advanced character of the principles presented—principles that will appeal for their acceptance, directly to reason, which is the light of Deity within the soul, and point to the God of truth and love as the only Being in whom all faith should center, instead of any earthly representative.

Evidences of the authority of such a movement will also be found in its great success. It will also be manifested to many by Dreams, Visions, and by the "still small voice" of the spirit, that will find sure access to their souls; by sweet impressions and angelic influences that will warm the heart with celestial fire, and impart a heavenly peace to the whole being; by a deep feeling of love and charity for all mankind, and the presence most sensibly felt of the spirit of Him who died to save humanity. In due time such a spirit as this will burst asunder the bonds of priestcraft, and melt the shackles that so long have bound the souls of men in slavish ignorance and fear. The light of Zion shall shine forth purely and brightly throughout this and all nations, until, by the breadth and depth of her principles, all parties and isms shall be absorbed, and bigotry and superstition known only as things of the past.

In that day the great and mighty CHURCH OF ZION that Isaiah saw, shall be established on the earth in power and great glory; for purity of life, humility and self-abnegation, shall be the offspring of her spirit, and her genius and controlling power shall be LOVE.

FORTHCOMING MANIFESTO.

In our next week's issue we shall give a full exposition of our views and sentiments concerning the past and future of Mormonism, with a statement of the causes which have led to our present relation to the Church. All who are anxious to understand fully the motives which have prompted our action, should read this announcement and distribute it largely among their friends.

W. S. GODBE.
E. L. T. HARRISON.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

It has been with feelings of no ordinary character that I have placed my name among the supporters of the principles and policy advocated in this Magazine. My associations with my brethren and sisters in this Church, during the past fifteen years, have been of the most pleasurable character; and it has been a source of inexpressible pain to me, that the necessity should exist for dissenting from any part of the policy or sentiments of our leaders.

But, bitter as it is to be in the smallest degree dissevered from the friends and associations of the past, Truth is dearer than reputation or the ties of friendship and kindred; and if it become impossible to retain both, the latter must be relinquished. I cannot give them up without regret, but I can without hesitation. It is this love of truth, and this alone, that has impelled me to my present course. It is apparent, there is nothing of a temporal nature to be gained by it; on the contrary, an almost certain prospect, humanly speaking, of loss in every respect.

My position is most easily and comprehensively defined by stating that I heartily endorse the sentiments contained in the articles published in this Magazine entitled, "The Josephite Platform," "We are nothing if not Spiritual," "Unconditional Obedience," "Plural Marriage," "The Limits of the Priesthood," the "Cards," and "Protest," of the editors.

In embracing "Mormonism" I did not discard any truths which I before understood, neither do I renounce a single truth to-day that I have ever accepted. I am simply following, as I believe, the increasing light of the spirit of truth within me, and obeying its dictates. My faith in the divinity and ultimate triumph of the sublime principles of the Gospel, is undiminished, and I desire to forsake nothing but the errors —which, through human incapacity, have been more or less associated with our divine system.

It has been urged that all persons have the privilege of entertaining what views they please, and may still retain their membership in the Church, provided they will not make public any sentiments opposed to the views of the authorities thereof. But this is no liberty at all. It is simply what no power on earth can either give or take away. Every individual is required to obey, irrespective of his own convictions, or eventually lose his standing in the Church. It would, therefore, be far more consistent to prohibit thought, were it possible, than to deny the free but respectful expression of that thought. I am aware it is said that even this right is granted at the proper time and place; but the ridicule, and charges of darkness and apostacy, which have ever been heaped on the unfortunate individual who has attempted to exercise it, have more effectually closed mens' mouths than any Imperial edicts have ever been able to do. There are but two paths left open for all who differ from any Church measures: hypocritical submission, or an open avowal of one's belief, with a liability to excommunication. I prefer the latter, with all its consequences, to the course of hundreds who feel as I do, but who, owing to their peculiar position, dare not give utterance to their sentiments.

The exercise of the "one-man power," as now claimed for the President of this Church—whether Brigham Young or anybody else—is, I feel, an assumption unauthorized by God and in direct opposition to the spirit of the age and the genius of the Gospel. However innocent, or even beneficial, its advocates may claim the exercise of such power to be at present, it would inevitably result, if continued, in the most tremendous and oppressive temporal and spiritual despotism the world has ever seen, and reduce mankind to the condition of mere machines. Such a system is an attempt—however much it may be disclaimed by some—to force upon the intelligence of the nineteenth century the long-since exploded doctrine of Popish infallibility—not that "infallibility" is claimed, but it is practically enforced. All who feel such a government to be in harmony with their nature, should, of course, be allowed to enjoy it; but I feel it an imperative duty to express my dissent therefrom.

In conclusion I will say,—The cause of truth is dearer to me than ever. I am full of the joyful assurance that every divine prediction in regard to Zion will be fulfilled, and that the time is not far distant when she will arise in her splendor, put on her beautiful garments, and become the center of heavenly light, intelligence and joy to the whole earth. Then, if not before, I expect to enjoy the confidence and approbation of those who may now feel it necessary to withdraw their fellowship and friendship from me.

W. H. SHEARMAN.

DO WE FEAR CIVILIZATION?

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

When writing my series of papers on the Mormons and their Commonwealth, for the New York "Galaxy", I said, "Let America come up to us with all her agencies of civilization, and in grateful return we will send her down a host of Mormon missionaries." Mr. Bowles, in reviewing those papers, held to the opinion that no *genuine* Mormon elder would have written them, and believed that the "Galaxy" had been "hoaxed by a clever writer," who had palmed himself upon the editors as a Mormon elder. I note this because we are just upon this point that "*genuine*" Mormon elders do *not* fear civilization. Mr. Bowles, Mr. Colfax and the nation generally, are about to have a timely lesson, and, on the other side, ruling authorities of Utah, who have cut "genuine" Mormon elders off because they did not fear civilization, a very severe one.

But our illustrious visitors had seen the ruling and conservative few, whose policy leads to absolutism, and whose tendencies are anti-progressive. Hence the inference that Mormondom will be exploded by the American nation coming up to Utah with her civilization and destiny, bringing with her the age of railroads. They presumed that the Mormons could not endure contact with society, and that the society of progressive, resistless Republican America. They readily saw that absolutism and a one-man rule would be destroyed, that it could only flourish in this age in isolation, and that, therefore, isolation was courted. They believed that Mormonism could not stand the fire of thought, and that it produced no daring thinkers, and that there were no Mormon elders prepared to enter into the battle-field for human rights, or bold enough to make their declaration of independence. Undoubtedly they also believed that a free press and free speech on the public platform, representing the people's cause, would explode the Mormon faith and sweep its priesthood from the earth. Do not these conclusions of the statesmen and representative intellect of America, form a lesson worthy to be read by the authorities of Utah! And is it not a seathing reproach to them, when it can be said that the men who invite civilization to their borders, have free thoughts,

and resolve to maintain a free press, are not *genuine* Mormon elders? Now these conclusions, so far as they went into our situation, were sound. They are the identical conclusions of the ruling Priesthood of Utah, as manifested by the action of the High Council and the Quorums and Wards upon my my brethren and myself. Men are cut off for not being "genuine Mormon elders," because they hold to the opinion that our faith will stand the fire of free thought, and that a free press should be maintained to discuss the people's rights and defend the people's cause.

As set forth in my last article, on the schism in Utah, there are two conditions of mind, and two sides of religious faith and social views, among the Mormons to-day, which are about to be brought into bold relief. There is the side which desires the absolute and unquestioned rule of the few, and which would reduce the entire people to a temporal and spiritual bondage. Now it will in the sequel be found that it is the *few* and not the mass, who are on this absolute side, which inclines to the absorption of the whole commonwealth of the people. The mass, always in every nation, incline to liberalism and freedom of thought and action; and there is just as natural a tendency in the people to individualism, personal enterprise, and personal property, as there is always in irresponsible rulers a tendency to absolute power, centralization and absorption of the commonwealth. But the millions ever imagine that *they* are the few and the weak, until the course of events forces them to a maintenance of their rights, and the integrity of their religious faith, proving, in some marked revolution of their times, that they are the power of the nation. But their long respect for authorities, and the natural repugnance of men to overthrow the existing state of things, no matter how oppressive, make them blind even to their own condition. They do not understand themselves, their thoughts, their desires and their settled intentions. But by-and bye circumstances come round which suddenly reveal themselves, and then they realize how much they are on the other side of absolute power, and how much man by nature is self-assertive and inclined to individual manifestation. In the meantime they hope for the better state of things in the future, and that hope is the sure sign that they are preparing for a change. Now that is the exact condition of the people of Utah to day. They are waiting for some bright out come of their religious and social circumstances.

The fact is that the thousands of English, Scotch and Welsh elders who created the Mormon kingdom in Great Britain, do not fear contact with the outside world. They do not fear free thought and a free press. Their secret desire is for isolation to pass away, and for all the great and good to come up to them. They believe that their religion can stand the pressure of other men's thoughts—can run side by side with the progressive tendencies of the age. But those thousands of elders, who represent the intellect, force and prime of Mormondom, those elders who shook Europe with their missionary operations, and astounded the clergy with their bold thoughts and daring innovations, since they came to Utah, have settled down in apathy and resigned their manhood. But depend upon it, these men are all here. Be not afraid of their future results. They must of necessity re-assert themselves, and inevitable circumstances are coming round to force them out even in spite of themselves. They will return to their former force of character and maintain the integrity of their religion, in all the grand conceptions of former days. From those conceptions and the great aims of their life, those thousands of missionaries have almost entirely departed, and returned every man to his fishing-nets, saying, "I thought he had come who was to bring deliverance to Israel, but our hope has departed." But, brethren, he *has* come and now stands knocking at the door.

Let Vice-President Colfax, Mr. Bowles and the entire nation be assured that there are "genuine" Mormon elders, who do not fear civilization, railroads and the liberalizing genius of the American people. If we have invited such to come up to us, it was because we understood ourselves and possessed an invincible faith in Mormonism and its destiny. We have been cut off the Church, but still do we believe in that destiny—ay, more than ever believe in it now. Mormon elders have resolved to maintain henceforth and forever in Utah a free press, free thought and a platform of human rights. The press never fears civilization, thought, progress and individuality. They are in its own line, and are its capital. The same is true of the merchant-class; for Commerce is the natural enemy of despotic rule, both in Church and State. There is no fanaticism or servility in commerce. Hence, you find to-day on the side of liberty and expansion some of the most enterprising merchants of Utah. They are with the press; and the thousands of English, Scotch and Welsh elders who shook Europe, will yet find a hundred platforms to shake Utah with their free, manly speech. They will do it in the might of that prophetic spirit which moved Joseph Smith to his great work.

The world has seen the past, it sees the present, and it has now to see the future of the Mormons. Statesmen and thinkers shall behold a strange solution to a strange problem. All they deemed us not they will find we are. They will find us genuine, and our faith potent. That which belongs not to us and the genius of Joseph Smith's mission, will pass away, and most certainly absolutism and mental bondage belong not thereto. We have thought with the best thinkers of the age, and there is much of the daring character of heterodox minds blended with the grand fanaticism of apostles of a new and prophetic dispensation. It is a strange mixture, but it is in us. The one gives the self-reliance and the other the mighty fervor. The truth has made us free.

We do not fear civilization, then, for we have come from the most civilized nations; we do not fear railroads, for we have ridden upon them a thousand times; we do not fear other men's thoughts, for we are a nation of missionaries who have stood upon the platform with the clergy of the day, and taken from them a hundred thousand converts in Great Britain alone. We can solve our own problems and change into whatsoever forms best please us and suit our coming times. We are forty years of age, as the rule, and have another forty years to fill in the great Mormon programme which will give immortality to Brigham Young as well as to Joseph Smith. We are not opposed to Brigham's destiny, but simply to some of his policies and positions.

But we have been cut off from a small portion of God's family, and now we belong to the whole world. We acknowledge the great and the good everywhere as our brethren. They shall see the Mormon Elders their equals and they shall give to them respect. Brethren of humanity's great church everywhere, think with all the intellect and light of the age, and we will think and speak from your own lofty platforms. Do you not see that we are coming out of our isolation to give you greeting in God and humanity's cause? Do you not see that Mormon Elders are opening their hearts to all mankind? We will be no longer a sect, but a world. They shall be our Prophets who reveal to us most light, and they our brethren who least fear civilization. "Genuine" Mormon Elders do not fear it. Will Mr. Bowles and President Colfax take our word for this, or will they wait for further proof? They shall have that proof, until all the world know WHETHER THE MORMON ELDERS FEAR CIVILIZATION.

KINGS AND PRIESTHOODS; OR, THE TRUE DIVISION OF POWER.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

The world's progress is constantly developing forms of government that are better and better adjusted in all their parts. The "head of gold," spoken of by Daniel, represented the old Babylonian monarchy, which was absolute in all its characteristics. The will of the monarch was the only law; and as the will of the individual was subject to change with every passing influence, the law was unstable as water; indeed, it can be said, that there was no law. All there was of law, lay quiescent in the brain of the king. A dream forgotten, brought additional requirements. A crowd of soothsayers could easily interpret a dream, but it was out of their line to reproduce the mental condition of the king, and "tell the dream when the dreamer himself could not remember it." *Death* was the new penalty for this unheard-of condition of things. The law that enforced the death penalty —for such a cause had never existed before—was the unwritten law of the king's mind. The "king could do no wrong"—the *throne* was infallible. However fallible the prince might be as a prince,as soon as he ascended the throne he was infallible; hence it was the throne, not the man, that was infallible. What security for life or property could exist, where all the usages and custom of ages could be set aside, or annihilated by a sudedn impulse of the unwritten law?

The Babylonian monarchy was overthrown by the Medo-Persian power. Now mark the advance made in the order of government; although the unwritten law of the king's mind was too precious a relic of the past to be utterly abolished. A "Senatus Consultum," composed of the governors of the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, was formed, with three presidents at its head. This "Senatus Consultum" was governed by a written copy of ordinances, dictated by the king. All cases that were not of sufficient importance to be brought to the king's notice, were adjudicated by this first parliament that the history of the world gives any account of.

No power had been conferred by the king upon this parliament to depose or try its president. The conspirators against Daniel had to appeal to the unwritten law of the king's mind for a decree to suit the case. By the force of that decree Daniel was thrown into the lion's den; but the crafty conspirators had roused a lion more fierce than any in the den—namely, the unwritten law of the king's mind. This law was and is "ex post facto" in all its chacteristics. By its operations the crime already committed against Daniel was punished by a law ordained after the commission of the crime.

The Medo-Persian Empire was overthrown by the Grecians. Now mark again, the still greater advance made in the science of human government.

Alexander, although absolute sovereign, and powerfully imbued with the idea that the "king could do no wrong," and that the law of his mind was in force by heritage from his fathers, yet could not enforce that law but by the dagger and the bowl of the assassin. Philotas could only be brought to the block by the judgment of his *peers*. Parmenio could only be put to death by the dagger of the assassin. The parliament of the camp was too strong. The unwritten law could not be openly enforced. Although, perhaps, the sovereign never reigned who was more beloved by his people than was Alexander, yet, so profound were the convictions of the great minds of his court of the evils arising from the operations of the unwritten "*ex post facto*" law of the mind, that they would not tolerate its exercise.

We come now to the fourth great power of the earth.

Observe, that in the Roman jurisprudence the unwritten "*ex post facto*" law of the mind was utterly abolished; never more to raise its head openly—in a political point of view at least—while time shall endure.

The love of power is an ardent love in almost every mind. Sovereignty has never acknowledged the extinction of the unwritten law. It is only by checks thrown around sovereignty by the good sense of ages, past and present, that "*ex post facto*" law has been abolished; until, in all political organizations, the mere proposition for its revival by some old fogy, would meet with the derision of the whole civilized world.

When the unwritten law was driven out of political circles, by the good sense of the people, the Cassock and the Cowl adopted it. The daring assumptions of priestcraft were necessary to prolong the existence of a fossilized idea—a relic of the ages of darkness, ignorance and superstition; an idea no more in harmony with the instincts of developed humanity, than are the fossil remains of the Mollusk,of primeval formations, in harmony with the grand developments of organic life now glorifying the earth.

Catholicism has labored hard to impress this dogma of the past on the world, but the good sense of the lesser powers of the priesthood and the laity has for ages been surrounding this unspoken law of the Pope's mind with checks and ecclesiastical guarantees, until, in the nineteenth century, a mighty champion of the higher elements of Catholicism comes out boldly, and manfully denounces this unwritten law as absurd, and subversive of all order and stability in church government.

Father Hyacinthe is not an enemy of Papacy, nor the subverter of Catholic institutions, as was Luther, Calvin and others. He is of the Catholic body, and is Catholic in principle. Father Hyacinthe is only intent upon purifying Catholicism from the mass of superstition and ignorance—the accumulation of ages of misrule through the *unwritten law*.

The tables of stone were engraven with a written law. The revelations given to Moses form a written code of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. The words and teachings of Jesus were compiled by four of his disciples. The letters and doctrinal epistles of the twelve apostles contain written rules for our faith, which—coupled with the words and teachings of Jesus—form a *written* compendium of religious rules and doctrine, that has fed and comforted hundreds of millions of God's children for over eighteen centuries.

The revelations given of God to Joseph Smith form a *written* code of doctrine and covenants for the instruction and comfort of all Saints. I do not believe, with a great church authority, "that we have revelations sufficient for us for the next thousand years." If such be the case, then the canon of scripture is full for one thousand years at least, which would be the same to me and my children and children's children, as if God should never speak to man again. Rather give me the faith that God—as he sees his children improving, developing and rising to higher and still higher planes of thought—will *give* revelations to his servants the *prophets*, that shall be *written* for their instruction, guidance and control.

A great deal is said about obeying the Priesthood. Let us enquire who compose the Priesthood? Is it one man, three men,—or twelve men, or twenty? Call up the five thousand Seventies, the thousands of High Priests, Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons, and add them to the Presidency, the Twelve and Bishopric, and you have the Priesthood. If the Priesthood of one man, or of three men, or

twelve, is worth all and everything, how much is the Priesthood of the ten thousand Seventies, High Priests, Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons of Utah worth?

If the Priesthood of the three High Priests forming the quorum of the First Presidency, renders that quorum infallible, is not a quorum of *twelve* High Priests infallible? If this be true, who will dispute the infallibility of thirteen or fifteen High Priests sitting as a High Council? Who will dare to doubt the infallible character of the decisions of a quorum of apostles of the Seventies?

In illustration of the subject, I here quote a part of the Revelation on Priesthood, Sec. 3, par. 11, Doctrine and Covenants:

> Of necessity there are presidents, or presiding offices growing out of, or appointed of or from among those who are ordained to the several offices in these two Priesthoods.
>
> Of the Melchisedek priesthood, three presiding High Priests, chosen by the body, appointed and ordained to that office, and upheld by the confidence, faith, and prayer of the Church, form a quorum of the Presidency of the Church.
>
> The twelve traveling counsellors are called to be the twelve apostles, or special witnesses of the name of Christ in all the world; thus differing from other officers in the Church in the duties of their calling. And they form a quorum, EQUAL *in authority and power* to the three presidents previously mentioned.
>
> The seventy are also called to preach the Gospel, and to be special witnesses unto the Gentiles and in all the world; thus differing from other officers in the Church in the duties of their calling; and they form a quorum EQUAL *in authority* to that of the twelve special witnesses or apostles just named. * * *
>
> The decisions of these quorums, or either of them, are to be made in all righteousness, *in holiness, and lowliness of heart, meekness and long suffering, and in faith, and virtue, and knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity:* because the promise is, IF these things abound in them, they *shall not be unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord.* And in case that any decision of these quorums is made in *unrighteousness*, it may be brought before a general assembly of the several quorums, which constitute the *spiritual authorities* of the Church; otherwise there can be no appeal from their decision.

I appeal to the judgment of every sensible man or woman in Israel, and ask them if they can find one word in the revelations given for the establishment of this Church, wherein *infallibility* in any of the quorums or authorities of the Church finds the least support?

On the contrary—as seen in the above quotation—abundant provisions are made against aggression on the part of either of the quorums. The quorum of the Twelve, and the quorum of Seventies, are armed with power equal with that of the First Presidency, to serve as a check upon any attempt at absorption of power by that quorum.

Ample provision is made for the protection of the weakest member from encroachment by even the highest quorum. In case that any decision of any one of those quorums should be made in folly or unrighteousness, an appeal can be had to a general assembly of the several quorums growing out of the organizations of the Priesthood of Melchisedek.

We shall have more to say upon this subject hereafter. We have given, however, sufficient to show that power was intended to be distributed by checks and counter-checks among our whole body, so that no quorum, first or last, should assume to itself a dictating power to which all others should unquestioningly bow.

HOW SHALL WE BECOME UNITED?

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

The value of union, whether considered in a religious, social or political point of view, is inestimable. This is a proposition which does not need sustaining by argument; all experience proves it. We all agree that *our* success, even our very existence as a people, depends upon it. The only question is in regard to the best means of promoting it. Persuasion and coercion both have their advocates; but their respective merits must be decided by their effects. The fruits of the first were exemplified through the life and teachings of Jesus; the hearts of his disciples were united in the bonds of love. The results of the second may be seen in the Reformation of the 16th Century, and in the establishment of the Government of the United States.

The Romish hierarchy endeavored to preserve the unity of the Church by crushing out freedom of thought and expression. Those who dared to speak or write against any of its, or rather, their dogmas, were pursued with the most vindictive bitterness, and, so far as their power extended, were destroyed by the most violent and cruel means. But this only increased thought, widened the breach, and ultimated in a grand division, which timely concessions might have postponed.

The British Government undertook to force the American colonies into union with and submission to all its measures and dictates. Posterity has reason to be thankful for the experiment, but it proved fatal to the power of those who tried it. Love flourishes in the atmosphere of freedom, but withers the moment it is bound by the chains of coercion. So the British Ministry found it with their colonial fellow-subjects. The attempt to control them by arbitrary power, changed their devoted loyalty into a noble resistance, which resulted in the dismemberment of the empire and the establishment of the most liberal government the world has ever seen.

Union, to be of any value, must be not only apparent but real. External appearances are not always correct indications of internal conditions. Insolvents are notorious for maintaining an outside show of great prosperity, until the crisis arrives which reveals the hollowness of their pretensions. It is a grand mistake to suppose that union is best promoted by insisting on a real or pretended agreement in regard to all matters of faith or policy. It is a chimera which can never be realized; and to-day, as in all past ages, the attempt to enforce it must result in signal failure.

There are as many different degrees of union as there are of development. Men can only be truly united upon that which they equally understand. One class of minds is only prepared to receive just so many truths; another can comprehend these and a few more; while still another can receive more than both, and so on *ad infinitum*. The members of each of these distinct classes will be agreed among themselves, while they may not, as bodies, coincide with each other. At the same time there may be grand and comprehensive truths which they all believe, producing greater harmony of feeling and concert of action, and resulting in far greater good, than any attempt to coerce them into a closer and unnatural union could possibly effect.

This is what the world needs to-day. Not priestly coercion or threats of Divine vengeance; but a broad and liberal creed—a Religious Constitution, as it were—which shall take men where and as they are, destroy their enmity by uniting them upon the basis of some universally accepted principles, and still leave every one free to drink at the great fountain

of truth and to progress to higher spheres of knowledge so fast as his capacity will enable him.

This is what we understood the Gospel, as revealed through Joseph Smith, was to, and still believe it will, accomplish. It embraces all mankind in the arms of its love. Its proclamation is:

"Come, ye Christian sects, and Pagan,
Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew;
Worshippers of God or Dagon,
Freedom's banner waves for you.

Freedom, peace and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed;
Liberty to every nation,
Ev'ry tongue and every creed."

It recognizes all mankind as brothers and sisters of one family—as the children of one all-wise and all-merciful Father. Its divinely appointed and inspired Apostles come not as the rulers, but as the teachers of mankind, with blessings in their hearts and upon their lips, to reclaim the erring, to comfort the afflicted, strengthen the weak and instruct the ignorant.

This Gospel accords to all mankind the fullest liberty of thought, word and action, consistent with the same rights in others. It requires men to receive truths only so fast as they are able to comprehend them. It says to them, Believe as you like, worship what you please, only allow others the same privilege unmolested; live up to the light within you, and you shall gradually be guided into all truth.

Such a system as this cannot fail to bring about universal harmony and peace.

SPIRITUALISM AND PRIESTHOOD.

As exhibiting our views on Spiritualism, we reprint an article published some time since, but which most of our present readers have not seen.

"For ourselves, while, for reasons which we shall briefly adduce, we have no faith in Spiritualism as a teacher or a reliable source of enlightenment, we consider the evidence of millions of people worth a great deal as to the truth of the phenomenon itself. Whenever multitudes persistently affirm a fact through so many years as Spiritualism has existed —no matter to what extent imposture may be intermixed with the system—there must be a truth and a grand fact underlying the whole.

The weak point in Spiritualism we believe to be, that while its phenomena are in most cases true, it is—except so far as it demonstrates the truth of a future life—comparatively a valueless system for the propagation of truth, when that fact is admitted.

Years ago, the earthly founder of Mormonism—Joseph Smith, struck out an idea which to our minds went deeper than Spiritualism ever ventured. He admitted in the main, the truth of spirit manifestations, but pointed to the fact of the untellable millions of spiritual intelligences appertaining to the earth, "behind the veil," and filling the innumerable worlds of space, needing some grand Godlike system for the preservation of order, and the correct transmission of truth. He pointed repeatedly to the fact, *admitted by Spiritualists themselves*, that John Jones, or Daniel Webster dying was John Jones and Daniel Webster still, with the precise ignorance or enlightenment with which each laid the earthly body aside. And that spirits revealing—no matter how sincere—could but reveal what they knew. It was clear to our minds then, as now, that in such a grand Universe of law and order as this, no such tremendous gap was left in the provisions of God for its beauty and progress, as the lack of some channel through which truth from the highest sources could be correctly transmitted, and by which, amidst the multitudinous sentiments of conflicting millions, it might be correctly determined and preserved. It was clear to us that a God who left himself without such a grand method of furthering His movements, as some organized system for the transmission of His will, was destitute of the simple skill of the commonest organizing human mind; and, therefore, to our judgment, evidently not the God who has inbreathed into intelligent man's composition throughout the world such a passion for organization. Here "Mormonism," to our view, then, as to-day, exceeded Spiritualism—in the grandeur of its proportions concerning humanity; and therefore, we consider that though Spiritualism—which is an unorganized, as well as unauthorized, system of revelation—doubtless imparts some truths and facts, there is one greater truth yet than all for its advocates yet to learn, and that is that there is, and must be, a divine system for the transmission of intelligence—a priesthood in fact—not a system of priestly control over the intelligence of mankind, but a system designed—however imperfectly developed at present in these its early days—to further and bless all intelligence and all free thought. A system without which the universe would be a desolation, and progress shorn of its mightiest wings. On this account spirits, both in and out of the flesh, who work out of this system, are incapable for their own or their fellow's fullest aid. They can but reflect weak glintlings of the sun of truth. They stand on the steps of the palace of Humanity—they hear the echoing voices within the doors, but they do not enter in.

It has long been a standing complaint with Spiritualists that they never could perfect an organization. How could they? Directed by ever-varying and uneducated intelligences, they must eternally differ, and differing, waste that strength and force, which they might converge for the blessing of mankind; and this we predict they will continue to do until the day comes when the Priesthood, with its greater enlightenment, shall sweep them within its ample folds.

MUSIC IN THE SETTLEMENTS.

BY PROFESSOR J. TULLIDGE.

Fishburn's Choir, Brigham City, concluded.

In the eighth paragraph of "Music in the Settlements," in No. 27, read "by way of instruction" instead of *introduction*.

In closing my last article, I spoke of systematic breathing in training the voice for sustaining sounds for several bars, and which should be the first point of practice for the vocal student. In order to accomplish this essential point with perfect ease and freedom, the lungs should be well inflated by pulling up the diaphragm before commencing to sustain the note, which means full breathing.

Some persons have an idea that it is very simple to produce natural breathing; and so it would be, were we not so fashionably artificial, and that is why it is necessary in music to adopt systematic voice-training in order to bring us back to nature, before we can deliver correct intonation or perfect declamation.

In speaking of easy breathing, I can in all truth say, that I have had pupils to instruct in voice-exercises who could not—when they began the systematic use of the *diaphragm*, or nature's bellows—sustain a note more than five seconds, and, at the expiration of three months' persevering practice, could retain the sound for twenty-five, with greater ease than when they began the training.

When the pupil has acquired the art of sustaining notes, the next point to be observed is the method of half-breathing. This is accomplished by short inflations before the wind chest is empty. By proper attention to this mode of practice, the pupil will obtain what is termed the *sotto voce*, which will enable him to produce the effective, soft-whispering *pianos*, and the voluminous, full-chest *fortissimos*, and, in fact, bring out all the lights and shades of musical beauties.

The above explanations are my experience on the artistic requirements of the finished solo, and choral vocalist.

However, to truly interpret the poet and musician, more than the artistic display is required, namely, the *espressivo* declamation.

The effect of the most beautiful modulatory delivery of the orator, or the artistic *sotto voce* display, and rouladial execution of the finished singer, would be to reach the ear only. To touch the heart we must be in earnest, and render that expression to the words that will unite the poet and musician.

Many years ago I heard the great tenor vocalist, Mr. John Braham, on several occasions give his interpretation of that master-piece of *recitativo*, "Deeper and deeper still," from Handel's Oratorio of "Jeptha." This piece is a true description of Jeptha's horror in sacrificing his only daughter, "so dear a child," to fulfil the rash vow he had made. Mr. Braham knew the difficulty of retaining the artistic requirements of the vocalist, when led away by the expression so necessary for the perfect rendition of this great composition, and for this reason he devoted three years to its study before he sang it in public.

The result of Braham's careful practice of this piece caused him to be unrivalled in its delivery.

In describing the effect of his rendering this difficult *recitativo* on himself and his audience, I can only say that I have seen the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and the twenty thousand who were listening to him, at the Cathedral Church at York, could scarcely breathe, so silent were they, until he had completed the *recitativo*. No one who has heard his effective interpretation of this composition will ever forget it.

I will relate, by way of illustration, another instance of the effect of the combination of the artistic with the *espressivo* declamation.

About the year 1849, the Rainer family visited England, and gave a series of concerts in London and in the provinces.

Their astounding *espressivo* and artistic rendition of compositions, drew thousands of professional and amateur musicians to hear them.

The extraordinary effect produced in amalgamating the voices, coupled with the lights and shades of the *piano forte*, *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, obtained by the perfection of the *sotto voce* and full chest voice, combined with the *espressivo*, enchanted all who heard them. Their engagements at the Nobilities' concerts were numerous, and Victoria, England's Queen, who is one of the best lady amateur musicians in the British dominions, engaged them frequently at Buckingham palace.

This is the wonderful effect produced by the vocal powers when we sing with the heart and understanding also. The artistic accomplishments are there, and the soul-stirring expression is there also.

In closing this article, I will again repeat that my hints are not personally critical, but are meant to be instructive.

I will here observe, that notwithstanding my respect for Mr. Fishburn and his choir, I must in honesty advise him to endeavor to be more expressive in the performance of energetic compositions.

The music and words also of Miss Eliza Flower's "Now pray we for our country," are full of the *animato espressivo*. It contains the true expression of prayer, and should be delivered in a pleading and fervent style.

In this composition Mr Fishburn's attention was more directed to the artistic—or ear effect—than to the *espressivo* or soul-stirring feeling.

"Sound the loud timbrel," is a piece filled with jubilant expressions, which were not perfectly rendered by his choir. I discovered also, in the harmonic arrangement of the piece, many false progressions, and I should advise all conductors to be particular in selecting compositions that are euphonically arranged.

FORE-KNOWING.

Mr. Editor:—As you consider the question of fore-knowing still open, I desire to present for your columns a solution of it from the standpoint of an extensive personal experience.

Some years since, while living on a farm in New Jersey, when my infirm father had been a cripple for some years (a part of the time not able to get about even on crutches), I had the following vision:

One cloudless day, after the noon repast, while sitting within doors, reading a book, it suddenly appeared to me that I was sitting outside the door, in the open porch, reading a newspaper, and that having a glimpse of some one, I looked, and seeing father coming from the wagon-house without his crutches, I said, "Father, where are your crutches?" and that, answering, he said, "Samuel, I have forgotten them, and left them at the wagon-house—I will go back and get them;" and it appeared that he did so.

At that time my father was in New York city. When there a few days afterward, I told the vision to him and others, and predicted from it that he would recover from his lameness; for with the vision came the impression that he would recover; and so strong was this impression, that I would without hesitation have risked my life on it; and I repeatedly asserted that he certainly would recover and go without his crutches before he died. To this he replied: "Don't say it again, it is impossible. Here I am, an old man, ready to step into my grave, and have been a cripple for more than nine years. It seems like blasphemy for you to talk so."

In less than a month after the vision occurred, he came to my house for a few months' stay, and before he had passed a month there, the vision was fulfilled in every particular, even to the words spoken, and he soon ceased entirely and forever to use his crutches.

My solution of the problem presented by the phenomena in question can now be given in a few words.

Unseen, ever-watchful intelligences, in their kind providence, planned the cure, and knowing their ability to perform it, made known the coming event by a psychological impression of the event on my brain, without the media of the external organs of sight or hearing; and so it is with all visions of this class—all ghost-seeing and similar appearances.—*Phrenological Journal.*

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,—
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne:
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

Lady Elizabeth Carew (1613.)

THE DUCHESNE ESTATE.

We have before us one of the large, smooth, prairie-like landscapes of the Opelousas country in Western Louisiana. As we are in the times before the rebellion, in the times when this prairie had been tamed by the hand of agriculture, and not yet driven wild again by the hand of war, the view is one of canefields and cornfields and fruit orchards, of abundant and monotonous fertility, of verdure and beyond verdure.

Miles away from the spires of a considerable village, and yet, so even is that oceanic land, within sight of them, stands a plantation mansion, a building which seems of Europe rather than of America, so plain and large and solid is it, a mass of stone clothed in mortar. Under the heavily-arched piazza which covers the front of this mansion, sits a lady alone, her eyes fixed on another plantation residence similiar to this, except that it is larger. The lady is Miss Ninette Rambeau, and she is looking at the Duchesne place.

Of a sudden—"Hullo! Wah, wah, wah! He, Miss Ninette? Jumboloro tell you fust. He come, Miss Ninette; Mas'r Henry Vincent come. Wah, wah, wah!"

Across the yard which separates the house from the road rampaged one of the antiques and curiosities of the African race, a negro who had not yet ceased to be fractionally monkey, a little less than primitive man, a tamed monster. Hat off, tufts of white wool jigging about his black scalp, legs and arms of different lengths flying in all directions, a huge cane or stick joining erratically in the movement, a whirlwind of tattered clothing circling and shaking around him, his appearance and locomotion were alike amazing. He was lame: one leg was much longer than the other; he used the short leg as a pivot and a means of propulsion; he swung around on it, and tumbled ahead of it. His cane was incessantly busy; he seemed to walk on it and to fly with it; it was a crutch, and it was a wing; moreover it made gestures. As he scratched and tumbled and punched along, his twisted mouth gave forth a congregation of shouts, a clamor as of various voices. He laughed and talked at once: when he laughed he squeaked; when he talked he bellowed. It was squeak and bellow, bellow and squeak, all across the yard.

"Hi! H o-o-o! He done come. Jumboloro tell you fust. Wah, wah, wah! Mas'r Henry Vincent. He done come, Miss Ninette. He over to Duchesne House. H-o-o-o!"

The young lady had sprung to her feet, her face a rose and her eyes diamonds. "Has he really come?" she asked, leaning over the railing of the piazza and gazing eagerly at the ancient nondescript. "Did you see him?"

"No. Didn' see um. Aunt Chloe say he come. Wah, wah, wah. Tell Jumboloro so. H-o-o-o! Jumboloro hop into wagon; git right along to tell Miss Ninette; wah, wah, wah! Guess you glad. Guess Missus Rambeau glad. Guess everybody on the ole place glad. Wah, wah, wah! A-o-o-o!"

Having squeaked and bellowed himself the merest trifle blacker—no, lighter—in the face than usual, this venerrble man-monkey collapsed upon the ground and wrestled for breath, meanwhile grinning with a forty-skeleton power.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Ninette Rambeau. "Thank you, Jumboloro. Now, here," taking out her portmonnaie, "here is your five-dollar piece. I didn't think it would be you who would get it. Don't spend it all in rum and make a brute of yourself."

"No, no," squeaked the primitive man, rising to his feet with as much labor as if he were climbing a tree, and commencing a dance which seemed like the orgie of a scarecrow. If a loom, a washing machine and a possessed planchette had been working all together inside his raiment, they could not have flung about its tags and bobtails of cotton sacking with greater extravagance. It might have been the pre-adamite dance, the hornpipe of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, with a reminiscence of gorilla caperings.

"Jus' buy one leetle drop," he bellowed. "One drop to drink your health—drink health of Missus Rambeau—drink health of Mas'r Vincent—drink health of wedding—"

And so he went on, imagining toasts enough to lay forty men-monkeys under their tables, if so be they should possess such furniture.

Ninette rushed into the house, sent one African after her horse, another after her riding-whip, another after her bootees, another to see what had become of the first, until it seemed as if a whole Gold Coast were in commission. "Tell mamma, as soon as she comes in," she said, mounting her saddle, "tell her Mr. Vincent has come, and I will bring him to dinner." She was glowing with excitement and joy; you might easily admit her mother's claim that she was the handsomest girl in the parish; one seldom sees a more dazzling brunette than she was at the moment. In less than ten minutes she had cantered two miles, and was prancing up the great yard of the Duchesne mansion. The house was a huge pile of brick, daubed with coarse, yellowish, weather-stained plaster, which made no pretence of being granite or marble. The facade was a two-storied veranda, the lower story supported by heavy arches, the upper one by pillars of masonry. In the rear was a double row of negro houses facing each other, some thirty in number, solid and comfortable dwellings, also of brick and plaster. The grounds were grassless, of course; nothing deserving the name of turf can be raised in that southern region; but there was a paradise of orange trees, of rare shrubs and of flowers; the senses were mastered by rich tints and strong perfumes. Around, over thousands of acres, stretched the high, grey cypress fences and the well-tilled fields of the Duchesne estate.

Notwithstanding coarse material and a prison-like plainness of architecture, the house showed signs of a barbaric sumptuousness. The door-knob and bell-handle were of solid silver; the name Duchesne was let into the marble door-step in large silver letters; through the open windows were visible pictures and ponderous mahogony furniture. Clearly enough, this had been the residence of a man who did not quite know what to do with all his money. A woman would have handled treasures to better advantage in the way of decoration.

As Ninette pulled up at the front door, a negro in soiled livery appeared and took her bridle.

"Ah, Tom!" she said, gaily, as she dismounted; "I have come to call on the new master. Do you think he will see me?"

Tom, it appeared, was a stutterer; he evidently had something to say; but he could not begin on it; and before he had cracked the first syllable between his laboring jaws, Ninette was in the house. Gathering her riding dress out of the way of her eager little bootees, she whisked through a broad hall and rustled into a monstrous parlor.

"There—*embarras de richesse*—were two men, and neither of them the man she sought! The sparkle of her eye went out like a falling star, and her mouth made a little pouting, pitiful grimace, such as one might expect from a disappointed rose.

The two men sat at a table, on which were two bottles of the Duchesne madeira, a platter of cold fowl, and a bowl of salad. One of them, the one who had the most confidence and ownership in his port, the one who, at first sight, could be distinguished as the autocrat of the festivity, was a short, paunchy, light-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, well dressed, in regard to material, but with a slatternly, untied, unbuttoned air, as though his clothes were intoxicated. His round and shiny face, quick-glancing eyes, and quirking mouth expressed a combination of smartness, slyness, impudence, and vice, slightly relieved by glimpses of jollity and coarse goodfellowship.

He carried his bullet head over his right shoulder, and his shining beaver on his left temple. One eye was closely shut, and the other ostentatiously wide upon. The bridge of his nose was barked or blazed, as though some hewer of human countenances had lately been that way, and had marked out his road for a return. His upper lip, too, was clumsily cut, after the manner of knuckles in cutting; and his whole countenance had a swollen look, which made the humane soul desire to bandage it. In fine, he had the air of a New York rough, or a Baltimore plug lately out of a fight.

His companion was, apparently, a low-bred Southerner, of the cross-roads' grocery type; middle-aged, with long, unkempt, greasy hair, and whitish eyes; a face so cadaverously pale and unwholesomely flabby that it would have deterred a Maori from eating him; the sloppiest and seediest of black clothing; and a meeching, unsteady demeanor. A man who frequently saw his betters; a man much bullied by his own consciousness; a man who "had no use" for a sheriff, a shamefaced, played-out "dead beat."

As Ninnette faced them, both rose to their feet, the younger with an expression of impudent courtesy, the elder with sheepish respect. She was so far from being pleased with their appearance that her first impulse was to turn her back on them without a word and go on searching for the one person whom she wanted. Nevertheless, they were white men: and in those Dixie days, all white people owed civility to all other white people; for were they not all alike members of the great, natural, Caucasian aristocracy? So Ninette made a slight bow, and said, "I expected to see Mr. Henry Vincent."

"Have a seat, ma'am," responded the bullet-headed youth, firing a shot of admiration at her with his open eye. "Very happy to see you here. Let me offer you a glass of madeira—some of the old Duchesne tap—first-rate article, ma'am."

As he turned to fill a glass, he gave his blubbering comrade the wink of a Five-points Lothario.

"Is Mr. Henry Vincent here?" demanded Ninette, without stirring from her position.

"Can't say he is, just at present," admitted the plug, slightly quelled by her dignified tone.

"When is he coming?"

"Don't know nary such person."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ninette, frankly staring her astonishment. "I heard that the heir of this estate had arrived."

"All right. Here he is—quite at your service," grinned the fellow, tapping his waistcoat respectfully, as though it now belonged to his betters.

"You the heir!"

Ninette flushed with downright anger; what did the impudent creature mean?

"I *am*. So they *say*. That's the *will*." These short sentences were uttered at intervals, with an accent which was meant to be impressive, and which might have been considered impressive at Jones' Wood.

"Who did you say you thought was the heir?" he suddenly added, with an expression of hard-drinking slyness.

"Mr. Henry Vincent, a friend of Mr. Duchesne's. It was so understood here."

The plug turned to his comrade; he opened his right eye and shut the left. To this speechless succession of queries the blubber-faced man responded by an imbecile stare, unilluminated by a wink or a grimace.

"This is very singular," stammered Ninette, preparing to go. "I don't comprehend it."

"Can't say but what I'm slightly mixed myself," broke in the youngster, evidently anxious to detain her. "I knew Duchesne; I may say I done lots of business with him at my place in Carrollton; he used to booze there. I kep' a licker store—very best brands and taps, you bet; and Duchesne knew what to call for. But as to making me his heir, that beats me. I own beat on it. However, he done it. I've seen the will, and that's the way it spells. 'All my estate to Edward Roland, of Carrollton,' or words to that effect. Now, I'm Edward Roland, of Carrollton. I'm Edward Roland, and this is my friend and faithful bar-keeper, Jake Philpot. Jake, make the lady a bow."

Ninette began to fear lest the man spoke the truth about the will. Her color, which a moment ago had been crimson, now sank to a lily-like pallor. She was tremulous from head to foot, and could scarcely conceal her emotion.

"Good morning, sir," she said. "Excuse my intrusion. I had expected to meet an old friend."

"*Young* man, this Mr. Vincent?" inquired Mr. Roland, with a gleam of fresh interest. With one watery eye settled on her face, and the other quizzically closed, he looked outrageously impudent.

Ninette glanced at him angrily. He seemed to be peering into her feelings toward Henry Vincent; his squint had the insolence of a leer. Suppressing a desire to strike him across the face with her riding whip, she marched superbly out of the room.

"I say, what name?" called Roland, stumbling after her.

His companion caught him by the coat skirt, muttering, "God's sake, let her 'lone. She's one of the high-toned sort. Git yerself into a big fight."

"All right," answered Roland. "Let's have lunch. Here's to her health. Devilish splendid gal. I'll bring her round yet. Women ain't a goin' to sour on a young fellow, peart and healthy, and pooty good lookin' who owns the Duchesne estate."

Having winked at Philpot, right eye and left eye alternately, twelve or fourteen times, he opened his sore mouth with a grimace for a piece of cold fowl.

Meantime, Ninette rode homeward as fast as she came. At the gate, she met Jumboloro, his tufts of white wool jigging and horn-piping with delight, his "human evasions" of limbs performing unearthly capers, his flags and streamers of raiment waving in a fashion to scare all the crows in North America.

"Ho-o-o!" he bellowed, and then squeaked, "Wah, wah, wah. You see him? Aha! What Jumboloro tell you? Jumboloro tell you fust. Mas'r Henry Vincent. Pretty soon Missus Henry Vincent. Wah, wah, wah."

"Jumboloro, what did you deceive me so for?" answered Ninette, with irritation. "Mr. Vincent is not there."

"Wah, wah, wah," squealed the man-monkey, tears of laughter rolling down his leathery cheeks, folded like the skin of a rhinoceros, "Oh yes, he be. You seen him. Now you want to plague Jumboloro. Aunt Chloe tell me the young man come what own the 'state. Wah, wah." Here he went into a new paroxysm of delighted gambols and squeaks, as if he were a young raccoon who had just pulled some other raccoon's tail.

"You old simpleton!" exclaimed Ninette, as she dashed on toward the house. In the veranda she was met by her mother, a dark, tall, full-formed, dignified and yet politic-looking woman, between the ages of forty and fifty.

"Ah, you bad subject!" said Madame Rambeau, with a smile. "What sort of behaviour is this in a young lady! Running off to see young men alone, even if they are betrothed lovers—it won't do, Ninette. Such things make talk. Well," she added with an air of satisfaction, "is Mr. Vincent coming to dinner?"

"I haven't seen him," answered the girl, ready to cry with vexation and disappointment.

"Haven't seen him! Why, Jumboloro told me—"

Then came Ninette's story as to whom she had seen and what she had heard in the Duchesne mansion. Madame Rambeau listened with a flush of astonishment, which at last changed into the paleness of alarm and anger.

"Is it possible that the man deceived us!" she exclaimed, "Is it possible that Duchesne was a liar and scoundrel!"

"Oh, mamma!—I should have taken Henry all the same."

Madame responded by a look which appeared to say, "I might not have let you."

Then ensued a long conversation concerning the deceased planter, from which we will draw such items of information as seem important, adding to them gossip derived from other sources.

Tillet Duchesne had been one of the richest landed proprietors of Louisiana. An only and spoiled child, he had grown up, not only with tastes for coarse revelry, but so ignorant that he could not write the shortest note without faults of spelling. What means were there of driving learning into a youngster whose father was dead, whose mother humored all his whims, who used his tutors as butts for practical jokes, and who had drawn a knife on more than one of them? His whole manhood was spent in hunting, in eating and drinking, in gambling and low frolics. Sometimes he passed weeks in the purlieus of New Orleans, carousing with rowdies and even with criminals. He never went to the North or to Europe; conscious of his educational and moral deficiences, he did not care to exhibit them to strangers: he was at ease only among the boon companions of his youth or the roughs whom he encountered by hazard; his life was a round of stupid, unvaried, commonplace, provincial debauchery.

At the age of sixty, three years before his death, the physical inability to carouse longer had wrought in him a species of reformation. He was now a gaunt, haggard man; his tall, stooping figure crawling painfully on crutches, his yellow and wrinkled face distorted with pain, his eyes red and watery from sleeplessness, his swollen feet swathed in flannel. His temper, always peevish and often fantastically violent, made him a terror to his dependents. Happily he was a bachelor and without relatives. His cruelties, if he committed any, were borne by the speechless carcass of slavery, and no echo has come down to annoy us.

In these woful latter years, limited by his digestion to one cigar a day, unable to drink three glasses of wine without passing the night in purgatory, debarred from playing the flute (his only accomplishment) by the stiffness of his chalky fingers, he became an object of pity to people from whom his wealth had only been able to extort endurance.

Among those who now treated him with consideration were the Rambeau ladies. Madame Rambeau had once refused Duchesne; perhaps her heart relented toward an ancient lover; so it is often with women. As she was a widow and reputed to be politic, envious people of course charged her with designs upon the old bachelor's estate. When a couple of years had worn this suspicion threadbare, and when Ninette, having grown up to attractive womanhood, had refused two or three eligible offers, the whisper arose that the mother was seeking to catch Duchesne for the daughter.

We cannot say how it was; there is no denying that Madame Rambeau was artful and ambitious; and such a mother is sometimes her child's deadliest enemy. But nothing happened between the old man and the girl beyond an intimacy in which the former was always a patient and the latter a nurse. She found it hard work to amuse him; it was wearisome to be always at cards, chess and backgammon, but at last, as if favored with a new childhood, he took a fancy to books. After she had repeatedly offered to read to him, and after he had as often refused with a grimace, he allowed her to try him with "Ivanhoe." In half an hour he became furiously interested, and henceforward he bought and heard fictions by the dozen.

We mention this subject because it leads us to a strange gleam

of light upon a darkened nature. As Ninette read to the broken-down and little less than dying old debauchee the plea of Jeanie Deans for her sister, she observed that her listener repeatedly wiped his eyes with his fingers.

"Does the light trouble you, Mr. Duchesne?" she asked.

"No, no, go on," he answered, turning slightly away from her.

The reading proceeded; he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it; she rose and said, "I will draw the curtain, Mr. Duchesne."

"No, no, my dear," he answered, dropping his handkerchief and exposing his wet face. "The truth is I am snivelling over a novel."

Ninette's feeling, already much moved by the pathetic narrative, gave way entirely before this confession, and she burst frankly into tears.

"My dear," said the old *roue*, "you are a good girl, and I have been a bad man. I am honored and bettered by sharing your feelings."

Presently followed another romance of more importance to Ninette. Enter a tall and handsome young man, somewhat too much of the Lara type for mature Puritan taste, but quite fitted to win the admiration of a young lady. Duchesne introduced him as Henry Vincent, the son of an old friend in Mobile. The two young people met constantly; the natural result was a love affair; should it be an engagement?

"You need not inquire about the boy," said Duchesne to Madame Rambeau. "I will guarantee him. A little wild, but good stuff, not like me. As to property, I will leave him my whole estate, if you will consent to the match, and he will take my name. I owe him something. His father saved my life in a rencontre. Besides, I like the young fellow. Besides, I like Ninette."

Well, the will had been made; the engagement had taken place; the young man had been sent off on business, during his absence the old man had died. Meanwhile Vincent's letters to Ninette had strangely ceased; and at last instead of him, arrived this other claimant, Edward Roland.

Such are the events which bring us down to the commencement of our narrative.

"It does not seem possible that Duchesne deceived us," murmured Madame Rambeau. "What motive? unless he was insane?"

"He drew, or at least he re-wrote his will," said Ninette. "He spelled so horribly, you know; he may have made some blunder."

"And where is Vincent?" demanded Madame, with irritation "Why isn't he here to attend to his business?"

Ninette burst into tears. The mother looked at her almost angrily. The child, she knew, was not crying about this lost estate, but about that missing lover. What fools girls were, to be sure! Madame was so furious about the imperilled property that she could not find a gentle word for the bleeding heart. Merely saying, "Ninette, don't be a baby," she fell into a solemn reflection. If Vincent did not come back, or if he came back and did not get the Duchesne estate, it would be her duty, she felt, to make a new arrangement for her daughter. Would this Edward Roland do? It is clear enough that Madame had abundant matter for meditation. At last she decided on a double plan; she would follow out one of her proposed roads for a while; then, if it seemed best, she would shift to the other. Leaving her in this forked bewilderment, we will take a glance at the Messrs. Roland and Philpot, much occupied all this while with the Duchesne pullets and madiera, although the estate is not yet settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SCORPION AND ITS ANTAGONIST.

A few mornings since I received by post a small box. On account of the holes pricked in the cover I suspected it might contain something alive, therefore refrained from opening it until I had read my letters. It was fortunate I did so, for from one of the letters I learned that the box contained two live scorpions, a present from my friend J. K. Lord, who caught them under a stone at Heliopolis, in Egypt, and had sent them off at once. On opening the box carefully I saw two scorpions sitting in it, with their tails turned over their backs. They were divided from each other by a partition, and were very quiet; but on seeing the light they immediately began to move, so that I had to be careful not to let them escape into the room Sending for a glass fish-globe, I turned the box suddenly over; and with a tap at the bottom shook them out into it. For a moment the scorpions remained quiet at the bottom; then, waking up, they suddenly rushed at each other, and began fighting and wrestling, claw to claw, like two bull-dogs. I had great trouble to separate them, and get one of them out of the globe. At last I succeeded, by using two paper-knives and a long pair of forceps. I wonder they did not poison each other or myself. In the course of the morning it was announced that a mouse had been caught in a trap. I immediately thought of testing the poison of the scorpion upon the mouse. The reader must know that my scorpion is a little beast with a body the size of a large black-beetle. He has small legs on each side like the legs of a lobster, and also two nipping-claws. At the end of the body is a tail, nearly two inches long, consisting of five joints, strung together like a bead necklace. At the end of the last joint is the sting, which consists of a horny bag the shape of an apple-pip, and armed with a brown-colored sting having the curve of a bramble-thorn. The point of the sting is exceedingly sharp. The general color of the scorpion is a horrid-looking waxy brown. The eyes of the scorpion—little black shining points—are situated at the top of his head. When preparing to fight he carries his tail in a curve over his back, and brandishes his sting with immense rapidity. He aims his blows directly forward as a soldier gives a bayonet-thrust.

The scorpion was lying quietly at the bottom of the globe when I shook the mouse from the trap into it, but the sudden arrival of a stranger into his private apartments woke him up directly. He hoisted his sting, and began brandishing it about. The mouse shortly crossed his path; the scorpion instantly lunged his sting into him. This in turn woke up the mouse, who began to jump up and down like a jack-in-the-box. When he became quiet the scorpion again attacked the enemy, with his claws extended, like the pictures of the scorpion in the signs of the zodiac: he made another shot at the mouse, but missed him. I then called "Time," to give both combatants a rest. When the mouse had got his wind, I stirred up the scorpion once more, and, as "the fancy" say, he "came up smiling." The mouse during the interval had evidently made up his mind that he would have to fight, and not strike his colors to a scorpion as he would to a cat. When, therefore, the scorpion came within range, the mouse gave a squeak, and bit him on the back; the scorpion at the same moment planted his sting well between the mouse's ears on the top of his head.

The scorpion then tried to retreat, but could not, for one claw had got entangled in the fur of the mouse; and then came one of the most ludicrous scenes I ever beheld. Mouse and scorpion "closed," and both rolled over and over together, like two cats fighting. The scorpion continued stabbing the mouse with his sting, his tail going with the velocity and swift spring of a needle in a sewing-machine; in fact, the scorpion had the mouse, as pugnacious schoolboys used to say, "in chancery." The moment the scorpion got tired, and the lunges of his tail became less frequent, the mouse got hold of the last joint of his adversary's tail with his paw, and gave the sting a sharp nip with his teeth (it was most interesting to notice that the mouse used his paw). The scorpion at once tried to make his retreat, but he couldn't get away, as his claws were entangled in the fur. The mouse seized this opportunity, and deliberately bit two of the scorpion's side legs off. He then retired to the corner, and began to wash his face and comb his fur. I took out my watch to note how long it would be before the poison of the scorpion took effect. I waited minute after minute, and nothing happened, the mouse seemed a little tired, and that was all. When ten minutes had passed I shook the scorpion up to the place where the mouse was sitting. The scorpion was a plucky "arachnoid," for he tried to come up to the scratch once more; but as a ship is disabled when she has lost her mainmast by a shot, so "*Scorpio formidolosus*," as Horace calls him, was crippled for further encounter. He tried to hoist his sting, but the bite from the mouse had injured his tail, so that he could not strike straight with it, and it had lost its spring from the wound. Seeing that the scorpion was "lying under bare poles," the mouse sat himself down and began deliberately to eat the scorpion's legs up one after the other. I was at this time obliged to go away to my work, and when, in about six hours, my secretary came down to my office, he reported that the mouse had shown no symptom whatever of poisoning. When I came back in the evening I went at once to the globe to see what had happened; instead of finding a dead mouse I found about half a dead scorpion, and a live mouse. The mouse had, in fact, made a good meal of his enemy. Some bread had been placed in the globe; the mouse had eaten this also, so I hope he had enjoyed his meal of bread and scorpion. The battle therefore was decided in favor of the mouse, and the backers of the scorpion had to "throw up the sponge," while, as a reward for his courage, the mouse, after a parting supper of toasted

cheese and milk, was let free in a place where the cat was not likely to find him. The friends of the scorpion have lodged a protest, inasmuch as the scorpion was not "in training," and the mouse was not a "fair mouse," being too large and too heavy. For my own part, I think the fight was hardly fair, as the scorpion had just come off a long, cold journey, and had not eaten any thing. The mouse, on the contrary, was just caught, and in good condition.

Correspondence.

The following extract from a letter to one of our compositors will speak for itself.

LOGAN, Oct. 31, 1869.

Dear Brother: I thought I would just drop a line to you to let you know that many of the people are in high glee to think we have some few noble-minded men in our midst who are not afraid of the truth of the Gospel, neither are they scared to publish it to the Saints and the world. Every thinking man has been waiting with calmness, and constantly watching for those very sentiments expressed in your Magazine. Quite a number of men, and women too, are talking of sending down their subscriptions for the Magazine at an early day. That piece, "We are nothing if not Spiritual," is talked of by everybody as one of the best pieces ever written in the Territory; and if some people are afraid of truths like these, "driving the Priesthood from the earth," the sooner it is driven the better, and let all the people say Amen. I think such men cannot have much faith in the word of the Lord, through Joseph, where he said the Priesthood shall NEVER again be taken from the earth, until the sons of Levi should offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. What folly to talk of the truth "driving" the power of God from the earth!

Your old friend,

A—— B——.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 14, 1869.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE.

We need not be surprised at anything!

When men of tried virtue and worth, can, for a simple difference of opinion, be severed from a church to which they have given the best years of their lives, their hearts' deepest interest, and their untiring energy for the advancement of its cause, the thinking person will exclaim, "I shall not be surprised at anything."

Were it in the power of *man* to take from us our blessings, our hearts would be sad indeed, for we have seen the short-sightedness, the injustice, with which he exercises that power. But we question the authority of any man to sever his brother from the companionship of congenial associates here, much less, to cut him off from communion with God and angels, or hopes of salvation hereafter.

We know God is still guiding and guarding the ship of Zion. Even when we see the helmsman steering toward the rocks, we still know there is a mighty power which can say, thus far, my servant goest thou, but no farther.

We have been told frequently to seek for the spirit of God, and inspirations from Heaven; that it was our right to obtain knowledge concerning ourselves by this means. But when we have sought, and through the earnestness of our souls, have wrung from high Heaven that knowledge which fills us with joy, we are coldly told it did not come through the proper channel, hence it must be wrong, and the light thus obtained must be darkness.

It is impossible for some to believe, upon the simple testimony of another; they must know for themselves. Not that they would wish to direct others, it is for themselves they claim the right to obtain knowledge; and it is for themselves also that they claim difference of opinion where that knowledge substantiated by reason, tells them there is an error.

How much more valuable to a community, and society, are intelligent adherents, those who believe through the investigation of their reason, not through coercion or fear of displeasing.

That which one's reason cannot accept, to that one is untrue: to another it might be true, the same rule proving it.

Some natures are more enlarged, can grasp greater truths, while others can hardly entertain the faintest conception of them.

How many of us of late, have said within ourselves, a change must come, our faith in man is weakening, for our religion seems to be settling down upon a foundation of dollars and cents, and he who has most of these, is the best and the mightiest man.

"Human learning, with the blessing of God upon it, introduces us to Divine wisdom, and while we study the works of nature, the God of nature will manifest himself to us, since, to a well-tutored mind, the heavens, without a miracle, declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

It has been said, who by *reasoning* ever found out God? We do not need to reason to find Him out, we only want to use our reason in accepting what purports to emanate from Him. We cannot accept what our conscience and reason deny, even though its pretensions are Divine.

I am aware that those who use their reason will in the present issue be charged with corruption, but let people's past lives speak for them. They cannot be honorable, upright and thoroughly good to-day, and the opposite of all this to-morrow. Naturally, good people increase in goodness, unless they get into the dark. Admitted; but people in darkness shed their gloom upon all who come in contact with them; this is a proof of their state.

There is a difference in apostatizing from a creed, and in being summarily dismissed against your earnest protest. The question then arises, does God empower one man to dismiss another from his Church? Revelation says, No! The true Latter-Day Saint is as firmly fixed in his faith to-day as yesterday, despite the action of man upon his case. If this policy is pursued by the Church, then, the salt, or some of it, will be washed out of the Church, for the time *has come* when men and women must think for themselves —for their salvation depends upon it—and if they think, they will speak, but let it be in candor, in honor, and in kindness, free from the petty spirit of revenge and malice.

Let parties be lost in principles. He whose principle, and practice, is sound and just, cannot long sit in darkness.

May the spirit of inspiration illumine the hearts of all such, continually,

is the prayer of a

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 15th 1869.

PROPRIETORS OF UTAH MAGAZINE.

Dear Brethren: (for such I must still call you,) In order to present myself as I am before my friends, I write you the following for publication. On the morning of the trial of Bros. Harrison and Godbe before the High Council, I left my home in the 11th Ward, not having the least idea of being present at that trial, for I did not then know that such a privilege would be granted me, but soon after arriving at my place of business I was told by some one that any member of the Church would be allowed to be present, I consequently, at the hour appointed, sought admittance, but was refused, on the ground that the room was already full, although dozens were admitted afterwards, as I saw with my own eyes, as I was afterwards permitted, through your influence, to be present. I conscientiously voted in the opposition, and of course was called upon to explain the cause of my so voting. I said, "that for a number of years I had endeavored to sustain the truth, and still wished to do so, no matter whether it came from Bro. Harrison, Bro. Godbe, President B. Young or any one else." The question was then put to me by President B. Young,—"Do you wish to sustain Harrison and Godbe?" To which I replied,—"Brethren, in answer to the question put to me by President B. Young, I simply say that I wish to sustain the truth."

For thus expressing myself I was summoned to attend a council of my Ward, and although I notified the summoner that I could not conveniently attend, but would some other time, I was then and there without further ceremony severed from the Church. Since my excommunication I have been offered a hearing, but knowing well that my case was prejudged, and considering the whole of such treatment child's-play, and illegal from beginning to end, I have not attended.

As I said to President Young, I shall still "stick by the truth no matter through whom it or any portion of it may come." I do not follow men but principles.

Respectfully yours,

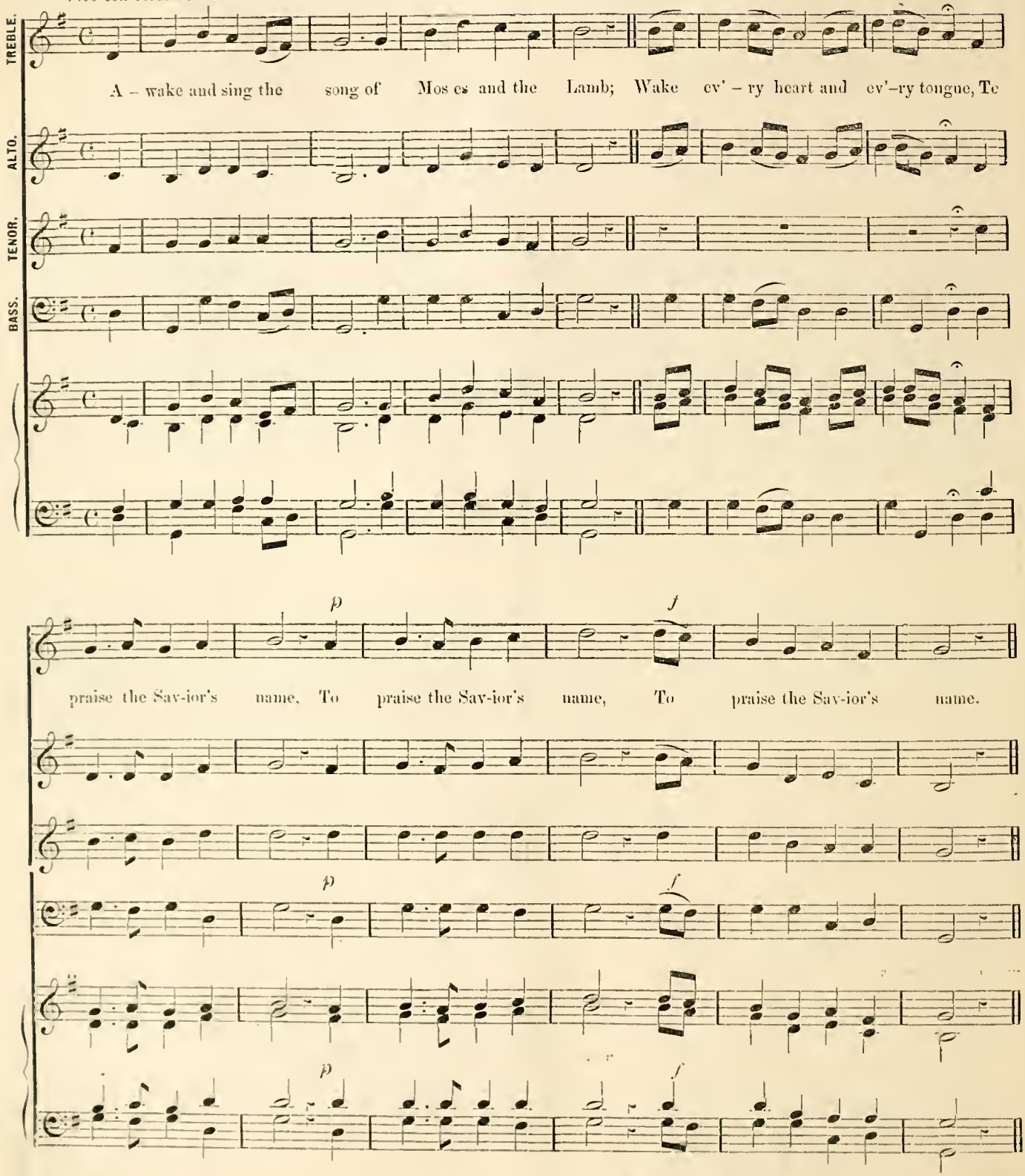
JOSEPH SILVER.

"Awake and Sing the Song."

Words from L. D. S. Hymn Book.

Music by F. Weight, Springville.

Vivo con vivezza. S. M.



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ARION PIANOFORTE

GRANDS AND GRAND SQUARES,

7⅓ OCTAVES

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WHY?

It commences where the "First Premium" Makers stop, and upon the most improved Modern scale makes four patented improvements: which make the Arion more simple, yet stronger: increasing its volume and beauty of tone, while rendering the instrument more enduring.

WHAT THEY ARE.

First. The patent *Arion* Reversed Wooden Agraffe Bridge, which retains all the purity of tone only found in a wooden bridge of the rest whereon the strings lays, and obtains all the solid prolonged strength of tone of the metal Agraffe, without that acute metallic noise which the metal Agraffe develops by use.

Secondly. The Patent *Arion* Compound Wrest-Plank, which holds the tuning pins, is six thicknesses of hard maple, the grain of each layer runs in a different direction. The advantages are, the 20 tons strain of the strings cannot split our *Arion* wrest-plank, as frequently happens in other Pianos, and when people say "*My Piano won't stand in tune*," all other makers must use the single wrest plank with the grain running only one way.

The *Arion* Tuning-Pins have end wood to hold them on every side, while all other makers can have it only upon two sides of their pins.

Thirdly. The Patent *Arion* Diagonal Sustaining Bar, extending parallel with the steel strings under the over strung Bass strings. The *Arion* is the only Piano wherein the enormous strain of the large steel strings is resisted in the natural place and direction. Using this bar renders the weakest part in all other over strung Pianos the

STRONGEST IN THE ARION.

Fourthly, The Patent *Arion* Iron Frame concentrates all the metal in front of the tuning pin line, and its frame is let in and mortised the front edge of the wooden wrest plank, thereby preventing the great strain of the strings upon it from splitting or moving it one particle. All other "Full Iron Frames," cover the entire wrest plank, and when it is split it cannot be seen the wood of the *Arion* wrest plank is seen.

THE ARION STANDS UPON ITS OWN MERITS.

unsupported by either buncome, weak facts, or useless or complicated Patents. We append a few unbought opinions of those who

KNOW THE ARION.

The Musical Director of the New York Conservatory of Music, *Edward Mollenhauer*, says: "The *Arion* I bought of you is the best Piano I ever played on; that rolling bass and silvery treble, etc."

John H. Woods, Piano Dealer, Oswego, N. Y., says: "The tone is truly immense, and surpasses anything in the shape of a Piano we ever saw or heard of, etc."

Horace Greely said: "The *Arion* is the best Square Piano, superior for its evenness and brilliancy of tone," &c.

Louis Wagner, Fort Leavenworth, says: "My Piano arrived here in splendid order. Its tone fills my parlor with melody—it is the wonder and admiration of all who hear it. Miss ——, who is teaching the Piano desires me to order one for her," &c

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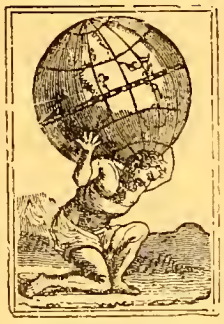

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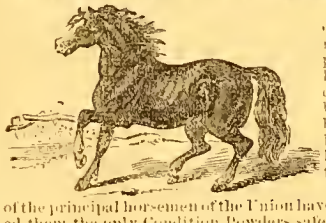

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[ESTABLISHED 1855.]

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Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere.—*Home Journal.*

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DR. J. N. CUNNINGHAM'S MEDICAL DISPENSARY, for the cure of all Chronic Complaints, three doors west of Theatre. Fever Sores, Cancers, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, and all complaints to which the human family are subjected, are positively cured.

NO. 30, NOV. 27, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE

THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY HARRISON & GODBE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

TERMS:

SINGLE NUMBER, 20 CENTS; PER YEAR, $4.50; PER HALF YEAR, $2.50.

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VINEGAR BITTERS,

Manufactured from the native Herbs and Roots of California, and

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Whether in the young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient.

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Corner Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal. and Sacramento, Cal., and 34 Platt Street, N. Y.

Godbe & Co.
AGENTS.
SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother, District of Utah. — In Bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 15th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

S. A. MANN.
Clerk of said Court.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 28th A. D. 1869.

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court for the District of Utah.

In the matter of GEORGE D. WATT, R. G. SLEATER and WILLIAM AJAX, Partners lately doing business in Salt Lake City as Merchant. Bankrupts. — In Bankruptcy.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate and effects of Watt, Sleater and Ajax, of Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, within said District, who have been adjudged Bankrupts upon a creditor's Petition, by the Supreme Court of said Territory, sitting as a Court of Bankruptcy for said District.

Dated at Salt Lake City, the 15th day of November A. D. 1869.

JOHN CUNNINGTON
Assignee Etc.

NOTICE.

To Hart C. Hodgett, John Sears and all others interested: you are hereby notified that I will appear at the U. S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah before the Register and Receiver thereof on the 15th day of December 1869, to prove my right to enter, under the provisions of the Pre-emption Act of Sept. 4, 1841 the S. E. ¼ Sec. 19, Town 5 S. Range 2 E. at which time and place you can appear and contest it if you see proper.

Witness my hand and seal this 9th day of November A. D. 1869.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH AND ALL Mucous Diseases of the head, nose and throat.

This is a Medicine never before used or known to the public. Dr. Cady, the discoverer, **was a sufferer from this terrible disease for twenty years**, and after testing all the remedies extant—without relief—in his efforts to obtain a cure he discovered this UNEQUALLED REMEDY, which cured him in the short space of eight weeks.

It has been thoroughly tested and has not failed in a single instance. Several of the most obstinate cases have been thoroughly cured by this remedy, after every other known medicine had failed. Every one who has used it will testify to the truth of the above statement.

Every one afflicted with Catarrh should give it a trial and find out for himself whether it is a humbug.

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WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

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No. 30] SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869. [Vol. 3

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands,
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife,
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long,
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed,
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

KATIE MURDOCK'S WARNING.

BY FLY LEAF.

Katie was the light of her home. A very humble one it was, only a story and a half cottage, and a lean-to at the back; but it needed light all the more for that, you know, and none the less for the fact that Katie's mother was the sole human occupant beside herself. I say human, because Katie's bird must be taken into account, small as he was, for he flitted about in his little wire cage, like a golden flame, as if he was trying to help Katie in lighting up the home. Katie hated awfully to keep him in prison; but his full-voiced song, and pert little ways, made him so dear that she never could let him go. I meant spiritual light of course, for the temporal light flooded in through two square windows, placed circumspectly, one each side of the door, when the sun came up over the eastern hills, across the river, and looked down into Katie's garden to wake up the roses and lilacs, and set the birds singing at the top of their voices in the orchard, back of the house. But it was not summer now; oh, no; but towards the close of a long, cold winter; and the snow lay thick o'er hill and dale, and in great drifts along the fence, and among the shrubbery in the yard, though the winds had swept the icy bridge over the narrow, deep stream quite bare, and the farmers of the country had used this bridge of ice without fear all winterlong. It was getting warmer now, and the warm, generous influences of approaching spring were at work almost unnoticed, but not unfelt, for Katie's house plants in the windows were putting on new life and freshness, and the bird was singing cheerily every moment he could spare from shelling hemp seed. Mrs. Murdock was doing up the last bundle of neighbor Brown's spinning, for these two women were brave and true, and took in whatever work of neatness and skill they could get: and so, with what came off from the homestead, they managed to keep the larder and their raiment in good order. Right skilfully she drew the long threads through her wrinkled, brown hand, from the snowy rolls, for she was a spry shapely old lady (though she seldom got credit for being old) dressed in purple calico, with ample apron, and a great white kerchief about her neck, over whose folds peeped a string of gold beads, and about her cheerful face, was tied a warm colored zephyr wool headdress, that only half hid a profusion of dark hair, plentifully striped with grey. Her eyes were kind and grey, and she moved about her work with energetic bustle, quite characteristic of the little old lady. Katie was busy with some finer work—a rich dark brown

garment, half cloak, half sacque, for the spring wear of some of their richer neighbors. One would have noted that her hands were shapely, and they moved about their work firmly and swiftly. She was just then holding a sort of musical conversation with her bird, and her voice was clear and sweet rather than loud; in fact, there was nothing striking about Katie, who was one of those we scarcely notice at first, but whom, on closer acquaintance, we find invaluable as friends, helps, or companions. She had just attained her eighteenth year, and her active, busy life had given her a full, healthy and pure development.

Suddenly their music was interrupted by a knock at the door. The young girl arose, and the brown mantle slid down upon the home-made rug, as she crossed the room, not without some little confusion and smoothing of brown hair, and casting about of clear brown eyes, to see if all would admit of the entrance of the neighbor. Her survey being satisfactorily completed, she opened the door and admitted, but glided back to her chair and work, leaving her mother to entertain the visitor. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, dressed in plain, substantial cloths, woolen mittens on his hands, a basket on one arm and a pair of skates on the other. At the widow's solicitation he drew up to the fire and sat down, removing his fur cap and a great rainbow-colored comforter from about his throat, revealing a broad, white, intellectual forehead, sunny blue eyes, and a straight, well-developed nose, that pride of a manly face. His cheeks were tawny with sun and exposure; his hair was dark, but the lower part of his face was hid in a mass of light brown beard; but when he smiled he showed a mouth full of even white teeth, a joy to look upon. The mother had never seen this man before, but Katie had, and she bent low over her work, and the roses bloomed out on her olive cheeks as she remembered how she had met him when returning from an errand to the settlement, loaded with parcels; how he had taken her gracefully up and gently put her down on the safe side of an almost impassable mud-hole that blocked the road; also, how she had hurried off, and in her embarrassment had forgotten to thank him. He introduced himself as Cobert Allen, and stated that the basket contained work, sewing, for Mrs. M. and her daughter, sent by his employers, farmers, who lived just back of the hills, on the east side of the river. At this he opened the basket, and they drew near to receive instructions in regard to the work. Before either were aware they were engaged in an earnest conversation, which lasted until the work was put away, and then as suddenly ceased. The young man had been highly amused at the old lady's quaint Scotch dialect, for she came from old Scotia, and "did na care wha kenned it either." He also marked that Katie's talk was entirely free from it, and mentally decided that she had been schooled in this country. He had been trying to find an excuse to see this girl ever since he met her in the road that day, but had failed so far, until his employers had sent him right here to her with the basket of work. He remembered that he was staying too long, and rising with stammering apologies, was gone before they could ask him to stay to supper, or come again. This set Katie off in a merry peal of laughter, which she as suddenly smothered again, as he put his head in at the door, and told them the work when done was to be brought across the river to him, where he was cutting wood, and he would take it home and bring the money to them. This time they asked him to come again, an invitation he accepted with thanks, and was gone again. Katie stopped laughing this time, to watch him through the window glide away over the glare ice, like a swift bird of strength, his rainbow-colored scarf fluttering behind him in the air. Out of these rainbow colors she began to weave a little happy dream, then fearing her mother's notice, she gathered up her work and began preparations for supper, chatting loquaciously about roast turkey and oysters and cream cake, while it was only boiled ham and bread and butter, winding up with some saucy speech about expecting her mother's beaux. After supper, when the velvet darkness shut down round their peaceful little home, lights and books were brought out, for these friends had the good sense after toiling all day, to feed their minds with spiritual, intellectual food, during the sweet hours of evening. A chapter of history, a gem from the poets, and a few words from sacred pages claimed their attention, not only reading but talking freely on what they read. A sketch from the magazine, which was the puzzle of their lives to tell who sent it to them so constantly. Then there was some music to entone, and dainty canary to cover up, the great snow-white cat, with its black ear, to put under the floor to her nest, the flowers to remove nearer the fireplace. This done they drew up to the fire to enjoy its warmth a moment; and it was then, while her mother sat dozing in her easy chair, and Katie sat looking down into the bed of glowing embers, amidst all this peace and beauty, this warm nestling quiet of home, that the weird unearthly warning spoke out to Katie, and all but smote her into stone, as of a dumb spirit trying to make known some coming danger. A crash as of breaking glass, then a trembling, splintering sound, as if the air was splitting into crystals, dying away with a slivering cadence, that sent the blood to her heart. A dead silence, with a sense of utter loss and lowliness, closed down over her. She sprang to her feet with a sharp cry; her mother sat up straight, with eyes wide open. "Why, bairn, what's a' the clatter?" "Mother, did you hear that noise?" "No, but I did na, and yet I thought I heerd something; what was it like!" "Breaking glass," said Katie. "Likely the cat's thrown doon the fruit dish." Katie took a step across the floor, but stopped suddenly, white as paper. "Mother, the cat is under the floor." "Then it could na ha been her." They took the lamp, but search was vain to develope any cause for the sudden noise. Finally, concluding it to be the freezing of the ground without, or the timbers of the cottage, they sought their rest. Poor souls, they did not realize that it was thawing, within and without, instead of freezing. Katie lay long awake in vague fear, but at last fell into a deep sleep, and all was still.

ITS FULFILMENT.

The two ladies busied themselves the next two days working at the articles brought them by the young man. They could hear the strokes of his axe across the river, among the heavy timber on the other shore. It sounded quite like company, and Katie's mother, turning the tables, tormented her not a little about young Cobert. Katie replied in the same gay humor, that he was a likely looking young man at all events. It was their fashion to *run upon* one another in this style, and they seldom, though much alone, were very lonely—keeping up a constant skirmish of jokes, or holding long arguments on more worthy subjects.

The morning of the third day the work was completed, and Katie resumed her trimming of the cinnamon-colored cloak. Mrs. M. folded up the work and put it carefully in the basket, tied down the lid, and going up-stairs, returned with a large black and red shawl about her trim figure, and a black silk hood in her hand.

Katie rose quietly, threw down her work and stood in her mother's way. "Now, mother, I know you want to take that work over to see that young man, but you are not going; you will slip down on the ice, and break your neck." In reply to this, her mother stepped back, and making a mock bow, put out her foot, which, by the way, she was quite fond of, showing that she had buckled on a pair of creepers, half soles

of iron, full of short spikes, for walking on ice. "Well, you are all right as to slipping; but its too much of a walk." At this her mother tossed her head, and said, "Ye ken weel enough that I can walk six times as fur. Ye are no' ganging near this young man. If ye see him, he maun come to ye, d'ye mind." At this Katie tied her mother's hood on, under her fat double chin, and kissing her on either cheek, stepped aside and let her pass. The old lady picked up the basket and passed briskly out, shutting the door.

Katie resumed her work, but after a few stitches, a sudden impulse came over her, and she sprang up, determined to call her mother back; but she was already outside the gate and half way down the bank, so Katie stood there in the door, with the brown mantle round her head, stitching away at one corner, watching her mother, who stepped boldly on to the ice, and struck out straight for the other shore, where she heard Cobert's ax among the trees. The air was wonderfully clear and still, and she could hear her mother's footsteps on the ice. There were some men down near the river talking, hidden by the swell of the bank. A dog ran out into the road, and putting his head up, howled dismally. Katie kept on stitching, looking down, suddenly the same crashing, shivering, splintering sound filled the air that she had heard the night of the warning, and looking up, she saw in the middle of the stream where her *mother had been*, a great hole in the ice, with fissures radiating round it, and the black, cold water dancing up and down in the center. The men had heard the sound and were running across the ice, four or five of them, and she saw a figure approaching the hole from the other shore. All this she comprehended as she was flying down the garden, and over the bank; for she did not cry out nor faint, in fact, she did not yet comprehend the fullness of the tragedy, nor awaken to the depth of her sudden grief. It was not until about half way to the broken place, that she understood that her mother had gone down into the swift current, and been swept far under the ice in a second. Then she grew deadly white and sank down on the ice insensible. Some of the quickly-gathered crowd carried her back to the cottage. Well was it for the poor stricken girl that her system had previously been prepared by the awful warning, that, although not fully, yet opened her mind to the sense of some impending blow, or her young life had gone out in the sudden darkness. Of course every effort was made by the generous neighbors for the recovery of Mrs. M. from the treacherous stream, but all in vain. She had gone across the weakest portion of the ice, that had been imperceptibly thawing for days. Her basket came up in an air-hole a quarter of a mile below, but no farther trace of the beloved little lady could be found, although they cleared the stream of ice, and dragged the bottom for a mile.

It was Cobert who directed the search, and he seemed the only one who could have any effect with Katie, for she went about or sat stone still, like one in a trance; with that piteous, silent, immovable expression of countenance that showed the poignancy of grief more effectually than the loudest weeping or lamentation. It was he that first brought the tears to her eyes, murmuring broken words about her mother's tender care, and that she would be without it hereafter in this world. Some of the unwise thought it cruel to talk so to her; but it was right, for the copious tears quenched the power of the dumb grief and gave her strength for life at least. In a day or two, by more thawing and breaking, the ice moved out of the stream, leaving it darkly clear, as if grieving for the sorrow it had caused. The neighbors, one by one, fell off from search and went home, trusting to chance to find the body. Cobert alone continued wandering up and down in his light boat, scanning the dark waters for some signs of the poor lady who had passed so quickly to the world beyond. Toward the afternoon of the third day he became disheartened, and suffered his boat to drift down the stream and whirl into an eddy that bore it slowly up along the shore. Thus, while looking over the side of the boat into the still depths, he saw, standing almost upright upon the bottom,—Mrs. Murdock, her purple dress caught in the sunken root of a tree, her hands spread out before her, her face half upturned, her clothing in order, and all the same, save the absence of the basket, as she had walked forth that sad morning. For an instant he was breathless, then turning the boat, he put down a long pole with a hook on the end, and took hold of her shawl. She came up through the water as if she were ascending into heaven. So placid did she look that he had no terror, but lifted her gently from the water, with her wet garments clinging to her and placed her in the stern of the boat, pressing down her hands across her breast.

Pulling the boat to shore, he went and informed the neighbors, who took Katie away from the cottage on pretence of change of scene, while they brought her mother home and arrayed her in clean purple robes and placed the soft, white kerchief about her throat, and placed a snowy lace headdress over her smooth hair, tied with white silken ribbons. Her toil-worn hands, now in sweet, sweet rest, clasped gently on her bosom a little gilt Bible and a spray of fragrant house-plant from the window. Then they broke the news carefully to Katie, whose face lightened with thankfulness that her mother was recovered from the cold wave. They led her to her dead, trembling like an aspen. She bowed her stricken young head upon the friendly, motherly bosom and wept long and passionately.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMED ON HER GRAVE.

The Spring and Summer hastened to join the innumerable company of past seasons—the silent years that are gathered home. The orchard had put on its extravagant May bloom, had again shaken off in snow-like showers, and the red and yellow fruit was ripening among the boughs.

All this time Katie had been away from the cottage living with the Browns, who had made a pretence of getting her to work for them, to draw her away from the scenes where familiar objects would call up the face of the departed. At first they decided that she should rest a season, so they denied her work of any kind, but she drooped around silent and melancholy, until Cobert told them that this was wrong, then they gave her employment. She went to work silently with a little more cheer, but her old vivacity seemed gone. She seemed devoid of ambition, that spring of life. He came often to see her, and she made frequent visits to the grave on the sunny slope above the orchard, and Cobert always seemed to know when she went and came, and led her away when she had stayed long enough. Now that the right time had come, he endeavored to console her. Many were the comforting passages of scripture that he brought to her mind, picturing the purity of the home where her mother had gone.

He had made a rustic fence of oaken boughs, with the bark on, trimming them, and weaving and nailing them into pretty patterns in panels about the grave, enclosing a maple tree that grew near in the square. This pleased Katie's chaste judgment much better than a painted, white, ghost-like fence of pine would have done. It had a harmonious natural appearance, as if it had stood for years, and removed the newness and sharpness of her grief thereby. At the head they had placed a plain white slab of marble, with the sweet word "Mother" on one side, and the usual dates and a passage of scripture on the other; on one side of this stone a perpetual rose-tree, and a white lilac for an opposite. The narrow mound was all aglow with fall and summer flowers, pinks, petunias, amaranths; purple, white, and pink as-

tors; with great, passionate pansies. Under the tree was placed a rustic sofa of the same unbarked material as the fence, and when the morning-glories had clambered over the fence in luxuriant confusion, there was no sweeter resting-place for the tired heart than the grave of Katie's mother. About the grave was a graveled walk, the rest of the enclosure was neatly sodded; the work of Cobert's kind, strong hand. One day Katie sat working some needless trifle for Mrs. Brown and sadly thinking; unused to dwelling among strangers her sensitive heart could detect that her summer friends were getting weary of her; they expected her to recover from her grief sooner than her nature would admit of her doing so. These sad thoughts were not lightened by the fact that Mrs. Brown entered and sat down just before her with an anxious expression of countenance.

"Katie," she said, "it is time you livened up a bit. The young people are going to a dance to night, my son is as likely a young man as you know, why not trim up and go with him? I'll coax him to take you."

Katie rose to her feet, the swift scarlet dying her cheeks. The proposition was so contrary to her sense of right. In the first place she could not join the gay festival just yet, and then she did not like at all the somewhat foppish young Brown; besides, her pride revolted at the idea of his being coaxed to take her. She stammered out some excuse, thanking the lady for her great kindness, and passed from the room.

Throwing the old familiar black and red shawl about her, she glided down the road to the cottage gate; passing up the garden among the dear objects of her former care, she went round the corner of the house up through the orchard, whose boughs seemed to thrill with delight at her coming. Cobert was in the orchard, for he had volunteered to gather and sell the fruit for her, she did not see him but hurried on to the little enclosure, entering the pretty gate. She knelt softly down on the white grave and laid her forehead against the cold stone, just over the dear word "Mother." There Cobert found her, when, after a little, he dared to come, and lifting her up gently, he led her to the seat beneath the maple, and begged to know her grief. She told him all, winding up with the declaration that she must seek a new home. Then he grew bold and slipped his strong arm about her and told her the old, old story ever new, begging the privilege of standing between her and the world's bitter storms, asking to be her nearest friend, to stand in the place of mother, father and all earthly friends. For answer she leaned her head, crowned with its sunny brown braids, against his shoulder, and, like Isaac, was comforted for the loss of a mother.

There was a wedding on Christmas in the village, and a little feast at the cottage. Katie wore a warm colored delaine trimmed with black velvet that set off her plump little figure to advantage, her shining hair was all a mass of curls. Bert in his plain black suit was just the most noble-looking, manly fellow out, and the happiest. The wedding-cake, white, like the hills without; the guests were a few tried friends, many of them too poor to give a feast in return.

Katie's bird all but sung himself to death over a little brown mate given him in a larger cage, the windows were full of fresh plants, and, that the cup might be full, in came the white cat, looking very glad to get home. Katie Allen was again the light of her cottage home, but Bert Allen was Katie's chief luminary.

'Tis but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill,
Whatever of *good* the old time had,
Is living still.

HAS GOD A FAVORITE PEOPLE?

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

Buckle, in his history of civilization, declares that the Church has ever been an enemy to progress. The "Church" is, doubtless, used by him as a general term to include all religious denominations, and if so, in one sense the allegation is true. The real church of Christ, or church of Zion, whether in heaven or upon earth, has ever been the repository, the friend and exponent of liberty, intelligence and progress. But, as a general thing churches, and most of their members, have been exceedingly narrow and bigoted in their views. Like the ancient Jews, they have been accustomed to regard themselves as the only people of God, and to limit the prospects of salvation to believers in their own doctrines.

It seems the most difficult thing in the world for religious people to allow their minds to expand on religious matters. While progress is written upon every other department of life around them, and men are flinging away the worn and tattered garments of philosophic and scientific error,—religionists wrap themselves in their antiquated creeds, as in a coat of mail, rendering them invunerable to the increasing light and knowledge which the heavenly world is ever ready to shed forth. One reason for this is that, in every age, the powers of heaven have revealed such principles of Divine truth as were adapted to, though considerably in advance of, the condition of the world. Those who received these principles, so much superior to the ideas of those around them, almost invariably imagined that they had the whole of Divine truth, and so shut out from their souls the increasing light which the heavens yearned to bestow. Believing that they possessed all the truths necessary for the redemption and happiness of mankind, and that it was absolutely essential all should obey those truths, whether understandingly or not also that all who opposed them were the enemies of mankind,—it was quite natural they should seek to resist any innovations upon their faith, and endeavor to compel others to acquiesce in their views, and bitterly oppose all who offered any objection to them. In these respects this age forms no exception to the past. However much the "Mormon" system may be superior to, and in advance of, other religions in point of liberality, breadth and intelligence, its devotees have been, in some respects, practically, at least, more exclusive and illiberal in their views and lives than millions who really did not know as much. The philosophic mind can find a very plain solution to this apparent paradox. But the generality of mankind are too busy to probe beneath the surface of things,—they have, therefore, concluded that the exclusiveness of the "Mormons" is the result of an intense and unholy selfishness. The fact is, that feeling themselves intensely right, they regard others as intensely wrong, and have found it impossible to bridge over the gulf between them. They have also felt, as a natural sequence, that the salvation of the world depended upon the enforcement of their views. This "stand by, I am holier than thou" feeling, in all cases, tends to individual and collective demoralization of character, whether in God's church or out of it

It is wrong, however, to charge our religion with the absurdities and inconsistencies which have characterized many of its professed believers. Because the very foundation of the religious system introduced through Joseph Smith, was, the opening up of fresh and continuous communication with the heavenly world, whereby mankind could receive all the knowledge necessary to convert this planet into a heaven of peace and love. But here, again, as usual humanity steps in and, just as the heavens have commenced to reveal

the glorious principles of celestial truth, attempts to close them by saying, "We have enough revelation to do us the next thousand years."

The position assumed by us as a church, has been this:—"We are the chosen and specially favored people of God; our church is the only infallible repository of Divine truth upon the earth; our President is the only man on the earth to whom God has any right—according to the order He has established—to give revelation for the guidance of the church and the salvation of mankind; he (the President) says we do not need any fresh revelations—other than that of an impressional kind—therefore, direct communication with the heavenly world has ceased, for God will speak to no other man." This is putting a barrier in the way of progress with a vengeance. This virtually amounts to one man claiming the power to lock or unlock the heavens at his pleasure. Millions may be thirsting for a draught from the unsullied fountain of truth; but, though perishing for want of it, they must wait till he is prepared to hand it to them. How different this, from the invitation of Heaven,—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely!"

There is abundance of evidence that God has, in different ages, chosen individuals or nations to do a certain work, because of their special fitness therefor. But it does not necessarily follow that they are the peculiar favorites of heaven, or that all others are regarded with indifference. A man may select one member of his family to perform a certain duty for which he or she is particularly adapted; but none, except the most foolish and egotistical, would assume this to be a mark of exclusive favor. Neither, if he thinks proper, is there anything to prevent him from selecting a different person to perform the same duty at another time. In this sense the "Mormons" may be truly said to be the people of God. They have been gathered out of the nations for a special purpose,—viz., that they might become an inspirational nation, a people believing in and enjoying constant communication with the heavenly world. The Jewish nation was once chosen for that purpose, but not being faithful to the trust committed to them, it was taken away. The primal causes of their overthrow being the narrow conceit that they were the only people in whose welfare Jehovah felt interested, and that God would not impart additional revelation except through those at that time presiding over the priesthood. The same feelings are rife among us to-day, and need as much to be counteracted.

The prevailing idea, among many of the bearers of the "Priesthood" in our church, appears to be, that God has chosen them to become, by-and-bye, absolute kings who are to rule the nations of the earth with a rod of iron. True, they are a little more charitable than most other men, for they do believe that nearly all the human family will be saved in some condition. But then they, with their families, are the only ones who are to enjoy the thrones, riches and dominion of eternity, while the rest of mankind are destined to an eternal condition of servitude to their exalted masters and mistresses, to whom, as the kings and queens of eternity, they are to be the hopeless hewers of wood and drawers of water. From the expressions of some extreme men in our midst, one would conclude that they expect, by-and-bye, to see the whole world turned into one vast chain-gang, while a few—upon whom has been conferred the Kingly and Priestly power—will stand by with a club in one hand, and a heavenly commission in the other, to see that the unfortunate wretches perform their allotted tasks. Thank God this is very far from the feeling of many, but it is unfortunately true to the conceptions of some.

The truth is, that, in the highest and broadest sense, the whole human family, with all their weaknesses and follies, are "the people of God," and that He never has and never will delegate any power to, or bestow any peculiar privileges upon one portion, excepting with a view to the ultimate general good. He selects a few out of the mass, from time to time, on account of their virtue and enlarged capacity, to become the recipients of Divine truth and the teachers of mankind—on the same principle that the superintendent of a school chooses assistants from the more advanced of his scholars. It is but natural and right that those who thus labor for the welfare of their race, should receive tokens of the Divine approbation, and rewards proportionate to their diligence and devotion; but they find their greatest compensation in the pleasure of doing good, and are as far from desiring, as God is from bestowing, any power except that which will enable them to bless, enlighten and elevate their fellow-mortals. This is the only class who can rightfully lay any claim to be regarded in a special sense as the "People of of God."

JOSEPH SMITH ON LIBERALITY OF CREED.

(WRITTEN IN LIBERTY JAIL, MISSOURI, 1838)

"We ought to be aware of those prejudices (which are so congenial to human nature) against our neighbors, friends, and brethren of the world, who choose to differ with us in opinion, and in matters of faith. Our religion is between us and our God, their religion is between them and their God.

There certainly is a tie to those of the same faith which is peculiar to itself, but it is without prejudice, gives full scope to the mind, and enables us to conduct ourselves with liberality towards those who are not of our faith. This principle, in our opinion, approximates the nearest to the mind of God, and is Godlike.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the change in the character of the MAGAZINE, from a literary journal to a social and theological organ of public opinion, we desire to gain all possible space for the articles and communications which we design to publish. Owing to these and other reasons growing out of present circumstances, our Musical Department will be suspended for the present. In doing so we return thanks to Professor Tullidge for his able conduct of this department, and trust to avail ourselves of the benefit of his important services again as soon as circumstances will permit the publication of a purely literary Magazine, in addition to a journal of the present order. ED.

THEATER USAGES IN EUROPE.

In France playgoing is a recreation; in Germany it is a habit; in Italy, among the upper classes, it seems to be a social necessity. The theaters are at once the clubs and the drawing-rooms of Italy. In all the chief societies of the peninsula, but more especialy at Naples and Milan, people pay their visits, transact their business, and make their appointments at the theater. Italians, as a rule, do not receive much at their homes. It is only at Florence and Genoa that the English customs of dinner-giving and party-giving prevail to any extent. Speaking generally, the life which an Italian leads within doors is untidy and uncomfortable. He has no notion of entertaining visitors, looks upon his house as a shelter against wind and rain, dresses in it, sleeps it, but goes for his entertainment elsewhere.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
DO. DO. - - - - - - - - - - W. H. SHEARMAN.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

MANIFESTO FROM W. S. GODBE AND E. L. T. HARRISON.

Inasmuch as a great variety of rumors have been started with reference to our views concerning the past and future of "Mormonism," we feel that our interests, as well as our duty to the public, require us to make a plain statement of the circumstances which have led to our present relations to the Church, and the reasons that have guided our course in relation to the articles we have published in the UTAH MAGAZINE.

For some years past we have felt that a great encroachment of power was being made by the ruling Priesthood of our Church, beyond that allowed by the spirit and genius of the Gospel. We also have perceived that a steady and constant decline was taking place in the manifestation of the spiritual gifts, as well as in the spirituality of our system as a whole, and that as a Church we were fast running into a state of the most complete materialism. We felt that the working out of our system was small and insignificant compared with the grandeur of the programme as announced by Joseph Smith. The broad and liberal system which, in the earnestness of our souls, we had embraced so many years ago, with its grand and universalian invitation to men of every creed and nation to come to Zion for a home in our midst, was being practically ignored, and in the stead thereof was being built up a wall of bitterness and hate between ourselves and the rest of the world. The constant growth of such principles as these, and the certainty that under such conditions Mormonism never could fulfil that great destiny of salvation to the world, for which we had prayed and labored, gave us great pain. But, feeling assured of the divinity of our system in its origin, and fearful lest we should ignorantly oppose the will of God as manifested through his servants, we tried, from time to time, to close our eyes to the facts before us, and sought earnestly by every kind of argument to convince ourselves that we were wrong. We continued thus vainly striving to reconcile ourselves to the inconsistencies around us, until the facts forced themselves so overwhelmingly upon our minds, that we were driven from every stronghold and reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of these convictions.

During all these times we sought earnestly for light from above, our first and last prayer being that we might never be allowed to oppose the truth, and earnestly, and continually examined ourselves to see whether pride, selfishness, self-will, or any impurity of thought or deed, prevented our seeing the wisdom of President Young's measures, or receiving a testimony of their divinity. At last the light came, and by the voice of angelic beings accompanied by most holy influences—and other evidences that witnessed to all our faculties that their communications were authorized of God—we were, each of us, given personally to know that, notwithstaning some misconceptions and extremes wisely permitted to accomodate it to the weaknesses of mankind, "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose; its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continuous revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest, and the noblest civilization the world had ever seen. We also learned that the evils we had seen in the Church truly did exist; but that they would pass away before the light of a clearer and greater day of revelation and inspiration which was about to dawn upon our system.

At the same time we learned that President Young was truly called by the direct providences of God to preside over our people; that he was inspired to lead them to these mountains; and, that, so far as his personal bias and character permitted, he had been, from time to time, influenced for the good of this people; but that his course in building up a despotic priestly rule in the Church was contrary to the will of the Heavens. We further learned that it was contrary to the laws of divine communication, and impossible for Heavenly beings to influence him or any other man against his will, or to enlighten such of the Priesthood associated with him, so long as they entirely surrendered their judgment and will into his keeping. On which account other channels for communication would be obtained and opened up to the people.

With this understanding came instructions that it was our duty to remain in the Church so long as the policy of the Presiding Priesthood would allow us the privilege, and at the same time our duty to throw out through the MAGAZINE such advanced truths as would elevate the people and prepare them for the changes at hand. Two motives prompted us to this. One was that as men, independent of the question of divinity, it was our duty to strive for the liberties and advancement of our fellows, and the other, that the will of the Heavens demanded it. We well knew that we should have to fight through a thousand obstacles; that calumny and falsehood would be unsparingly used against us, and that the ruling Priesthood would bring the whole of its gigantic organization to bear, both in public and in private, to crush the MAGAZINE and its sentiments out of existence; and more than all, we knew that but few of the people for whom we were laboring, would—for some time at least—appreciate our motives. There was, however, but one course for men of truth, and that was to face the whole. And thus far we have struggled through, regardless of consequences, and expect to do so until we see truth and liberty triumphant.

We were also instructed to respect the legitimate exercise of President Young's authority, and that there might be no righteous cause against us, to sustain it until he should tread upon the last vestige of liberty, and attempt to abolish all rights of thought and speech within the Church.

This he has now done. For daring mildly, and respectfully, to reason upon the inconsistencies of some of his propositions he has deprived us of our fellowship and standing in the Church, and thus with his own hand has dissolved our allegiance to him. He has declared that his will is supreme and omnipotent in the Church, and that it shall be unquestioningly obeyed; and that to oppose any of his measures shall be deemed apostacy, and punished by excommunication.

The proper time having now arrived, we are at liberty to bear our message to the members of our church and the world at large. We, therefore, announce to them that a great and Divine Movement is at hand, when the Church will find a second birth, and commence a new era in her career. She will return to her true order—the guidance of Prophets, Seers, and Revelators, the administration of Angels, and the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Having

learned the evils of the one-man power, she will never again surrender her liberties into human keeping. She will disentangle her hands from alliance with Commerce and the Civil power, and move onward to her true destiny—to be the Great Spiritual and Intellectual power of the earth.

The Movement will be accompanied by manifestations of divine power. The Holy Spirit in the hearts of the Saints throughout the Church will bear witness to its truth. "Israel" in all their abidings, will hear and recognize the voice of the "True Shepherd."

Up to this moment we have started no organization, having hitherto had no authority to do so. As to the question whom God will raise up to lead this people, we will say, in the first place, that the Movement will never develop any one man in whom will be centered all the intelligence and wisdom of the people. In this sense there is no "Coming Man," there are, however, MANY Coming Men. Light, Truth, Wisdom, and Revelation will, and should be, reflected by the whole body of the Church, as well as by its head. While there must, of necessity be an Executive, or presiding head, man-worship of every degree must pass away, and men learn to look with greater reverence to principles than to those who present them. As to whom this head will be, it is not our business to say, further than that God will produce the proper man in due time. It is sufficient for us to know that it will *be neither of us*. Of this great Movement—far greater than ourselves—we are but the fore-runners. We are but as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.'" Ours is a preparatory mission, and it is our work to arouse the people, and by reasoning, teaching and enlightenment, prepare them for a new order of things. We have no personal cause to establish. We do not pretend to be Seers, nor to possess any wonderful or marvelous gifts. We make no claims to any distinction further than that, in the providence of God, it has been our privilege to be made acquainted with some great truths which it is our duty to make known.

It may be asked by what right we presume to interfere in matters appertaining to the Presiding Priesthood of the Church. We reply: by the simple right that every man has to utter a truth,—the same right that the boy Samuel had to deliver his simple message to the Lord's servant, the Great Presiding High Priest of Israel. And, finally, by the right which the Heavens reserve to themselves, to speak whenever and by whomsoever they please.

As to how many of the present authorities, or leading men, will, or will not work into the new order of things, it is not our business here to inquire. This will depend entirely on the extent to which they suspend a hasty judgment, seek divine guidance, and lay themselves open to the reception of light. To the extent to which they, or any other persons, will lay aside prejudice, and place themselves at the feet of the Truth, determined to accept any principle, however strange or new, which their judgments shall endorse and which God shall bear witness to, God in their whole beings, intellectually and spiritually, shall bear witness that light has come and that a divine influence accompanies the Movement. The words, the voice, and the spirit of Jesus shall be felt in it, speaking to the hearts of the yearning souls of the children of Zion.

And here let us say the object of this Movement will be to preserve, and not to destroy our system. In consequence of the undue exercise of priestly authority, the elements of resistance and division are now silently working in the overwrought but suppressed feelings of our people. It requires but little more exertion of such arbitrary power to rend asunder the ties which bind us, and scatter us to the four winds. Nothing can save us but the raising of a platform combining liberty of thought and action with all the ancient beauties of our faith—one upon which we can unite. In this way alone can we preserve our existence as a people,—and for this the Heavens have provided.

We will now give a general outline of what we understand will be the governing principles and policy which will characterize the Movement when established.

The Church thenceforth will be known as the CHURCH OF ZION.

The ordinances and principles of the Gospel will remain intact as at present.

The Spiritual gifts will be encouraged in all their forms of manifestation.

The great truth will be emphatically proclaimed, that no priesthood or standing in the church, or ordinances of any kind, in and of themselves, elevate the possessor, or obtain for him any distinction in the sight of God. All outward forms, important as they are in their place, will be considered only as means for our advancement in purity, goodness and intelligence. Apart from which object it will be understood that they have no power or value. The whole purpose of the gospel being the elevation of man's nature, all its organizations or requirements will be held, therefore, to be but means to that end.

Inasmuch as men cannot labor with all the energies of their souls, or work with dignity and influence, unless their hearts are fully engaged in their operations, the movement will oppose the principle of sending men on missions where they are destitute of the spirit of such mission or calling.

On the subject of funds it will be understood that the Church was not instituted as a machine for raising money, and that all wealth which the Church cannot obtain without oppressing its people it will be better without. It will be taught that God has no special object in requiring Tithing, only so far as it tends to the promulgation of truth, the relief of the poor, or the promotion of public improvements. The doctrine will be that Tithing was instituted for man and not man for the Tithing. The Movement will also maintain that the Church's funds are the people's property, and should be regularly accounted for to them; and, further, that the control thereof should belong to the Presiding Bishop, acting under a board of Trustees, elected by the people, and not to the Presidency of the Church, whose minds should be left free to attend to higher duties. Tithing will consist of a tenth of one's increase, or, a tenth of all clear profits, obtained over and above the amount possessed the previous year. Or, in other words, Tithing should be a tenth of the *interest* (or GAIN) obtained by labor or means, or both, annually, and not a tenth of one's *entire* labor, or, the *results* of labor, as at present understood and enforced. Thus throwing the weight of Tithing mainly on the rich, and lightening the burdens of the poor.

The prominence and influence once enjoyed by the Twelve and other quorums will be revived, and the policy will be to repress the principle by which any one quorum has hitherto been made to possess the sole voice in matters, and the entire conduct of the Church.

All quorums of the Church will be understood simply as organizations for the transaction of its business and the promulgation of its principles, and not as vehicles for promoting any set of men above their fellows. The First Presidency of the Church will be recognized as its Executive, who should be chief representatives of the spirit and inspirations of all its quorums—reflecting not only their own light but the garnered wisdom of the whole people. The first and last lesson to be learned by every quorum will be that neither head nor foot can say to the other,—"I have no need of thee."

The Priesthood will present itself before the world simply as an institution for teaching and propagating truth. It will throw aside all pretensions to dictatorial power, and leave men's professions, their employment, and the entire control of their talents and means to themselves. It will seek to promote the individuality of every man to the utmost. Instead of trying to force the conceptions of one man's brain, or those of twenty, into the million, it will recognize the God, the light and truth that is in the souls of all men, and seek only to develop it and guide it to its true end.

The Church will enlarge her creed so that she can become the nursing mother of millions instead of the controller of a few. So long as men obey the initiatory ordinances of the Gospel and live pure lives, the Church will find a place for them within her borders, whether they can accept one additional principle of truth or a thousand. Like Nature, which rejects nothing from her domain, but, from the rudest to the grandest organism, controls all with the same hand, so will the Church embrace all intelligences within her operations, accepting them where they are, and leading them up to God.

The unity which the Church will aim for, will be the unity of oneness in all great principles of truth. It will seek to harmonize the sentiments of mankind, leaving all free to follow the bent of their organization, and to work out their own inviduality, instead of aiming to direct their action in the petty details of life. This is the unity and harmony manifested in the Universe, in which all elements are united in obeying great general laws, while each manifests its peculiar qualities in its own way. This, therefore, is God's unity, and life and intelligence can be controlled on no other principle. All other unity is the soulless unity of the drill sergeant, and as destructive of human intelligence as it is beneath the aims of a God.

All religions will be recognized as having been wisely developed in the providences of God to meet the varied conditions of the different races and classes of mankind.

It will be understood that any creed which is above the understanding of a man cannot be divine to him, while a lower creed, which comes within his conceptions of what is divine, will touch his heart and develop more good in his nature. All creeds, therefore, will be respected in Zion as fulfilling a great and a useful mission in God's hand.

In the wide creed of this Divine Movement, Zion's motto will be: "Charity for all." She will view the wicked or corrupt as men morally diseased, that simply need to be cured. She will ascribe all wickedness to ignorance, false education, unfortunate surroundings, and more than all to inherent tendencies to good or evil derived from parentage at birth. While she will teach that all are responsible for making the best use of such intelligence and perceptions of good as they *do* possess, she will contend that tendencies to good or evil are not equally strong in all men—that with some it is far easier to do right than it is for others, and that the wicked should be viewed as the unfortunate, who require more love and care than "those that are whole and need not a physician."

The policy of the Movement will be to make Zion, that place, of all others on the face of the earth, where mere difference of creed has the least power to separate man from his fellow-man. Zion's policy will be to abolish all distinctions which build up hatred and division in the hearts of men, and to draw all men so near to her that she can reach their affections and do them good. The term "Gentile" will, therefore, pass away. Entrenched in the strength of the broadest, most liberal, and most philosophical principles the world has ever known, and backed by the invisible influences of a higher world, she will fear no rivalry, and need no petty external arrangements to shield her from the influence of inferior faiths, or from intermixture with the bad. All wholesale measures for separation and non-association between classes and creeds are artificial, and require, as we well know, the watchman and the inquisitor to keep them going—and then they fail. There is no true safeguard from corruption but that of higher education and intelligence. The good and the pure, the intellectually and spiritually developed, need no division between themselves and the ignorant and depraved. Their own natures and higher conditions are a sufficient division and protection.

All trading or social relations with people, in or out of the Church, will decide themselves upon grounds of acquaintance, experience and individual judgment. All wholesale prohibitions of classes or creeds, commercially or religiously, are opposed to the spirit of the age and must cease.

On the great question of Civil rule, the Movement will recognize the National Government as supreme in its sphere. It will, therefore, practically sustain its laws and seek, by constitutional means, to change those which it considers opposed to religious or civil liberty.

Another point in the movement will be to place the practice of plural marriage on the highest grounds. It will only maintain or encourage it so far as it is practised within the highest conditions of purity, delicacy and refinement. It will assert that pure affection on all sides can alone sanctify this or any other kind of marriage. It will, therefore, oppose all marriage from a cold sense of religious duty, as it will all marrying for the mere accumulation of families.

It will teach the high principles—the strict laws and conditions which alone can render this order of life successful, and then leave it—like the question of being called to preach the gospel—to every man's light and intuitions to determine when, or whether, it will be right in his case or not.

Above all things, the Movement will strongly assert the necessity of the highest appreciation of woman, and of her highest development and culture, as the only basis of a high civilization.

The foregoing, constitutes in brief, a general outline of the policy and character of the coming institutions, which are about to be inaugurated. To our judgment, the principles referred to speak for themselves. If any do not appear to do so, we ask all to suspend a hasty judgment until we shall further explain or amplify through the columns of our paper. We will here say, however, that the principles enumerated are but the very simplest elements of a grand chain of truths which will widen illimitably as the movement progresses.

Before closing, we will refer to another matter. Having written somewhat on the subject of the Spiritualities of our religion, some, who do not appear to recognize the very views which they held when they first entered the Church—so strangely are we altered as a people—have charged us with believing in Spiritualism. Our platform in relation to that system will be found in an article entitled "Spiritualism and Priesthood," published in the last number of this Magazine. To make the case still plainer we will state wherein we particularly differ with that system.

Let none be startled, for, in the first place, we do not believe that spiritual manifestations are the work of the devil. We view all rappings, tippings, planchettes, etc., as the lowest possible form of communication with the invisible world, all of which order of communications possess no more force, authority, wickedness or goodness, than the same communications would have from the same individuals were they present in the flesh. The simple fact about them being that they are not specially authorized by the authorities of the spiritual world, but not necessarily wicked on that account. They are, however, a far lower phase of manifestations and

truths than those inspirations which come through the channel of the Controlling Powers, or the Holy Priesthood. The beings who give them belong mainly to the lower realms of spiritual life, and who have never entered into the higher truths of celestial existence, hence they know little or nothing of that wonderful system of Divine organization for the preservation and promulgation of light and truth through the realms of space. With all its ignorance of many great truths, Spiritualism possesses some good points, not the least of which is that it is that system by which, in the hands of Divine Providence, from five to ten millions of people have been made to believe in the realities of another life, and thus, so far, have been prepared for higher truths.

On the other hand, as the MAGAZINE has abundantly manifested, there is a great difference between our doctrines and those of Spiritualism, as any child in "Mormonism" ought to know.

For instance: we believe in a Priesthood or an organized system of Divine authority extending into the Spiritual world without exception Spiritualists reject this doctrine.

We believe in the necessity of the gathering of an inspirational people, and the building up of a Zion as a center of light and truth to the whole earth—they do not.

We believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith; they do not.

We believe in Plural Marriage; they are utterly opposed to it.

These points—and they are far from all—form broad lines of division between our principles and those of Spiritualism. We leave them to the judgment of the reader. At the same time if Spiritualism, or any other form of belief, now or hereafter, presents a truth, we shall, at all times, admit it. We are ashamed of no truth and will battle for the bright points of all creeds as much as for our own.

We now submit our case to the public. To the intelligent mind, God is seen in all that is natural, simple, and heavenly in its character. What amount of light and truth we possess, this announcement, and our past and future articles in the MAGAZINE will best show—and each must decide for himself. We exhort all to be calm and judge dispassionately, and look for light to its great fountain, and a testimony will spring up in their minds that God is moving for the blessing and redemption of His people.

We shall seek to take that course which will give no cause for reproach. But all may make up their minds to this fact, that no course we *can* take will be allowed to be right by such as are interested in silencing our voices. If we speak boldly and bluntly, we shall be charged with being defiant and malicious. If we speak mildly and kindly, we shall be said to be hypocritical. If we reason, we shall be guilty of sophistry—we shall be wrong anyway. A tree, however, is known by its fruits, and an impure fountain will not send forth pure water, and, trusting in God, we shall fearlessly await the trial.

And now let us say, a Revolution is at our doors; not one of bloodshed or strife; but a peaceful revolution of ideas. An intellectual battle has to be fought, and Truth *will* prevail, but Moderation and Kindness must be the battle cry. The object of the Movement will be that a more Heavenly Zion may be established, the spirit of Jesus must, therefore, govern all, or our great object will be defeated. Insults, taunts, ridicule and false accusations, will, of course, prevail, but they must not be on our side. Let us dispel darkness with light, harshness with kindness, and move calmly on. And, as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, the light will break, the truth will go forth in its majesty, and thousands of voices will soon echo our testimony.

E. L. T. HARRISON
W. S. GODBE.

JOSEPH SMITH AND HIS WORK.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

It may, perhaps, at this particular time not be amiss to review our Founder and the character of his work.

I believe it is not altogether out of the minds of the *people* of Utah that in Joseph Smith was the beginning of the Mormon dispensation. The man was a PROPHET in his mission and in the very constitution of his mind. He represented genius and not character with its iron will and conservative policy. His nature was all of inspirations and spiritual power. As a tremendous battery charged with this spiritual force he stood to a world and to an age. This was according to his nature, independent of his mission. He was born a Seer, and he took his gifts from his mother. Indeed, this is always true of prophetic natures, and there is deep philosophy in the Catholic's worshipping Mary as the mother of Jesus, rather than giving the divinity to his mortal father. Intuitive souls and fond, clinging, unselfish natures are derived from the mothers. Joseph, then, was not a Smith, but a Mack. His brother Hyrum, however, turned after his father, from whom he took the grave precision of his character. He was as much a patriarch and counsellor by nature as Joseph was a Prophet, and hence the strong affection between them by their very dissimilarity. The one was impetuous, intuitive, liable to err, being charged with strong passions as well as endowed with extraordinary gifts, while Hyrum was a manly man, in whose character and life there was found scarcely a blemish.

Lucy Mack, the mother of Joseph Smith, was by nature a Seeress. I touch upon this fact not only to illustrate a great psychological relation in the case of the Mormon Prophet, but also to prove the genuineness of his mission, and of the administrations of his angels. Mormonism originated not in imposture nor in any deep-laid scheme concocted at any part of his life, for it was nascent in his very race, and was born with him. It could not have originated with Brigham Young, and been genuine, for the latter is not a Seer by nature. He never did see angels excepting in dreams, and never did hear the voice of God in a wakeful state. Hence, his own statement that he is neither a Prophet nor the son of a Prophet; but he is a society-builder, a founder of cities, an organizer—one of the most fitting men to preside over a people.

Prophets come from a prophetic line, just as poets and musicians spring from parents more or less like themselves. A grand culmination of gifts from a family of their order, constitutes a great poet, a great musician, or a great Prophet. Thus we are told by Joseph Smith, himself, that he was of the seed of Abraham, through Joseph who was sold into Egypt for being a dreamer and a Prophet like himself. Be that as it may, we find the Seer gifts in his family at a later date, and in a remarkable degree in his mother. If you possessed her portrait you would discover the Seeress in her physiognomy as you can also in John Wesley's mother. Here then, we have in Joseph Smith, God's fitness of nature and race for some new dispensation of a spiritual not a temporal religion.

There is connected with this fact of Joseph Smith being a Prophet by nature, a remarkable testimony from the spiritualists of America. This is only worth so much, just as was the witness from the spirits of old to the Christian Apostles: "Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?" Now the spiritualists everywhere readily grant that Joseph was one of the greatest spiritual mediums that ever lived. They say that he was not much inferior in his prophetic and Seer gifts to Jesus himself, of course not referring to his Divinity. We come now to his mission, and herein we shall discover

how much or how little the Mormons of to-day are like him.

Fifty years ago the world was in profound darkness, touching God, angels and immortality. The Heavens had been closed for well nigh two thousand years, excepting to Mohammed, whom the Christian world did not receive. It is true Swedenborg had lived, but he opened no great spiritual dispensation and was treated merely as a psychological mystery. And yet the world said, what our President recently affirmed, that we had enough revelations on hand to last for another thousand years. If any Prophets had arisen they had not made a very decided mark in a prophetic mission. At length fifty years ago came Joseph Smith, in the very age of infidelity, when men began to settle down into a stolid certainty that all religions were but great human problems, and God and immortality myths. And now mark two phases of his mission and work. First, he was not sent to found a mere sect of religionists, and he came not to build up a mere temporal power upon the earth. He was sent to reveal the Heavens, and to bring immortality to light. This was according to the very wants of the age: a new dispensation was really necessary even to preserve Christianity from being swallowed up by modern infidelity, the same as the Restoration is now needed to preserve the Mormons from losing the very genius of their religion. The other phase of his mission was that he was sent to reveal God and Jesus Christ. In this phase we find a striking difference from that found in modern spiritualism which reveals *not* God and his Christ. The burden of his spirit was that of our first hymn, "Jehovah speaks, let earth give ear." There was, then, a grand theme in his prophetic annunciation. His was like the burden of the Hebrew Prophets, and not the trivial and discordant messages of modern mediums. There was in his mission a broad and universal design worthy of the Heavens, for it was not only to take in all mankind, but to link all ages and dispensations by a culminating act of God and angels. It was a world's spiritual epic, linking mortals and immortals into one great family of Christ. A Church was to be built upon the earth with the most universal name. It was the Church of Zion, for Zion had been from all ages. There was to be no sectional name; Zion was to be built up on the earth, and Zion from above to come down to dwell among men. Indeed, it was this coming down from the heavens of Zion, that gave all the value. If the God and the angels came not, then all was a farce of the most solemn character. Thus in Joseph's mission the "dispensation of the fulness of times" was declared to be opened, in the consummation of which all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, were to be brought together in one. Let us pause here to ask, "was this in the general statement true, or a lie? Our almost entire temporal condition in Utah to-day, and our almost total spiritual darkness, make this inquiry very pertinent. For my part I believe it was true, having never doubted Joseph's mission, though for years I have doubted nearly everything else in Mormonism. I think the case justifies my unbelief that spiritual Zion has come down to dwell in Utah. But let us pass on from this application of a divine programme to the unfolding of Joseph's spiritual work on the earth.

The Mormon Prophet not only believed in the spiritual work of Zion, himself, and that Jehovah had spoken to him, but tens of thousands were in a few years converted to the same faith. Go forth and preach, was the command to the Elders, and the Holy Ghost shall bear witness in dreams, visions, prophecy and the ministering of angels. How often did we Elders in the boldness of certainty challenge the world upon the scientific method of our truths. Believe not because I tell you, but from the demonstrations of the Holy Ghost to yourselves, obey and you shall know from the witnesses from on high. Now I would make bold to-day, to challenge our apostles to come back to their own platform. If they can prevail upon God and angels to witness to the people of Utah now, *not* by a testimony of twenty years ago, that their temporal and commercial schemes are of heaven, I will repent of my unbelief of eight years, and bear testimony that their schemes are of God even as I think they are of man. All Israel once had the witness to their Divine message. Let the Heavens witness now. How simple, then, is the matter, how easy the unity of the faith if the Heavens are with you still, even as I have believed for years that they have left you all, and myself among the rest. Truly we have been given over to the *buffetings of Satan*, perhaps to bring us back to a yearning for the revival of the prophetic mission of Joseph. Temporal organisms and centralization grew not out of him. He was neither a commercial prophet nor a great financial administrator. It was almost as true of him as of Jesus, that "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Though he conceived grand social schemes, the conception was not in the form of a small temporal community to be built up in the Rocky Mountains there to be confined in isolation. Here it is, in the spirit of his own wording: "I will gather together all the nations of the earth to build up the Zion of God." Hence, not only all the wonderful missions of his apostles and elders throughout the world, but also the marvellous emigrations of the Mormons during a period of forty years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROSPECTUS.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE,

THE ORGAN OF LIBERTY AND PROGRESS,

TO BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR.

The publishers of the UTAH MAGAZINE, believing that a NEWSPAPER would be a more appropriate medium than a MAGAZINE for the expression of their views, and better adapted for general circulation, purpose, in a few weeks to suspend the publication of the UTAH MAGAZINE and publish a large weekly newspaper, under the above title.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE will sustain the platform already laid down by the MAGAZINE, advocating freedom of speech and mental liberty within the Church, and will seek by kindly discussion to bring this question home to the minds of all.

The TRIBUNE will avoid personalities of all kinds, and no intemperate article will be allowed to appear in its columns; at the same time it will make a manly protest against wrong or abuse of power of every kind. In a word, the TRIBUNE will contend for a FREE "MORMONISM," not the freedom of license to do wrong, but such Gospel freedom as was offered to us when we came into the Church, and such as the Holy Spirit, then and now, certifies to us as our eternal right.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE will be the pioneer of all advanced thoughts. It will seek to break down all cramping influences which come in the way of the widest and freest discussion of every principle of right. It will bring into practical operation the old Mormon theory that ALL

TRUTH belongs to our system, and show to the world that, as a people, we dare look any truth in the face, whether it may have belonged to our original belief or not.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE is started with the full assurance that we are on the eve of a new era in our career, in which "Mormonism" will throw aside all narrowing tendencies and present herself before the world as the exponent of the highest facts of science, the noblest truths of religion, and the widest sentiments of charity to all mankind. To prepare the way for this consummation will be the mission of the TRIBUNE. All who look and pray for such a day will lend their aid to sustain it in its holy work of progress and reform.

The TRIBUNE is no personal speculation. It will be made the property of the Movement it represents, and belong to the people. In aiding it, therefore, by purse, voice, or pen, all may feel that they contribute to a CAUSE and not to men.

As publishers, on behalf of the Movement, we urge all our friends to yield the TRIBUNE that aid that will enable it to meet the crusade now in operation against the circulation of the MAGAZINE, and sustain it while it fights the battle of free speech and thought.

All who have paid for the MAGAZINE will be supplied with the TRIBUNE until their number is complete. All subscribing for the TRIBUNE will be furnished with the MAGAZINE until the former is published.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE will be published every Saturday. Price $5.00 per year; $3.00 per half year; single copies, 20 cents; clubs of five copies, $20.00.

All who understand the enormous difficulties against which we have to contend, and are desirous of aiding the TRIBUNE in its struggle for right, will take as many copies as they can personally, and raise us all the subscriptions or advertisements in their power. And by the united effort of all our friends, moving in the spirit of reason and kindness, we shall win and convince on every hand, and the truth will march triumphantly along.

W. S. GODBE,
E. L. T. HARRISON, } Publishers.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

It was many years ago that the story I am about to relate occurred. Four young men, together with myself, started on a hunting expedition. My companions were wild and reckless fellows, afraid of nothing. It was, I often think, their recklessness which caused their death.

One evening, as I was sitting in my log hut, quietly smoking my pipe, I heard the sound of footsteps, and, in an instant, I was startled by a rap at the door. Without waiting for a reply, the stranger opened the door and entered the room. He accosted me by saying, "How are you, stranger? Mighty glad to see you."

"Are you trapping around about these parts?" I asked.

"Well, yes, some," he replied; "hunting and trapping, together with fighting redskins. Probably you have heard of me." I shook my head. "My name is Bill Rogers, the Ingen-fighter," he said. "I can whip more Ingens, catch more beavers, kill more bars, and run faster than any other man in old Kentuck. But where did you come from?"

"My name is Charles Grafton and I came from St. Louis."

"Well, ain't you afraid of the pesky Ingens?" he asked.

"No more than I am of the bears, or other wild animals."

"Well, stranger, you're in a mighty dangerous situation. The best thing for you to do is to leave this place."

As it was nearly dark, my newly-found friend asked permission to stay all night with me. To this I readily consented, and we passed the hours of the evening in lively conversation until our fires became extinguished. We then wrapped our blankets around us and lay down on the floor, where we soon fell into a quiet slumber. How long we slept I know not, but we were awakened by the barking of my friend's dog, which he had left outside the door. Arising, I asked Bill what was the matter with his dog.

"Matter enough," was the reply. "There is Ingens around here, and, we're mighty smart if we escape their tomahawks to-night."

I was soon at one of the loopholes, with which my cabin was amply provided, and discovered, by the dim light of the moon, dark objects flitting to and fro. As I watched them, I saw them coming towards us. When within about twenty rods of our cabin, I was startled by the report of Bill's rifle. Looking round, I saw him coolly loading his gun.

"There's one of the pesky thieves gone!" he muttered, as he rammed the ball down.

On looking out again, not a sign of an Indian could I see.

"There goes another!" said Bill, firing his weapon as he spoke.

The next instant, I saw about fifty Indians emerge from the forest, and, setting up a hideous yell, dash forward. When within about one hundred feet of us, I gave them the contents of my gun; in a second after, Bill also fired, and two savages bit the dust. Nothing daunted at this, on they came. We both drew our revolvers, and sent their contents into the thickest of them. As they had now lost ten men, in killed and wounded, they thought it best to retire.

About an hour elapsed, and, as they did not appear, I asked my companion if he could assign the reason.

"Some new scheme, I suppose," was the curt reply.

As we were watching, each moment expecting to see them burst forth from the forest, we were suddenly startled by a sharp, cracking sound proceeding from the opposite side of the cabin.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bill, in alarm. "They have set the house on fire, and intend to burn us up!"

The truth was too apparent to be disputed, and the room was soon filled with smoke.

I returned at once to my post, and soon observed an Indian approaching us, bearing aloft a white cloth, which he kept waving to attract our attention. When within speaking distance, I opened the door, and called out, "What do you want?"

"Will you surrender?" he asked, in broken English

"On what terms?" I asked.

"We will give you a chance for your life," he replied. "If you fail, your life shall pay the forfeit; if you succeed, you are at liberty to go your way unmolested."

"We accept your terms," I said, advancing to the door.

Turning round, he motioned for his men to advance. Upon asking what chance we were to have, he told us that we were to run the gauntlet. That is, stationing the Indians in two lines, facing each other, about four feet apart, all of whom were to be armed with a knife or tomahawk. My companion wished to go first.

"You watch me," he said, "and then imitate me."

This I promised to do. The Indians were all assembled upon a plain piece of grass, awaiting us. After divesting himself of his coat and boots, the trapper took his place. At a given signal he started. The first Indian he dealt a blow,

which sent him reeling to the ground; the next he easily passed, and then, crouching almost to the ground, escaped the blows of the third. Thus he continued, until he reached the end without a scratch.

I was now led forward, and, at the signal, started. Imitating my friend, as much as possible, I reached about halfway unhurt, but I was then struck a hard blow upon the arm by a powerful savage, which broke it. This somewhat retarded my speed, but, by dodging along from right to left, and then crouching down as my companion had done, I at last reached the end, and sank down exhausted. My friend bound up my arm as well as possible. The Indians were determined not to allow us to leave them, and their chief was expostulating with them, but in vain.

"The pesky, deceitful critters won't let us go now," said Bill.

The chief then came up to us and told Bill that one of the Indians—one who had lost a brother in their attack upon us—had challenged him to fight with the knife.

"Where is he?" asked the trapper.

The chief motioned to one of the Indians, a huge, athletic fellow, who now came forward.

"Come on!" exclaimed the trapper.

"Each man took his place, and, at the signal both commenced. I expected to see my companion fall beneath the heavy blows of his opponent. But not so; he carefully avoided his blows, and, at a favorable moment, he clasped him round the body and threw him to the ground; the next instant his knife was buried in the heart of the savage. Arising, he cast a proud and defiant look around; then, wiping his knife and replacing it in its sheath, he rejoined me.

The chief now came forward and informed us that we were at liberty. My companion donned his clothes, and, after helping me on with mine, we quitted the spot. I did not remain in that region any longer, but started for St. Louis, which I reached in due season. I soon recovered the use of my arm, but shall bear the scar until my dying day.

THE PLANET MARS.

The planet Mars is the only object in the whole heavens which is known to exhibit features similar to those of our own earth; and the accumulated explorations and discoveries of astronomers during the last two hundred years have resulted in the construction of a globe representing the characteristics of this planet as astronomers believe them to exist. At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, a globe of Mars was exhibited, on which lands and seas were depicted as on an ordinary terrestrial globe. By far the larger portion of these lands and seas were laid down as well-known entities, respecting which no more doubt is felt among astronomers than is felt by geographers concerning the oceans of our own globe. To the lands and seas, developed in the planet, are applied the names of those astronomers whose researches have added to our knowledge on the subject. Each pole of Mars, it seems, is capped with ice, which varies in extent according to the progress of the seasons. Around each cap is a polar sea, the northern sea being termed the Schroter Sea; the southern, Phillips Sea. The equatorial regions of Mars are mainly occupied by extensive continents, four in number, and named Dawes Continent, Madley Continent, Secchi Continent, Herschel Continent. Between Dawes and Herschel Continents flows a sea shaped like an hour-glass, called Kaiser Sea, the large southern ocean out of which it flows being denominated Dawes Ocean. Between Madler and Dawes continents flows Dawes Strait, connecting a large southern ocean and a northern sea, named after Tycho. Herschel Continent is separated from Secchi Continent by Higgins inlet, flowing from a large southern sea, termed Miraldi Sea. In like manner Bessel inlet, flowing out of Airey Sea (a northern sea) separates the Madler and Secchi Continents. Dawes Ocean is separated into four large seas, and large tracts of land lie between; but whether they are islands or not is not certain. In Delarne Ocean there is a small island, which presents so bright and glittering an aspect as to suggest the probability of its being usually snow-covered. These seas, separated by lands of doubtful extent, reach from Delarne Ocean to the south pole.

One of the most singular features of Mars is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything on our earth. For instance, Higgins inlet is a long, forked stream, extending for about three thousand miles. Bessel inlet is nearly as long, and Nesmith inlet still more remarkable in its form. On our earth, the oceans are three times as extensive as the continents. On Mars, a very different arrangement prevails. In the first place, there is little disparity between the extent of oceans and continents, and then these are mixed up in the most complex manner. A traveler, by either land or water, can visit almost every quarter of the planet without leaving the element in which he began his journeyings. If he chooses to go by water, he could journey for upwards of thirty thousand miles, always in sight of land—generally with land on both sides—in such intricate labyrinthine fashion are the land and seas of Mars intertwined.

SENSATIONS IN A BALLOON.

The question, "Are you not dizzy in looking down from a balloon?" may be answered as follows:—Dizziness or giddiness is something entirely unknown in æronautic traveling, and therein is one of the most surprising facts of ballooning. You look downward with the same steadiness and composure with which you look off from a mountain top. Another strange feature is that the balloon seems to stand perfectly still. Common sense teaches you that you are moving when the distance between you and certain objects is widening; but there is no other indication of the fact, nor is there in rising and falling in the atmosphere. Immersed in the air current, and traveling at the same or nearly the same velocity, the balloon seems relatively becalmed.

This fact sufficiently explains the utter uselessness of sails and rudder. There is no wind to fill the one, nor fulcrum or resisting force for the other. The only power of a gas balloon is its buoyant force; and thus all inward efforts at propulsion or control, beyond a simple means of rising or falling through a depreciation of the buoyant material or the ballast weight, are manifestly fruitless. Until some other inward motive power than mere buoyancy is devised, no forward step can be made in ærostatics; and the union of any other with the gas balloon is entirely hopeless, since the craft is wholly at the mercy of the element which sustains it. The wind currents, too, are so variable that navigating the air between given points under their control would be quite as much out of the question.

No difficulty is experienced at a less height than two or three miles, by persons in health, nor is any other decided sensation felt under ordinary circumstances. There may be a slight ringing or closing of the ears with some persons in a less altitude; but in the upper regions a deafness is experienced. At the height of three and a half miles the atmosphere is known to have just half the density it has at the surface; and there is, of course, the corresponding decrease of atmospheric pressure. At the surface, a man of ordinary

size is said to sustain an atmospheric pressure of 25,000 pounds, while at the height named it is reduced one half, the change bringing with it many discomforts. The reduction of atmospheric pressure is felt by the balloon through the expansion of the gas and the distension of its envelope, and thus to rise to great altitude necessitates an expenditure of the gas, as well as of ballast. To guard against a too sudden expansion of the balloon, the open neck at the bottom serves as a sort of safety valve, while it also becomes necessary to let out gas at times through the valve at the top

UNDERGROUND LIFE.

The coal miner passes in his cage rapidly from the light of day to the darkness of the coal-bed, several hundred yards beneath the surface. Here he toils—too often in a constrained position—for hours, hewing coal by the dim light of a lamp filtered through the small meshes if a wire gauze. His dangers are many, and, from the moment the miner trusts himself on the descending cage, they begin. A man a day is killed in the shafts of our collieries. The roof above him in his working place is often treacherous, and nearly six men are killed for every million of tons of coal raised in this country, by the fall of the stratum beneath which he labors. Then the coal itself is, sometimes continuously, often suddenly, pouring out its carburetted hydrogen gas, which, mixing with air, becomes the fire-damp; and, with the sad casualties arising from its explosion, we are, unfortunately, but too familiar. In one moment scores of men are destroyed by the force of the explosion; and those who escape the fire-damp, perish in the deadly cloud of "after-damp," "stythe," or "choke-damp," as the carbonic acid formed by the explosion is variously named. Nor are these all the dangers of the miner. He suddenly breaks into old workings, of which no records have been kept, and he perishes by drowning, in the rush of the liberated waters, surging under the pressure of the column of fluid, which has been gathering, it may be, for ages. The coal may be set on fire by an explosion of gunpowder, or from some accidental cause, and, fanned by the force of the ventilating current, become rapidly so extensive, as to cut off all means of escape. Then we have the sad record of the Hartley Colliery, in which, by the breaking of the machinery, the shaft was closed, and 204 men and boys found a living tomb. A similar accident occurred but a few weeks since near Rotherham, where the whole body of colliers at work were in a moment sealed in their colliery for some days; but, happily, here it was possible to release them.

The toiler in the metal mines, who is not liable to suffer from explosions of fire-damp, is surrounded by numerous dangers, analogous to those already described. Beyond those, from the severity of the labors of the metalliferous miner in air deficient of oxygen and with an excess of carbonic acid, and from the injurious influence of climbing on perpendicular ladders, from, it may be, more than 300 fathoms beneath the surface, bronchial diseases are contracted early in life, and the average period of his existence is but little above half that enjoyed by other men.

The very conditions of a miner's life render him a peculiar man. The darkness of the recesses of a mine gave birth to the kobal and the gnome.—types of all the various superstitions which, although somewhat modified, still haunt the miner. He is ever a religious man. There is no profane speaking in "underground life," and whistling is regarded as an act of levity, and always checked. Yet the miner's religion is almost always that of the fatalist. "I shall not die until it pleases the Lord" is his expression. A man who was brought out of the Lundhill Colliery for dead, but who recovered, was soon at work in a neighboring colliery known to be of a "fiery" character. He was asked by a visitor if he was not under fear, having already suffered so severely? "No," was his unhesitating reply; "the Lord who saved me then will save me again."

M. Simonin gives a description of the result of an inundation of a Liége colliery:—"On the 28th of February, a sudden irruption of the water which had been dammed up in the old workings surprised the colliers in the mine of Beaujonc, some of whom had just time enough to make their escape by means of the shaft, while others in their hasty flight were drowned; the rest remained close prisoners. The overman, Hubert Goffin, could have gone up in the tub, but would not do so; and he even kept his son, a boy aged twelve, near him. Like the captain who ought not to abandon his ship in the moment of danger, he meant to remain in the mine, displaying the most heroic devotion and the noblest resignation. 'I will save all my men,' he said, 'or I will perish with them.' Firm at his post, he encouraged and sustained everybody, striving to revive the courage of those who were on the point of yielding. Scenes took place such as the pen cannot describe. Two men were engaged in a quarrel, and while Goffin tried to separate them, some exclaimed, 'Let them fight; we will eat the one who is beaten.' At another time, all these men were seized with despair. The work that Goffin had caused them to begin, with the object of finding, if possible, a way out, having produced disengagements of fire-damp, they cried to their chief, 'Do not close the communication; let us take the lights there and blow ourselves up.' Some exhausted miners seemed to be nearly dying; their comrades, as they afterwards acknowledged, watched for the instant, in order to devour their bodies. All the lamps were extinguished for want of air; the weakest and most timid became delirious, complaining that somebody wanted to kill them by leaving them without food or light. They imperiously demanded something to eat, and inveighed against Goffin. They contended for the candles, which they devoured. Some went creeping along to quench their thirst. 'It seemed,' said they, 'as though we were drinking the blood of our comrades.'"

However, help from without came to the colliers. At the end of five days, twenty-four colliers were released, and once more saw the light of the sun.

Correspondence.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 19, 1869.

Messrs. Harrison & Godbe:

Although but an humble tiller of the soil, I find many ideas and reflections, peculiar to my own individual organization, will come bubbling up unbidden, convincing me that God left free the human mind, and that we cannot bind without destroying its divinity.

In reading the Magazine, in which I am always deeply interested, I was particularly struck with the statement made by Brother E. W. Tullidge, that President Young remarked, before the High Council at your trial, that we had revelations enough to last a thousand years. How can we reconcile that with his statement, made in reply to David and Alexander Smith, in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, that the Bible, Book of Mormon and Book of Covenants, were not worth the ashes of a rye straw, as we were henceforth to be governed by the Living Oracles. Be governed by Living Oracles, and the Heavens closed for a thousand years?

The Lord informed the Prophet Joseph that if he lived to the age of eighty-five years, he should see Him in the flesh. Now, if we have revelations to do us a thousand years, why should the Lord come in twenty; and is he to be debarred from giving any revelations when he does come?

Another question I would ask for information. At the meeting which was held in Nauvoo, when the burden of gathering the tithing, building temples, etc., was thrown upon the shoulders of the Twelve, there arose a controversy between President Young and the Prophet. President Young contended that "we should not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," while the Prophet Joseph declared in the most emphatic terms, and by inspiration, that the Twelve should give a strict account of every cent of tithing received by them, and also pay their own. Now it is conceded by all that the Prophet was inspired upon that occasion, to lay down certain rules, and make certain declarations, in anticipation of his martyrdom, which soon followed. Consequently those rules were to be laws to the Twelve and the Church, when he should "go to rest for a little season."

Now please notice that the strongest requirement then made upon the Twelve, and that upon which the Prophet laid the most stress, was that they should be able to account for all the tithing received by them. Then reflect upon the statement made by President Young, a few conferences since, after taking all the power of the Twelve into his own hands, that he could not tell what had become of the tithing. When he innocently made that assertion, did he intend to acknowledge that the mission given him, in connection with the balance of the Twelve, had failed in that particular upon which their instructions were the most definite? And if one tenth of the property of the Church is more than one man can control and properly account for, would it not be madness to concede him the control of the whole?

The issue seems plain. If the canon of scripture is full (in which case we have advanced to where Joseph commenced) then let us all use the best intelligence God and nature have given us, by living in accordance therewith. And if, on the other hand, we have Living Oracles, a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, whose voice is the voice of God, we should be allowed to know when his mission commenced, and what message from the Heavens inaugurated that august event.

Of two facts we are certain. It could not have been at the death of Joseph; as the first general epistle of the Twelve declared, in all sincerity, that we were then without a prophet in the flesh. It could not have been during our first fifteen years sojourn in the mountains, as President Young frequently declared, during that period, that he was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but simply an apostle of Joseph Smith. That the Urim and Thummum are again bestowed upon the head of the Church, and that prophetic visions are opened to his mind, I should be happy to learn: but, as a people, we could not be profited thereby till the revelations or prophecies were presented in proper form; nor can we without such proof, take all that our worthy President and the Twelve have said upon the subject of his non-Prophetship as a joke, and assume, under penalty of dismembership, that the reverse was all the time true.

In writing the foregoing I have acted upon the principle that the public acts of public men are public property; and as the present religion of the masses is centered in the man, we cannot well, in touching the principle, avoid touching the man. Our condition is not without a precedent, as Moses only left the ancient Israelites a few days before they erected a golden calf. It is not, therefore, so very strange, in the absence of revelation, that we as a people should confer upon our fellow-man the honors only due a God.

Yours in the cause of Truth

AGRICOLA.

TOOELE CITY, Nov 16th, 1869.

Dear Brethren: * * * * *

I pray that God will bless you in your present undertaking—namely, in spreading truth. I am very much pleased with the MAGAZINE: also very much instructed and enlightened by it, not because E. L. T. Harrison and W. S. Godbe publish it, but because of the truth it contains; and my prayer is that God will continually bless you and enlighten your minds, that you may bring forth principles which will be for the edification and instruction of the people. I have just been reading the article on "Unconditional Obedience;" a better one I never read, and I am satisfied that it was dictated by the spirit of the Almighty. I believe that all the articles published in the MAGAZINE, on points of doctrine, are dictated by the same spirit. I anxiously look for each issue of the MAGAZINE, for I am satisfied it will enlighten any man who will read it and give heed to its teachings. I call you brethren, for I look upon you as such, notwithstanding what has transpired of late, and you shall have my fellowship so long as you continue in your present course and spirit; and I am satisfied that God will bless you in connection with your brethren. If there is any apostacy connected with your proceedings I cannot see it.

I remain your brother, in love,

GEORGE W. KELSEY.

CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS, Nov. 1st, 1869.

ELDER WM. S. GODBE,

Dear Brother: I heard a rumor that you, together with some others, were becoming victimized for daring to express an honest opinion. The nature or particulars of your crime (?) I have not learned, not having seen a paper for some weeks, except when in the hands of another, who read in my hearing an article headed, "Justifiable Obedience," which article had and *has* my unqualified approval. Whether that was your fatal step I do not know, but would like to be enlightened.

I would like you to send me a file of the back numbers of the MAGAZINE, that I may learn how my brother has sinned and fallen (!)

I have not time to write much, but I think a deal. Suffice it to say that, though suffering from the effects of "blind obedience," I am not entirely discouraged. I behold the dawning of a day which is sure to dispel the darkness of night, and bring joy and gladness to many a desponding heart.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform, &c.

All is right, and I recognize the finger of Providence in all that is taking place.

I need not exhort you to patience nor prayerfulness; for I know you *too well* to believe you will cease communion with our heavenly Father, or that you fail to prize the truths of our religion.

There is one thing certain,—if hell is made up of such men as yourself, and some others whose names I have heard mentioned in the same connection, that is the very place I want my ticket for.

Your brother in the gospel of truth and integrity.

B.

THE DUCHESNE ESTATE.

"Hadn't we best be gittin' back to the shop?" asked Philpot, after two or three days of continuous eating and drinking, which Roland called "looking over the property."

"Can't see it," was the answer. "Let the old rum-hole run itself. I'm not going back there to roost. It's a mighty good market up here, and the bunks just fit my backbone. What's the use of going anywhere? The whole business has got to come where I am. If the lawyers want me, let 'em call. I'm comfortable. Ring for another bottle, won't you?"

They drank as usual; neither more nor less; simply all they could. The result was as usual that the flabby Philpot slept on the first landing of the stairway, while Roland was just able to get to bed in his boots and trowsers. The household servants, aristocratically contemptuous of this plebeian Stefano and Trinculo, had already learned to minister to them very carelessly, especially in their hours of helplessness. During the night Roland awoke. Every man who has continuously abused his nerves with strong drink, knows the mysterious terrors which come upon the inebriate when he struggles out of his nightmares, amid darkness and solitude. It was not by any means the first time that this precocious debauchee had awakened in such a state of fright that he dared not stir or call out. But this time there was really something horrible present; something which made the roots of his hair shudder, and his skin give out a cold sweat; something which for a moment paralyzed his limbs and his tongue. Vaporous moonlight, falling through bluish gauze curtains, cast a sickly gleam upon a tall, lank and upright figure, draped in burial white. Its head alone was uncovered; the graveclothes, drooping upon the narrow shoulders, disclosed a skull; the yellowish cranium, the bleached teeth and cavernous eye-sockets showed with horrible distinctness. It stood by the window, with the stiffness of a sentinel. But at Roland's first start of consciousness, it quitted its position with a slow movement, swept noiselessly to the foot of the bed, and halted there, facing the scared drunkard. Now, for the first time, Roland perceived a phosphorescent glimmer in the hollows of the eyes.

Had the youth been in good health, he would not probably have been shaken overmuch, and he certainly would not have been alarmed superstitiously. But his nerves were disordered by a week's debauch; he was not far removed from delirium tremens; he was hardly sane. During one of those minutes which take more life out of a man than an ordinary month, he was speechless, motionless, paralytic with terror. The spectre stirred: it slid to the corner of the bed; it turned to approach him.

With an effort which filled his hair and bedewed his skin with a perspiration like that of death, Roland threw up his benumbed hands and cried in a squeaking whisper, "Go away!"

It wouldn't go; on the contrary it came nearer; it tried to lie down beside him. In disgust and horror, fearful of being embraced by this mouldering visitant, Roland tumbled to the back side of the bed. Scarcely was he there ere the ghost stood beside him. Back again he bounced, and back glided the spectre. Roland seemed to himself a mass of shuddering gooseflesh, on the point of disintegration and dissolution, ready to drop to pieces. If the shrouded tormentor had dipped skeleton fingers into him and taken out handfuls of loose carcass, he would not have been astonished. Pieces of him might have rubbed off on the bedclothes without exciting his surprise. Escape at last: he leaped from the bed and ran: bang went his head against door-posts and walls: he never minded it; he flew. At the prospect of safety his voice came to him in the long shrill scream of a child, which recovers its breath after a fall. Still yelling, he reached the stairway, and fell headforemost. It was a lucky circumstance for him that flabby, blubbery Jacob Philpot had gone to sleep on the landing. Philpot awoke with a grunt, rolled somebody or something off his stomach, tumbled down the remaining stairs after it, drew his revolver and commenced firing. What was the matter he did not know, but his Southern instinct led him to have immediate recourse to his shooting-iron, and he blazed away in the darkness like a platoon. It seemed to him that a dozen people got off him and ran away screeching. His last ball brought down a glass chandelier in the parlor, with a crash which nearly bereft him of his lowdown senses. Then there was silence: next a tumult of negro voices; servants bearing lights flowed into the hall: and thus the scene ended.

Roland reappeared next morning, with the stains of earth and herbage on his back, showing how he had passed the close of the night. At the breakfast-table there was a period of sulky silence. Roland kept one eye shut; sometimes the right, sometimes the left; the open one always glaring at Philpot. The doughty countenance of the latter had an expression like that of a dog who discovers that he has attempted to bite his master, mistaking him for a stranger.

"I say, old porpus chops, you come mighty near finishin' me last night," began the heir of the Duchesne estate.

"I didn't know it was you," returned the victim of rum dropsy, with a bestial humility. "I'd a shot myself sooner than fired at you."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Roland, with a squint of harrowing incredulity. "Let's see you do it next time. I wouldn't mind if you tried it on now. Don't hold in on my account."

"How could I know who was thar?" pleaded Philpot, "You mounted me in the dark like a bag o' cotton. Got your boot in my mouth the first lick. I thought the niggers was insurrected."

"Somethin' got into my room last night, and wanted to light on me."

"Like enough niggers. Was it black?"

"No, it was white—whiter than a grave-stone—had a skull and grinned at me. By Jiminy! I sweat all my whiskey out of me in less 'n a minute."

"Look a here, Roland," implored Philpot, "jest keep an eye on yerself. I'm afeard it was the man with the poker."

"I don't go it half so hard as you do. Why, I got to bed last night, and you keeled up on the stairs."

"Yes, I know. But it don't matter about me. Now you, jest come into this property, you'd be a heavy loss to yerself. Let's try, jest for a day or two, to stay sober. Don't let's get outside of more 'n a bottle apiece, and that plain whiskey. These wines and mixed drinks are bad for the health."

"I pint. Let's have a temperance society. Tell old Tom to give us our two bottles, and lock up the rest and hide the key."

It was done. All day these two teetotallers suffered with thirst on their quart apiece. At evening, sober, wretched and desperate, they extorted the key of the wine-vault from Tom, and drank themselves a trifle drunker than usual. It was long past midnight when Philpot went under the table, an indistinct mass of snoring pulp, much in the state of a stranded jelly-fish, and not greatly differing from one in features and expression. With his two hands on the board, as if about to address an audience, Roland struggled to his perpendicular, turned himself as slowly and carefully as if he were a crate of china, and set off lurchingly for his bedroom, one eye sagaciously open. At the stairs he halted, the ascent looked a mile high, and straight up at that, moreover he was vaguely afraid of the ghost. A little before he had not wanted assistance, but now he thought he should like some niggers.

"What those fellahs gone to bed for? Why don't they set up for me? I'll teach 'em their business. I'll light on 'em. D—n 'em!"

Such were his reflections, and such he supposed were his words, as he zig-zagged from wall to wall toward the rear of the house. It was a spacious edifice in reality, and to Roland it now seemed illimitable. Moreover, the footing was unsteady: the floors keeled up before him and behind him, it was like walking a deck in a storm. After a laborious and eventful journey, he found a back door, strove obstinately with it, swore at it and got it open. Stepping into a piazza, faintly illuminated by starlight, he fell over something. A nondescript! wrapped in loose drapery, a pack of unassorted, scrabbling legs and arms, a mysterious monster, soft in some spots and tough as timber in others, a most clamorous monster, too, squealing and bellowing in various voices. Suddenly invigorated by terror, Roland grappled with it, rolled over it, went under it and lost himself in the middle of it. Among the amazing members of the creature there seemed to be one wooden one, which was particularly hard on him, grinding his shins, mashing his nose and pinching his fingers.

"H-o-o!" howled the caitiff, "who dat fightin' me? Hi yah! Jumboloro got you. Now guess you catch it. H-o-o-o!" And then followed a burst of goblin laughter, "Wah, wah, wah."

After a fierce struggle they tumbled apart and rose. There was a brief pause for breath, during which they faced each other in silence, like two game-cocks. Then the monster began to dance; squeaking and bellowing and tossing its drapery, it capered about Roland: legs and arms, or perhaps fins, of various lengths, went out and in marvellously; now and then it stamped with what sounded like a hoof.

Roland had made a tolerable fight thus far, but this demonstration was too much for his whiskey-rotted nerves, and he undertook to retreat. The moment he faced about, down came the nondescript's head, there was a miscellaneous charge of legs and fins and hoofs, one awful butt, and the drunkard was on his face. He rolled over on his back just in time to witness a new horror. With a rush of drapery a white object passed through the piazza into the hall, where it turned and revealed a skeleton-head, the eye sockets faintly blazing. Uttering a simultaneous shriek, the late combatants skedaddled in any number of different directions. The last sound which Roland heard was that awful hoof going from him through the darkness. For the second time in forty-eight hours he passed the night out of doors. By afternoon of the next day the house servants were full of stories about ghosts, voudoos and obis. There was an influenza of fright on the place, everybody caught it, and had it badly, like a second attack of measles; niggers and white folks, they were all laid up with it.

"I say, I never believed in ghosts before," observed Roland to the chalky-faced Philpot. "But hanged if it don't begin to smell pretty strong of 'em. What's to be done, old porpus-chops?"

"Better quit till the 'state is settled. Reckon it ain't quite squar, this livin' on a dead man afore the lawyers is done with him. Told ye; 'n the fust place, didn' feel easy 'bout it."

"What would the boys say to hear we was scared out by ghosts?"

"Boys be cussed! If they say anything, ask 'em to settle thar bills."

"I guess I won't go till I've inquired into the character of this old institution among the neighbors," decided Roland. "Have up some horses, Philpot. We'll ride round."

The Rambeau house being the nearest, they made their first visit there. Philpot, like a meek lowdowner, as he was, wanted to stop in the hall, but Roland nudged him, trod on his toes and winked at him authoritatively, and the two entered the parlor together. With a slight flush in her pale, massive face, Madame Rambeau rose to receive the heir of the Duchesne estate. Her eye was very investigating, she was querying whether the young man would do. she glanced to see how he was received by Ninette. A very politic and a slightly greedy lady was Madame Rambeau. Ninette answered the awkward bow of Roland by a cold inclination of the head, and without rising. Even Madame found the young man "horrid," could hardly conceal her dislike of his gashed lip, sore nose, swelled face and plug-ugly manner, began to feel that he could not by any possibility be made to do. Still, she had told Ninette to treat him decently, in case he should call; she had tried to hint to her that a fortune is to a husband what

sugar is to a pill, and she was secretly wrathful at the girl's averted face and chill demeanor. Daughters have so little sympathy with the troubles and anxieties of mothers! Daughters, in short, are so hardhearted! So felt Madame.

"My name is Roland," said the legatee, advancing with one moist eye closed and the other fixed on Ninette. "And this is my friend and bar—my friend, Mr. Philpot."

"Have the goodness to sit down," replied Madame Rambeau. "But why call yourself Roland? The name should now be Duchesne, should it not?"

"You're right, ma'am. Duchesne. That's the will. That's so. But I haven't got used to it yet. New thing."

"Ah! but you are so well paid for it!" smiled the lady. "The Duchesne estate is worth a name, even an aristocratic one, like yours."

"Heavy old estate," admitted Roland. "Big thing."

Madame's eyes flashed—this coarse, stupid boor was intolerable, she wanted to hurt him.

"Are you descended from the great Roland—the Roland of Charlemagne?" she asked. "He was mad, you know. I hope brain affection does not run in the family."

Roland had not a suspicion that he was being satirized; her sneer, smothered in smiles, was to him quite impalpable. Moreover, not being a student of Ariosto, he was puzzled by her allusion to Orlando Furioso. He glanced askant at Philpot for guidance. But that worthy, overwhelmed by the presence of "high-toned" people, sat meek and speechless on the edge of the chair, his napless hat between his greasy knees and his white eyes fixed on the floor.

"You beat *me*, ma'am," confessed Roland. "You do beat me *bad*. I don't know whether I'm descended from the old chap or not. Was he much mad?"

"He entirely lost his wits, and they had to be sought for in the moon," said Madame, gravely.

"The devil!" muttered Roland, turning a glance of bewilderment upon Philpot. The latter slightly elevated his colorless eyes, and whispered out of one corner of his tobacco-stained mouth, "Some vondoo business. I reckon."

"Queer country, anyway, ma'am," continued Roland. "My old house over there is haunted, or somethin' like it."

"Ah! is it?" answered Madame, calmly. "But, of course, it is. I knew it."

"The what's-his-name you did! How long has it been so?"

"About fifty years."

"What? and old Duchesne lived there all the while?"

"But it killed him at last, you know."

"I say, Philpot, that's what made the old boy drink so," whispered Roland, opening both his eyes with a start.

Philpot, wiping the perspiration from his putty-colored face, responded with a groan of assent and dismay. After some further conversation the visitors departed.

When the door had closed behind them, Ninette spoke for the first time since their appearance.

"Mamma, how could you tell them that the Duchesne place has been haunted?"

"I meant," replied the mother, "haunted by vice."

"Ah! but that is too bad on our poor old friend. I am sure he was good when he cried over Jeanie Deans."

"Besides, I want that brute to be driven away," continued the elder lady. "I want time for Vincent to be found, and to arrive. Every day that this creature stays strengthens his claim to the estate. Possession, I have always heard, is nine points of the law."

Thus, in her womanly and dense ignorance of law, talked Madame.

What with the skeleton-headed apparition, and his drunken fight with the equally drunken Jumboloro, and Madame Rambeau's adroit hints of ancient hauntings, our friend Roland went home convinced that the Duchesne place was no fitting residence for human beings.

"Hanged if I don't travel to morrow!" he said to Philpot, as they ambled along. "And before I come back, I'll have a new house built. I ain't goin' to live in a grave, with ghosts and vondoos, Philpot. It ain't my style. It never was, and I ain't goin' to begin it now, you bet your pile on it."

That evening, Ninette, alone in the Rambeau veranda, was pondering and, perhaps, crying over the question, "Where was Vincent?" The Duchesne estate was now a matter of minor consequence to her, so overwhelming was her anxiety as to the fate of the man she loved. Not a word from him for three weeks; no reply to letters of inquiry sent to Mobile. It was insupportable, it was horrible.

Presently there was an outburst of joyful shrieks and bellows from the greenery, near the gate; and in another moment Jumboloro appeared in the shadowy pathway which led up to the mansion. The bacchanalian old faun was outdoing himself: it seemed as if his sound leg would run clear away from his hobbled one, and dismember him; his raiment waved, his stick slashed the orange branches, and the whites of his eyes illuminated the evening.

Prancing, jerking, snorting, and squeaking up to the veranda, he bellowed, "I-o-o-o! This time he come. Mas'r Henry Vincent! Here he be for sure. Jumboloro tell you both times. Wah, wah, wah."

Strong desire is always ready to take the wings of hope, and carry us aloft. Ninette sprang to her feet, with the cry, "Oh, Jumboloro! is it true?"

Then, seeing another figure coming up the walk, she rushed down the steps, ran through the flower-scented gloom, and threw herself into eager arms.

"My darling! my goddess! my glorious beauty!" whispered the stranger, turning her head back to look into her face.

After a time, no doubt pleasantly filled, there came a moment when she was able to say, "Oh! what has kept you so long?"

"I am ashamed to tell you," he answered. "But I may as well make a clean breast of it. Such a thing shall never have a chance to happen again. I was invited to a bachelor supper in New Orleans. After supper, as I was going home, or going somewhere, I don't know where—pardon me, my dear child; I assure you it is the last folly of the kind. Well, I don't know what happened till next morning. But then I found myself on a vessel dropping down the river. They told me that I had shipped myself for a common sailor. I don't believe it. I believe that I was kidnapped while I was asleep. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"What an outrage!" exclaimed Ninette. "The wretches ought to be punished."

"Well, I made a row, as you may suppose. After a few days I frightened the captain, and he took me into the cabin. Finally, we met a vessel bound for New Orleans; and so, instead of visiting Havre, here I am. You are not angry with me? You don't despise me, Ninette?"

"Oh Henry!" she sighed, lifting her face to worship him.

"You are sufficiently punished," she said, presently. "You have lost the Duchesne estate. But I ought not to have told you so suddenly," she added, tenderly. "Don't mind it. We shall not need it. We can be very happy without it."

"You dear child," he whispered, caressing her hand. "Tell me the whole story."

"It has gone to a hideous little wretch—a barkeeper, or something of that sort—who calls himself Edward Roland. Oh, there is no doubt about it. The will said Edward Roland. Nobody comprehends; but so it is."

"My name is Edward Roland," he answered, with a smile.

"Henry! what do you mean?" she exclaimed, stepping back from him. "Who are you?"

"Now, I have got to tell you another bad affair, and this time you will be really angry," he stammered. "It was a duel."

"Oh!" answered Ninette, in a tone of relief. Duels were not crimes in the eyes of Southern girls.

"I was a second," he continued. "One of the principals was killed. So the authorities of Mobile got out warrants for all the parties concerned. I was not to blame. I had tried to bring about a peaceable settlement. Still, I didn't want to be arrested. So I ran away. I took the name of Henry Vincent, and lived for a while in Carrollton. Then I came up here to visit my father's old friend, Duchesne. That is the whole mystery, Ninette. Are you angry with me?" If she was angry she did not show it in the usual way, for she let him seize her hands once more.

"I knew about this other Roland," he added. "Duchesne knew him, too—used to drink at his place. But he probably never heard him called anything but Ned. I heard of the fellow's claim in New Orleans, and have seen my lawyer about it. The will is badly worded, of course: but my right can be maintained. Your mother is a witness as to what Roland was meant.

Some weeks after Edward Roland, the barkeeper, had been dispossessed by Edward Roland, the gentleman (now Duchesne), the conversation at the Rambeau dinner-table turned on the ghost of the Duchesne mansion.

"Perhaps I had best explain," said Madame Rambeau. "It was a little trick of my own. Cato here managed it admirably."

Cato grinned from ear to ear, and went on serving the table.

"What was the use of it?" demanded Ninette.

"Well—it was soothing," answered Madame.

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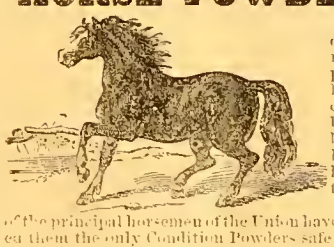

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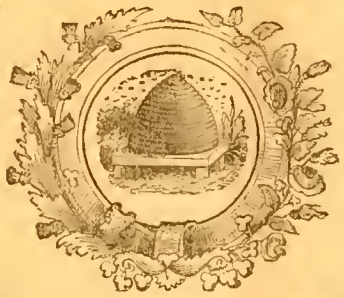

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NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother. District of Utah. } In Bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 13th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

S. A. MANN.

Clerk of said Court.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 28th A. D. 1869.

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court for the District of Utah.

In the matter of GEORGE D. WATT, R. G. SLEATER and WILLIAM AJAX. Partners lately doing business in Salt Lake City as Merchant. Bankrupts. } In Bankruptcy.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate and effects of Watt, Sleater and Ajax, of Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, within said District, who have been adjudged Bankrupts upon a creditor's Petition, by the Supreme Court of said Territory, sitting as a Court of Bankruptcy for said District.

Dated at Salt Lake City, the 15th day of November A. D. 1869.

JOHN CUNNINGTON

ASSIGNEE ETC.

NOTICE.

To Hans C. Heiseltt, John Sears and all others interested: you are hereby notified that I will appear at the U. S. Land Office, Salt Lake City, Utah before the Register and Receiver thereof on the 15th day of December 1869, to prove my right to enter, under the provisions of the Pre-emption Act of Sep. 4, 1841 the S. E. ¼ Sec. 19, From 5 S. Range 2 E. at which time and place you can appear and contest it if you see proper.

Witness my hand and seal this 9th day of November A. D. 1869.

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No. 31] SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 4, 1869. [Vol. 3

UPON THE WATCH TOWER.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Oh Lord, how long? We watch and wait
The coming of that Better Day,
When Love, triumphant over Hate,
Shall rule the earth with sovereign sway—
When he who toils and he who bleeds,
The promise of its dawn shall see,
And slaves of Power and slaves of Creeds
Shall hear the word that makes them free!

Oh Lord, how long? We wait and watch;
Night lingers, and the rough wind chills;
We strive some gleam of Morn to catch,
Slow-climbing o'er the eastern hills—
Some glimpses of the herald-star,
Whose light shall tell its advent near;
But lo! the darkness, wide and far,
Blots out the whole broad hemisphere!

Oh Lord, how long? The earth is old,
And reels, sin-stricken, to its doom,
Burdened with sorrows manifold,
And veiled in more than midnight gloom;
Her children weep upon her breast,
And heavenward eyes of suppliance turn;
Perplexed by doubts, by fears distressed,
Too blind Thy promise to discern.

Yet is that promise sure! and sure
The coming of earth's Better Day,
Though long the night of Wrong endure,
And still the dawn of Right delay!
Oh make us brave to watch and wait
The hour by prophet-bards foretold,
When Thou shalt lift the Orient's gate
And flood the lands with morning's gold!

CAPTAIN ANGELO BERTANI;

OR, THE TOUCH OF THE HAND.

I was in Florence in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. That was a terribly hot summer all over Europe. In Florence the heat was very great; and I remained in the city all through the dog-days, instead of going to make a villeggiatura amongst the hills or by the seaside. For was not that the year of the Austro-Franco-Italian campaign? And did not every lover of Italy feel chained to the focus of news from the seat of war?

Late in September, when the nights were still warm and fine enough to allow of one's enjoying a cigar *al fresco*, I took the habit of going to the Bottegone every evening. The Bottegone is one of the most frequented cafés in Florence. It is in a central part of the city, on the great cathedral square, and in fine weather the pavement before its door is thronged of an evening with drinkers and smokers. For the Piazza del Duomo enjoys the benefit of whatever breeze may be stirring in the city. There is a legend to the effect that the Devil, having made an appointment to meet the wind there, stepped into the cathedral on his way to the rendezvous, having, says the irreverent fable, particular business with some of the canons. The business has detained the Devil ever since. And so, from that day to this, the wind has been wandering up and down on the piazza, vainly expecting to find the Devil.

I was alone in Florence, idle and observant. One young man, among the many frequenters of the Bottegone, I noticed for some weeks as a regular visitor. He had a tall, slender, gentlemanly-like figure, bright, dark southern eyes, and, though dressed in plain clothes, clearly had the bearing of a soldier. He always wore, pressed somewhat low over his brows, a soft felt hat, from which escaped on either side a luxuriant mass of hair, thick and waving, and as blue-black as the raven's wing. The old reason for disliking Dr. Fell is quite as potent, on occasion, for loving Dr. Fell; and, without being able to account for it to myself, I felt a strong attraction towards this young man. Our little tables outside the café stood side by side, and we naturally came to interchange small civilities, such as the proffer of a fusee, the loan of a newspaper, and so on. The first words I heard him utter betrayed, in their soft, sweet, lisping accents, that he was a Venetian. This circumstance heightened my interest in him, for the sympathy then felt for Venice in Italy was very deep, very tender, and very real.

He responded to my advances, and I came to know him. His name was Angelo Bertani; he was a captain in a regiment of the line, and had distinguished himself at Solferino, where he had received a flesh-wound in the thigh, on which fever and ague had supervened.

His quarters in Florence were on a steep bit of hill at the back of the Palazzo Pitti. The first time I made him a visit there was when he had been laid up for some few days. As I left the more frequented thoroughfares to mount the ascent, a strange, sad silence took possession of the street. I might have been many miles away from a crowded city. The moon looked solemnly down on tall stone garden walls, and on the dusky cypress-trees that overtopped them. My measured footsteps echoed sharply on the flagged way. There was no other sound, except, at regular intervals, the peculiarly plaintive short cry of a little chiù owl, calling to its mate.

Arrived at the gate, I entered and mounted a long outer flight of steps, partly covered by arcades, to the first floor of a wide, rambling, old palazzo. A soldierly man, with a little brazen oil lamp in his hand, stepped out of a doorway and looked at me.

"You are the servant of the Captain Angelo Bertani?" said I.

"Yes, sir, I am Gabor," was the answer, in good Italian, but with a strong foreign accent.

"How is the Captain?"

"Not so well this evening, I fear, signor. He has been much depressed all day."

The old soldier gave me a scrutinizing glance, and, seeming to be tolerably well satisfied with his inspection, made a military salute, and preceded me with his lamp along a stone corridor.

I experienced an inexplicable feeling as I walked down the echoing passage. I had no definite expectation; but I felt as though something strange were infallibly about to happen. Nothing at all strange did happen. I found Bertani lying on a sofa in his lofty vaulted room, with a shaded lamp on a little table at his back, and before him the glorious panorama with the broad chiar'oscuro of the moonlight.

He received me more than graciously, with somewhat of the warmth of an old acquaintance. As such, indeed, he claimed me on the strength of our frequent meeting at the Bottegone. He looked haggard and suffering, but strikingly handsome, with his pale Titianesque face and black hair relieved by a Greek smoking-cap of crimson silk. I noticed that he wore this cap, as I had always seen him wear his felt hat, low on his brow.

We conversed freely. I asked if his wound were worse? He replied, it was troublesome, but nothing more, except that it reduced his strength terribly, and—combined with many hardships inseparable from his late service, poor food, and not enough of that—caused his nervous system to be much shaken by fever. He was charmed to see me (he assured me several times); he took my visit as a very great kindness; he earnestly hoped that I would soon repeat it; and he said, in the winning Italian manner, that he found me very "simpatico," and I did him good.

Little faith as I had in my power to dispel any nervous fancies by which the young Venetian's mind might be secretly troubled, I was too much interested in him not to avail myself most gladly of the chance of improving our acquaintance. It was not long, therefore, before I repeated my visit. I was received with even more cordiality than on the first occasion, and speedily became the intimate friend of Captain Angelo Bertani. Youth forms its friendships rapidly, and there was a most engaging simplicity in Bertani's character. As I came to know him better, I was struck by the singular sweetness and serenity of his temper and manner. I found him uniformly placid and self-possessed. A tinge of melancholy hung about him, but no gloom. And how was it possible, I asked myself, for a patriotic Venetian to be gay and cheerful, when his country was cast beneath the heel of the Austrian at the moment when all hearts had been beating high with the hope of her deliverance?

"Bertani," said I to him one evening, after we had been sitting silent for a time, "don't you think it would be good for you to make a move southward? Surely, a winter in Naples would do you good."

He smiled very slightly, and answered, "No."

"No? A taste of the sea breeze, well warmed by that southern sun, would set you up again."

He paused a moment, looking full in my face with his liquid bright eyes and answered, slowly, "Cano mio, the sea breeze and the southern sun would not set me up again,—because nothing will ever set me up again."

There was something in the notion of his being a prey to a morbid delusion which shocked me inexpressibly,—shocked me the more, in that his manner and conversation had always impressed me with a high opinion of the limpid clearness, if not the force, of his intellect. I began to try to prove to him the folly and weakness of giving way to a fancy that nothing would restore him. I talked myself into quite an excited state, and only paused at last, not from the lack of arguments, but because my eloquence was chilled by his absolute silence and serenity. Bertani sat motionless, with his handsome head leaning back against the old tapestry-covered chair, and a look of patient sweetness on his face, which somehow seemed so incompatible with the weak despondency of which I was accusing him, that I felt ashamed to proceed. "Forgive me," I said, suddenly, "if I presume too far on our brief acquaintance."

"Forgive you?" he cried, and grasped my hand warmly. "My friend, I have nothing to forgive. I thank you, on the contrary, with all my heart. But do not mistake me when I say that nothing will ever set me up again. I do not believe that I shall die immediately. I hope to live yet a few years whilst there is work for my arm to do. When I say that nothing will ever set me up again, I say the simple truth, for all that. I shall never be the man I was,—never, never."

He spoke very placidly, and was even smiling, but there was something in the fixed look of his eye which filled me with an undefined and unaccountable terror.

I suppose he saw my face change, for he rose and stood opposite to me (we had been sitting side by side), saying, "No, no, no, my good friend. It is not *that*. Be at ease. I am as sane as you are. Listen. That you are good and true I do not doubt, and never have doubted since I first saw your face among the crowd at the Bottegone. You have told me since that you were singularly attracted by me. Well, it was a mutual attraction. If you have the patience to hear me out, I will tell you what I have never yet told any human being. Stay yet a moment. What I have to say is strange beyond all strangeness, perhaps, that you can imagine, but to meet it is a deep and solemn reality; and to have it met with a scoff, or even a cold expression of incredulity, would pain me to the heart without shaking my own conviction by one hair's breadth."

I assured Bertani that I was prepared to listen to what he would tell me with all respect; and after a minute he began:—

"I am quite alone in the world. As far as I know, there remains no creature bound to me by ties of relationship. I was an only child. My father was a lawyer, but his practice was very small, and before I was ten years old it had dwindled away altogether, owing to the strong political opinions he held and professed. In the '48' no entreaties could prevent him from shouldering a musket and joining the volunteers, who responded with generous enthusiasm to the call of patriotism from all parts of Italy. He died in the early part of the following year, from the effects of fatigues to which he was unaccustomed, and which his age—for he had married late, and was advanced in years—rendered doubly trying. My mother and I were left literally destitute. In her distress she turned to a distant relative of my poor father's, with whom we had none of us been on speaking terms for many years. This man was a wealthy bachelor. He had been as prosperous in life as my father had been the reverse, and held a high position under the Austrian government in Venice. This alone would have been an unforgivable crime in my father's eyes. Then, besides, Pasquale Rosai—that was our cousin's name—was a bigoted and uncompromising

Catholic, and an upholder of the Papacy in its worst and most despotic phases. To this man my mother appealed for help in her forlorn widowhood.

"I was then a boy between thirteen and fourteen years old, and Rosai offered to undertake the expense of my education, and to provide for my establishment in life, on the condition that he should be permitted to exercise supreme and unlimited authority over me; and that I should be separated from my mother, who was only to visit me at stated periods. Our circumstances were too desperate to permit my mother to hesitate. I was transferred from the gloomy silent dwelling in which my poor father had died to the wealthy and luxurious home of Pasquale Rosai. I believe this man intended and tried to do his duty by me. But his character was naturally stern and cold, and his narrow intellect warped by the harshest bigotry. I was expected unhesitatingly to accept his dictum upon every subject, and was compelled to listen to the severest condemnation of principles which I had been hitherto taught to hold sacred. You see I had been cradled and brought up in the midst of a circle of people the chief article of whose creed was hatred of the Austrian. Incredible as it may seem to you, after what I have said, the man I have loved best on this earth belonged to the nation of our detested rulers."

"He was an Austrian?"

"Yes; and I loved him. Ah, mio Dio, loved him! In my guardian's house, though my body was pampered, my heart was starved. My poor mother died within a twelvemonth of my father, and then I was desolate. Under these circumstances, is it surprising that when my cousin one day (I was little more than sixteen years old) announced his intention of sending me to the university at Vienna, I hailed the prospect as an escape from the dreary round of my daily life? I did not fully understand why he should send me to Germany. But I now conjecture that it may have been with a hope of *denationalizing* me as much as possible. For he designed me for the law, and it was my ambition to become a soldier in my country's glorious cause. Well, I went to Vienna, and warmth and light were shed into my loveless life by the friendship of Gustav von Hildesheim, a fellow-student. He was to me friend, companion, brother. The truest, noblest, dearest!"

Bertani paused and covered his eyes with his hand. I sat silent, not venturing to break in upon that sacred grief, even by a word. Presently he resumed, having thanked me for my silent sympathy by holding out his hand with a gesture full of grace and sympathy.

"If I could describe to you what Gustav was!" he said. "It was not merely my boyish love and admiration which invested him with heroic qualities. He was beloved by all who knew him. My elder by four years, the relations between us were, on his side, tender, protecting friendship; on mine, gratitude and devotion almost amounting to idolatry. He shone in all studies and accomplishments; surmounting difficulties with an ease which appeared marvellous to my duller brain. And he was ever ready to help me over rough places that I could never have surmounted without his aid. Gustav von Hildesheim belonged to a high and influential family, holding the most orthodox opinions in politics and religion. But the Abbé Walddrof, my priestly Mentor at the university, would have been aghast could he have heard the theories held by this scion of a noble Catholic house. Gustav had caught the infection of liberalism, which was then rife among the youth of Germany, and he had an especial sympathy and admiration for Italy. We used to sit and talk for hours of the future of my beloved Venice, and he confirmed and encouraged all the patriotic hopes and aspirations bequeathed to me by my father. Notice this especially:—he had a peculiar habit of passing his fingers through my hair, so as to raise up the thick curls from my forehead, as he listened to my stories of my father's career, and of our life at home.

"But we talked also of other and higher things. Gustav had a tendency to mysticism, and a national love for the marvellous. I used to listen, awe-struck, to his strange, dreamy speculations about a future state, and whether the spirits of the dead were permitted to hold communion with those they had loved while living.

"Nearly three years passed without my once revisiting Italy. I took counsel with Gustav, and, with his concurrence, I wrote explicitly to Rosai, confessing my dislike of, and unfitness for, the profession to which he had destined me, and begging him to permit me to follow that to which all my inclinations pointed. We awaited his reply anxiously, and meanwhile I had a serious trouble in the prospect of soon parting from Gustav. He had completed his course of study, and was about to leave Vienna for a distant part of the country.

"'I hope, my dear exile,' he said, smilingly, 'that I shall not be called away before your destiny is determined on. What will you do if Rosai should be inflexible?'

"'I have made up my mind what to do,' I answered. 'I shall run away and enlist in the army of the King of Sardinia. If my father were alive, it is what he would counsel.'

"'Enlist, Angelo mio, as a common soldier?' cried Gustav, stroking my hair in his accustomed manner.

"'Yes,' I answered; 'in that way I shall at least not disgrace myself, either as a man or an Italian.'

"The letter from Vienna came at last, and was more harsh than I had believed possible. Gustav and I held counsel together, deep into the night. On the morrow he was to leave Vienna. Finding my main determination not to be shaken or changed, 'At least,' said he, 'you will not refuse to share my purse for the present. You have told me I am as a brother to you. Do not deny me a brother's right to aid you now.' I hastily considered what was the smallest sum that would take me across the Alps, and then told my friend that I would thankfully accept that sum from him as a loan. We agreed to write to each other, and formed many plans for a speedy meeting. All the manly dignity I tried to summon up could not repress the tears that gushed forth when Gustav took me in his arms for one last brotherly embrace, and passed his hand through my hair in the old caressing way. I clung to him as a child might cling, and sobbed upon his faithful breast. He cheered and soothed me with high words of hope, and noble aspirations, for the future. 'Heaven bless you, my Angelo! Courage, faith, patience! Remember my prophecy. You will live to see your Venice free and Italian. And we shall meet again—here or hereafter.'

"I never saw him more.

"Next morning, at daybreak, I left Vienna forever. I reached Turin, and there enlisted in a line regiment as a private soldier. I first saw service in the Crimea. Fortune favored me, and I was promoted from the ranks.

"I kept up a constant correspondence with Gustav; and, at one time, had great hopes of seeing him, for he wrote me word that he had been recommended to pass a winter in Italy. In the joy of looking forward to having him with me once more, I paid less heed than I should otherwise have done to the hint of ill-health which such a recommendation conveyed. He had looked strong, and bright, and blooming; the very incarnation of youthful health. But consumption lurked in his rosy cheek and bright blue eye, and soon the tidings came that a voyage to Egypt was considered the only chance of baffling the disease. I would have given worlds to see him

before he left Europe; but my duty and my poverty combined to keep me at my post.

"The events of '58' and '59' are as familiar to you as to me. I won my company at San Martino. At Solferino—" As Bertini pronounced the word, a deadly pallor whitened his already pale face, and his eyes resumed that fixed gaze which had so startled me.

"—At Solferino my life was saved thus: I was in the thick of the battle where the fight raged hottest, and I had reached that state of furious excitement in which only the wild beast instinct of destruction seems to animate a man, when I felt ice-cold fingers passed lightly through my hair. At that same instant a bullet whistled past my ear. It passed so close to me that it seemed as if the difference of a hair's breadth would have buried it in my brain. *I knew then, and I know now, that the hand that saved me was Gustav's.* I recognized the touch of that hand, and the peculiar caress I had so often received from it, as instantly and certainly as though my friend had been standing bodily by my side; nor did I need the fatal news that came to me. Within six weeks I received a letter from Madame van Hildesheim, written (these were her words) in compliance with her son's last and most urgent request. *Gustav had died in Egypt, on the very day and at the very hour when I had felt his hand amidst my hair upon the battle-field of Solferino.*"

Bertani's voice thrilled me in every nerve, and I shuddered. "Was that," I asked, "the only occasion on which you have experienced the mysterious touch?"

He answered, softly: "I felt it once again when I was lying sick in hospital, with the sabre-cut in my thigh, received that same day of Solferino. How I came by it I know not, for, after the hand had touched me, I remembered nothing until I found myself stretched on a hospital pallet, with the surgeon dressing my wound. I got brain-fever after that, and was delirious, they tell me. One night as I opened my aching eyes to stare at the dull flicker from the lamp that wavered on the whitewashed ceiling, I felt the cold soft fingers stroke my hair, and immediately a tight hot band of pain seemed loosened from my temples, and I slept. Next day I awoke—weak, it is true, but refreshed and free from fever. My time was not yet come."

"Granted that all this was so," I urged, "why should you despond, and say that you are never again to be the man you were? This beneficent hand has brought you nothing but good."

"True," returned Bertani, "true. And you rightly call it a beneficent hand. But the next time I feel its touch it will summon me away; to join my friend in the awful spirit-world."

"Why should you think so?"

"I do not *think* it," he answered. "I know it. I have an assurance with me that the third touch of that dear hand will convey my death-signal. Look!" he now added, bending forward; "those spirit-fingers have left a visible trace behind them."

He removed the crimson smoking-cap he always wore, and then I saw, running from brow to crown, in startling contrast with the raven blackness of the rest, one streak of hair about a finger's breadth, as white as driven snow.

Towards the end of this present year of grace 1866, when the Italian troops made their entry into Venice, I was there, one of many strangers. Bertani was there too, and I saw him among a brilliant knot of distinguished officers. Next morning, when his servant went to call him, he was found dead in his bed. It was at the moment of my coming up the staircase that Gabor (a Hungarian, and I believe a deserter from the Austrians) rushed out with the cry, "Death, death, death!" upon his lips.

We went into the solemn room together. Captain Angelo Bertani lay peacefully on his pillow, with a smile on his face, and his hair all pushed back from his brow, as if his mother's hand had soothed him to sleep.

I felt a thrill of terror at the sight. But I forbore to speak of the mystery to the Hungarian soldier, and I held the hand of my old friend to my breast in silence.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The precise result of Father Hyacinthe's departure from his convent can not yet be known. The course which the Superior of his order censured was approved by the Archbishop of Paris, in whose diocese the alleged improprieties were committed; and after the peremptory order from the Carmelite Superior to confine his preaching to certain topics, and to suspend all advocacy of measures not "exclusively Catholic," Father Hyacinthe, by declining to obey, and by throwing off the robe of his order and leaving the Carmelite convent, seems to have declared that if the Superior has a right to discipline him for conduct which the Archbishop approves, he renounces the vows of his order, and releases himself from the duty of obedience. It is not, as we write, known that Father Hyacinthe has made any appeal to a competent ecclesiastical tribunal, nor that the penalty which the Superior asserts that he has incurred has been enforced against him. Apparently he must take the first step if he would arrest judgment. But who shall assume to penetrate the ecclesiastical meshes of Rome.

The interest of the protest is its illustration of the instinct of moral liberty. Since Bossuet there seems to have been no preacher of such peculiar persuasiveness and renown as Hyacinthe. That there was a great deal of melodrama in the scenes at the Madeleine and Notre Dame may be true; but they were parts of a melodramatic system. That his preaching was emotional, and even sentimental, may also be true. But the best preaching has its source in emotion, and most great preachers have been in some degree sentimentalists. His gifts and graces as an orator would seem to be indisputable; and when it happens that a cowled and tonsured monk, whose vows imprison him from the most precious human affections, has a great tender heart, it gives his oratorical genius a power and pathos which may easily be resistless. Such a man, too, naturally idealizes with almost a lover's passion the Church, which stands to him for wife and mother and child He clings to it, he defends it with immeasurable fondness. When, therefore, such a man seems to become its antagonist, or is in any way willing to provoke observation and criticism by a protest, and will not confine himself, as Father Hyacinthe's Superior besought him to do, to subjects upon which the whole Church agrees, it is plain that the attitude he takes has the deepest significance.

As long as a Church can control civilization it has an aspect of liberality and progress. It promotes improvements not inconsistent with its own supremacy, as it gladly encourages secular schools of which it can have the exclusive direction. Cedric the Saxon is not anxious in these days that Gurth shall wear the iron collar conspicuously on the outside of his coat. He may adjust it skillfully under the most rakish and fashionable scarf or cravat—but the collar must be there. An age which will not wear the collar, however, disturbs the placidity of the master, and his attempt to retain it reveals the fact that the iron collar is the main thing with him. The Gallican tendency, or the liberal spirit in Father Hyacinthe's Church, is disposed to fraternize with the religious world every where; to help what are called secular reforms; in a word, as the phrase goes, to accept the

nineteenth century. But this is to dispense with the collar altogether. This is to release civilization from absolute ecclesiastical domination; to confound the faithful and the infidel, the sheep and the goats, and to plunge the world into ecclesiastical chaos. Now the ecclesiastical seal every where has always the same legend, "Heads, I win; Tails, You Lose." The nineteenth century doubts, and questions, and philosophizes. To accept it, therefore, is to disregard the signet.

Father Hyacinthe represents the protest which a commanding part of the intelligence of Catholic Europe makes against the probable action of the Great Council. He and his friends fear that by a declaration of the infallibility of the Head of the Church, or by some denunciation of the spirit of the age, the Church will be overwhelmed in a reaction which will alienate from her embrace many of the best and most powerful of her children. With that complacent contempt which the adherents of a vast establishment, whether political or religious, always feel toward opposition —for the confidence of conservatism in the established order is as absolute as that of Sinbad's sailors in the solid land which proved to be a whale and diver—it is said that greater men than the good Carmelite have protested and succumbed to the mighty mother; that Fénelon made his peace, and that Passaglia, who broke with the Jesuits, recanted, and begged to be allowed to return.

But when we read the history of the American Revolution it is not the defeats at Long Island and Germantown that arrest our minds so much as the surrenders at Saratoga and Yorktown. Fénelon made his peace. How about Luther? Passaglia recanted. Did Savonarola? The ancient ecclesiastical establishment is very firm and solid, but are there no signs in Austria, for instance, of a disposition to dive? If greater men than the Carmelite have recanted, greater than they have persisted. And in these days, however they may be condemned by due ecclesiastical authority, still in these days can a Church which is to be as wise as a serpent, as well as guileless as a dove, safely alienate men like Montalembert and Hyacinthe and their friends and followers?

The precise position of these protestants against the probable action of the coming Council seems to be difficult to understand, although, as we said, the result in the particular case of Father Hyacinthe's alleged contumacy as a Carmelite friar cannot be easily foreseen. The infallibility of the Church is a fundamental doctrine of the Roman establishment; but it has always been an undecided point whether it resided in the General Council or in the union of the Pope and Council. In any case, however, the harmonious declaration of a dogma by Pope and Council together must be received as infallible. To this, as we understand, Father Hyacinthe and his friends do not object; but they say that the declaration of the Council, whatever it may be, must be the result of the most ample and the most unfettered deliberation. The voice of a coerced Council, or a packed Council, is not the infallible voice of the Church. Father Hyacinthe, in his letter, protests against the doctrines and practices calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian; against the attempted divorce between the Church and the century; and the dreadful opposition in the name of the Church to human nature. He then says that if France is given over to social, moral, and religious anarchy the principal cause is not Catholicism, but the way in which Catholicism has long been taught and practised. Then, in a tone which must have caused the Carmelite Superior and the Holy Father to listen with open mouth of amazement, the monk cries: "I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much force as gentleness. But if fears in which I do not wish to share come to be realized—if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential character of an Œcumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others."

This is to say that the Council is probably packed, and that its conclusions will not be the result of free deliberation, and therefore not binding. But the Father must see that the apparent harmony of Pope and Council is all that is essential to an infallible declaration, because actual harmony can never be known. When a legislature passes a law by constitutional methods it is the binding action of the Legislature, whether the members of it are all conscientiously convinced, or whether a majority of them have been bribed or frightened. If the Church be infallible, the infallibility must reside in Pope and Council united, and when they speak their voice is final. Father Hyacinthe, in declaring in advance that he will not regard the united voice if it says what he does not believe, and that certain declarations will prove that the Council is not free, merely asserts what any other Catholic may assert of any Council that has ever assembled. It is a position incompatible with the infallibility of the Church, because it is a plain declaration that if the Church proclaims what Father Hyacinthe does not believe he will reject it. This is simple Protestantism. Every Protestant, the Rev. Dr. Prime, for instance, who called upon the Father upon his arrival in this city, will willingly accept any declaration of the Œcumenical Council which he believes to be true.

Harper's Magazine

BOTH SIDES.

One of the comic papers of London has recently done a thing which is considered very laughable. It has published a page entitled "Both Sides;"—the page is divided into parallel columns, and in these opposing columns are given the reasons and arguments of the opposing parties, for the grounds they assume in reference to the public questions of the day. Both sides are given with perfect fairness; there is no leaning in either direction.

Thus, the "intelligent reader"—as the newspapers are fond of styling their patrons—is enabled to judge fairly for himself of the merits of each measure as it is held by the respective parties; and he can select his own ground after obtaining an unbiassed statement of the position of both sides. Now, we do not see why this sort of thing should be confined to a comic journal, or why it should be considered laughable, except for its exceeding oddity. As it is, you can rarely find in a newspaper of either party a fair statement of the principles and policy of the other party. How rare it is to find an opponent of any scientific theory set forth that theory as it is held by its believers! How rare it is to find a Republican who can set forth the principles of Democracy as the Democrats hold them! How rare it is to find a Roman Catholic who can set forth the creed of Luther as he held it! How rare it is to find anybody of any school of ideas, who can state with perfect fairness the ideas of the opposing school! In the newspapers, such a thing as absolute justice in this respect is hardly ever attempted. Each school misrepresents the other, though, we believe, not always intentionally or maliciously. As a consequence, few people have ever the opportunity of studying both sides of any question from an impartial statement of the principles and grounds of each side; and hence a just and reasonable mind is apt to be exceedingly confused.

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Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
DO. DO. - - - - - - - - - - W. H. SHEARMAN.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

CAN DELUSION COME FROM GOD?

BY W. S. GODBE.

And for this cause [the rejection of the truth] God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe a lie.

That they might be damned who believe not the truth but have pleasure in unrighteousness. 2nd Thess. 2—11. 12

I am induced to express a few thoughts on this subject for the reason that some persons have been so inconsiderate and illogical as to apply the above words to the publishers of the Utah Magazine, as well as to those who endorse the sentiments it advocates, regarding them as individuals who have become victims of a "strong delusion," that God has sent in fulfilment of these words of the Apostle Paul. They are led to form this opinion, mainly, because their knowledge of our past course is such that they cannot believe it possible that we would *designedly* take a course that would militate against the work of God.

These persons being confident we are sincere, but no less confident that the authorities cannot be wrong, have come to the conclusion that we must be deceived and are ourselves the victims of a "strong delusion."

Let us calmly investigate this question, and try to ascertain what grounds, if any, there are for such a conclusion.

In doing so, we are met at the very outset with the fact, unmistakably expressed, that those who are to be overcome by the delusion spoken of, will be such only as "have *pleasure* in unrighteousness."

Now it requires no argument to prove to the persons who quote this text against us, that we are not of this class, for however much they may believe we are *now* in the dark, in the past, at some period not very remote, we were, in their judgment, traveling in the right path. We do think, in all candor, that all who are in the least acquainted with our history will be just enough to award this much. Assuming, then, we were enlightened by the true spirit of the Gospel and were trying to live in harmony therewith, we could not by any possibility be of the class referred to, for the delusion, it will be remembered, was to come as a punishment upon such as "believed not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."

Having briefly, but I think—to the class referred to, at least—fully exonerated ourselves from the charge of delusion, (assuming the ground taken by the Apostle to be correct,) we have now become disinterested parties in the case, and as such, desire to make an impartial investigation of the words of the Apostle, and subject it to the test of reason aided by the light of revelation, and see whether such an utterance, in its present form, at least, could have been inspired of God.

In doing this we do not wish to be understood as trying to undermine the Holy Scriptures, neither will it be obligatory upon us to clear up any inconsistencies they may contain, assuming such to exist. There are a great many ways of accounting for them that do not in the least invalidate the sacredness of the scriptures as a whole, or detract from the great truths they contain. We simply wish to avoid the error that lies at the root of all sectarianism, viz, adhering too much to the *letter* of the law, instead of paying due regard to its spirit.

For centuries the Christian world have traveled into a maze of contradictions and mystifications, not so much through believing the men who compiled the sacred books to be inspired, as through their claiming that *every* word they wrote was the same as though spoken by the Almighty Himself; and this without any reference to the circumstances connected with either the writers themselves, the severe ordeals through which their writings have passed by translations, &c., or when and by what means they obtained their present form.

Mormonism has done much for us in emancipating our minds from the erroneous traditions of the past on this vital question. We have long since been taught by President Young, and others, that, while the Bible abounded with truths, it did not follow that every statement it contained must necessarily be true *because it was in the Bible*. He, in connection with many others, has dared not only to doubt the correctness of some statements, but to deny their truthfulness in the most unequivocal manner. For instance, the story told by Moses about the creation of Adam and Eve, is well known to be wholly repudiated by him, and treated as a fable. Consequently, if it be right to reject one thing in the sacred book on account of its incompatibility with the known laws of nature, or its variance with any principle of truth, susceptible of demonstration as such, it clearly follows that any other thing may be rejected for reasons equally sound and conclusive; therefore, if it can be shown that such a sentiment as that contained in the text is in the least degree unjust or cruel in its tendency, all will agree that it could not have emanated from that Being who is the perfection of justice and the embodiment of mercy.

These words of Paul, unlike many others, are most clearly stated, and are as free from ambiguity as language can well make them. It says in effect that, because some had rejected the truth, God would send a delusion so strong that they would become influenced by it, and believe a lie; or, in other words, believe something to be true that was false; in doing which, it is implied that they became more wicked than before, so much so, that they are then fit subjects for damnation.

Now assuming for a moment that to honestly believe a lie —for it is impossible for any one to *really* believe a thing unless sincere in doing so—is so heinous a sin that it deserves to be thus severely punished, does it not follow that God, in directly causing its commission became, in legal parlance, accessary before the fact, and therefore a participator in the crime itself? In our judgment it most certainly does, for, however unrighteous their course may have been before the delusion came—however culpable they were for rejecting the truth—they were evidently not considered sufficiently guilty to be worthy of being damned. This being the case, it follows, if these words be true, that it must be a principle of Eternal justice, for God—not being satisfied with meting out a punishment adequate to the offence of such persons—to resort to the very extraordinary procedure of forcing these erring ones to the commission of a still greater crime in order to give Him the justification for damning them, that evidently being the ultimate object aimed at in all such cases.

With regard to the question of the criminality of believing a thing to be true that is in reality false, it must be apparent to every intelligent mind, that people can be, and are, as sincere in a false, as in a true belief, and, consequently, that it would be unjust in the extreme to condemn them for believing a "strong delusion," even did God send them one. All

advanced conceptions of Deity force us to the conclusion that God will hold people responsible for so much of light and truth as they may possess, and that if they are true to their convictions they will be approved by Him, hence, there is no necessity for the unfortunate ones who "reject the truth," to become more wicked than they are, because they can obtain a due punishment for such offense without going any further in the same direction. No just being could punish men for simply being deluded, or honestly believing even a lie; for one could not *believe* without being sincere, especially, when the evidence is conclusive that the delusion is to be strong, which is clearly stated in the words in question.

Another objectionable feature in these words of the Apostle, lies in the fact that it pre-supposes that God is anxious to destroy, instead of to save His creatures, after they once reject the gospel, and that He actually takes means to effect this end; and inasmuch as *God* sends the delusion, He, in doing so, causes the commission of crime, which would of course make the Deity himself a criminal. This deduction if fairly drawn, brings us to the alternative of either believing the statement incorrect, or of supposing that God is not only a criminal but a fierce and vengeful being. We are, therefore, led to believe that the language of this text, if given by the great Apostle at all, in its present form, must be regarded as an imperfect and unqualified statement, and that, on the occasion when it was made, as on a former one, Paul spoke simply "after his judgment." At all events, it would be nothing less than impious to suppose that such a sentiment could have been inspired of God.

Having proved that God cannot be the author of delusion, we will assert—as all who have thought upon the subject must know—that such an idea is based on *ignorance*, which is the parent of deception, and the uncompromising foe of mental liberty. Ignorance is the mighty power through which the devil works, and against which we are warring. Freedom of thought and speech are the weapons that must be used against it, for whenever they are permitted or encouraged, the opportunities are afforded to disseminate light and truth. This species of liberty is regarded by all free nations as the great safety-valve which it would be not only dangerous, but fatal to their very existence to close. And this is no less the case with us. We must not surrender this mighty engine for the overthrow of wickedness and the destruction of its parent, ignorance. And yet there are those who are most unwilling that any views or sentiments should be published that do not accord with their own. Does not this indicate a fearfulness or doubt on the part of such persons that their views may not be quite sound, their positions not altogether impregnable? Who does not know that the *truth* cannot be injured by the severest criticism? But, not so with error which, conscious of its weakness, shrinks from investigation and the light of reason, as a guilty culprit from the bar of justice or a crafty fox from the courageous lion. Whenever men of influence in a community seek to suppress the publication of anything concerning matters of liberty or conscience, that moment they betray a manifestation of conscious weakness that sooner or later will become apparent to all. There is but one safeguard against delusion, and that is knowledge. This we should try to obtain from every available source; bearing in mind the injunction of the Apostle Paul to "try all things, prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." And be assured, that where the heart is single and the desire pure in the search for truth, you can press fearlessly onward. Be not timid or faint hearted, then, in seeking God—God is truth—fearing lest the devil should lead you astray. Depend upon it the Deity that rules our destiny will not suffer any power or influence to lead human beings into the dark who are diligently searching for truth. Next in absurdity to believing that God could send delusions upon the earth to destroy His children, comes the belief that He permits the devil to do it in cases where individuals are seeking in the earnestness of their souls for divine guidance. Were this possible,—could God suffer the honest seeker after truth to become the victim of delusion, irrespective of the source—He would cease to be the Omnipotent Being, whom we believe in and adore as the fountain of all good, and reverence as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. But, says one, must we not be careful as to the source whence truth emanates? President Brigham Young says that we should receive truth *wherever* it comes from. In a sermon preached in the Old Tabernacle in this city on the 25th of September last, he declared in stringent and most unequivocal terms, that it was our duty to accept light and intelligence if it came from the "*bowels of hell*;" showing by these emphatic words that he believed *the truth should determine the source, instead of the source determining the truth.* Jesus enunciated the same glorious principle; said he, in referring to false prophets that should arise, "Ye shall know them by their fruits; do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." How well is this principle understood when applied to literal fruit. Who ever knew a person, when convinced, by his sight, that a tree was laden with large, ripe peaches, examine the tree to see whether it really was a peach tree or a huge prickly pear bush, before he would dare to pluck and eat the luscious fruit? It is no less unreasonable to raise the question about the source of a principle, when its character is equally self-apparent. First let us determine, by all the light we possess, whether the principle or statement presented be true or false; and if true, claim it as our own by divine right; and know that it comes from God, who alone is the source whence truth can spring.

CROWDED OUT.

Owing to press of matter—and some little miscalculation as to the amount of space at our command—several articles are crowded out of this number. Among which are the continuation of Elder E. W. Tullidge's essay on Joseph Smith and his work; an article on Tithing and Consecration, by Eli B. Kelsey, and two short articles by the Editor—one of them in reply to Elder Orson Hyde's remarks on Apostasy in the *Daily Telegraph*. They will appear next week.

THE MORMON TRIBUNE.

This journal will be published immediately on the arrival of suitable paper. All desirous of aiding us against the silent but wide-spread efforts now being made to stop the publication of our principles, will go to work at once and obtain for us all the subscribers in their power for the people's paper, the exponent of freedom and progress—the MORMON TRIBUNE.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

In answer to numerous requests of our friends, we beg to say that we anticipate holding public meetings for the fuller explanation of our principles, in about a fortnight from the date of this MAGAZINE. Full particulars will be published next week.

Essays, Contributions, etc.

Note.—Essays and contributions under the above heading do not, of necessity represent the sentiments of the Editor. They are inserted on the personal responsibility of the writers.

LIBERTY IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

The most important and the most perplexing question throughout the world to-day is,—What extent of freedom, in thought, word and act, in religious as well as social and political affairs, it is safe to accord to the masses. This question is being agitated in Utah as well as in Rome—the two principal places of interest and attention just now—and has been and still is a source of anxiety to thinking men in both. It is *the* grand social question, practically involving all others, on which we believe the world is about to pass a final and unalterable decision in favor of human liberty.

It has been publicly and privately stated that the principles advocated in this Magazine are calculated to overthrow the Kingdom of God, and encourage a "license" which would result in social confusion and anarchy. No body of people, it is said, can long remain united, if it is left to each individual to decide when, and how far, he will yield obedience to existing authority; that there would not be sufficient cohesion in such an organization to hold it together, and that social order and prosperity cannot be maintained without a strong coercive and restraining power wielded by some one man, who, in his turn, is controlled by the Almighty. This is, practically, the doctrine of our Church to-day.

In the present imperfectly developed condition of mankind it may be necessary for the leaders of a community to exercise more or less of such dictatorial power; but it should and must emanate from the people, and ought to be exercised in agreement with their intelligent consent. At the same time we utterly deny that, either designedly or otherwise, are the teachings and policy we proclaim calculated to produce the results charged. On the contrary, believing the views we advocate to be of divine origin, we feel that their practical development is the only way in which the Zion of God can be established upon the earth.

In the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, which is considered authoritative by all Latter-day Saints, we are informed that the Lord has made ample provisions for the happiness of all his creatures, by preparing "kingdoms" adapted to their varied capacities and degrees of progress. There are the celestial, terrestrial and telestial kingdoms, with their infinite variety of conditions, where all who will conform to the simple requirements necessary for the maintenance of social order, may find a heaven suited to their conceptions of happiness. The Apostle Paul asserts the same thing, where he says, "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars," and as "one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." Thus, we see, the Great Father of all has, in accordance with his glorious character, amply provided for all his children. In these sublime arrangements, as in everything of heavenly origin, we perceive the operation of the "perfect law of liberty." Freedom, in the most enlarged sense, is accorded to every individual. No coercion of any kind is employed to drive persons into any one of these kingdoms. All can go where their attractions lead them.

As President Young has said, in the spirit world there are people of as many religious persuasions as there are on earth, besides many who profess no religion at all. But is the government of the Almighty weakened, or does His throne totter, because the unnumbered millions of his children are allowed to choose that mode of life, belief and action, which is most congenial to them? No! The stability and power of heavenly institutions are based upon the devoted love of intelligent beings who, feeling that every desire of their nature is provided for, and every right sacredly secured, have no desire for any change, feeling assured that existing arrangements are the best that could possibly be devised.

It has been urged that were practical development allowed to the variety of opinions resulting from the many grades of intelligence and character, it would culminate in confusion and conflict, whether in the physical or spiritual world. But in the divine economy every possible contingency is provided for. The sacred principles of liberty are guaranteed to every individual by eternal laws, which it is alike the interest and determination of all classes and faiths in that world to sustain. The same order of things will yet prevail upon this earth. In such a state of society the rights of every individual would be jealously guarded by every member of the body politic, and the slightest invasion of them would be immediately checked. Those who will contend that such liberty as this is dangerous and bordering on license, must be either deplorably ignorant or untruthfully disposed.

It should be distinctly understood, however, that, while we believe that the fullest extent of liberty—for there is no such thing as *unrighteous* liberty—is accorded, in the divine arrangements, to every individual in the universe, we are aware, as every one must be, that there are conditions of admission and membership to all social organizations, whether earthly or heavenly, with which all must comply who desire to become members of them. That no one may mistake our views upon this point, we insert the passage, before referred to, from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 7, par. 5.

"For he who is not able to abide the law of a celestial kingdom, cannot abide a celestial glory; and he who cannot abide the law of a terrestrial kingdom, cannot abide a terrestrial glory; he who cannot abide the law of a telestial kingdom, cannot abide a telestial glory; therefore he is not meet for a kingdom of glory." Par. 9. "And unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds and conditions."

The beauty and simplicity of the foregoing is such that every child in "Mormonism" can understand it. The Lord has here made plain the divisions between the different grades of intelligence and obedience. But, instead of being like the lines which surround a besieged army, and taking a million angels with flaming swords to guard them against intrusion, they are those which nature has drawn, and which, like herself, are unalterable and eternal. Force will be unnecessary to preserve these distinctions, for none will have the slightest disposition to forsake present associations, until those desires and attributes are developed within them, which will be a sure passport to the higher mansions or "kingdoms."

Some people seem to have an idea that admission to and enjoyment of "heaven," is not so much dependent upon internal fitness and capacity as upon external obedience; that it is some very beautiful locality where everything moves with clock-like, mechanical precision, in obedience to the will of some powerful, arbitrary being who holds out these "celestial glories" as an inducement to people to obey him, and thus gratify his love of power and dominion. They are forever imagining themselves revelling in the luxuries and splendors of a "celestial kingdom," surrounded by a barrier which millions of unfortunate wretches are vainly endeavoring to get over or break down, but who are held in check by Almighty power.

Now, while admitting, as before stated, that to every kingdom there is a law, and that all who dwell in that kingdom must abide that law, we still believe that there is not one particle of compulsion necessary or practised. Whenever people want to go into a celestial, or any other kingdom, they will have the privilege of doing so. *But they will never want to*, until they have learned to love the principles which, by unanimous accord, prevail and govern there. Even if permitted to enter, because of external but unloving submission to its conditions, it would be no heaven to them. Hence, the threat of non-admission to the celestial kingdom is as futile as telling a child he shall be deprived of something he does not care a straw about.

As men and women grow out of their errors and ignorance, and yearn for more exalted truths, and the companionship of purer and more advanced beings, there are higher departments prepared, in an eternally progressive order. To these higher orders of intellectual and spiritual progress they will be attracted as naturally as the needle to the magnet, and there they will find congenial natures in perfect harmony with their own; and thus will it be for ever.

It is a gross mis-conception and mis-representation of the character of Deity, to suppose that he is angry with his children because they all cannot receive equally advanced truths. It would be no more unreasonable for an earthly father to require of a family, varying in age from infancy to manhood, the exercise of equal obedience and judgment, and the performance of similar duties. We may form an approximate idea of God's feelings towards us, by our's to our children; only, He is infinitely more loving, merciful and patient than we are. A wise and humane parent is careful to put as few restrictions upon his children as possible, and not to overtask their young minds. Wherein they cannot understand, he waits patiently for the unfolding of their intellectual powers.

"But," says one, "does not the Lord say, 'He that believeth not shall be damned?'" Yes; on the same principle that if a hungry man refuses food, he must suffer the pains of hunger till he feels disposed to accept the proffered blessing. If another, while in deep poverty, should be presented with a check for a thousand dollars, but, choosing to believe the bank will not pay it, neglects to present it, he is, temporally, "damned" most effectually, and must reap the fruits of his own folly. Just so, men who reject the light are "damned" by remaining in darkness. And this will be "damnation" enough; for, though men seldom realize they have been in "hell" till they begin to get out of it, the sense of time lost and blessings rejected, will bring its own bitter punishment.

How great is the contrast between what we have shown to be the order of government which exists in heaven, and that which men are endeavoring to establish on the earth under the name of the "Kingdom of God." The first thrills our souls with joy and love, as we contemplate its beautiful order, and the perfect freedom, but intelligent and loving harmony of its children. The second fills the mind with fearful forebodings, as it gazes on a growing despotism that threatens to over shadow the earth, obscure the sunshine of love and freedom, chill the heart with despondency, and reduce its subjects to varying degrees of hopeless and thoughtless servility. The government that we have been hoping, praying and laboring to see established upon the earth, is the same as that which we have seen prevails in the heavenly worlds. We believe that the same freedom which is enjoyed by the varied grades of intelligences there should, and could with perfect safety, be accorded to all classes of society within or without the pales of the "Church" on earth. We believe that there always was and always will be social distinctions, arising from variety in taste, organization and development; and that the present attempt to elevate and reduce all classes and individuals to one dead level, is as futile as it is unwise, being opposed to the order of nature. We also believe that, while it should be the constant aim and effort of all superior intelligences to elevate those less advanced, such elevation should be effected through education. That we should ever be attracted to the higher social conditions by love, instead of been driven there by fear; and that association with those who have already been admitted to them should be regarded as a great privilege, dependent upon internal fitness, rather than as a duty obligatory upon all men, irrespective of all conditions, excepting that of external obedience. For the establishment of such glorious principles of intelligence, freedom and love, we are as willing to toil as we ever were; and we do so in the gratifying assurance that the labors of the thousands who have devoted their lives to the propagation of these sublime truths will not have been in vain.

IS THE MANIFESTO OF GOD?

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

A man should not tell me that he has walked among the angels; his proof is that his eloquence makes me one.

Emerson.

That revelations had been given to my friends, Elias and William, from the realms of the other life I have long *known*. It was no speculation, no uncertain dream, no fancy, not even a second-handed knowledge. Flesh and blood have revealed but little to me. Nature made me intuitive from my birth, and a thousand witnesses in my life culminate in a testimony to this great movement into which we are entering.

At length the MANIFESTO has come, for which I have looked for many years; and now the question to be determined stands thus: *Is this* MANIFESTO *of God, or is it from some other source?*

I confess, however, that this wording of the proposition gives to me, personally, but little concern. For he to me is a revelator who reveals the light of God and Nature—he a Seer who perceives by his fine intuitions the spiritual conditions of this and the inner life—he a prophet who can, beforehand, unfold the purposes of the heavens to be worked out in human experience. Furthermore, to me that is of God which is divine and good in its own essence and manifestations; and that man has "walked among the angels" who seeks to bring about a more angelic state of things upon the earth. On the other hand, he has at best but a human apostleship, who virtually is keeping humanity in a low and unprogressive state; he has no divine promptings who is pratically bringing society into temporal and spiritual bondage; and he publishes no *manifesto from God*, whose teachings and works tend to make mankind more worldly-minded and hateful one towards the other.

This statement is in keeping with the maxims and philosophy of all religions. But for the sake of investigation we will, for the present, somewhat waive the everlasting truth of the universe that the *quality* of things determines their source. We will be mindful of the mental education which suggested to the Jews, by way of explanation of the divinest manifestation of God to man, in the person of Christ: "He casteth out devils by Beelzebub the Prince of devils." So we will query now: Is this Manifesto from God, which purports to be authorized by the heavens, setting forth the true platform of the Church of Zion?

In the first place, let us now confess that mankind have

too often been betrayed by religious leaders. The assumptions of the entire Christian world make up a monstrous constitution of falsehood and misconception. Yet is there generally no lie designed, nor imposition practised. He is a fool who treats religious movements as originations of impostors. Nevertheless, it is the fact that even the advanced divines of America, such as Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Chapin, *assume* nearly every cardinal point of religious faith, even to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

And thus it is with the people of Utah, who have called themselves Zion. This fact brings us directly to the pertinency of the announciation of the platform of Zion, in some of its first principles, as laid down in the Magazine, professedly by Divine Authority. It is scarcely necessary to evade the position in our argument, that the present condition of the Church, calling herself Zion, has given to the Heavens the reason or necessity for their Manifesto.

How stands it, then, with Zion to-day? Here is a church founded by a prophet. Its mission commenced by the administrations of angels. Indeed the very existence of this Church is an assumption that God and angelic beings are directing and inspiring the leaders and the people by *practical* and immediate revelation. Now is this the truth? We all know that it is not. Yet there was a time in their experience, when that which they now *assume* was all true.

But hope has again dawned and faith revived. God has not deserted Zion! But neither my faith in the divine experience of my brethren, nor the knowledge in my own experience, shall weigh an atom in the scale in this investigation. This matter shall be regarded in a scientific spirit, and in the severe uncompromise of truth. All personal considerations and attachments have been laid aside by the Councils of the Church and by ourselves. We are all now in the scales of Truth and Justice, and these scales are in the hand of God.

Let us be *honest* one to the other, for honesty becomes men. We must hear the truth to-day, no matter what the cost to ourselves, for God has commanded that the truth be spoken. Know, then, to what thousands will witness: that our Godless state of things has driven hundreds of our best thinkers into scepticism, and our haughty righteousness, ten thousand of the meek ones away. A host of elders, who built up the British mission, have given way to despair, and the entire people have become worldly-minded and indifferent to spiritual things; the Church has been led into temporal bondage; and men cut off, in whose lives there was found no spot; among whom I rank not myself. For these, and other reasons, the Heavens have sent their Manifesto. There is God written on its very face, in the necessity of its proclamation.

And how stands it with the Church of Zion in relation to the Heavens? When did our apostles hear direct from God, in *fact*, as in the days of Joseph? When did angelic beings administer to the Saints? To-day angels are as unpopular as in the sectarian world. In vain do we evade the question by a practical infidelity, declaring that revelation of that order is no longer needed in our experience. Sooner or later all must be answered at the bar of reason and truth; all the past confirmed by a restoration from on High, or "Mormonism" appear before the age a monstrous falsehood.

As touching the assumption, that direct, outspoken communication with the Heavens, of the ancient order, is "no longer needed," a thousand Mormon elders have often made their manifestoes in Europe. Have they not declared such doctrine to be practical infidelity? Have they not maintained that such assumptions grew into a faith from the fact that the Church had lost all she once possessed? Have they not crowned this by saying that priests, by sophistry, endeavored to hide their spiritual poverty and apostacy?

Let me word the synopsis of a sermon which our elders have preached a thousand times, for it will bear directly on the recent Manifesto made to the people of Zion. We have said to the sectarian world:

"If God *has* been directing the Christian Churches by the immediate revelations of *His* will, then there is no need of a new dispensation. If angels have been administering for the last eighteen hundred years, as they did during a period of four thousand, whenever God had a people on the earth, not in apostacy, there is no necessity for our manifesto now. If the believers, bearing the name of Christian, during their era have possessed the same spiritual experience which characterized the ancient Saints, then our mission is in vain. If, under an unbroken dispensation of this divine government and angelic administration, the Christian world has been advanced eighteen centuries nearer to God and a heavenly state on earth, then Christendom requires no special Prophet sent unto it to restore the ancient power. In such a case, the Christian Churches have been under the guidance of a succession of apostles and prophets, through whom God and angels have constantly spoken, and to whom they have constantly administered. But if the reverse of this is the case, *then do we need* a new dispensation and some special Prophet —some Joseph Smith, sent of God. Why, therefore, should he not come now? And seeing that God *has* sent him, we have God's manifesto that now is the proper time of his coming."

Is not this a fair statement of the subject which the elders have laid before the nations a thousand times? Why not, then, apply it to this Church to-day! Considerations of this kind make the Manifesto in question very pertinent; and it bears upon the face of its circumstances the stamp of God's authority. Let me now make a closing reference to its character and fitness.

I endorse the thought of the apostle Emerson that "a man should not tell me that he has walked among angels; his proof is that his eloquence makes me one." Emerson uses not the phrase eloquence in the sense of rhetoric—not in the mere significance of fine writing or splendid oratory. It is the eloquence of Truth, the eloquence of Love, the eloquence of Divine Thought, embodied in the message of the apostle, which is proof to him that the man has walked with angels and communed with them in their Holy of Holies. The life of Jesus is to Emerson divine eloquence, because it has made the world more angelic; and the highest proof of his incarnate Deity is that Jesus has made the ages since his advent more divine.

In the spirit of the same philosophy, I view this Manifesto, caring little for angels *in the abstract*, but everything for their truths and divine sentiments.

There is the wisdom of a truly Christian civilization evolved in the Manifesto. Its tone is supremely humanitarian; its theology up to the advanced thought and circumstances of the age, and the spirit which it breathes would bring peace on earth and good will among mankind.

Viewing it, then, in the light of *Reason*, endorsed by human experience, this Manifesto appears to me to lay down a grand Christian platform, and to embody the genius of a heavenly legislation. It is the broadest and most universalian yet published by any Christian church.

Whether this manifesto be divine or not, it is a necessity of the age that men should come who have walked with angels and held communion with the Priesthood of the other world. If they come not, the Christian nations—to say nothing of ourselves—will dwindle into a cold infidelity. This is generally realized by the advanced thinkers of the day, who would gladly receive evidence of a divine communi-

cation, the proof of man's immortality, and the circumstances of the life hereafter. But they who come must be apostles with a priesthood holding communion with the other world—revelators who reveal the Heavens, and not the mere conditions of this life, no matter how fraught with human wisdom and policies. The world is burdened to death with such, and nations have enough of temporal and commercial schemes. They need no Utah to set them examples in their own line in which they outdo us a hundredfold. Ask the East India Company if this is not true,—ask the Rothschilds if they cannot prove it with overwhelming facts of material wealth!

Now Joseph Smith, who made his manifestoes under the direction of angelic beings, proposed, in his mission, to supply the great spiritual want of the age. He *did* open a dispensation of communication with the Heavens, and was a revelator *in fact*. Were he here now America would perhaps not again reject him; however many of those who call themselves his disciples might, for even Jesus would find it again illustrated: "I came unto my own, and my own received me not."

It is a very strik'ng fact, that the Priesthood of the Church, calling herself Zion, have almost entirely departed from their spiritual mission. We, who were once evangelists to all mankind, now, compared with our past missionary zeal, leave a world to perdition, and give ourselves over to a few temporal and commercial schemes. We, who abroad converted hundreds of thousands to the faith, have not in five and twenty years converted one out of a thousand who have come to the glory of *our Zion*, while thousands of the disciples have fled away, finding, to their minds, no Zion here. Is not this, with circumstances of a similar kind, immensely suggestive, and prophetic that God will again send His manifestoes to meet the peculiar case of His Saints, and the general wants of all mankind? This is what He is now doing.

In this opening of our investigations of the inspired documents, of which the public have received the first, I have chiefly considered the *necessity* of Divine manifestoes adapted to our circumstances. The points of this Manifesto shall be reviewed hereafter. In the meantime, to the consummation of proof that it is of God we will believe as of old, that the day will come when the Saints shall again walk with angels.

POLYGAMY AND THE MANIFESTO.

Our views on Plural Marriage are very fully set forth in a series of articles which can be found in the present volume of the MAGAZINE. A question has, however, arisen in the minds of some as to whether we believe that plural marriage will ever be abolished as a principle of our church. To this we reply, most unequivocally, No! We do believe, however, that polygamy should be taught and practised on much higher grounds than, in many cases, it is at the present time. We hold that plural marriage is only right when practised under certain conditions. We believe it to be in harmony with a certain advanced state of men and women's nature, which all will reach sooner or later, but not necessarily true or natural to them to-day.

We all know that there are plenty of men who cannot truly love more than one woman. To all such, Polygamy is unnatural, and it is wrong for them to practice it while in that condition. The only justification for any man's entering into Plural Marriage is the necessities of his nature for more objects of his love. If his yearnings and capacities for increased affection absolutely demand it, it is right to him, but not right in any other case. The man that cannot love a second wife without withdrawing one particle of his affection from the first, has no need of the second wife, and no right to enter into plural marriage.

When we say that Polygamy is true to all men, we say it with reference more to the future than the present—we say it with an eye to men and women as eternal beings; with reference to the purity, the love and intelligence which they are destined to reach, under which conditions Plural Marriage can produce perfect happiness. We are well aware that there are thousands both of men and women to whom Polygamy is not natural or beneficial in their present state, and that millions can honestly deny its fitness to their nature. We believe that they are not only honest in such statements, but that their belief is founded on facts—they *are* not suited to Plural Marriage, and the reason is they have not arrived at the conditions under which it can be true or natural to them.

Polygamy as revealed by the Heavenly world is designed with direct reference to Celestial existence—a state which is open to all men and women. In that state conditions exist which make its practise different to anything we can conceive of. Pure, divine love, will swell the bosom; passion and lust will be under men's feet, and men will love from the highest and the holiest motives. Plural Marriage is an absolute necessity of that life. Love is a power and faculty that grows like any quality of the brain and needs opportunities for its display; and in that world men's love will so enlarge that it will demand and must have more than one of such objects for its exercise. Men that are dead to every impulse of plural love to-day will realize it then if not before, because powers will then be aroused which are dormant within them now. It is only to the extent that the quality of soul or mind which will constitute the necessity for Plural Marriage in that life, is developed in men to-day, that it is justifiable, or can be blessed in its results. This we know is not the case with millions at the present time: we, therefore, object to any man being urged or goaded into Plural Marriage. We would leave it to God and nature, and to men's own inspirations, to determine the matter—each man for himself. This it may be urged would considerably limit the practise; but we have no objection to polygamy, or any other principle, being limited to such persons as practise it properly. As to our doctrines destroying the practise of Polygamy, we will here venture an assertion to which thousands will bear witness, and that is, that Polygamy, as practised at present, is destroying itself. Not that it is in danger because society objects to it, but because as everybody knows, a growing dislike is felt to it by our rising generation. Thousands of women are this day carefully cultivating a dislike to Polygamy in the minds of their daughters, not because it is not true, but because it has been practised in a way that has made it unbearable to them. Nothing can save this principle but the elevation of it to a higher plane—that to which it properly belongs, and this will be done by the coming movement. There is a great truth in the principle when properly applied, which truth God designs to exhibit to mankind; as it will have a bearing on the social happiness of the whole world. In addition to which—whether understood or not, it has a place among the great facts of eternal existence.—[ED.

WATCHING A WINDOW.

The bar of red in the amber west
Burns to ashes, and all is gray,
Though a sickle-moon is glittering out
Through the haze of the dying day.

Already the wine-red curtains drawn,
Hide the room with their ruddy glow,
And the face is gone that whitely gazed
At the sunset an hour ago.

Gone! Ah, no; as I speak there streams
A shaft of light athwart the gloom;
The dew-wet laurels beneath it gleam;
And the flowers, returning, bloom.

She had come again, and with either hand
The silken damask holds apart,
And full in the streaming light she stands,
Troubled of eye and heart.

Full in the softening light, that makes
A glory round her, like a saint,
I see the form that is Art's despair,
And a face that no words can paint.

She watches and waits for one who stays,
For one beloved she looks in vain;
And the big black eyes are full of tears,
And the child-mouth quivers with pain.

Passionful longing, and not reproach,
Steals the blood from her rounded cheek;
And sadness, born of the hungering heart
That suffers, and dare not speak.

"The hours drag on, O, love of my heart!
Wearily on, and you are not here;
A hundred terrors oppress my brain;
I am sick to swooning with fear.

"It is not doubt, O, life of my life!
O, truest, and fondest, and best;
But I am a woman, and womanly fears
Tear and distract my breast."

So I fancy her murmuring low;
Yet the while with her wistful eyes
She gazes into the garden's gloom,
And up at the darkening skies.

The sickle-moon has the gleam of gold
In the deepening blue above;
She thinks, "It shines not for me alone;
It is shining on him I love."

But, hark! What echo the silence breaks?
What sound, when all sound seemed dead?
Her cheek is changing from red to white,
And flushing from white to red;

And the big eyes glisten. Yet these alone
Are the sounds on my ears that grate,—
Hasty footsteps spurning the road,
And a hand on the garden gate.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

I.

"I say, will you lend me a hand, please?—I'm in a mess!"

It was a small, boyish voice, that rose somewhat shrilly above the clamor of the birds, and the babbling of the river over which the owner of the voice hung suspended. His arms were thrown round a branch, that bent with his weight. His trim suit of black velvet was the worse for brambles, and his scarlet cap had badges of a mossy green hue upon it. Nevertheless, the round rosy face under the cap had a certain undaunted bravery, that seemed to contradict that sharp tone of dismay in which the boy made his appeal.

The wanderer in the wood below looked up smiling, and said, "Keep a firm grip a moment longer, my man. Now, hold me fast,—that's right. And now tell me what a wee laddie like you can be doing all alone in the wood?"

The boy did not answer; he was busy examining his torn knickerbockers and the patches on his cap. He shook his head at the rents, and began rubbing his cap with his sleeve.

"I'm in for a row," he said, speculatively; "but I should have got a ducking as well if you hadn't passed by. I must have dropped soon,—splash,—see here!"

The stranger took the little delicate, childish hand in his, and saw that the fingers were grazed and bleeding. "Poor little man!" said he.

"O, that's nothing, you know. But I'm forgetting. Thank you for pulling me down. Let me see, now," said the little man, gravely, "I don't know your face. You don't belong to Corven?"

"No," was the reply.

"A stranger?" said the boy. "From a long way off, eh?"

"Pretty well," was the reply.

"Ah, then you know nothing about it?" said the boy. "That's the village over the water there, and this is Corven Wood—jolly, is n't it?"

"Very jolly!" said the gentleman. "Do your friends know you are here by yourself?"

"O, they know I'm somewhere about," replied the boy; "but of course I shall tell them all about it. That is our house, you can see a bit of the chimneys through the trees. It used to be a farm-house. But my father doesn't farm—he's a gentleman. Do you have to do anything?—to work, I mean,—or are you a gentleman?"

The stranger laughed—a low, quiet laugh, like a musical note. It seemed to strike even the boy, for he stopped rubbing his cap to look curiously into his companion's face. He did not know exactly what there was in the eyes, half grave, half humorous, that met his own. He knew nothing of that strange pathos which has its element of regret, but a larger one, perhaps, of pity, that steals into the heart of the man who has known sorrow, and wrong, and buffeting, at the sight of such a child as this. The boy's life lay before him an unwritten page, and he stood at the beginning of it with a fearless front, thoughtless of care and contemptuous of danger. Involuntarily, however, as he looked into the stranger's face, he drew nearer, and touched the knapsack that was slung over one shoulder.

"I didn't mean that you mightn't be a gentleman, of course,' said he; "but then you carry that yourself. Papa doesn't carry his. My name is Antony, but they call me Tony; what is yours? because I shall have to tell about you."

"My name is Noel Caperne," replied the gentleman, "and I do work for my living. I am a painter."

Master Tony looked again dubiously at the knapsack, and began to think of certain beings with paper caps and an incurable habit of whistling popular airs, who had been occupied about the woodwork of his father's house. He decided that his new friend could not belong to that class.

"O!" said he, "a painter! Well, I tell you what, it would be very jolly if you would come home with me. Papa won't scold me before a stranger. That's what people would call downy of me, isn't it? I am rather a downy chap, and that's the truth. Aunt Lucy would like to thank you. She's fond of me, though she is a bit sharp, sometimes. You won't? I must go, then. Good bye, Mr. Caperne."

The lad went a few steps and turned irresolutely; then he ran back and put out his scarred little fingers to the stranger who worked for his living.

"I forgot to shake hands," said he. "I say, I've got a box of colors, myself, and I should like to see what sort of a hand you are at painting. I almost always bring Aunt Lucy to the wood some time in the day; she likes it. If I come to-morrow will you bring me a picture to look at—a swell one?"

Mr. Caperne put his hand on the child's scarlet cap with a smile.

"I shall be miles away to-morrow, laddie. Good bye, and don't climb. There might not always be a chance wanderer at hand to help you down."

II.

The Spring air was very sweet in Corven Wood; and the birds sang to the accompaniment of the rippling river with a jolly abandon that must have fascinated the strange artist. At any rate something did; since he was not miles away on the morrow.

He was in the wood again; oddly enough, at about the same hour that had found him there the day before. I don't know whether he expected to meet the small man again, or why he altered his plans; perhaps he did not know himself. He looked over the village, which was to have been simply a pausing place for refreshment; at the fickle sunshine throwing light and shadows over the wood, which was so beautiful even in the winter bareness, and thought that a day might be well spent in such a place.

Mr. Noel Caperne sat on a mossy stone by the river, and watched a squirrel springing from branch to branch, till the brown fur began to turn into a velvet coat, and he caught himself wan-

dering back to yesterday's adventure, and speculating as to what sort of a reception the little chap had met with at home. All at once, he put his bearded chin into his hands, and bent a perplexed frown upon the river.

"There's something in his face I've seen before," said the artist to himself. "I wonder what it is. A fancy of mine, perhaps. Don't believe that though. Whatever it is, circumstances not pleasant have to do with it. I am a fool."

Here he broke into a laugh which the very solitude of the wood around him seemed to rebuke and silence. Of course he was a fool. The day was declining, and he had a stage of his journey before him; what was the use of sitting on a moss-covered stone speculating on ghostly resemblances?

As he got up from the stone Mr. Caperne heard voices, and paused. A little below him there was a turn in the path, over which the branches, leafless though they were, fell so thickly that he dared to peep through them without being seen; and there was Tony, velvet-coated, red-capped, and long-tongued. Mr. Caperne saw something else also, which appeared to him more worthy of attention; only a young girl, with a bunch of violets in her hand, early violets, and sweet, so far as he could judge, since each one travelled to her lips before it was arranged in its place amongst the tiny bits of moss which served as a foil to the blossoms.

"In the first place, Tony," said this young lady, "you had no business 'up a tree,' as you call it,—horrid slang! In the next—"

"But, don't I tell you I was after a squirrel," said Tony; "and you know how papa hates squirrels? And this was the very chap that ate our nuts in the summer—I knew him by the curl of his tail."

"In the next," proceeded the young lady, calmly, "you must have been shockingly rude to a strange gentleman, by your own account."

"Aunt Lucy, I didn't say he was a gentleman," cried Tony. "He works for his living. Girls never will understand things."

"Very stupid of them, certainly," said Aunt Lucy. "Then you think if I were to soil my hands with anything but flowers, I shouldn't be a lady, eh? They are very sweet, Tony."

This was about the violets, but the girl looked up as she said it, and Mr. Noel Caperne drew back suddenly, and went away down the path with noiseless footsteps. He went to his room in the queer old inn by the river, and looked at the knapsack, which lay ready for him, but he did not take it up. He threw open the casement instead, and leaned out over the river, where it ran, dark and sullen, under stone arches, and the distant rush of a mill-wheel reached him. But these things were only palpable to him vaguely. What he really saw with his discerning mind's eye was the picture of a girlish face bent over a bunch of violets; and as this rose before him, Noel brought his eyebrows together, and said, impatiently, "Where have I seen it before?"

III.

The mill-wheel sang on its monotone, and the woods began to have a suspicion of green about them; still, the strange gentleman stayed on at the clumsy old inn by the river. People talked about him curiously, which was not of the least consequence; the landlord took credit to himself that the old inn was better worth staying at, after all, than your modern stucco and gingerbread inventions, where men where treated more like sacks of grain than human creatures, with bones to break; and the landlady hinted that her guest must be in love, because he was always mooning about by the waterside, in Corven Wood. He was doing some bit of a painting, too, she thought; but what it was she could not get at to see, for he always locked it up when he went for these rambles. At any rate, the longer he stayed the better for them, since his purse was open, and he never asked questions about the items of his bills, only looking at the amount, and paying it, as a gentleman should do.

Mr. Caperne knew nothing of all this criticism; if he had known it, it would not have affected him in the smallest degree. When he came in one evening and found his hostess bustling about his room, in all that agony of putting things to rights which belongs to the nature of orderly housewives, he took no further notice of her movements than by holding the door open with silent patience until it pleased her to take the hint and go. That was what she complained of. He never spoke to her; never asked any questions like other strangers would; never gave her any opening to enlighten him respecting the neighborhood, as she flattered herself she could have done. He simply dismissed her with silent politeness, when she had only been anxious to put his room into something like decent order, and goodness knows it was a disheartening task enough.

"Fidget!" said Mr. Caperne, briefly, as he looked round and proceeded to undo her work. Then he went to a drawer and took out the bit of a picture upon which she had surmised him to be occupied.

Mr. Caperne worked at the picture for an hour diligently; the rush of the mill-wheel fell upon his ear like an accompaniment which custom or association had made pleasant to him. When he stopped to examine his progress, the corners of his mouth turned down with an expression which was not so much annoyance as perplexity. The girlish face was there, bent over the bunch of violets, a perfect likeness in feature and coloring; but that one expression which had so struck and haunted him, the artist could not paint. Whereas in his own mind this expression was dimly associated with wrong and suffering, while he had looked from time to time into the girl's face all idea of such words left him, and he could paint there only what was fresh and sweet and beautiful. It was a beautiful face. Examining it he wondered whether the landlady, if she had chanced to stumble upon the painting in her prying visits, would have recognized the subject of it,—the fairy for whom he stayed in the clumsy inn and haunted the Corven woods.

The red mounted into his cheeks at this thought. No, it was not for her sake, but for the acquisition of a beautiful picture. And he then looked out upon the mill, and thought that the whirling steps were like men who splash forever in the waters of their own little round, and never look beyond it, or write their mark upon the world outside.

To-day Mr. Caperne had been disappointed. Corven Wood was as bright as ever, the river like a silver sheet in the March sun, and the birds had sung his welcome as usual, but there was no fairy. He began to wonder if it were yet too late. How could he possibly finish his picture without another look at the original? And then there was the chance that they might meet—accidentally, of course—and the possibility that she would look up and give him a bow in passing; for Master Tony had found out his rescuer, and darted upon him with noisy glee, and a noisier introduction to Aunt Lucy. It was incumbent upon the artist to lose no chance of making his work as perfect as he could. By this time he had crossed the bridge, and was entering the little footpath that led to Corven Wood. And the landlady, shading her eyes from the western light, peered after him, and said, "There he goes again; I've half a mind to follow and see what is in the wood."

But Mr. Caperne was unconscious of his danger; unconscious that a crisis of his life was at hand, that he was not to return this night nor the next, nor for many nights—some of them long and weary enough, to the inn by the river.

He remembered afterwards that some sudden presentiment quickened at once his pulses and his step as he drew near the spot where the path fell steeply down to the river, and a mental speech of his own, made some days before, came across his brain like a flash of fateful meaning.

"The lad is always climbing," he had said to himself, as he watched the little figure swinging like a monkey from branch to branch. "Shouldn't wonder if I have to fish him out some day yet."

And so he had. Almost as soon as the splash and cry reached him, Mr. Caperne was in the water, seeing, as he sprang, the red cap dangling in its mocking vividness from a bramble above him. It was comparatively easy to lift the drenched boy into a position to be helped to land by the girl standing on the river's brink; but Mr. Caperne did this with his left arm, for somehow his right was powerless. And then a sudden faintness came over him; sparks danced before his eyes; the noise and rush of the mill-wheel seemed to draw nearer, deafening him; and he knew no more.

When Mr. Caperne awoke to full consciousness he was in bed in a room which turned round with him for the first few moments, and then was steady again; and at the foot of his bed there was a sturdy little chap cutting a stick, and whistling softly to himself. Mr. Caperne again closed his eyes. He began to have a confused recollection of lying on a moss-covered bank; of feeling soft hands chafing his own; of a passing glimpse into eyes darkened with anxiety—anxiety for him. He raised the hand that had been so chafed, and passed it across his lips softly; and it seemed to him that the odor of violets lingered about it still. A little while longer he lay and watched the cutting of the stick, till the boy, turning suddenly, said, "Hallo!" and began clambering upon the bed.

"You're to hush, you know," he said, with all the grave authority of a young physician. "But you're better. I'm jolly glad! Now I must go and tell—"

"Wait one moment, Tony," said Mr. Caperne. "Tell me what it's all about—and how long I've been here—and where is 'here'? it's not the inn?"

The boy laughed, and then brought his lips together with an odd contortion.

"I'm not to laugh," said he—"I don't think I ought to speak. You're sure it won't hurt you?"

"Quite sure," replied Mr. Caperne.

"Well, then," said the boy, "you fished me out of the Cor, and broke your arm. And you'd have been all right long since, but they said fever super—something. O, haven't you talked nonsense, just! There now, you're going red. I shall so catch it!"

"One word more," said Mr. Caperne,—"is this your home?"

"To be sure it is," replied Tony.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Caperne.

The lad jumped down from the bed with as little bustle as was consistent with his turbulent nature, and went away, shutting the door gently after him; but the unwonted caution was lost upon Mr. Caperne, for he lay with his eyes closed dreaming.

"You fished me out of the Cor, and broke your arm."

He remembered it all now,—the sharp, sudden pang, the sparks before his eyes, the roaring mill wheel. How long was it ago? and who had been his nurse? he wondered. The trees in the wood were bare then, would they be green now? And his picture, and the half-finished bunch of violets, what had become of that? Mr. Caperne had painted flowers before, but never with so careful a touch. A vision rose before him of the fidgety landlady in his room; of a big duster, and brooms, and clumsy fingers, that left no corner untouched, and respected no lock. He grew hot as he thought of it, and of his own helplessness. Then all at once a blackbird began to sing in a tree outside the window, and he was back in the woods again, dreaming.

Who talks about the monotonous dreariness of a sick-chamber? Mr. Caperne would have spurned the notion if he had not been too utterly languid and lazy for so much exertion. Day after day he felt the latent life coming back to him as he lay there, dreaming. Pleasant dreams, but foolish perhaps, who knows? He never took the trouble to consider. He had visions of a gentle old lady with gray curls and a rather foreign air, whom Tony introduced as "Granny," and who purred about him in his convalescence as though her whole heart were in his comfort and his recovery. He remembered trying to utter his thanks to her; breaking down signally, and then feeling his lips silenced by the touch of the kind old hand upon them.

"You will say no thanks, *mon fils*," said the old lady, stroking his hair as if he had been a child. "You saved our boy; and, madcap as he is, we can never repay you for that."

"If I might see my kind host," pleaded Mr. Caperne, and assure him that I am sensible of his hospitality—"

"That, you perceive, is impossible, since my son is from home," said the old lady. "He is in Scotland, and will probably remain there for the next month, so that my patient must be content with his nurse for the present. Now I go to see after luncheon."

Mr. Caperne looked after her with a smile, and the gray curls that always shook and quivered when she talked seemed to have a sort of halo round them. He was dimly happy. The thought of his lonely wandering life, and of returning to it, did come upon him sometimes with a strange sinking of the heart, but he shook it off. He knew whose hand gathered the flowers that decked his table. They brought a sort of mist into the room, out of which there came again to him the eyes saddened with anxiety and the shadowy touch of a soft hand upon his own. He got to know in a round-about way at what hour Aunt Lucy was accustomed to gather these flowers, and then he never rested until they let him get up and sit at the window, where he could see her without being seen.

One day, in his absorption, Mr. Caperne bent forward to the front of the window, and Aunt Lucy looked up suddenly and saw him. It might have been the pathetic appeal of his pale face, and the coat-sleeve which hung at his side empty; at any rate, Lucy waved her hand with a smile that moved him like sweet music. After this he used to look out for her eagerly, and that little recognition grew to be the event of his day, the one great centre round which all other circumstances clustered vaguely, insignificant accessories, until the day came when he was to be allowed to go down stairs for the first time.

IV.

Aunt Lucy was standing beside an open French window when Mr. Caperne went into the drawing-room, and he knew at once that the easy-chair drawn up near her was for him, for the man whose past had been a hard battle single-armed, upon whose life for many a weary year had fallen no touch of gentle fingers, no whisper of womanly solicitude. There was a rose in the bosom of her light Spring dress, and a tall arum thrust forth its blossom from behind her.

Mr. Caperne saw all this in his one hurried glance. He will see it again many a time in days to come. It became for him one of those photographs which the brain has a trick of taking for our ceaseless torment or happiness. She came forward to meet him, holding out her hand, and in his eagerness he quitted the arm on which he leaned. He was weaker than he had thought. The carpet grew unsteady beneath his feet; the tall arum multiplied itself a dozen times; and, but for that outstretched hand, he knew that he must have fallen.

"You have been imprudent," said Lucy, quietly. "My mother should have kept you prisoner a little longer, though I know how weary the days must be."

It was the voice he had heard in the wood, nearer to him now, speaking to him, and about him.

"Weary!" repeated Mr. Caperne; slowly. "I think that they have been the happiest days I ever spent."

She turned from him half smiling, as Tony gave vent to a whistle of boyish contempt for such an idea of happiness.

"In that case it was lucky I dropped into the Cor," said Tony. "But it is an odd notion. I know I shouldn't like it; and I'm sure Aunt Lucy wouldn't either. Why, she's out all day long, amongst the flowers, or the pigeons, or the green ducks,—such swell ducks! Mr. Caperne. You wouldn't believe what a quacking they set up at the sight of us? But you shall see them. Here comes granny; and now, Aunt Lucy, go to the piano, and we'll have a jolly evening."

Mr. Caperne leaned back in his chair, and listened. Through the open window he felt the soft Spring air, all flower-scented, on his cheek, as he watched the tiny white clouds chasing each other, and fell into a hazy sort of speculation upon the strange chance that had brought him here; and through all his thoughts rang the music of Stephen Heller's "Sleepless Nights," full of wonderful pathos and wild abandon.

When the music ceased, and Mr. Caperne looked up, the clicking of madame's knitting-needles ceased too, abruptly. She gave him a little peremptory nod from her seat in the corner, rose up briskly, like the resolute nurse she was, and then he knew that his evening was over, and he was to be sent away.

V.

"I would rather live than merely exist," said Mr. Caperne. "If the pains are keener, so are the joys."

He did not at once get an answer from Lucy, for the "green" ducks were about her feet, gobbling up her bounty with noisy enjoyment, while Tony threw stones into the pool for a drenched retriever to bring out. Mr. Caperne might have gone on with his philosophy, but Lucy gave him her empty basket, saying lightly, "That's a slur on my poor ducks, I suppose. It is getting late, Mr. Caperne, and the little Cor hangs out foggy signals. You had better go in."

Mr. Noel Caperne followed, not quite satisfied. He wanted to say something about going away; for of course, now that he was comparatively strong again, there was no excuse for remaining; but, somehow, the words would not come. He looked back upon the days that had passed since he first left his sick-room, and wondered to find that he could not count them. He had had his puzzles and perplexities. It occurred to him one day, with a sudden sense of awkwardness, that he had never known by what name to thank his good Samaritans. When he spoke of this, stammering, Tony broke into a wild fit of nonsense, which madame checked with an uplifted finger, and a curious compression of her lips.

"You are not to thank us at all, sir. I thought I had made that plain. As to names," she went on, after a little pause, "you will say Aunt Lucy and Granny, as Tony does; or you may call me madame, after my son's fashion, if you prefer it. I am French, you know—at least I was. You should feel at home with us now, *mons fils*."

The quick red came up into Mr. Caperne's face at the words. Though she had used them before, yet they seemed just then to take a new significance.

"Tell me," said the old lady, softly, "is it not so?"

"Madame," said Mr. Caperne, "you have been everything to me—more than I have words to express."

He was in an abnormal and unreasoning state of mind. With Lucy he had arrived at that stage when it seems impossible to make use of any name at all, and by and by he forgot all about it. To-night, as he took his usual seat at the window and watched her

closing it carefully to shut out the river fog for his sake, Mr. Caperne turned away with a great sigh, the meaning of which Tony instantly demanded.

"I'm like a spoilt child, my boy, that's all," replied the painter. "It's time to go back to school, and I'm fractious that my holiday is over."

"Holiday, indeed!" repeated Tony. "And what do you want to leave for? Hasn't Granny been good to you?"

"Only too good," he replied.

"And haven't I?" said Tony. "And hasn't Aunt Lucy? I say she has, although you wouldn't give her the portrait, you know."

Involuntarily the two looked at each other. Mr. Caperne had finished his picture, and meant to keep it; but when Lucy begged a copy of the bunch of violets, what could he do but put his heart and soul into each tiny blossom as it rose to life under his hand?

"I tell you it isn't everybody that she cuts the choice flowers for," continued the boy. "Don't you like us, Mr. Caperne?"

"Yes, Tony," he replied.

"Then what's the good of going away?" said Tony. "It's a curious thing now, isn't it?" continued the young philosopher, catching Lucy's dress. "Why does one like people?"

She only laughed and said it was a question for the chemists, but Noel Caperne raised his head quickly at that.

"You wouldn't put the wine of life into an alembic, would you?" said he. "We don't want that analyzed, I think."

He saw the faint color pass over her cheek, and leave it pale again, but she did not answer.

"To be sure," proceeded Tony, returning to the subject; "perhaps you do find it a bit dull with Granny and Aunt Lucy, but then there's me. And I can show you lots of jolly places where womankind would be afraid to venture. You don't know what cowards they are. You haven't any belonging to you?"

The painter's face grew dark. "No laddie," he replied, "I had a sister once."

"Had you?" said Tony. "Was she like you? Were you fond of her?"

Mr. Caperne saw Lucy touch the boy's lips with her finger, and he bent forward in a sudden tumult of gratitude.

"Shall I tell you about her?" he asked.

"If you will," said Tony.

"You are very quiet here," said Mr. Caperne gently. "Your life seems so calm and untroubled that it has occurred to me to wonder what you would think of my past if you knew it. What would you say if I told you I was once a murderer at heart?"

Lucy looked up at him, but she did not speak, and Tony drew nearer with a gesture of profound appreciation. Mr. Caperne put his hand on the boy's head, but it was still to Lucy that he spoke.

"You don't seem half so shocked as you ought," he said. "Perhaps in these sensation days the announcement is not very startling. It is true, nevertheless. I will tell you about it.

"My little sister was not strong, and we used to spend the hot months by the seaside. Well, in one of those months I found out that a chance acquaintance had become more to her than ever I could be or had been. You will understand that it seemed a little hard at first. She was all I had to care for in the world. The stranger was poor, but spoke largely of his hopes for the future; he was a barrister. I did what I could. I stipulated for a year's grace in which to test that large language of his, and they parted. There was a little old church standing on the top of the hill; which my sister had always preferred to the more fashionable and crowded town churches below. It was there I found her that evening when he was gone; her two hands resting on the churchyard wall; and her face looking out seaward towards the sunset; but when she turned at my footstep I knew the light that shone there was not for me any more.

"My story is not a new one. There came letters, often at first, then more seldom; at last they ceased. Twelve months after the parting in the churchyard I read of that man's marriage. He had sold himself for money. You will think, perhaps, that I should consider this giving me back my sister, and be glad; but there is a little more to tell. She was very patient and good; his name was never mentioned between us, but I knew what those solitary walks meant. I could read the listless, far-away eyes that needed many words from me before they could come back to any present interest.

"I thought I would work hard for a short time, and then take my sister abroad amongst new scenes, but I never did it. One day I heard my studio door open softly, and my poor little girl stood beside me like the pale patient ghost of what she once had been.

"'Noel,' she said, 'don't be angry with me. I want to see the little church on the hill once again.'

"I drew her down close to me and spoke of my scheme, but she only shook her head sadly, and laid it on my shoulder like a tired child.

"'Noel,' she said, 'I want to tell you something, and you must not think I am fanciful. I believe I am very ill—dying. Let me see the church once more.'"

Mr. Caperne stopped a moment to stroke the curly head on which his hand rested.

"I knew what was in her mind then," he resumed; "but I could not thwart her, and I was right. I left my sister at rest in the little churchyard on the hill, just where she leaned over the wall one balmy evening; looking out into the sunlit West; and the waves must rock her to sleep," finished Mr. Caperne, softly.

"Now, is it any wonder that I was a murderer at heart?" he said. "I wandered to and fro over the earth seeking vengeance, but I have never found him yet."

"Mr. Caperne," said Lucy, slowly, "have you forgiven?"

He looked up at her with a strange mixture of wistfulness and determination in his face.

"No, I am not a murderer now," he replied; "but I will tell you what I have done. I have knelt on the grave in the little churchyard and vowed a vow never to touch the hand of this man or any belonging to him in fellowship; to remember, as long as I live, that there is blood between us."

Lucy's heart sank with some undefinable fear and foreboding, and she put her hand on his sleeve, hardly conscious of the act.

"Mr. Caperne!" she said.

Then he forgot that there were others in the room, for he took the delicate fingers in his own, and said, "Do you blame me, Lucy? You must not—you of all people in the world. I could not lose your good opinion, and live."

No one but the person they were meant for heard those last two words; but at this juncture madame's knitting-needles, which had long been silent, were put away, and she crossed the room hurriedly, and went out. Half an hour afterwards Lucy found her standing before the portrait of a boy, painted some twenty years ago. The kind old hands were pressed together tightly, and the lips were moving; but when her daughter spoke, she only stooped, and kissed the girl's forehead, with a brief good night.

As for Noel, he was leaning against his window, looking at the moonlight over the Cor, and the gray church-tower, and the trees; and there was a strange tumult in his heart.

"Why did I tell her?" he mused. "I don't know, but I feel better for it, calmer. She did not turn away from me. She would have me forgive. Would she forgive, I wonder, in such a case? I meant to go away to-morrow, it is true, but I cannot. I cannot put the cup from my lips just yet—the opium cup which brings such dreams as mine. I do not write poetry, because every day is a poem, sweeter than mortal hand could write. The whole world has changed its face, I think. Will there be any wakening for me, I wonder? and how, and when?"

VI.

Thus was the awakening: They were bending together over the piano, Mr. Caperne carelessly turning over the piles of music, when something seemed to startle him, and he stood upright, with his hand pointing to a name, written in a bold, straggled hand, on one of the songs, "Julian Dudley."

"This belongs to—" he stammered—"tell me."

Lucy looked up at him, in sudden wonder. She did not know why, but the same instinctive terror which had smitten her at the artist's story, smote her now as she looked at him.

"Tell me," repeated Noel—"not your brother?"

"Yes," she replied; "but—"

"But," interrupted Noel, with whitening lips, "in all these books, in Tony's, and your brother's books—"

"The name is Woodfield," said Lucy. "Yes, my brother's wife was an heiress, and he was required to take her name—an unnatural arrangement, I think," she said, trying to smile. "If I were a man—Mr. Caperne, do you know you frighten me! What is it?"

Noel looked into her face once, as a man looks at a treasure which is to be taken away from him; he just said, "God help us both!" and turned towards the door. It opened as he reached it. There were sounds of an arrival in the hall, and he stood face to face with the host whom he had so longed to thank.

The eyes of this man fell as they met Noel's; there was a weak imploring gesture of his hands, and a hurried, nervous "Not here, not here, for pity's sake! Come with me."

Noel followed into the room opposite: he closed the door behind him, and set his back against it.

"Julian Dudley, I have found you at last then," said Noel.

"Caperne," said Mr. Dudley, putting up his hands deprecatingly, "listen to me!"

"At last!" repeated Noel; only to know that I have shared your roof, and eaten your bread. I wonder it did'nt choke me. I wish it had. I wish—"

"I ask you to hear me, Caperne," said Julian. "After that, load me with your curses, if you will; but hear me first. Look at me! Am I not old before my time—a broken man? Heaven is my witness that I have suffered enough to satisfy even you. You think I did a wanton and cruel thing in the days gone by. It was wicked, but not wanton. I have never loved as I did then. But even when I dared to win her, I was in debt, Noel, and knew not where to turn for money. I had been wild. You see I confess all. I could make nothing of my profession; things grew worse with me, and at last I was arrested. The only terms on which my friends would help me were that I should marry the woman, who was a good wife to a bad husband as long as she lived. Think of it. What could I do? What hope was there for that other engagement? I wrote to her," said Mr. Dudley, quickly, seeing the gathering wrath in Noel's face, "and told all, but I got no answer."

"She never had your letter," said Noel.

"I will pass over the rest briefly," said Dudley. "I gave up the profession that never had been more than a name. With my wife's fortune, there was no need of it. When I heard of your sorrow, Noel, which was my sorrow too—a darker one than yours—I thought my heart must break. We left England, and wandered about the Continent for years, till my wife grew homesick, and I bought this place. Have patience a little longer. I knew who you were of course when you heaped coals of fire on my head, and were brought here hurt. I knew also that, if you found me out, nothing would induce you to stay in the house. I told my mother the story in part—only my mother, mind; bade her keep you ignorant of the name as long as possible, and I went to Scotland. They told me you were going away last week, or I would not have come home."

"The work was done," said Noel, grimly. "I had found you out; your presence was not needed to teach me whose guest I had been."

"Hear me out, Caperne," said Dudley. "I have had a hope; I have prayed for it to come true. I hoped that in time you might take happiness from my hands, as you once took sorrow. Noel, I am humble enough; let me have your pardon."

Noel laughed, a hard metallic laugh, with no mirth in it. "I vowed a vow on my sister's grave, Mr. Dudley. I owe you a double debt now: the wreck of my own life as well as that other one. Ask forgiveness elsewhere."

He opened the door and passed out into the shubbery, where he had walked so often with Lucy. He put up his hand over his eyes, for her face met him at every turn as he had seen it last, when she said that he frightened her. There was a little path leading from the shubbery into Corven Wood, and Noel took it. He went away far into the wood, and threw himself down in that very spot where first the childish accents of appeal had reached him; and the little Cor ran brawling by, the mill-wheel sang in the distance, and all the wood was full of pleasant sounds. Imagination plays strange tricks with a man at such times as these. He heard the babbling of the river, and the mill-wheel, and the birds, but plainer than any of them there rang through his brain one sentence, spoken by a voice which he must never listen to again, "Mr. Caperne, have you forgiven?"

"No, he had not forgiven; he could not forgive. In that evil hour Noel said hard things of the fate that had brought him hither; the fate he once thought so wonderfully happy. He did not fully know yet the heaviness of the blow that had fallen upon him; he was like a man stunned and only half conscious; shrinking from the examination into his hurt, which yet he was aware must come. He knew now what was that ghostly resemblance which had so troubled him at first, both in Tony's boyish features, and afterwards in Lucy's face as she bent over the violets. At that thought Mr. Caperne sprang up to leave the wood which he might never see more; he went away along the path to the bridge under which the stream ran sullen and dark—there he paused to look round, and he said, with his eyes far away beyond Corven Wood, "Never again—never!"

VII.

Five years since Noel Caperne found Julian Dudley's name on the bit of music; five years since he lay on the grass, reviling the pleasant music of the wood, which jarred upon his misery; and he was back again; gray amongst his hair, weariness in his look and listless gait; back beside the brawling Cor, wondering dimly what had brought him there; stirred to the very bottom of his soul by the sweet and bitter memories that hung about the place, but rigid as ever in the resolve that he had written its lines by this time in his face. He wandered about the wood until the evening dews began to fall; then he saw the foggy signals rise on the breast of the Cor, and remembered the voice that used to warn him of their danger. What on earth had he come here for? He crossed the bridge, and heard the familiar wheel, without wishing to hear it. He got away to the old inn by the river, and asked for lodging. At first the landlady stared at him as she would at a stranger in that quiet place; then suddenly, with a start, she gave him the usual courtesy, and led the way to his old room. Mr. Caperne paused on the threshold, and held back.

"Can't you put me somewhere else?" he said, with a little impatience. "But no, never mind; perhaps this is best after all."

The landlady thought so too. She watched him throw down his knapsack wearily; she tried in vain to tempt him in the matter of supper; and when his persistent replies that he wanted only rest and quiet, and should remain but one night, drove her to the last extremity, she went forward with some hesitation and unlocked the drawer which used to contain the artist's mysterious painting.

"If you please, sir," she said, "the packet."

"The packet?" repeated Mr. Caperne, vacantly. "I left none that I am aware of."

"No, sir," she replied; "but the young lady—Miss Dudley—Miss Lucy, as she is called about here—"

"Well, what of her?" said Noel, turning sharply from the window.

"Nothing, sir," said the landlady; "only she left this; it's years ago now. We were to forward it, but we never could find out where. We've kept it safe, sir, and I'm sure—"

"Thanks," interrupted Noel. "Leave it, please. Good night."

When the landlady was gone, Noel got up and locked his door. He stuck his hands together roughly as he sat down again, for they were trembling, and then he opened the little parcel which Lucy had left. Noel laid it down upon the table beside him, and put his hands over his face, with a gasp. It was the little painting he had done for her—the bunch of violets. Did ever flowers look at him with eyes like those before? For the moment, when the woman first spoke, it had flashed across him that she was going to tell him Lucy was dead. He sat there terror-stricken still at the shock. It had never occurred to him in all these years that she might suffer even as his little sister suffered. His own misery, his own pride and vengeance, left no room for such a thought; but it came to him now, as he sat with her token before him, and remembered all. What had he done? He never knew how long he sat there; the landlady declared that she heard him walking up and down all night like a madman, or some one who had committed a great crime, as indeed, who could answer for it that he had not? But it was late in the morning when he left his room, sane enough to all appearance, dressed very much as he had been used to dress five years ago, and took the path towards Corven Wood, careless of the curious eyes that watched him.

It was in the sweet freshness of early Summer that Noel Caperne passed once more into the well-known shrubbery, and found Lucy amongst her flowers. She stood up when she saw him, and then the color left her face, and she drew back the hands he would have taken.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, "won't you speak to me? Won't you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Lucy, coldly. She had been stronger than the little girl who was at rest in the churchyard on the hill. And then, seeing his altered looks, she added, faltering a little, "My brother—"

"What drew me hither, Lucy? I could not know that I should find my poor little painting waiting for me, rejected. You have conquered through your token; take it again from me."

A little while they stood silent, Lucy trying to be calm, Mr. Caperne to read the face that changed so often. At last he spoke again.

"I have loved you so long and so well, Lucy; I have been so wretched a wanderer; give me hope."

"Your vow?" said Lucy, briefly.

"Was wicked, and ought not to be kept," said Noel. "I wait to give my hand to Julian Dudley if he will take it. Let me see your face that I may know if I am forgiven."

She raised it to him simply, with the sunlight on it, and he put out his arms.

"You will not send me away, my love?" said Noel.

"No," was the low muttered reply.

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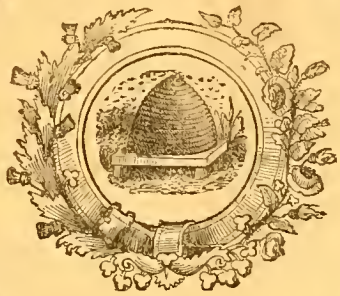

THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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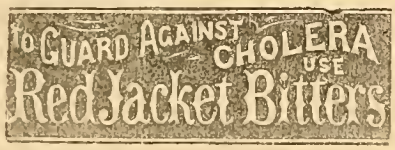

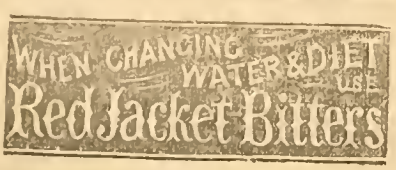

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No. 32] SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 11, 1869. [Vol. 3

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We are growing old together;
There is silver in thy hair,
In the whiteness of my temples
Life hath left its lines of care.
We are growing old together,
Thou art beautiful to me;
We are growing old together,
Am I beautiful to thee?

We are growing old together:
When you held my plighted hand,
Life wore a look of splendor
Unseen on sea or land.
By the pain of the lamenting
That the summer could not bring,
With the ripeness of its fruitage,
The brightness of the spring;
By the lovely hope we buried,
By the dying child we kissed,
I love thee best, my dearest,
For what thy life hath missed.

We are growing old together;
When we drop the body's veil,
The one will wait the other
Within the silent pale.
Into the grand Forever
Together we will glide;
No power in the ages
Our being can divide.
We shall grow young together;
What poet ever sung
The rapture of Immortals,
Who love, forever young!

THE FIRST CRIME.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

There was bustle in the sleeping-room of young Ella Lane, a dodging about of lights, a constant tramping of fat, good-natured serving-maids, a flitting of curious, smiling little girls, and a disarranging of drapery and furniture not very often occurring in this quiet and tasteful corner.

An arch-looking miss of twelve was standing before a basket, selecting the choicest flowers. On the bed lay a light fleecy dress of white. Immediately opposite a small fireplace sat a girl of seventeen, in half undress. Immediately behind the chair of the young lady stood a fair, mild-looking matron. There was a smile upon the mother's lip, a pleased, gratified smile, and yet half shadowed over by a strange anxiety that she strove to conceal from her happy children.

At last the young girl was arrayed, each braid in its place, and the wreath of purple buds falling behind her ear, her simple dress floating about her slight figure, her white kid gloves drawn upon her hands, and fan, bouquet and kerchief all in readiness. The large warm shall had been carefully laid on her shoulders, the mother's kiss was on her cheek, and a "don't stay late, dear," in her ear; she had nodded good-bye to all, but when on the bottom stair she paused.

"I'm sorry to go without you, mamma."

"I am sorry that you must, dear. But I hope you will find it very pleasant."

"It will be pleasant, I have no doubt. But, mamma, I am afraid you are not quite well, or perhaps," she whispered, "you have something to trouble you; if so, I should very much like to stay with you."

"No, dear, I am quite well, and—" Mrs. Lane did not say *happy*, for the falsehood died on her lips, but she smiled so cheerily, and her eye looked so clear and bright as it met her daughter's that Ella took it for a negative, as she sprang into the carriage.

When Mrs. Lane turned from the door the smile had entirely disappeared, and an expression of anxious solicitude occupied its place. She paused beneath the hall lamp, and pulling a scrap of paper from her bosom, read—"Do not go out to-night, dear mother; I *must* see you. He will not come in before eleven—I will be with you by ten." It was written in a hurried, irregular hand, and was without signature; but it needed none.

"My poor, poor boy!" murmured the now almost weeping mother, as she crushed the paper in her hand and laid it back upon her heart. "It may be wrong to deceive him so; but how can a mother refuse to see the son she has carried in her arms and nursed upon her bosom? Poor Robert!"

Ay, poor Robert, indeed, the only son of one of the proudest and wealthiest citizens of New York, and yet without a shelter for his head!

Mr. Lane had lived a bachelor, until the age of forty-two, when he married a beautiful girl of eighteen—the mother whom we have already introduced to our readers. She was gentle and complying, hence the rigid sternness of his character seldom had an opportunity to exhibit itself. But the iron was all there, though buried for a time in the flowers which love had nursed into bloom above it. The eldest of their children was a boy—a frank, heartsome, merry fellow—a lamb to those who would condescend to lead him by love,

but exhibiting even in infancy an indomitable will that caused the young mother many an anxious foreboding. But as the boy grew towards manhood a new and deeper cause for anxiety began to appear. To Robert's gayety were added other qualities that made him a fascinating companion; his society was constantly sought, first by the families in which his parents were on terms of intimacy, and then by others, and still others, till Mrs. Lane began to tremble lest among her son's associates might be found some of exceptional character. By degrees he spent fewer evenings at home, went out with her less frequently, and accounted for his absence less satisfactorily. Then she spoke to him on the subject, and received his assurance that all was well—that she need not be troubled about his falling into bad company; but she was troubled.

There was at evening a wild sparkle in the boy's eye and an unnatural glow upon his cheek that told of unhealthy excitement. but in the morning it was all gone, and his gayety, sometimes his cheerfulness, fled with it. Mrs. Lane was anxious, but she confined her anxiety to her own bosom, not even whispering it to her husband, lest he should ridicule it on the one hand, or on the other exercise a severity which should lead to a collision. But matters grew worse and worse constantly. Robert was seldom home till late at night, and then he came heated and flurried, and hastened away to bed as though his mother's loving eye were a monitor he could not meet. She sought opportunities to warn him, but he feared and evaded them, and so several more weeks passed by—weeks of more importance than many a lifetime. Finally Mrs. Lane became seriously alarmed, and consulted her husband.

"I have business with you to-night, Robert," said Mr. Lane, pointedly, as the boy was going out after dinner, "and will see you in the library at nine o'clock."

"I—I have—an engagement, sir. If some other hour—"

"No other hour will do. You have no engagement that will be allowed to interfere with those I make for you."

Robert was about to answer, perhaps angrily, when he caught a glimpse of his mother. Her face was of an ashy hue, and a large tear was trembling in her eye. He turned hastily away, and was hurrying along the hall; but before he had reached the street door her hand was on his arm, and she whispered in his ear:

"Meet your father at nine, as he has bidden you, Robert, and do not, for my sake—for your mother's sake, Robert—do not say anything to exasperate him."

"Do not fear, mother," he answered, in a subdued tone; then as the door closed behind him, he muttered, "He will be exasperated enough with little saying, if his business is what I suspect. What a fool I have been—mad—mad! I wish I had told him at first, without being driven to it through waiting; but now—I will make one more attempt—desperate it must be, and then, if the worst comes, he will only punish *me*. That I can bear patiently, for I deserve it; but it would kill my poor mother—this he *must not* tell her!"

Mrs. Lane started nervously at every ring of the door-bell that evening; and when at nine she heard it, she could not forbear stepping into the hall to see who was admitted. It was her husband, and only waiting to enquire of the girl if Robert had yet come in, he passed on to the library. Mrs. Lane found it more difficult than ever to sustain conversation; she became abstracted, nervous, and when her few evening visitors departed, she was so manifestly relieved that Ella inquired in surprise if anything had been said or done to annoy her. It was past ten, and Robert had not yet appeared. Finally the bell was pulled violently, and she hastened to the door herself. With livid lip and bloodshot eye her son stepped to the threshold, and starting at sight of her, he hurried away to the library without giving her another glance. How slowly passed the moments to the waiting mother! How she longed to catch but a tone of those voices, both so loved, that she might know whether they sounded in confidence or anger. What Robert's course had been she could not guess, but she knew that he would be required to give a strict account of himself, and she dreaded the effect of her husband's well known severity. A few minutes passed (they seemed an age to her), and then she heard the door of the library thrown open, and a moment after a quick, light step sounded upon the stairs—it was Robert's.

"You are not going out again, my son?" she inquired.

"Father will tell you why I go, dear mother," said the boy, pausing, and pressing her hand affectionately. "I must not wait to answer questions now." He passed on till he reached the door, then returning back, whispered, "Be at Mrs. Hinman's to-morrow evening, mother;" and before she had time to ask a question, or utter an exclamation of surprise, he had disappeared up the street.

But poor Mrs. Lane was soon made acquainted with the truth. Mr. Lane was somewhat vexed with himself for not perceiving his son's tendency to error before, and like many others, he seemed resolved to make up in decision what he had lost by blindness. It was this which had caused his sharpness when he made the appointment, and he considered his dignity compromised when nine o'clock passed and his son seemed resolved on acting in open disobedience to his command. When the culprit appeared, he demanded peremptorily a full confession, and Robert gave it. He had fallen into gay society, then into vicious, and he was not the one to occupy a minor position anywhere. Wine and wit had reduced him, and in an evil hour he sat down to the gaming-table. He had played at first a trivial stake, then more deeply, and had that night plunged in almost past extrication. At any time Mr. Lane would have been shocked, now he was exasperated, and spoke bitterly. At first Robert did not retort, for he had come in resolved on confession and reformation; but finally, repentance was drowned in anger, and he answered as a son, particularly as an erring son, should not. Then a few more words ensued, unreasonable on both sides; Mr. Lane asserting that debts so contracted were dishonest, and should not be paid, and Robert declaring that they should be paid if he gamed his life long to win the money; till finally the old man's rage became uncontrollable. It was in obedience to his father's command that Robert left his home that night with an order never to cross its threshold again.

For two or three weeks Mrs. Lane, now and then of an evening met her son at the houses of her friends, and then he disappeared almost entirely. Since the first disclosure she had never mentioned Robert's name to her husband; and Ellen only knew that some angry words had estranged her father and brother for a time—she was ignorant of Robert's guilt and danger.

The evening on which our story commences Mrs. Lane had intended to spend abroad with her daughter, but had been prevented by the receipt of the note before mentioned. Robert had never been home since he was commanded to leave it, and though anxious both about the cause and result, she could not but be rejoiced at the thought of seeing him again in her own private sitting-room. She had many things, too, to learn respecting his manner of living, and his intentions for the future.

While Mrs. Lane walked up and down her little sitting-room, wishing that ten o'clock would come, her son entered his small, scantily-furnished apartment in a decent boarding-house, and throwing himself on the only chair within it, he

covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat in this position, then he arose, and taking down a pocket pistol, carefully primed it and laid it beneath his pillow. Immediately, however, he took it out, charged it heavily, and laying it on the table, folded his arms and gazed upon it, muttering, "It may be needed when I least expect it. I have at least one friend while this is by." Then muffling himself up, he hurried into the street, and soon reached his father's door, where he stood in hesitation.

He rang. The girl started when she opened the door, but gave no other signal of recognition. Robert inquired after Mrs. Lane. In a moment afterwards he leaned his forehead on his mother's knees.

"Is it any new trouble, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly; "any new—*guilt?*" she whispered, bending her lips close to his ear, and placing the other arm over his neck. "Tell your mother, Robert—she will help you. O Robert, you know she will love you and cling to you through it all!"

The boy raised his head, and now she saw, for the first time, the change that had come over him. His face was haggard, his eyes sunk and bloodshot; that round, rosy cheek, which her lips had loved to meet, had grown pale and thin; and in place of the gay, careless smile had arisen looks of anxiety and bitterness.

"I shall break your heart, mother," he said, sorrowfully, "and poor little Ella's too! O, it is a dreadful thing to murder those one loves best! I never meant to do it; try to remember that, dear mother, will you, whatever comes."

"I do believe it, Robert."

"Ah! you know only a small part yet; but I could not go away without seeing and telling you. I knew you would learn it from others."

"But surely, Robert, you have nothing worse to tell me than I know already?"

"You know that night my father summoned me to his library? I had told my companions it should be my last among them; I promised myself so, and I repeated it to my father, and I would have kept my promise, I *would*. But you know how it turned out. It *did* seem dishonorable to refuse to pay those debts. I left him, and then I was desperate. I was determined to have the money, mother, and I got it."

"How, Robert?"

"Not honestly."

The boy's voice was low and husky, and his face was of a deathlike paleness.

A faintness came over her, but she gaspingly articulated:

"How, Robert?"

"By forgery! No matter for the particulars; I could not tell them now, and you could not hear. To-morrow all will be discovered, and I must escape. But I never meant it should come to this; I thought I could have paid it."

Mrs. Lane made a strong effort, and murmured, brokenly:

"To-morrow! O, to-morrow! O, my poor ruined boy!"

"I know that after-deeds cannot compensate, mother; but if a life of rectitude, if—"

Robert paused suddenly, and his father entered the room. A cloud instantly gathered upon his countenance.

"*You* here, sirrah! What business brings you to the home you have dishonored?"

"I came to see my mother, sir."

"It is the last time then," said Mr. Lane, sternly.

"The last time!" echoed Robert, in a tone of mocking bitterness.

"The last time!" whispered the white lips of the mother, as her husband left the room, and she slid to the floor, lightly and unresistingly. Robert raised her head to his bosom and covered her pale face with his tears.

Mrs. Lane was awakened by the warm drops raining on her face, and starting up wildly, she entreated him to be gone.

"I cannot go to-night, mother. I waited to see you, and so lost the opportunity. It is too late to take a boat now. I shall go to some of the landings above when I leave here, and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes."

So deeply were both engaged, that neither the merry voice of Ella in the doorway, nor her step along the hall, reached them. She entered.

"Robert! *you* here, Robert?"

But neither Mrs. Lane nor Robert spoke—the boy only strained his sister convulsively to his heart.

"Alas! my poor Ella," sobbed Mrs. Lane, "our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever."

"Forever!" And Ella's cheeks turned as pale as the white glove which she raised to put back her curls from her forehead.

Robert then made the same confession to his sister that he had already made to his mother.

"You!" exclaimed Ella, almost scornfully, springing to her feet, "you, Robert Lane, my brother! Is it so, mamma? Is my brother a villain, a forger? is he—"

"Hush, Ella, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Lane; "it is for those who have hard hearts to condemn, not for you, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped on his poor head to-morrow; at least, let him have love and pity here."

"Pity! Whom did he pity or love when he deliberately—"

Ella stood for a moment, white and trembling, and then flinging herself into her brother's arms, exclaimed:

"I do pity you: but the disgrace may be avoided. Papa will, of course, shield his own name. I will go to him directly."

Suddenly breaking from him, she hurried up the stairs. Along the hall she went, but when she reached her father's door, she paused in dread. She could hear his heavy, monotonous tramp, as he walked up and down the room; and remembering his almost repulsive sternness, she dreaded meeting him. At last she opened the door and burst forth:

"Come down and see Robert, papa—come and save him! They will drag him away to prison for forgery, and you will be the father of a condemned criminal, and I his sister. O, do not let him go away from us so! Come, do see him, and you will pity him—you cannot help it."

"Forgery, Ella! He has not—"

"He has! and you must save him, papa; for your own sake, for all our sakes!"

"Do you know this, Ella? It is not true. It is a miserable subterfuge to wheedle money from his mother to squander among the vile wretches whom he has preferred to us. No—send him back to his dissolute—"

"Is that the way to make him better, papa?" inquired Ella, raising her head and fixing her sparkling eyes on him resolutely. "You sent him back to them before, you shut the door on him. There were none to say 'Take care, Robert!' and no wonder they have made him what he is. Robert has committed a dreadful crime, but it was when you, who should have prevented it, had shut your heart against him. If Robert is put in prison, I would almost as soon be in his place as yours."

"Ella! Ella!"

"I should, papa. I know you cannot do wrong without feeling remorse. You must forgive Robert, and you must save him and us the disgrace of an exposure."

"I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the sum he asks?"

"He asks none. I ask for him the sum that you refused before."

"Well, then, give him that and bid him depart."

"And may I not tell him you forgive him?"

"No."

"That you pity him?"

"No!"

"May I not say that when he is reformed he may come back to us and be received with open hands and heart?"

"Say nothing but what I bid you, and go."

Ella returned to her brother.

"There is the money, Robert," flinging the purse on the table; "and now you must go back with me and say to our father that you are sorry you have made him miserable."

"He will turn me from the door, Ella."

"And do you not deserve it?"

"Ella!" interposed the tender mother.

"I do—that, and more."

The excited girl clasped both hands over her brother's arm and led the way up stairs, while the trembling mother followed. When they entered Mr. Lane's room, the old man sat in his arm-chair, leaning over a table and resting his forehead upon his clasped hands. The heart of the erring boy was stricken at the sight. The sorrow that he had brought upon his mother and sister had been duly weighed, but his stern father had never been reckoned among the sufferers. A loud, convulsive sob burst from his bosom, and he threw himself, without a word, at the old man's feet. The mother drew near and joined her son, and Ella, first kissing her father's hand, placed it on Robert's head.

"You forgive him, papa—you forgive poor Robert? He shall never act wickedly again, and he is your only son."

Bowing his head on the shoulder of his son, the old man wept aloud.

"Stay with us, Robert," at last he said; "stay and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much."

Men never knew by what a very hair hung Robert Lane's welfare—that a mere breath alone had stood between him and ignominy. Years afterwards, when he was an honored and respected citizen, no one knew why he should ever turn to the erring with encouraging words. But yet a white-haired man, who watched his course with an eagle eye, might often have been heard muttering to himself, with proud and wondering affection:

"This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

TITHING AND CONSECRATION.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

In view of the present demand for tithes, and the prospective call for consecrations upon the members of the Church of Latter-day Saints, we wish to offer a few reflections upon the subject of tithes and consecrations. Heretofore, it has been taught that the revealed law of tithing required the payment of the tenth of the entire productive labor of the members of the Church. *This is not true*, nor can any law, requiring the faithful to so tithe themselves, be truthfully gathered from any revelation ever given upon the subject. The Saints are required by the revealed law to pay into "the Lord's store-house" the tenth of their INTEREST annually.

The first revelation on this subject—that any more than incidentally mentioned tithing in connection with the law of consecration—was given at Far West, Missouri, July 8th, 1838, in answer to the question: "O Lord, shew unto Thy servants how much Thou requirest of the properties of Thy people for a tithing." The answer of this prayer—after reiterating in general terms the law of consecration given February, 1831—goes on to say.—"And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of My people, and after that, those who have been thus tithed, *shall pay one tenth of their interest annually*, and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for My Holy Priesthood, saith the Lord."

We perceive, by the above quotation, that the tenth of the "*interest*" of the productive labor of the Saints was all that the Lord required as an annual tithe, after they consecrate all their surplus properties to begin with. The first requisition was simply (see Revelation given Feb. 1831, page 124) to,—"consecrate of thy properties;" but the covetousness of the people was such that this indefinite law met with but little response, and gave rise to endless divisions of opinion on the subject. The Revelation of 1838 settled the subject as definitely as it possibly could do. It does not authorize any person to determine what another man's tithing amounts to. It leaves that to be settled by the person himself, who is called upon to tithe.

These revelations, like all the rest given in this dispensation, throw the responsibility to act honestly and nobly, in his dealings with his God, directly upon the individual upon whom the requisition is made. It does not authorize any living man—be he priest or High Priest—to sit in judgment on the affairs of a man, where his conscience alone must be judge. It does not create a master, or masters, to dictate what the conscience of the believer allows or does not allow, unless his conscience permits him to trespass upon his neighbor. Should a man, in the free exercise of his rights of conscience, so trespass, litigation would be the result. The Priesthood in that case have the power to interfere, as "peace makers," and as the defenders of the innocent and unjustly treated.

Having settled the question as to who shall be the judge of how much or how little of a man's properties shall be considered "surplus," let us come to the question of how much the laws of God require as a man's tithing.

The "surplus" of a man's property was all that was required as a *beginning* of the principle or law of tithing. In answer to the question propounded, the Lord said,—"I require all the SURPLUS property." That which was not surplus property, was not required. The poor were not to be burdened by this law. Now, let us enquire what the word surplus means. The Lord says: (Doc. & Cov., page 124, Par. 10,) "And, again, if there shall be properties in the hands of the Church, or any individual of it, *more than is necessary* for their support, after this first consecration," etc., etc. Here, then, we have the answer as to what is to be considered as "surplus property." No requisition for property is to be made of the poor who have not any more property "than is necessary for their support."

Now, suppose that we claim that the words,—"one tenth of all their interest," mean a tenth of the total sum of a man's income, then we must admit that the law of tithing requires more than was ever contemplated by the law of Consecration itself; for by that law the surplus, only, is demanded. This way of interpreting Tithing requires a tenth of the *sum* of our labors, whether that labor produces a sufficiency or an insufficiency for our support. There would be manifest injustice in such a law. If the "*surplus*" only, was required in the first great requisition of the law, then the *tenth* of the *annual surplus* is all that the law of tithing contemplates. The "tenth of all their interest" means the tenth of all their surplus from each year's labor, over and above what "is necessary for their support."

For the better elucidation of this subject, let us suppose

that a man's labor produces one thousand dollars per year, and that the "necessary support" of himself, and the loved ones dependent upon him, requires the expenditure of the whole of that one thousand dollars. If, then, the *sum* of the product of his labor is to be tithed, which will amount to one hundred dollars, it is clear that he must either suffer for some things necessary for his support, or run into debt for the one hundred dollars. How long would it take before a man would be in bondage at that rate?

Our views of the laws of tithing may be objected to by some—not because they are not true views, for they cannot be denied—but because if the fact is admitted that a tenth of the *surplus* of a man's income constitutes his tithing instead of a tenth of the total sum, it would so far decrease the aggregate amount paid into the "Lord's store-house," as the tithes of His people, that the sum would not be so large as at present. We freely admit that for the present, at least, the vast sums now paid yearly to the Trustee-in-Trust would not be realized; but this would be of little consequence, inasmuch as the Church has a greater mission than the mere accumulation of funds. On the other hand, we claim that were the members of the Church made to feel that a spirit of liberality, generosity and consideration governed the raising of Tithing and other funds, it would so enlarge their sympathies that if the poor paid less the rich would give more; men, generally, would be more conscientious in the settlement of their tithing, and the principle would be found to have compensations on every hand.

We come now to the principle of Consecration, which, indeed, should have been considered first; for the law of Tithing is not, as some imagine, a "school-master" to bring us to the higher law of Consecration. The law of consecration is, as the Lord said, (Doc. & Cov., page 223,) "the BEGINNING of the *tithing* of my people." We simply yield to the prevailing idea entertained by many of our brethren and speak of it as the "higher law."

Light is not further from darkness, nor white from black, than is the true interpretation of the law of consecration from that interpretation which is being impressed upon the people of this Territory. It is taught, generally, to our people that Consecration means the giving up of ALL their property into the hands of the Trustee-in-Trust, who is to give back to them such portion of it as he may see proper to return to them, which portion they are to hold in trust *for him*, to be used at his sole dictation, or at the dictation of the Presidency, which means the same thing. Now let us enquire what the Lord has said about the amount of a man's property that is subject to the law of consecration:

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And, behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support, that which thou hast to impart unto them with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken; and, inasmuch as ye impart *of* your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me, and they shall be *laid before the Bishop* of my Church and his counselors. * * * * And it shall come to pass, that after they are laid before the Bishop of my Church, and after he has received these testimonies concerning the consecration of the properties of my Church, that they cannot be taken from the Church agreeably to my commandments: every man shall be made accountable to ME, *a steward over his own property*, or that which he has *received by consecration*, inasmuch as is sufficient for himself and family."—*Doc. & Cov., Sec. XIII., Par.* 8.

Judge ye, Elders of Israel, which law of consecration is right—the Consecration as above enunciated, which is full of truth, justice and mercy, or the law as now taught by the Priesthood, which requires *all* of our substance to be laid at the Apostles' feet, with but "*one* pocket for the whole Church" and that dictated by the Presidency through the Bishops?

The law of the Lord, as above quoted, calls upon the rich to open their hearts for the benefit of the poor, and to place means in their hands, so that with industry and economy they may render themselves independent, and be stewards unto God over *their own property*. The law, as now interpreted, reduces not only the poor but the rich also, to the condition of TENANTS AT WILL, and places them in bondage to their fellow man. The Lord says, (Doc. & Cov., page 281,) "Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage, one to another, and for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."

It will be seen at a glance that the Consecration required in the paragraphs which we have quoted, is a Consecration solely for the benefit of the poor, and it will also be seen that the property consecrated is to be deeded directly over to them and not to the Church, although the deeds are to be laid before the Bishop. Here then is the object of all the Consecration required. All Consecration for other purposes than the relief of the poor, has no authority so far as the revelations of Joseph Smith are concerned. It is true that he says that if there are properties in the hands of the Church after the poor are supplied, more than is necessary for their support, it can go to build houses of worship and purchasing public lands for the benefit of the Church, etc. This is only just and right, and none can object to such a disposal of all that the poor do not require. We should have no objection to doing the same with the surplus means of any other "poor fund," and Consecration, first and last, is nothing more than a grand poor fund as taught in these revelations. How far it is practised in that light all can judge for themselves.

Furthermore, the Lord, in giving a law of Consecration and Tithing, never intended to create a vast monied power in the midst of the Church, to be placed in the hands of an irresponsible agent acknowledging no power in the Church to call him to account. For better information on this subject, we refer our readers to a study of the paragraphs already quoted.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I, moreover, hold and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nurseling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers;
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

REPLY TO ORSON HYDE ON APOSTACY.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

How oppressive and cruel was the Priesthood in heaven in casting out the "Son of the Morning" and his adherents, by coercion, for the very slight offense of differing a little in opinion from the ruling powers in that country. And how very unwise was that priesthood in thus protecting its own union! Would it not have been far better for Lucifer to remain in heaven with all his difference of opinion, causing a very agreeable variety in the midst of the heavenly throng? Would not earth thereby have been relieved from the constant warfare we have now to wage against that nice old gentleman? Would not such a heaven be a desirable home for us poor, weary and worn out earthly pilgrims after the journey of life is ended? A constant war of words and war of sentiment would chain us to endless strife! Oh, what bliss, what raptures, and what sweet strains of celestial music must fall upon the ears of the ransomed throng! * * * * * * * * *

Lucifer is full of argument to-day against the alleged injustice done him by his expulsion. He murmurs against and accuses his legitimate Head. His mind is fruitful in thought and word, and there is no end to his sayings; and for all of these, he will be destroyed. * * * * * * * * * * *

Springtown, Nov. 28, 1869. ORSON HYDE.

In the above correspondence, Elder Hyde wishes to defend the right of the Priesthood to cast out of the Church any who differ with them in opinion, to do this he refers to the case of the Almighty casting the Devil out of heaven, which to his mind is a perfectly parallel affair. The argument stands thus with him: Lucifer differed with God who cast him out. Certain parties have differed with Brigham Young, who, therefore, has an equal right to cast them out of the Church. Inasmuch as Lucifer had no right to grumble at the Almighty's decision, those who are cast out of the Church for differing with President Young have no more right to object to his course. Orson Hyde here makes a very common mistake; he simply forgets to prove that the Almighty and Brigham Young are one and the same thing.

Elder Hyde, of course, has never thought of the difference between Brigham Young and the Almighty. It is this difference that makes all assertions that he can act as absolutely as Jehovah perfect folly. The Almighty possesses boundless wisdom, infinite knowledge and eternal justice. All His laws are absolute truth. There is no possibility of error or injustice in any of His decisions. To object to them, is, in every case, to object to the TRUTH itself. Is this Brigham Young's case; can he make no mistake; can he commit no injustice? The Almighty's wisdom is spread out in scenes of unutterable power and grandeur throughout the Universe. We bow the heart and the head before them in speechless adoration at the perfection of beauty and unfailing skill they display. Is there any comparison between opposing the will of this immutable One and objecting to the opinion of an earth-born mortal like ourselves, who has manifested his liability to failure, both in his official and private acts—like all other men—in a score of ways? To disobey a man like this, Orson Hyde thinks a parallel case to differing with Jehovah—the majestic center of all life, power and wisdom.

Elder Hyde would, perhaps, reply that if the Priesthood are so immeasurably below the Almighty, in wisdom and ability, they still hold His Priesthood, or His authority and should, therefore, be obeyed like Himself. But this is nonsense. As all intelligent persons will see the Almighty can confer authority, but he cannot confer His own ability and intelligence with it. That is a question of time and growth. Hence, no mortal ever did or ever will receive authority to demand unlimited obedience, because he cannot receive unlimited wisdom to guide him in the use of it; and authority conferred without proportionate wisdom is despotism, tyranny and enslavement to mankind.

Inasmuch as it is argued by the believers of unquestioning obedience to the Priesthood, that our declaration that a Divine Movement has been started by the Almighty for the correction of the present abuse of power by the Priesthood and their known lack of spirituality, must be false, because God's Priesthood never will be allowed by Him to lead the people astray; we shall now prove, first that the Presiding Priesthood can go wrong; and, secondly, that when wrong, the evil can only be corrected through new channels of divine communication opened up to the People.

To suppose that the presiding Authorities never can by any possibillity go wrong, is to ignore the plainest facts of history. It is well known that the presidency of the ancient church did lead the people astray; and did it, too, by establishing Elder Hyde's doctrine that the Head is always right, and that to oppose him is, like Lucifer, to rebel against God. Having got the people in this helpless condition, so that they feared to oppose them lest they should offend the Almighty, the ancient Priesthood by degrees increased their claims to absolute authority, till they built up the most monstrous system of priestly tyranny the world has ever heard of. This very state of things was not originated by the Church of Rome in the days of its power, but was started by the very Authorities who survived the apostles, and who were ordained directly by them, or by those whom they ordained. It is a mistake to suppose that every person that received a legal ordination from the apostles, or those that were appointed by them, was killed off. Scores and hundreds of men whose ordinations could be traced as directly to the apostles as many of ours can to Joseph Smith, were then alive. The Seers and Revelators it is true were killed off the same as ours was in the case of Joseph Smith. The remaining Authorities did just what ours did, the next highest in authority claimed to lead the Church. And greater or less manifestations of the Holy Spirit were given for a long time; so that the Church was acknowledged of God about as much as ours has been. It was during these early times that the Presiding Priesthod, by the aid of this very doctrine of unquestioning obedience—which our Authorities are now trying to force down on the people—lead the church astray. If this can be done once it can occur again. It was the same priesthood and authority that went wrong that now exists in our midst. *Their* priesthood was obtained from Peter, James and John the same as ours. Our priesthood have received no promise that they shall be exempt from error, or false measures, any more than theirs. God has, indeed, promised that our institutions shall never pass away—and they never will; but He has not said that He will never need to correct the policy of those presiding.

Some, who admit that the Priesthood can err and introduce measures opposed to the will of Heaven, argue that God will always correct the Priesthood through themselves. The answer to this is, if the Priesthood can lose sufficient of the spirit of their priesthood to permit their introducing wrong measures in the first place, the same loss of the spirit of their religion will prevent their being set right afterwards. If men are stubborn enough to resist the gentle influences of the true spirit when it is strongest within them, will not the same stubbornness more than keep out such divine influences when they have weakened in their hold and have been partially driven away? How then shall the priesthood be corrected through themselves?

We will now show that the right of all men to refuse to obey the Priesthood any further than the wisdom of God is manifested in their dictations, is the only safeguard the Church *or even the Heavens themselves* have from perversion of the truth Let them once establish the doctrine that all views in opposition to that of the presiding authority are,

of necessity, in opposition to God, and it must follow that unless they can always COMPEL the President to keep right, the Heavens have shut themselves off from the control of the people, and any Presidency can do as they please; for God cannot get at the people through the Presidency, neither can He speak through any below them in position, for directly He does so, they are in a position to denounce all such inspiration as being "of the Devil." By establishing such a doctrine God, Himself, would therefore be shut out from the correction of any evil by His own act. If for no other reasons, then, such a doctrine is monstrous and impossible.

But the question will arise with some,—If God calls a man to preside, cannot he keep him from going wrong? Without a moment's hesitation we reply, No! God can keep no man from going wrong. If God could compel man to go right by the exercise of His Divine Will, He could force a million on the same principle; and there would be no need of waiting thousands of weary years for a millenium. The agency and natural characteristics of a man called to preside over God's Church can no more be forced than that of any other man. The spirits of all men are governed by the same invariable laws. It is an eternal truth, to which there is no exception that God cannot inspire a man with any principle of truth, unless he *yields* himself to it, and throws his whole nature open to its reception, Angelic influences are soft, gentle and tender. They can *force* nothing. All that God or Angels can do with any man is to work in harmony with his natural development; and as fast as he seeks for truths of any particular kind, pour in suggestive thoughts by which he can travel step by step to higher principles. If a man's mind is shut against any particular order of truths, the whole Heavenly world combined cannot open it, any more than ten thousand men could force a flower to open before it was ready. If it opens properly it must open of itself. The same principle applies to visions and inspired dreams, as much as to enlightenment coming through the mind. They cannot be given, to answer a divine end, unless the mind is in a receptive condition If, then, a President of the Church be wrong, he cannot be set right by any of these means. If, for instance, his feelings and desires go out incessantly after temporalities, he cannot be made to see the beauty, loveliness and necessity of spiritual principles; and the people under him must, for the time being, famish for the bread of life.

But some will inquire, supposing this to be the case, and that God could not get at such a man owing to his mental condition, could He not send an angel and cause him to see him visibly and thus force him to know his will? To this we reply that God certainly can and does send angels, but no men can see one if He does do so, unless he is a Seer by nature. The present President of the Church is not a man of this order and could not see an angel if a thousand stood by his side. And if he could, it is not the policy of the Heavens to force things in this way. Unless a man's heart is filled with a sense of the excellence and propriety of a truth which God wishes to communicate, He does not wish him to teach it, inasmuch as he would, under such circumstances, proclaim it merely like a parrot. It would be the dry word —the letter which killeth; it would lack the spirit which giveth life. Under these circumstances, then,—angels, visions, dreams, impressions all being impossible—God has no alternative but to raise up fresh channels of communication with the people as fast as circumstances present themselves and the minds of the people are ripe for such changes.

But, if—as is the case with our Church—the Presiding head has, by the influence of his position—and the aid of his assistant rulers whom he has carefully selected to that end—built up in the minds of the people a belief that all opposition to his views is of necessity opposed to God; then —inasmuch as the masses cannot be appealed to by their inspirations—is the way hedged with such difficulties that the people are hopelessly enslaved; and the evil must be allowed to go on until its very oppressiveness compels them to believe that it is possible that such a system may be wrong, and by thus emancipating their minds prepares them to accept light and truth from other sources than the Presiding Authorities. This is the philosophy of our situation to-day, and the reason why things have been allowed to go on as they have in the past, and the reason why, at this period of our history, a heavenly message through new channels of communication is necessary. It can come in no other way.

This argument of Orson Hyde's about Lucifer is a very opportune one, for it serves to illustrate the weak kind of groundwork upon which the advocates of unconditional obedience build. They always assume that the very question is proved about which they propose to argue. For instance, in this case the question in dispute is:—Is the President of the Church entitled to the same implicit obedience as that required by the Almighty himself. This is the point to be settled. Orson Hyde, instead of settling this question, concludes at once that Brigham has the same right to obedience as God; and begins to talk about the Almighty's rights as if this had anything to do with the question what President Young has a right to do? If it was *proved* that the President of the Church did stand absolutely in the place of the Almighty to us, and that he possessed God's infallibility, God's matchless wisdom and goodness, it would be important to know what the Almighty did with Satan, as that would be a precedent for Brigham Young to go by. But seeing that neither he nor any other man that ever lived, ever did possess these qualities of the Almighty or the *right* to stand in His place, and act as absolutely, the argument is useless and falls to the ground.

And mark, reader, that the arguers of blind obedience always make this same fatal mistake; always take for granted that it is already proved Brigham Young's dictations are the same as God's, whereas this is the point to be proved. They refer to a number of men to whom God spoke personally, and who of course obeyed without question. And they say triumphantly,—"look, here is a proof that the President should be obeyed unconditionally. Do you not see that directly God spoke to these men they obeyed?" They refer to the fact that God spoke to Abraham, and that Abraham obeyed without question. Suppose that he did, it was God who spoke to Abraham and not man, and that made all the difference. Suppose that Abraham, instead of God, had spoken to some one else, and the individual had not been sure that Abraham told God's will correctly, would he have been under the same responsibility to obey Abraham that Abraham was to obey God? Is there no difference between having God speak to us personally, and getting His will second hand? Abraham was *sure* that it was God's will that was presented to him. He had no room for doubt—he, therefore, was under obligation to obey. Now, we have never had any objection to obeying even unconditionally when we have no doubt that it is God who speaks. Nor have we any objection to obeying Him in the Priesthood, when we are certain that it is God's will that is presented to us. All that we claim is that we have a right to be *sure* that the President's dictations are the will of God before we obey them; and it was for asserting this right, and teaching it to others that we were cut off from the Church. Any one can see that in the cases of Lucifer and Abraham, both *knew* that it was God's will that they were called upon to obey—theirs are, therefore, not parallel cases to ours. Whenever we know assuredly, like they are assumed to have done, that

it is God who speaks, we will obey passively and without question. All sensible persons will see at once that this view of the case disposes of Elder Hyde's Lucifer argument at once and for ever.

There is another argument now being extensively used by the advocates of passive obedience. The case of the Israelites and their passive obedience to Moses is cited as an example of what God requires of us. As a proof that we have no right to use our reason with respect to the requirements of the Priesthood, we are reminded that the Israelites were commanded to walk seven times round Jericho and blow on ram's horns. We are told that, unreasonable as it appeared, blind obedience to this requirement brought down the walls of that city. In both of these cases the quoters forget that we are not under the law of Moses, or any of its conditions. We are under a Gospel dispensation, a "law of liberty"—a law which pre-supposes freedom of thought, and which appeals only to the highest qualities of our nature. This was not the case with the Israelites. They were serfs just redeemed from Egyptian slavery, with ideas no higher than to worship a golden calf—they were fit only for blind obedience, and consequently were handled by the Almighty just as children always have to be; mechanical, unquestioning obedience, was required of them; and it was the best thing for people in their semi-civilized and ignorant condition. But when ages of higher civilization had arrived, and a nobler race was on the earth, Jesus came, the harbinger of a new era. Before him and the new light which he brought, all such childish, mechanical requirements, as walking round walls and blowing on ram's horns, and every other unreasoning requirement of the lower priesthood passed away. Under the influences of his grand dispensation of life and freedom, man stepped forth disenthralled, ransomed and redeemed from blind obedience for ever. Its chains and manacles passed away and were buried with all the rest of the barbarian code fitted to those times. And they never shall be resurrected. It is the voice of Jesus which cries to-day,—"Children, arise! be free! awake to life and liberty!" They that ask us to lay our reason at their feet, can know but little of the liberality of his great spirit. There is no precedent in his church for the absolute control of body, soul, brains, talent and means, as aimed at by our priesthood. To find a precedent for such demands, they have to go back to the barbarian days of Moses, or prophets of his class. Jesus, Peter, John and James, men of the higher priesthood, put forth no such claims. They are utterly without precedent or foundation, and must pass away.

In closing, let us say that we do not wish to have it inferred because we differ with Orson Hyde or any other of the Twelve that we imagine they are bad men. Doubtless, Bro. Hyde fully believes what he says. What we say to Orson Hyde is, that he and his brethren of the Twelve have surrendered their judgment and inspiration into the hands of one man, and thereby shut off the opportunity for God to get at them. He and they are unwilling to trust their own inspirations for fear they should lead them astray. If their inward light reveals to them anything contrary to the teaching of President Young, they are afraid to receive it; hence, God has no means of correcting any wrong principle through the Twelve. Although told by Joseph Smith that they "form a quorum EQUAL in power and authority to the First Presidency," they fear to assert their right, and let God speak through them, consequently there is no redemption for this people through that quorum, because under the influence of the delusive doctrine that the President must be always right, they have manacled their own hands, and are in captivity like the rest. And as it is with the Twelve, so is it with the other quorums—all have accepted this same false dogma. All have, therefore, placed themselves in a position where their own light and inspirations are useless to them, for they have laid it down as a fixed truth, that all revelations to themselves which differ with the dictates of the President must be false. Hence God can reveal nothing to them that they will accept except it agrees with the policy of Brigham Young. On this account the President holds the key of the position, and the Heavens are locked outside, so far as correcting any error is concerned. This is the situation of affairs, and there being no alternative God has called upon men holding lower positions in the same priesthood to do His work. He has spoken again to us as a people. His voice is now ringing through our mountain vallies proclaiming a day of spiritual emancipation, of which great fact by the DIRECT revelations of Jesus Christ to myself I am a personal witness.

WHO GETS ANGRY FIRST?

We remember hearing a story of an old man who was in the habit of attending a society and listening to discussions which everybody knew were above his comprehension. He was asked how he could take any interest in such proceedings, seeing, from his education and opportunities, he could not be supposed to be capable of judging who was right in the case. The old fellow replied: "But I *can* tell who is right; I notice who gets angry first, and, of course, he is the one who is wrong."

Let this point rest in the minds of the people. Let them remember the old man's adage, and—in the intellectual contest coming along—notice who gets angry first. The angry side, or the abusive side, is always the weak side. The side which has to curse, anathematize, and call those who differ with them by names which it would sully our paper to write; that is the side which gets angry first, and is, of course, the wrong side.

Up to this moment—as the files of our MAGAZINE will prove—we have gone calmly along reasoning in simplicity and avoiding personalities of all kinds. On the other hand, we have been loaded down with abusive epithets and denunciations from every pulpit, and the vilest insinuations from the press. There is no harm in this to us; there is, in fact, great good in it. The public will see who gets angry first. They will need no one to tell them that, men who feel they stand in the majesty of truth, who *know* that Jehovah is their leader and their reward, can afford to look calmly on and say to the troubled waves of thought: "Peace, be still." There is no noise, or clamor, or vindictiveness in their feelings—no necessity for proving their opponents corrupt with those who know they hold the sword of Reason and of Truth within their grasp. They know their words will cut where they go, "dividing between the joints and the marrow," and why need they denounce any living soul? If any man thinks he has more light than themselves, they are glad of it if he has, and sorry for him if he has not. In the Divine Movement now at our doors, the Church will rise to the grand position that she will never stoop to petty denunciation of individuals as a means to aid her cause. She will stand on the ground of principles alone. She will spread out such an array of principles of light and reason—so scientific, so simple, so natural, so agreeable to every instinct of our true natures, and so heavenly in their character that she will fearlessly say without bitterness or anger to one and all—apostates or otherwise—depart in peace; it is your right to surpass my principles if you can; and this is the course our denouncers would be able to take to-day, did they feel the omnipotence of truth within them. The common sense way

to cut the ground from under the feet of "apostates," or persons of that kind, is to surpass their reasonings by better ones, and drown them in the sea of their own arguments. This ought to be easy enough for men who claim to hold keys of divine revelation, or these keys of revelation must be useless affairs to mankind. It is ridiculous to talk of men being guided by the glorious inspirations of a higher world, while they are stooping to personal abuse to gain their ends. It is God's own demonstration that men are destitute of His heavenly spirit and His presence and His aid, when they have to fight with the weapons of malice, and uncharitableness, and descend below the rank of gentlemen, much more below that of messengers of a High and Holy world. The potent, scathing words of Jesus come in here,—"By their fruits shall ye know them."

THE MANIFESTO---A REVIEW OF THE TESTIMONY.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Weekly I take up my pen with pain. I would shun this conflict of thought, if I dared. I would fly to a distant land, rather than engage even in an intellectual warfare with the leaders of the people. But a higher Will than mine own subdues me to its purposes. It is, I believe, the Will of God. Well, therefore, can I appreciate the mental struggle through which my brethren, Elias and William have passed, and understand the might of the Supreme Mind which overrules them and forces them onward to their work.

I believe that this phase of the case touching the testimony which my friends have recently published, is but very indifferently realized by those who are so fierce and vituperative in their warfare against them. There are some who treat the case as one in which there is nothing involved but the will of man, and the disordered state of mind of a few dissenters. And yet never was there a testimony made that bore a stronger reverse of this.

If there is a point more touching than the marked integrity upon the face of the testimony of William Godbe and Elias Harrison, it is the Divine injunctions embodied in all the circumstances of the case. Here are men met at the very onset by a world of obstacles, the potency of systems, the might of a tremendous organization of earthly priesthood, and a state of things the very opposite to that which they believe the Heavens have designed to bring about. If God is not with them, we all know they must come to shame. There can be no two opinions upon that point; and even the affected contempt as well as vindictiveness manifested by some men towards them, is abundant evidence of an appreciation that their cause is utterly hopeless unless God is in it. It would be madness to believe otherwise. If it is merely an apostate or revolutionary movement, the result will be but as a petty agitation in the mighty ocean when a tiny stone is cast into its depths. Potent men need not trouble themselves or be wrathful; for if God is not with Elias and William their testimony will not amount to as much as the shaking of the green leaves in Spring by a passsing breeze.

Yet does their testimony, from these very considerations, come with the force of its great integrity, bearing the Divine injunction under which my brethren believe they stand. There may be some consistent question as to whether they are self-deceived, but none as to whether they are honest.

Now, the question of *integrity*, touching this testimony, seems to be the first point to be settled in the case, for at the second stage of the investigation we are met by the positive assurance of *knowledge*. The Witnesses declare that they have *together demonstrated* the great fact of immortality and held actual communion with angelic beings.

This brings me directly to speak of my friend Elias, for in the experience and mental preparation of the man, we shall find as much consistency, touching the Testimony, as in the particular circumstances of the Church which have given to the Heavenly world cause for its direct answers to himself and William S. Godbe.

No man is better acquainted than myself with the great mental travail of years which came in the life of Elias Harrison concerning the Divinity of the Mormon mission. With a soul attuned by Nature to sublime conceptions, with a mind endowed with idealities that sought their substantial forms in another life rather than in this, the supreme theme of immortality, and its endless resources of being, has possessed him from boyhood.

Who can answer to my soul concerning the mysteries of these Divine intentions of our mortality and take me into the *certainties* of the life to come?—where shall I travel to find out God? This was the very burden of his soul. These questions had a broader scope than the mere desire to discover whether or not Joseph Smith was a Prophet, but, being his disciple, the questions of his mind assumed a special form. Hence, in England, twelve years ago, his pen was engaged in unfolding the "Tokens of Divinity in Mormonism," and his mind soared to heaven to trace those tokens out. Perchance even then he found higher conceptions of truth than many of his brethren would endorse. There was also in the man a scientific spirit as well as a fine endowment of idealistic thought, and this made him somewhat of a sceptic. Yet at every stage of his mental growth, infidelity became immersed again in faith. From the very necessities of his own nature he was impelled onward, year after year, in search for the *positive* evidence of the Divinity of Mormonism, and the infallible proof of the life hereafter. Indeed, both his preaching and writings for the last twenty years have been as much the mighty exercise of a soul to find out God, and to grasp in the firm hand of its own experience the evidence of a future life, as of a minister of the Gospel laboring to bring others to the light of a new dispensation. It is the simple fact that from his very boyhood up to the Autumn of 1868, Elias Harrison labored as much to convince himself of the Divine mission of Joseph Smith as to convince others thereof. At the date named, the glorious truth of immortality and of angelic administration, was clearly manifested in his experience, in connection with his compeer William S. Godbe. Thus we see in Elias a mental *preparation* of twenty-one years, all directing towards the Divine consummation in his life concerning which the two Witnesses have sent forth their manifesto to the world. Here, then, we find a very strong mark of the integrity of the testimony, for the result in the life of Elias is not of apostacy, not born of passing doubts and dissatisfaction touching the present state of the Church, be that state good or bad. It is the culmination of a life, the last great struggle of a soul bursting at length the veil which separates the inner from the outer world. Bishop Budge, Charles W. Penrose and a host of our English and Scotch Elders can bear witness that I have, without embellishment, simply stated the case of my friend. Let us now couple with him William S. Godbe, noting the testimony of Apostle George Q. Cannon, given at their trial, confirmatory of the foregoing, and in itself a strong evidence of the facts and circumstances set forth in their recent MANIFESTO.

Up to December 1864, Elias and myself had for years shared a common experience of association of mental struggles, of kindred thought. At that date Providence brought about the remarkable connection between Elias and William

referred to by Elder Cannon at their trial. Their history since is that of two men, one of profound thought and a scientific mind, the other of great commercial capacity and universalian religious views, trying to reconcile the state of the Church with their conceptions of its proper mission. And yet they held firmly to the Divinity of the Mormon dispensation, maintaining orthodox views concerning the constituted authorities of the Church. They saw inconsistencies, it is true, but believed that the future would reconcile all in some glorious issue. In the meantime they sought to tone their own natures and thoughts down to a harmony with the present state. I cannot do better at this stage of our review than to reproduce the statement of their experience from the Manifesto itself. They say:

We have perceived that a steady and constant decline was taking place in the manifestation of the spiritual gifts, as well as in the spirituality of our system as a whole, and that as a Church we were fast running into a state of the most complete materialism. We felt that the working out of our system was small and insignificant compared with the grandeur of the programme as announced by Joseph Smith. The broad and liberal system which, in the earnestness of our souls, we had embraced so many years ago, with its grand and universalian invitation to men of every creed and nation to come to Zion for a home in our midst, was being practically ignored, and in the stead thereof was being built up a wall of bitterness and hate between ourselves and the rest of the world. The constant growth of such principles as these, and the certainty that under such conditions Mormonism never could fulfill that great destiny of salvation to the world, for which we had prayed and labored, gave us great pain. But, feeling assured of the divinity of our system in its origin, and fearful lest we should ignorantly oppose the will of God as manifested through his servants, we tried, from time to time, to close our eyes to the facts before us, and sought earnestly by every kind of argument to convince ourselves that we were wrong. We continued thus vainly striving to reconcile ourselves to the inconsistencies around us, until the facts forced themselves so overwhelmingly upon our minds, that we were driven from every stronghold and reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of these convictions.

What a mighty echo from my own life, my own intellect, my own heart bears witness to Elias! And not only from mine, but also from thousands of Mormon Elders will there yet come a response to this thrilling strain of the testimony. The genuineness of this part of the Manifesto, scarcely even the authorities can question, so palpably true is it in all the circumstances of the case. The experience, the appreciation and the mental struggles of nearly all the Mormon Elders have more or less answered to this since the death of Joseph, or after the close of their missions abroad. Men whose missions have shaken Europe and built up a "kingdom," after twenty years of labor for the world's good, without purse or scrip, have found themselves at last seemingly further away from the reign of Christ and the glory of Zion than when they began their Evangelical career. The apostles *know* that this is true however much they may try to hide it from themselves to-day. If they doubt their *hidden* assurance, let the Parley Pratts, Orson Pratts and Wilford Woodruffs review to-day their prophecies, their sermons, their writings, and their private journals to see if they expected, a quarter of a century ago, to reach in 1870 their present materialistic state. And if this materialistic state be the proper one for this earth, then have all their preaching, writing and prophesying been in vain, and their entire mission, which they once deemed a divine act, would end in a solemn farce. But the Heavens themselves have witnessed unto Elias and William that this shall not be, for the old prophesies of Joseph, Brigham, Heber, Parley, Orson and Wilford concerning Zion shall in effect, be all fulfilled. This brings me directly to the testimony of the reopening of communication between the celestial world and the people whom God gathered expressly to build up Zion. Touching the times of their spiritual ignorance and darkness common to all Israel, they testify thus:

During all these times we sought earnestly for light from above, our first and last prayer being that we might never be allowed to oppose the truth, and earnestly, and continually examined ourselves to see whether pride, selfishness, selfwill, or any impurity of thought or deed, prevented our seeing the wisdom of President Young's measures, or receiving a testimony of their divinity. At last the light came, and by the voice of angelic beings accompanied by most holy influences—and other evidences that witnessed to all our faculties that their communications were authorized of God—we were each of us given personally to know that, notwithstanding some misconceptions and extremes wisely permitted to accomodate it to the weaknesses of mankind, "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose; its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continuous revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest and the noblest civilization the world had ever seen. We also learned that the evils we had seen in the Church truly did exist, but that they would pass away before the light of a clearer and greater day of revelation and inspiration which was about to dawn upon our system.

This indeed, is a marvellous testimony concerning which I have received ten times more *direct* evidence of Jesus, of Joseph, and of the *fact* of communication with angelic beings than in all the previous twenty years of my Mormon experience.

I have shown in this part of my review, *by the known facts of their lives*, that the mental travail of Elias Harrison and William S. Godbe was merely a *personal* experience having not, to their knowledge, at first the remotest reference to any Divine call to set others in the right path. Upon this phase of their testimony, I will dwell in the next stage of our reviews and mark the striking resemblance between the cases of Joseph, Elias and William, all of whom sought to Heaven for *personal* light, but received also light which shall be given to a world in the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Public Meetings.—The first of a series of public meetings, for the fuller exposition of the principles advocated in this Magazine, will be held on Sunday, Dec. 19th, in the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms at half past eleven in the morning; and in the Masonic and Odd Fellows Hall, in the upper part of Commerce Building, owned by Kimball & Lawrence, situated on East side of East Temple Street, at half past seven in the evening; all are invited to attend.

MINERAL DEVLOPMENTS AND THEIR TENDENCIES.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

For many years it has been customary to hold up the histories of Spain, Mexico and Peru—and, strangely enough, California has lately been added to the list—as examples of the evil tendencies of a sudden influx of the precious metals; and, to day, there are those who triumphantly point to them as evidences of the inevitable demoralization and poverty which would ensue to us from the discovery and working of these minerals in our Territory. Inasmuch as a great deal of physical, mental and moral suffering and, to some, pecuniary loss have, more or less, attended all extensive auriferous discoveries; the assertion is plausible that such developments in Utah would result in the temporal ruin and moral degradation of its inhabitants. Before proceeding further we wish it distinctly understood that it is not the development of the *precious* metals in our midst that we so specially advocate or desire, as those of the more useful and solid kind. The true

policy is to utilize all our resources,—mineral, agricultural or any other kind that Nature has endowed us with, and that can be made remunerative. But the previous assertions, coming at this peculiar time, are worthy of a little investigation and exposition.

While fully admitting that the thirst for gold is degrading in its tendencies and destructive of the finer and holier impulses of our nature, there is no evidence that it is any more so when the coveted metal is obtained by mining than when gained through many other occupations deemed legitimate and respectable, though in many instances really less honorable—such as "Wall street gold transactions," speculations in stocks, grain, etc. The latter pursuits are quite as morbidly exciting as the former, and much oftener lead to dishonesty and ruin. The laborious part of "gold digging" is, we are aware, a merely mechanical, unintellectual employment, that does not qualify the individual for any other useful sphere of life. But this will apply equally to many other kinds of labor which, like placer gold mining, are only used by intelligent persons as stepping-stones to something better. There is no real reason why digging for gold or silver should be any more demoralizing than digging for iron or lead, or excavating the foundations for a building. One is just as honorable as the other; the evil, if any, is to be found in the men, not in the occupation.

The Spanish nation and people experienced very great evils consequent upon the discovery and conquest of Mexico, Peru and other parts of the American continent, a great portion of which was due,—not to the precious metals so abundantly discovered, but to the inconsiderate, unjust and cruel means by which they were obtained. Multitudes deserted Spain to seek sudden fortunes in the New World, without any knowledge of the climate, people or resources of the country to which they were going, and entirely unprepared for the difficulties, dangers and labors of their enterprize. The result was, thousands found graves where they expected to find fortunes; thousands more dragged out a miserable existence in the newly-discovered regions; while a few returned to Europe broken in spirit and in purse.

It is said that the treasure taken to Spain from its American colonies led to extravagance and effeminacy; and that this, combined with the emigration of many of her subjects, and the rapid extension of her colonies, resulted in moral and social corruption and political weakness and ruin.

The so-called argument deduced from the foregoing by the opponents of mineral developments in Utah, is this:—"The discovery and working of gold and silver mines ruined Spain and injured more of her citizens than were ever benefited by them; therefore, the discovery and working of such mines in Utah would bring the same evils upon its citizens."

The argument as above stated, containing only one premiss, is incomplete. To make the conclusion deducible the second premiss should be inserted, making the argument read thus:—"The discovery and working of gold and silver mines ruined Spain; such developments always produce similar effects; therefore, etc." If, as we believe, these premises can be proved untrue, the conclusion is false.

As before stated, the evils produced cannot, legitimately, be directly charged to the treasures obtained. Nearly all the miseries endured by the fortune hunters of that age were the results of their own corruption, violence and ungovernable passions, and were not more than they deserved to suffer. By prudence, justice and industry, they might have acquired fortunes and founded bloodless and permanent empires. But aside from this, they were far from home and the base of their supplies; in the midst of a hostile people, laboring under every disadvantage which their own ignorance, imprudence and wickedness could heap upon them. Gold and silver are, in themselves, not only harmless but beneficial; but the manner of obtaining and the use made of them, produced all the evils complained of.

Now let us compare the relative positions, circumstances and motives of the Spaniards and the Utonions—supposing the precious metals to exist in this Territory. The Spaniards had to take long and dangerous journeys, at great expense, to reach the site of operations; we are already upon the ground. They commenced by robbing and murdering those who had already labored for the coveted treasure; we should be honestly and industriously developing the resources of our own mountain region. They eagerly sought for the precious metals, almost entirely regardless of agriculture; we have developed our agricultural resources first, thus laying the foundation for the sustenance of those who may labor at mining or other pursuits; so that the opening of mines would be a blessing to the tillers of the soil quite as much as the latter would be to the workers of the former. Most of the wealth extracted from the New World was, for a long time, sent to the Old World to be expended there; it is not too much to expect that should such resources be opened up in our midst, most of the means thus obtained would be expended in otherwise improving our Territory and the circumstances of its inhabitants. In short, there is no one point of resemblance—not even, it is to be feared, in the richness of its mines!

The next illustration to be considered is that of California. It is said that the mineral counties are poorer than the agricultural ones, and are asking the latter to pay their debts. The only possible object there can be in referring to this statement is, to attempt to show that California owes her prosperity more to her agricultural than to her mineral resources. All who are acquainted with her history must know this to be false. Had it not been for the discovery of the precious metals within her borders, California would not have had anything like the population she has to-day; so that neither in numbers, wealth, influence or power would she have been what she now is, no matter how much attention she might have devoted to her agricultural resources. The miners made the farmers, stock raisers and merchants rich, by furnishing them a profitable market for their produce, stock and merchandise. The statement that the mining counties are unable to pay their debts proves nothing for the other side of the question. We all know that public expenditures are met by taxation. It is a very easy matter to tax a man's farm and stock, because he cannot put them in his pocket, and tell you he has none. But, while hundreds of miners made a great deal more money than most farmers, the proceeds of their labor, as well as that of the less fortunate, unavoidably escaped taxation in most instances. Here the County and the State were the losers, not because mining produced less actual wealth than agriculture, but because of the inadequacy of the means adopted to secure to the public exchequer the portion that rightfully belonged to it. Besides this, most of the wealth extracted from the California mines was expended in other Counties, States or Territories than where it was obtained, which is seldom the case with agricultural districts. This is not so much the case to-day; and, as permanent settlers occupy the lands and develop the riches of the mining regions, the public funds will increase.

The foregoing are the principal reasons of the impoverished condition of the treasuries of the mineral counties of California. It is true that agriculture, horticulture and manufactures, have been profitably engaged in, to a greater or less extent, and that they helped to swell the revenues of that State; but they could not and would not have been so extensively, speedily and successfully established, had it not been for the previous discoveries of gold.

Let us now inquire what the probable effects would be, to the people of this Territory, of the discovery of the precious metals within her borders. As before remarked, our citizens would be saved the expense and dangers of a long journey to the field of their labors, and the temptations incident to protracted absence from home and domestic associations. It is not unreasonable to presume that at least two thirds of the wealth thus obtained would be, directly or indirectly, expended in developing the other resources of the Territory. Many who are too poor at present, would, had they the means, open new farms, build houses, beautify their homes, import machinery, establish factories to supply home demand, and, in a thousand ways add to the prosperity and comfort of the community. Mining would not retard agricultural enterprise; on the contrary, it would impart a new and very powerful impetus to it, by furnishing the farmer and the gardener a profitable market for their produce. Even the distant regions of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona have given to many of our farmers the means of obtaining necessaries and comforts, which they must, otherwise, have done without for years. The only danger to be apprehended would be from placer diggings, on account of the injury they would do by using the water necessary for irrigation, as well as that resulting from the class of adventurers they generally attract —though we feel abundantly able to adopt such wise precautions as would guard against any improper encroachments by the class referred to. But we are thankful for the assurance that there is no present prospect of such discoveries. The kind of mines we believe will be extensively developed here, are such as will be subject to taxation as much as any other property; and, therefore, will directly benefit the State as well as the individual. Who cannot see that the temporal condition of all classes would be greatly improved by the opening up of new industries and fresh and permanent avenues to wealth.

The foregoing remarks are made because all the objections to mineral developments in Utah are particularly directed against gold and silver, and not, as before stated, because we are specially anxious to have them found. We are not aware that any one objects to the discovery and manufacture of iron, lead, copper, coal or salt, which, with a great variety of other materials that will yet yield a profitable revenue, are abundant in our Territory; but, if the more precious metals should prove abundant also, why should we not thankfully accept and wisely use the blessings Providence has thus placed within our reach? We believe that the manufacture of iron might be made profitable here, as the freight, even by the railroad, must be a very heavy protective tariff. It is also said that coal can be advantageously exported west. Copper would certainly pay; and a tin mine would not only be a source of immense wealth to its discoverer, but a great benefit to this and surrounding Territories.

It may be objected that such enterprises as these would need capital to carry them on, and consequently, the poor would be but little benefitted thereby. Even supposing capitalists did control such works, they would have to employ hundreds of men, who would be able to command fair wages. But there is no necessity for this. Men can co-operate in mining as well as in merchandizing; and though they might not have the means to purchase the necessary machinery for crushing or smelting, yet they could sell the ores, at the mine, to capitalists, at so much the ton, receive their money and have no further trouble or risk concerning them. This is being now done here in some instances.

Again, the kind of mines which it is believed abounds in our Territory, and the development of which we advocate, would be of a permanent character; and even if they did not last "forever," the means obtained from them would, if wisely appropriated, lay the foundation for a constantly increasing prosperity. Iron and other foundries and various manufactories would be established for home supply; and it is by no means impossible that, through some at present unperceived facilities peculiar to our Territory, we might be able, after a few years, to profitably manufacture some articles for exportation. Only let all restraint be removed from these and all other avenues to wealth—let them be left open to individual enterprise, and they would soon be thoroughly tested and developed.

Mining has not "ruined" California, either politically or financially. It has not "ruined" Montana, Idaho, Nevada or Arizona; on the contrary, it has opened up and settled those portions of the public domain which would, otherwise, have been undeveloped for years, and has laid the foundation of prosperous States which will add to the glory of our already mighty empire.

But, I am ashamed to admit, it is urged that riches would extinguish the love for and devotion to truth which are now supposed to reign in our breasts. What a humiliating confession, if true. Truth must have a very feeble hold upon the man who would sacrifice it for gold. And if some natures are so base that their gratitude decreases in proportion as their benefits increase, it does not follow that all are so constituted, nor that the culture, refinement and social blessings which wealth brings should be forever withheld from the mass, because a *few* may be injured thereby. If we have not, as a people, learned, by this time, to prize the truths of Heaven above all earthly considerations, we might as well be deprived of them and learn their value by bitter experience. But we do not believe that, were this people to become wealthy to-morrow, the majority would be any less willing to sacrifice their all for the truth than they are to-day. At any rate, judging from the course of some, they have no fear of the effect of comfort and wealth upon themselves, whatever they may think best for others.

It has been a standing prophecy in this Church—one generally believed, because very consoling—that we are to become, at some future time, the richest people on the earth. Now, how is this to be effected? Can we become so by raising wool and cotton, by spinning yarn or printing calicoes? Can we by raising grain or stock, by making wine or producing silk? Common sense answers, No! Because other countries possess so much greater facilities for producing and manufacturing these articles, and can furnish them so much cheaper than we can. They may all help, but none of them can form the great basis of our prosperity.

England is frequently referred to as an example of the wealth obtained by manufacturing. But her prosperity is due to her mines as much as to her factories. And she could not compete with the world—import, as she does in some instances, the raw material, manufacture and export it again cheaper than it could be made in the country where it was produced—were it not that the teeming millions of her population overstock the labor-market and make it, comparatively, valueless. We do not want to see our laborers and artisans reduced to the same condition. True, they might coöperate and share all profits of their labor. But what will not pay one big capitalist will not pay twenty small ones. Coöperation might divide losses, but it could not create profits out of nothing; and it has been abundantly proved that we have not, at present, the facilities for successfully engaging extensively in manufactures. Our mineral resources once developed, new avenues of industry would open and, as in California, machine shops, foundries and factories would speedily follow, while energy, enterprise and prosperity would characterize all classes.

A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

My name is Rachel Althea Travers. It seems to me that in an account of this sort, it is better to state that at once, and then it avoids all worrying as to who that perpetually recurring "I" may be. They are unfortunate initials, as you may perhaps observe, and have led to my being apostrophized as "Rat" by an impertinent younger brother, who is, I am thankful to say, generally at school. We, that is, my mother, my two sisters, and myself, live in Bryanston Square. We have no country house, and consequently are in town a great part of the year, when I, for one, would sooner be anywhere else; not that that melancholy fact has anything to do with my story, except so far as it accounts for our being in London one nasty day in November, when something happened which was the remote cause of my writing this, the cause, in fact, of my having this to write. I had a headache. Now I don't mean to say I wrote this story because I had a headache: I think that, perhaps, would have been a reason for not writing it, but I will explain in a minute what my headache had to do with it. It was the 15th, I think, and I was sitting in the drawing-room while my sister Agnes had her music lesson. I could speak German with tolerable fluency, having spent the last winter in Vienna with some friends, but Agnes hardly understood a single word. Herr Blume could, however, speak a little English, and they might, in reality, have got on very well, had it not been for the extreme excitability of the little man's temperament. In the event of a wrong chord, his conversation, though fluent, became totally incomprehensible, and of such a striking nature that Agnes, who was very nervous, had once gone into violent hysterics, occasioned by agonizing attempts to suppress her laughter. After that, my mother declared that I must always remain in the room to translate. It was a great bore being tied to one spot twice a week at exactly the same hour, and I heartily wished Agnes would learn German herself. Lessons had been talked of, but the idea had been given up.

"Rachel, dear, I don't think it's any use," my mother had said to me; "she hasn't the least talent for languages, and though the lessons may not be very expensive, yet you know, my dear child, all these things make a difference."

"Poor dear mamma! I made the sacrifice with a better grace, knowing as I did how many of "all those things" she would gladly have had, but denied herself for our sakes.

And so it came to pass that that 15th of November found me at my usual post in a corner of the sofa, awaiting the arrival of Herr Blume. In he came, as the clock struck eleven, in the midst of a frantic rush on poor Agnes's part through an immense pile of music to find her piece. I think that put him out, for he stood watching her with an unnatural calmness, which I felt sure could only be the effect of almost superhuman efforts of self-control. He was a short, hay-colored man with spectacles, extraordinarily round eyes, and an immense quantity of distracted-looking hair, through which he was constantly running his fingers in a manner quite peculiar to himself. At last the piece was found, Agnes began to play, and I established myself more snugly in my corner. Alas! the peace which followed was but of short duration. A series of small disturbances began, the immediate cause of which was the piano: now the piano was a hired one, and not particularly good. Under a successful course of our treatment it had arrived at a blissful state of indifference concerning the pedal, keeping up a perpetual rumble which sounded like mild thunder; this little peculiarity appeared to have a most irritating effect on the unfortunate music-master, and once or twice he had given vent to his feelings by a violent castigation of the wretched instrument. This, however, as one may imagine, only tended to increase the evil, and matters had arrived at a crisis, when this morning my mother entered the room as he was engaged in inflicting upon us a succession of tremendous minor crashes that were truly terrible.

With a bound which would not have disgraced Leotard, he leaped from the music-stool and stood before her. After the usual compliments, he asked if it might be allowed to him "to make to madame one small representation?"

This little inquiry was accompanied by a smile intended to be insinuating, but which was simply sardonic.

My mother of course assured him that she would be most happy to listen to any suggestion: upon which he declared, running his fingers through his hair, that, though it inflicted upon him much sorrow, he felt it to be his duty to instruct her that the pedal was much disordered, and was very noxious to him. "For myself," he proceeded, with a grand heroism, "for myself, I care not a little bit, but for these young messes"—here he indicated with a theatrical flourish Agnes and myself—"it is a fatal story."

"It is only a hired one, Herr Blume," said my mother, "and I think I really must change it; I know it is very bad."

"Ach!" he said, eagerly, "why does not one have her own splendid instrument? Madame will perhaps reflect this what I have said."

He then suddenly closed his lips, and with a pirouette and another bound seated himself again, commencing on the spot such an illustration of that little weakness on the part of the pedal of which he had spoken, that my poor mother fled the room. I remained, sorely against my will, but tried to find consolation in a pile of cushions. My head ached, I could not read, and I sat listlessly turning over a photograph book, until I suppose I must have gone off into a doze. I was suddenly roused by Herr Blume's voice, raised to a positive shriek; "Lang-saaoe r!—lang-samer, lang-sa-a-mer-r!" I got up, and rushed towards the piano; poor Agnes was as white as a sheet, and on Herr Blume's forehead stood great drops of perspiration.

"Slower, Agnes, slower; that is what Herr Blume means," I said. Poor child, she made one more effort, but her fingers trembled so that she could hardly strike a note, and the next moment she burst into tears.

There was nothing more to be done that morning by either of them, I plainly saw; as for him, he had been in a vile temper from the beginning.

"I am really very sorry, Herr Blume," I said, as the door closed after her; "it was entirely my fault for not attending; you know my sister hardly understands a word of German."

"That, my fräulein, I know," he answered, with awful solemnity, "and I must, I fear, abandon her, if she cannot learn a little."

To be abandoned by him he seemed to think the most dreadful fate in life.

"My tempers," he continued, with excitement, "suffers, yes, suffers, through these trials."

He never had any to speak of, but I didn't tell him so, thinking he mightn't like it. For a few minutes we both remained silent, he standing in a Napoleonic attitude, with folded arms and knitted brows, glaring in a malignant manner at a cross in the carpet. I began nervously to consider whether it could possibly be that, owing to a strong anti-ritualistic feeling, our carpet might be displeasing to his eye. My apprehensions were, however, relieved when he proceeded to unfold his plans. There was, it seemed, a German lady of his acquaintance lodging in a street close by, who was anxious to give lessons; he could recommend her highly for her ability and accent, he added, and if my mother would permit Agnes to have a few lessons, he was sure her music would greatly benefit. Might he ask the lady to call on madame? he inquired; and so the end of it was, that it was arranged for her to come the next day at eleven o'clock.

"Of course you will manage it all, Rachel," my mother said in the evening. "I dare say she can't speak a word of English."

So she came. As I look back at it now, the whole thing seems so odd, as if all that followed were the consequence of a little headache on my part, and a little temper on Herr Blume's; all the merest chance; and yet it cannot be; we are all working out some vast design, subservient to one great master will: generally, upon tiniest threads of trifles hang the great joys and miseries of life.

A little after eleven the next morning a card was brought up, on which was written "Fräulein Dorn," and in a minute she was in the room. She was not the least like what I had expected. Most people form some idea as to any one they are going to meet, and I had formed mine; but I was entirely wrong; there was not a trace of that dowdiness of dress and manner of which I had seen so much in the Vaterland, even in the classes to which, I knew, by her name, she did not belong. On the contrary, everything about her was fresh and graceful, and there was a charming ease and grave courtesy in her manner which astonished me. Her face, even now that I know it under its many changes, is difficult to describe. *Clear* was the only word that came into my mind as I looked at her. A sweet oval face, clear and pale, with dark hazel eyes, somewhat round and deep set, looking out fearlessly, like shining stars. Her lips were excessively pretty, and gave color to a face which would perhaps otherwise have been too pale: not that dark color verging on purple which Lely has bestowed on some of his beauties, and which gives one the painful impression that they have been indulging in black currant jam, but a bright light-red. It was not the first morning that I saw all the excellences of her face, but afterwards, when I grew to know her better.

There were two lessons a week, and I used generally to join in them; she was very quiet at first, but gradually we began to get better friends, and she would talk about Germany, or England, or on any general subject in the most amusing and lively manner; but I could never by any means whatever lead her to speak of herself, her former life, her reasons for coming to England, nor say a word,

in fact, that could afford any clew to her history. There was a mystery about her; of that I felt very sure. Now the unraveling of mysteries was considered rather my forte, so I felt on my honor, as it were, to penetrate it. There had been an eagerness about Herr Blume's manner which had struck me at the very outset of the affair, and, strange to say, once or twice during the lessons, I had been possessed by a strong feeling that I had seen her before; yet the face was perfectly strange to me. The more I studied it, the more convinced I became that I must be laboring under some delusion—there was not a feature familiar to me. The lessons continued regularly until a little time before Christmas, when one morning she failed to make her appearance.

I knew the number of the house, though I had never been to her lodging, so before luncheon I walked round to see after her. The door was opened to me by an untidy-looking maid, and as I advanced into the passage, loud, angry tones issued from a room on my right. There was no help for it but to proceed, and this I was doing when I was almost knocked down by a fat, dirty, angry woman coming hastily out of the room, her head turned round, still addressing some one within.

"And sure it's not my house as 'll hould ye, with yer fine clothes and yer fine airs, if it's not a civil tongue ye can keep in yer head!"

She flounced off, and I ventured a peep into the room. It was in a state of the utmost confusion; boxes half packed stood about the floor.

On one of these, looking like Scipio amid the ruins of Carthage, sat the fräulein. On seeing me, the fräulein started up.

"Ach! I am so glad to see you," she said. "I must explain why I have not come to you. This woman, Thérèse, has made her angry,—furious: poor Thérèse, she was foolish. The woman has said we leave the house, so I go instantly; but where to, that I know not."

This was wretched. I tried in vain to make her tell me what Thérèse had said, thinking it most probably some misunderstanding which had arisen owing to their not understanding each other's language; but she evaded it, declaring, however, that it was impossible for her to remain.

I made up my mind on the spot, and rushed home to ask my mother to invite her to come to us until after Christmas.

"My dear Rachel, I really don't think I can do it; she is quite a stranger. I think you had better give it up: no doubt she has friends in London."

"Darling mamsey," I implored, caressing her, "just this once; you acknowledge that she is very nice; and indeed she has no friends, except Herr Blume and his wife, who live themselves in lodgings. You mustn't shut up your heart at Christmas time: just for a day or two," I entreated, giving her a hug, "until she can find a place to go to."

"Well, Rachel," she said, "it's all upon your shoulders. You're a naughty, self-willed girl," she added, smiling, and shaking her head deprecatingly, as I dashed off to bring my beauty to Bryanston Square.

It was just as I expected, they all fell in love with her; her sweet face, her high-bred, gentle manners, her charming grace; but most of all, she fascinated Bertie, that unpolished schoolboy whom we owned for a brother, and in so doing caused the benedictions of his sisters to rain down upon her head.

Never were there such peaceful Christmas holidays within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," and we trembled at the idea of losing our presiding genius. My mother, also, joined heartily in our entreaties for her to stay, for beside really liking her, it was impossible to overlook the immense advantages which accrued to us from her society. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but German, French, and Italian she seemed to be equally fluent in; and, wonder of wonders, Bertie, by New Year's Day, was positively beginning to talk French with, I won't say a good, but certainly a less extraordinary accent than when he came home.

This undisputed possession of the field was perfect bliss to him: he lionized her about London, taking her to all sorts of museums and places, which he professed to think it quite necessary that she should see.

In my own mind I felt sure it was for the pleasure, pure and simple, of having such a pretty person under his protection, and entirely dependent on him.

I think she liked him, and his boyish admiration. One evening, as she was talking, or rather gesticulating, to my mother,—for their conversation was mostly carried on by signs,—he gave me a nudge that would have been amply sufficient to awaken St. Paul's to attention.

"I say, Rachel, she is pretty," he said, in a low tone, "there's no mistake about that; you should see how all the fellows stare at her, and I don't believe she knows it, now," he added, in an inquiring sort of voice, as if he weren't quite sure of the truth of his own statement.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, innocently.

"Well, I don't quite know how she can help it," he said, meditatively; "when I took her to the Colosseum, the Guards were just passing, and you should have seen how they looked at her, and wished themselves in my shoes, I know; and I think they're pretty good judges," he said, in an improving tone.

So we went on very smoothly until New Year's Day, when she began to declare she must leave us. I promised to help her to find lodgings, if she would wait for a day or two longer.

The time of her visit had not been altogether unfruitful in affording me some insight into her history,—an insight obtained, however, more through my own observation than from any information vouchsafed by her.

It was one day in Christmas week, I think, she was going to the pantomime, or something of the sort, with mamma, Agnes and Bertie. She was sitting with her opera cloak on, talking to Bertie, before they went, when I came into the room; her back was turned to the door. As I looked at her, suddenly, like a flash of light, a host of recollections forced themselves into my mind. I was no longer in our own drawing-room, but in a well-known salon in Vienna, blazing with light, listening to Mademoiselle de Murska. The figure which was before me now was before me then, a few rows in front of us. The cloak in itself was peculiar,—white, with a very beautiful border of blue and silver,—that perhaps helped my memory; but as the light shone on the crisp, golden hair, I wondered at my own stupidity; yes, there could hardly be any mistake, I thought, as I remembered a letter which I had received some time before from my friend in Vienna.

"Look, Rachel, look!" she had whispered to me that night, "there is the great beauty, Countess Arnheim."

"Where?" I asked, trying to look in every direction at once, for I had heard a great deal about her, but had not seen her.

"There, to the left; don't you see? Ah! what a pity! she has turned her head."

I could not help laughing at her disappointed tone; she was always so eager that I should see all I wished.

"Never mind," I said, "she will be sure to turn it back again;" but she didn't; never during the whole time that we both sat there, though we were not more than two yards from the place she sat, did she turn once, so that I could even see her profile; just the pretty outline of her cheek, and the mass of crisp, rippling, golden hair was vouchsafed to us. Of her companions we saw quite enough, a dark, handsome woman, and a middle-aged, keen-eyed officer, who sat on either side of her. This evening, however, she was brought forcibly to my mind, as I entered the drawing-room, by the outline of Fräulein Dorn's face, and the white and blue cloak.

Not till after they were gone did I produce my writing-case, and, settling myself in a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, proceed to dive into its recesses after my Vienna letters.

I fished out four or five from its capacious pockets, but the right one did not make its appearance, and I was just beginning to echo my poor mother's wish, that I were more tidy and methodical, when I made a good haul and brought up the letter I was in search of: it began,—

"Köthener Strasse 10, Wien-May.

"DEAREST RACHEL,—

"My letter, you see, is dated from our old quarters. We have taken these rooms again, for though not so large as the others, they are much cleaner, and I think more comfortable. It makes me quite melancholy to go into your room. Char has it now. We all miss you dreadfully; it takes away half the pleasure of things, having no one to talk them over with, though really in these days of excitement there is no time for reflection; one simply has to keep one's mouth open to swallow the next new thing. There seems not to be the slightest doubt now about the war. I believe Count Bismarck has intended there should be war from the first. Talking about offering them indemnity for Holstein! offering a fiddlestick! It's a very bad business altogether, it seems to me, and it serves them right, of course, the home people will say, for having joined in it; but why Prussia should come off so much the best I can't see. The troops here seem confident enough of victory. By the by, young Siegelheim came in yesterday for a minute; his high spirits were quite funny and infectious; he had just gone home on leave, but had been recalled of course. The officers seem all delighted with the prospect of war: they only look at the bright side; for my part, I think it is very awful. And I cannot understand how they can rid themselves of the thought that,

though the campaign may be a successful one, yet to some among them, perhaps to many, it will in all human probability bring death; and who those some will be it is the question I cannot help asking myself; which are the ones who are walking these well-known streets for the last time; looking for the last time upon the old familiar faces, who will in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, be farther removed from us than thousands of miles could remove them, wrapt in that sleep, upon which no roar of cannon, no shout of friend or foe, ever can break. I confess to me it seems very terrible. I suppose it is a woman's view of the case; but I mustn't write any more of this sort of stuff, or I shall make you dismal. I dare say you don't feel particularly lively now, but you shall have any news that we hear, especially of that regiment to whose uniform you used to be rather partial. There, how horridly I have made you blush, only as there's nobody but me in the room it doesn't matter. Oh! there is one piece of scandal for you, which has, however, made less noise than if it had happened at any other time, for which I suspect the parties concerned are very thankful. Do you remember your seeing, or rather not seeing, the young Countess Arnheim at a concert? Well, she has actually gone off, and no one knows where to: but to begin at the the right end of the story, for, as I happened to be an eye-witness, I can vouch for my version being correct.

"We were at a ball at the Nesselroders, and she was there: she was looking most exquisite, I thought, though some people in the room said she looked not what she had been. Her husband was there too, of course, but I didn't see him go to her once the whole evening, though she was surrounded by a good many gentlemen: there was one man, a Frenchman, in the Austrian service, who never left her. His attentions, I certainly thought, were rather marked, but I didn't see any return on her side. You know that room off the hall at the Nesselroders, where one takes off one's things. Well, we happened to be there, putting on our cloaks; I was ready to go, and was standing at the door, talking to Herr von Langen. The countess was standing in the hall, waiting for her husband, I think, laughing and talking with a few gentlemen. All at once the count strode out of one of the dancing-rooms, and up to her. She was so placed under the lamps that I could see her face perfectly, and part of his; she glanced up in his face with a smiling look of inquiry in her beautiful eyes, which was answered by a fierce scowl and a muttered oath. Of course there was a breathless silence: no one knew what to say: no one ever does on such occasions.

"'Leopold,' she half whispered, 'has anything happened?' She had sprung forward eagerly, and laid her hand upon his arm. His face worked frightfully as she gazed up into it with beseeching eyes, but he turned it from her. 'Happened!' he said, in a loud, harsh voice, shaking her off roughly, 'no, nothing particular. By Heaven, no! nothing to you; I, fool that I have been, have found it more.'

"'For God's sake, Leopold, come away,' she whispered in an agony. She thought him mad or drunk, I believe. He did not shake her off this time, but taking both her slender white wrists in his iron grasp, he held her at half arm's length; and then, before those men, looking straight into her face, he said most cruel things to her. I don't know how she bore it—it was cruel, horrible; if I had been one of those men, I think, whether it were right or wrong, I must have struck him down. It took less time, far less, than it has taken me to write it. I could not tear myself away from watching them; but I sincerely trust it may never be my lot to witness such a scene again.

"Poor thing! her eyelids never drooped: she looked into his dark, angry eyes, with a half-amazed, half-imploring look. I think she had a dim sense of how very awful it was before these people; but that was all swallowed up in the agony and astonishment his words caused. When he had finished speaking, he dashed her hands away and strode off, leaving her standing there, a broken lily, but turned again after he had gone two steps. 'Monsieur, he said, looking at the French officer, 'I recommend this lady to your protection.' His whole countenance was convulsed with passion and deadly pale. That woke her up: her face quivered as with a sudden flash of anguish, and she turned to a young beardless officer who had been standing good-naturedly trying to shield her from the many pitiless, prying eyes; 'Will you be kind enough to take me to my carriage?' He could not look at her, but gave her his arm, and took her away almost tenderly. He was a merry, rough boy, and I dare say they had had many a laugh together; but I don't think either of them laughed then. She would have walked straight out into the cold, bitter night in her ball-dress, had he not stopped her and helped her servant to wrap her up in her furs. That was all I saw of it, and it was indeed enough.

"The next day we heard she had gone, as I quite expected. I most certainly would have gone too in her place, and I am sure you would; but I am writing you the most unconscionable letter; that is the way when I sit down to write to you; I intend just to write one sheet, and I scribble on and on till two o'clock sometimes. I am glad Aunt Margaret doesn't examine the candles! If she ever should, I will tell her that I find Vienna candles delicious eating, and can't resist the temptation.

"Best love to your mamma and the girls from all of us: they're all fast asleep, but of course they would send it if they were in possession of their faculties. Good night, dearest. I must go to by-by.

STEPHANIE."

It was a long letter, but I read it all through, and, when it was finished, laid it in my lap and sat gazing into the fire, and musing over those eventful days in which she wrote. How different now to then! Things were changed in Vienna. What was then but conjecture had become sad reality. All had taken place with such fearful suddenness as made it almost impossible to realize. I sat over the fire and tried to imagine it all, and reread more recent letters, in none of which, however, was the Countess Arnheim's name mentioned. I began to doubt the truth of my own surmises; it seemed almost impossible that she should have come to England in that manner, and remained quietly for such a length of time: she, the petted Vienna beauty, giving lessons in England and living in London lodgings! No, it was hardly credible: but there was one simple test which occurred to me; by copying out a small portion of that letter; and putting it in some place where it would fall into her hands, at a time when I should have an opportunity of watching her, I did not doubt but that I might read in her face the truth.

And I did copy it, translating it into French. I chose that part in which her name was mentioned; but when it was done, I put it by, and delayed to use it.

One day we were talking of Christian names, and she then told me, for the first time, that hers was Valerie, and asked me to call her by it. Another time she showed me a little book, with "Valerie" printed in it, and something over the name scratched out, which I felt sure must have been a cornet. I longed to know: and yet though I often thought of putting her to the test which I had devised, my heart failed me. Why should I seek to penetrate her mystery, and lay bare the bitter secrets of her heart? So I forbore and waited. However, it was not destined that she should go from us as she had come. On the 3d of January my mother came down to breakfast with rather a troubled face, and after I had read my own letters, she passed one for me to read, without a word. It was from my Aunt Honora, a sister of my mother's, whose husband had a house in one of the hunting counties.

"Dear Margaret," it began, "I am in great distress. The house is full of men, and only one lady besides myself—young Mrs. Charteris. Do, I beseech you, come to me the first day you can. They are frozen up, and there is no hunting, and some of them don't even play billiards. Francis says I ought to do something to amuse them, but what can I do? It is so miserable. Bring all the girls, and your German friend and Bertie. I entreat you not to refuse. Francis wishes it also so much. Write at once and let me know when I am to send to meet you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"HONORA C. HERRIES."

This was the letter, written in a scrambling, uncertain sort of hand, which my mother gave me. I had scarcely finished it, when Bertie said, from the other side of the table, "What's the row, Rat? shy it across;" so I shied it across, as he called it, and the young gentleman was pleased to express his highest approval of the plan.

"Be alive, now, girls, and pack up: the weather'll break, you'll see, and then I shall get some hunting out of the old rascal."

He settled on the spot, I believe, the horse he intended to ride. Alas! for human proposals. All the world knows that there was no hunting for those first weeks of January. But it wasn't for his amusement that my mother determined to go. With tears in her eyes she reread the letter when we were alone in her room, whither she had called me after breakfast to consult about it.

"Poor Honora! poor Honora!" she murmured. "Yes, my dear, I think we must go; there will probably be but little pleasure to any of us, but I think it is right. I can leave Agnes in Eaton Square with your uncle."

As I looked at the feeble, shaky writing, I, too, ejaculated from my heart, "Poor Honora!" She had married a man who had discovered her weakness, and had been a very tyrant to her. It seemed as if he had all but stamped out her identity. It was not from age that her letters were ill-formed and trembling; I hardly think she had any handwriting in particular. So a note was despatched to say we would come on the Monday. We might have

managed to go before, but after some consultation it was fixed for that day.

"Impossible! I cannot spend Sunday there," my mother had said, decidedly; and even Bertie, I think, was glad when it was settled that we should spend that quietly at home.

For myself, I did not much care whether we stayed or went. I had not much hopes of the party likely to be assembled at Cheddington. The only two people I was sure of meeting were men whom I particularly disliked: but then it was also possible that some of the others might be very pleasant; as for Sir Francis Herries himself, he could be as agreeable or as disagreeable as he liked—under the present circumstances it was not unreasonable to hope that he would be at least civil. From him, that was sufficient. After a great deal of persuasion, we succeeded in making Fräulein Dorn promise to accompany us: and Monday afternoon saw us all at the station, where the carriage from Cheddington was to meet us.

Long before we got to the end of our drive, the windows were so frozen that we could see nothing of the park or house; and we were all heartily glad to find ourselves in the wide, old-fashioned hall, where the fine oak carving, seen by the light of the blazing fire, for the winter twilight had set in, called forth Valerie's warm admiration.

There were a great many hats about, and as we followed the servant up the stairs, I could hear the sharp crack of the billiard balls. It was quite a procession, and in spite of her earnest invitation, I think we rather overwhelmed my aunt when we invaded her sitting-room.

She was looking the same as she had always looked to me—a faded, worn-out picture, fragile and helpless, with traces of a beauty not dimmed by age, but by unhappiness. She stretched out her hands kindly to us all, however, kissing us, and welcoming Fräulein Dorn.

As I had expected, Sir Francis was civil enough to us all during this visit, and when the skating began, was very anxious about the ponds, that they should be well flooded at night, and that everything should be arranged exactly as we liked. We had on the whole a delightful week. There were some very pleasant men besides my two horrors, Mr. Sartoris and Lord Cosmo Fox, who, strange to say, though they didn't generally agree about things, both seemed very much smitten with Valerie. After all, however, it was not strange that she and Mr. Sartoris should be a good deal together: for, with the exception of Sir Francis, he was the only man in the house, I think, who spoke any foreign language with sufficient fluency to be able to talk to her. As for Lord Cosmo, it was droll enough: not a word of any other but his mother tongue could that great scion of nobility utter; it was mute admiration on his part, confined to paying his clumsy attentions. I did hear him one day talking broken English to her, thinking, I suppose, that style better suited to her infantine capacity.

But in spite of Lord Cosmo and Mr. Cartoris, and other little annoyances inseparable from Cheddington, it was a very pleasant visit, and we all enjoyed it the more from having expected something so different. The first day or two that the ice was really good, the female portion of the community assembled at the edge of the ponds, and watched the skaters, but no one ventured on the ice except in chairs; but the third day Mr. Sartoris came up to Valerie, after we had been there a few minutes.

"Won't you venture to try the skates on?" he asked. "I would promise to take good care of you."

"I don't think there would be a pair to fit me," was her answer, given rather indifferently, I thought, as she put out her foot.

Her indifference, however, did not seem to have the effect of damping his eagerness, for the next thing he said was—

"If I find a pair, will you come?"

"Yes, I should like it very much," she answered.

He instantly sat down, and took off his skates without another word, and went off himself to the house. I was amazed; I had never seen the man put himself out of the way so much for any one before, but Valerie seemed to take it all as a matter of course. She had never known him before, and could not tell how different it was to his usual habits. Presently he returned triumphant, holding up a small pair of skates.

"Whose are they?" Valerie asked, as she sat down and gave him one of her feet.

"I got them at the rectory," was the answer; "there were not any ladies' skates up at the house, so, as the rectory people said they were not coming down to-day, I went on there, and asked them to lend me a pair."

"It was very kind of you to take all that trouble," Valerie said.

"It was for my own gratification, I am afraid."

He was bending over her foot, but he looked into her face as he said the words in French, and in such a low, rapid voice that I only just caught them.

It was not the words, but the tone and look that made me watch eagerly the effect on her. Not a shadow of a blush rose into her clear face: she looked over his head with sad, vacant eyes, bent evidently on another scene than that before her. What was there in his words to bring such a sad, hopeless look into the beautiful face? Something seemed suddenly to have stirred within her a crowd of sorrowful remembrances. In a moment it passed, and there was nothing different about her voice or manner when next she spoke. When the skates were on, before she could rise, Mr. Sartoris put out his hands, saying, nervously—

"Now, please take care: you have no idea how difficult it is, even to stand firmly, just at first."

But she drew back, and with a smile, half arch, half sad, rose lightly on her feet. Then she put her hands into her muff, and glided away with long, slow sweeps. Her cavalier stood still, watching her without a word. I don't think he liked it; it was as if he had been rather taken in, and made to look foolish, and that, in the verimost trifle, was to him gall and wormwood. When she came back to us, there was more of his usual cool sarcasm in his voice than I had ever heard in speaking to her.

"I bow to your superior skill," he said, in a half mocking tone; "forgive my mistake, and accept my humble apologies."

Though he smiled, she was very quick to mark the change in his manner, and instantly set herself to work to soothe him: not that I think she cared for him, but she had an innate horror of being disagreeable to anybody, and a delicate sensitiveness with regard to other people's feelings.

His feathers were certainly effectually smoothed, and, in fact, as I watched them, I began to wonder whether he was trying to play with her, or whether he really liked her. The idea of Mr. Sartoris being attentive to anybody, except in his own cool, insulting, detestable way, was an idea so new as to be startling. She was here under my mother's protection as much as we were, and I determined to tell what I had seen. One thing, however, I now resolved to do. I would give Valerie the letter: before speaking to my mother it was better to be sure that there was any cause to interfere. We generally sat together and read or talked in her room the hour before dinner. She had got hold of a French book in which she was interested; I knew if I brought a book she would read that; so I slipped the piece of letter, as it appeared, between the pages of her novel a little way after her mark, and left it on her table. About an hour before dinner, as I had hoped, she went to her room, and I soon followed; but it seemed as though she would never settle to her book. I sat where I could see her face without her seeing me, and tried to answer her remarks, feeling horribly guilty. For some time she kept up a desultory sort of conversation, keeping me in a fever of expectation by playing with the leaves of the book.

"How well your uncle speaks French, Rachel!" she said.

"Yes, very well; he goes very often to Paris," I answered rather shortly.

"Mr. Sartoris talks better, though."

"Does he?" I said.

"Why, of course he does; you must hear."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"But I wish I could talk to your big Mr Mountjoy," she said, reflectively.

"Why?"

"Ach!" she smiled; "why one does wish those sort of things I know not: he looks so honest and upright."

"And Mr. Sartoris doesn't, you think?" She raised her eyebrows comically.

"Neither of our Frenchmen are of an open character," she said, with a wise shake of her head.

This was unendurable, and I was preparing to go when she said,—

"There's a man in this book that reminds me of Mr. Sartoris: listen." She then read a description of some one, and after that went on to herself. In a few minutes she turned the page where the little piece of paper lay. I saw her sudden start, and then her face grew deadly pale. She looked round the room with wild, hunted eyes, like a stag brought to bay, seeking some outlet of escape. There could be no doubt. In the first moment of certainty, I felt heartily sorry for what seemed then my cruelty, and would gladly have undone it, had such undoing been possible. Full of remorse and shame, I sat staring at my book. At last the bell rung and I left the room. As I went out, I saw that she was seated in exactly the same position, with the novel lying open before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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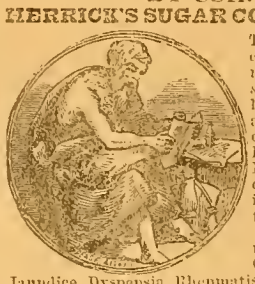

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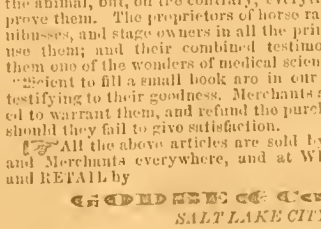

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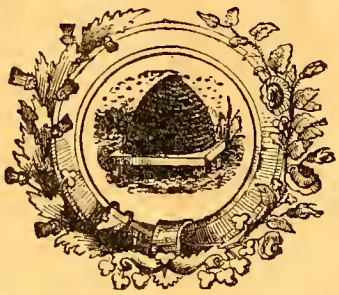
NO. 33, DEC., 18, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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No. 33] SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 18, 1869. [Vol. 3

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost! the drop of dew
  Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
  In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
  That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
  Of fountains far away.

Naught lost; for e'en the tiniest seed
  By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
  Where 'er 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
  In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil—
  Sheds usefulness and grace.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
  The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
  Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
  The perfumes of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
  To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh or kind,
  Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
  Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
  Upon the spirit spoken to,
Search it like drops of burning gall
  Or soothe like honey dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill
  They have a power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
  To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
  Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
  That they might bless alway!

Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly.

MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.

Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, sometimes called the 'Last Knight,' from his chivalrous character was in his youth remarkable for a high courage and love of adventure which at times led him to feats of rash daring.

Among the many lands over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol. Partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, partly also because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young emperor, who was staying in the neighborhood of Innsbrück, rose before dawn for a day's chamois hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced hunters.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favorite haunts of the chamois, the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

"I wish," said he, "that I could gain to-day some spot which the foot of man has never trod before, and where no man should be able to follow; a spot among the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded earth should lie beneath my feet; where even the thunder-clouds should mutter far below me, while I stood in eternal sunshine That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!"

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment, one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois; the whole party, guided by him, cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if on the watch. Long before they were within shot range, they heard it utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps toward the rocky solitudes above. Maximilian followed on its track, and had soon distanced his attendants. To be a good chamois-hunter, a firm foot and a steady head are required, for these beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain, the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow, and there they climb and spring with wonderful agility, and if they cannot escape, it is said that they will rather leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous chase, and was generally most successful in it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond

the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring he gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

"That was a royal leap! Who follows?" cried Maximilian, with an exulting laugh. Then he sped onward, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a moment he lost the chamois from view, then it appeared again, its form standing out against the sky, on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the backbone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep-gabled roof. To gain this ridge it was needful to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook, at the upper end of his iron-pointed Alp stick. At last, he seized a piece of projecting rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it, but the stone did not bear his weight, it loosened and fell, and the emperor fell with it.

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself, he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises, and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice, or hollow in the rocks; on one side they rose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other hand they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

"Lucky again," thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose to his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him, sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet, sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place; it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighboring chapel of St. Martin, and the valley below it, which was now concealed from his view by white rolling vapors, was the Valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the "wall," so straight and smooth, that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight, where a man could find footing, was the narrow shelf on which he stood. The ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side, and then ceased abruptly.

In vain Max gazed around for some way of escape.

No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whir and a rush of great wings in his face—it was a mountain eagle which swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollected that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any larger prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, and so, by suddenly whirling round it, they may dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once to hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions. And then his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of Nature and Nature's God.

Beneath, in the valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew the mists off which clung round the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly.

"It is a man!" he cried; "what witchcraft has brought him there?"

And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at St. Martin's Wall.

"God be with him!" was the compassionate exclamation of all. "He can never leave that spot alive—he must perish miserably of hunger!"

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley, and rode up to the crowd, which was increasing every moment. It was the emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning, and ridden round, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

"Has the emperor passed this way?" one of them called out. "He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him."

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and, pointing upward, said:

"That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!"

The emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and at each other in horror. One of them had a speaking-trumpet with him such as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting to one another among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice:

"If it is the emperor who stands there, we pray him to cast down a stone."

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of a rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people, and was echoed on every side among the mountains. For they loved their young emperor for the winning charm of his manner, for his frank and kindly ways, and especial fondness for their country.

The sound of that wail reached Max's ears, and looking down he could see the crowd of people, appearing from the giddy height like an army of ants—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people he knew would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage, and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and never would leave that spot alive.

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was mid-day now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The stones beneath his feet became as hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sat down on the scorching rock. The furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him fear that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall into the valley as he had done the first. What he had written was the question, "Whether any human help was possible?" He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear but the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not

have been observed — still there was silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day; and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlien and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of that fatal throne which the emperor had desired for himself.

Terrible indeed—who can tell how terrible — were those hours of suspense to Max? Many deep and heart-searching thoughts visited him—thoughts of remorse for many sins, of self reproach for the great responsibilities unfaithfully fulfilled.

The day wore on, the sun was fast sinking toward the west, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed as soon as he had faced this certainty that a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian—if this world were vanishing from him, he would lay firm hold of the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man?—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was to be found willing to be a messenger of death to the much loved emperor. The man who found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol. And this was the message:

Oh Tyrol, my last warm thanks to thee for thy love which has so long been faithful to me.

In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done —His will is just and right.

Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlien immediately for the holy sacrament for which my soul thirsts. And when the priest is standing by the river, let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am to receive the blessing. And then I pray you unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death.

Farewell, my Tyrol.

MAX.

The reader's voice often faltered as he read this letter amid the sobs and cries of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlien, and in haste came the priest.

Max heard the shot, and looking down, could see the white robe of the priest standing by the river, which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of Christ, though he could not receive in body the signs of salvation. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking-trumpet came the words of the blessing:

"May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise forever."

The emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of the blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the valley of Zierlien; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt, and the emperor could hear a faint murmur which told him they were praying for him.

Touched by their sympathy, he too continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep blue sky, till at last all the heavenly host stood in glittering array. The sublime peace of these silent eternal fires stole into Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, wrapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirit raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him something more than human.

"Lord Emperor," it spake, "follow me quickly—the way is far and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was in the land of mortals or not, Max asked:

"Who art thou?"

"A messenger sent to save the emperor."

Max rose; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, barefooted peasant youth holding a torch in his hand.

"How didst thou find thy way to the cliff?" he asked.

"I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

"Has heaven sent thee to me?" said Max, still feeling as if he were in the dream world.

"Truly, it is God's will to deliver thee by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, and then glided through a crevice in the rock behind, which the emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flaring below him down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding, he followed on, and the torch moving rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores, and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls, sometimes water dripping from the rocky roof made the torch hiss and sputter. Downward they went, miles and miles downward, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer suddenly vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way toward it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and the soft grass beneath his feet. He looked round for his deliverer, but no one was to be seen. He soon perceived that he was in the valley of Zierlien, and afar he heard a confused noise, as of an assembled multitude. He followed the sound till he reached the foot of St. Martin's Wall and saw the priest and people still praying for him. Deeply moved, he stepped into their midst and cried:

"Praise the Lord with me, my people. See, He has delivered me!"

The emperor was never able to discover his deliverer. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumor reached the emperor's ears he said:

"Yes, truly, it was an angel; my guardian angel, who has many a time come to my help—he is called in German 'The People's loyal Love.'"

Maximilian never forgot that day on St. Martin's Wall. It taught him many a lesson. It is said that he never again went out chamois-hunting without commending himself "*en la garde de Dieu*," as the native mountaineers of Switzerland and Tyrol are wont to do. And this spirit of thoughtless daring was sobered into a true and higher courage, which, throughout his life, never forsook him in the face of danger and death. [*Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours.*

THE ORDER OF ENOCH;

OR, THE LAW OF EQUALITY.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

As a sequel to our article on Tithing and Consecration, we now offer a few reflections on "The Order of Enoch," that the members of the Church may understand what that order really is, that has been dwelt upon so much of late by our teachers. The Law of Consecration, as before shewn, was given as "the *beginning* of the tithing of my people," (Doc. and Cov., page 323) and the law of Tithing was given as the standing law unto the whole Church, to endure for ever—which, for ever, applies, no doubt, only to the conditions of this life.

The Law of Consecration demands the *surplus* property of all believers, as a sign of acceptance of the law, and the law of Tithing calls for the payment, annually, of the *tenth* of the surplus or interest, arising from each year's labor, that as the poor are to be "always with us" there might be a constant source of revenue, out of which they could always be aided or relieved. The Order of Enoch is the real "higher law." The Law of Consecration being, as the Doctrine and Covenants says, the *beginning;* the Law of Tithing the *continuance*, and the Order of Enoch the voluntary result of the system of union to be established among the people of God. The laws of Consecration and Tithing are calculated, in their nature and operation, to cultivate and develop a generous consideration of the interests of all classes—especially of the poor and unfortunate—on the part of the rich and well-to-do portion of the Church. EQUALITY, in the communistic sense of the word, is not taught by any revelation ever given on the subject of Consecration and Tithing. The "Order of Enoch" is the higher law growing out of the two laws or conditions, before spoken of. The "Order of Enoch" lays the foundation of a grand system of *voluntary* co-partnerships, designed to be organized in Zion, and all her stakes, so fast as the people *grow* up to that standard, or development, absolutely necessary, before any such system could possibly be established. Deity never requires the establishment of impossible conditions for the management of society. A higher principle of law may be given, years, nay, ages before a people are found capable of living up to its conditions. "Do unto others as ye *would* have them do unto you," is a principle of divine justice and truth, that has been offered to the human race for acceptance for over eighteen centuries. Where are the peoples, or the societies to be found to-day, who not only engrave this beautiful law upon their temples, but *live* up to its requirements? The "Order of Enoch" is suited only for that class of mind that has attained to the highest standard of human development. In the library of every well ordered school may be found every class of books, from the Primer to those containing treatises on the various sciences in their most advanced stages. Where can you find a teacher or professor in charge of a school, embracing children of all ages and conditions, so much of a dolt as to imagine that he is bound by any principle of wisdom or justice to require an equal amount of obedience to principles taught in each and every book, from any one or any specified number of his pupils? A comprehensive observance of geometric rules is only required of advanced mathematicians.

However impossible, then, it may appear to some, that the principles laid down in the "Order of Enoch," can ever be other than visionary, let them consider that this order is no more antedated now, than was the beautiful saying, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," before the time to that class of minds represented by the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not as other men are; having especial reference to the poor publican who was beating his breast in the outer court of the temple.

Now let us examine this "Order of Enoch," and find what the Lord says on the subject, Doc. & Cov., Page 235, Par. 1, the Lord says,—

> And behold, and lo, it must needs be that there be an organization of my people, in regulating and establishing the affairs of the store house for the poor of my people, both in this place (Kirtland) and in the land of Zion, or in other words the City of Enoch, for a permanent and everlasting establishment and order unto my church, to advance the cause, which ye have espoused to the salvation of man, and to the glory of your Father who is in Heaven, that you may be EQUAL in the land of heavenly things; yea, and earthly things also, for the obtaining of heavenly things; for if ye are not EQUAL in earthly things, ye CANNOT be equal in obtaining heavenly things.

Here we find that the principle is laid down that to be equal in our opportunities of gaining heavenly things, we must be equal in our temporal condition. Let it be understood here, however, that goodness alone, although it will save a man, will never *exalt* him in heaven, worlds without end. The cultivation of thought, the expansion and growth of intellect, and the development of all the spiritual powers, based on goodness—will alone *exalt* a being in the great future of our existence—as they alone, exalt any one in this life. We must, to be in equal condition here, have equal opportunities and be equally attentive, industrious and studious, or we can never stand equally in the opening up of our spiritual life hereafter, even if it *be* admitted that we are at all likely to reach equal mental attainments under similiar conditions.

Hear, further, what the Lord says on the subject of this Order. Doc. & Cov. Page 257, Par. 3.

> Behold, here is wisdom also in me for your good. And you are to be *equal*, or in other words, you are to have *equal* claims on the properties, for the benefit of managing the concerns of your stewardships, every man according to his wants and his needs, inasmuch as his wants are just.

Further, he says, Doc. & Cov. Page 271, Par. 1:

> Verily, thus saith the Lord, I give unto the *united* order, organized agreeably to the commandment previously given, a revelation and commandment concerning my servant Shederlaomach, that ye shall receive him into the order.

Here we discover three principles set forth.

1st. That the order had power to determine what *should* be the *past* claims of any member of it upon the "properties" belonging to it.

2d. That the order was not established for the whole Church at once; we were to *grow* up to it.

3d. That the members of the Order had power given them to say who should be admitted into it. The "order" possessed the entire agency of determining as to who they should admit to an equal fellowship with themselves in the manipulation of the common funds, unless the Lord Himself spoke.

We find upon page 283, Doc. & Cov., a revelation without date, given to that branch of "the Order of Enoch" organized in Kirtland. In that revelation the principle is established that each branch of the order, as well as the parent order in Zion, had not only the right to determine who should be admitted to membership, but whether they would or would not hold the affairs of their order in connection with the affairs of the parent order in Zion, or of a branch in any of her "stakes." See page 286, Par. 9. On pages 287 and 288, Par. 12. We find that no matter how much nor how little, a person might be possessed of this world's gear, when he entered the Order, he immediately placed himself, in all respects, on a level with every member of the Order. Every member is to have not only an equal claim upon its proper-

ties, but is to have an *equal* voice in determining any and every question of any interest whatever.

Having shown what the Order was, as taught by Joseph, let us now enquire how far it resembles the Order of Enoch as taught so much of late.

We have been informed, time and time again, "that to live up to the higher law, we must consecrate *all* our substance to the use and control of the Priesthood. The Priesthood referred to being that portion of the Priesthood centered in the first Presidency of the Church. That the whole Church is hereafter, under this "higher law," to have but one purse, the strings of which are to be held by the Presidency alone, and, in whom shall rest all powers to dictate that purse. Thus we see that the President in place of becoming a member of the holy order of Enoch—himself is constituted the MASTER of not only the parent order in Zion, but of all the organizations instituted in any of her "stakes." We further see that instead of every member having *equal* claim on the "properties" or having an *equal* voice in its affairs, is to have no claim at all only such as the Presidency *dictate*, and to have no voice whatever in the management of his affairs, unless his voice shall sustain the mastership of the Presidency. If any member should *unfortunately* be endowed with even a modicum of brains and think differently from the Presidency on any subject, he may think on, but must in no case express his thoughts so as to influence the rest against any decision of the President on pain of expulsion from the Order, and of having the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem forever locked against him—"Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel." What comparison, we ask, is there between the Lord's plan for the management of this Order of union of the saints, based, as we have seen, on their individual control, and the plan as now taught by the Priesthood which vests the whole power of its direction in an irresponsible head, against whose course there is practically no appeal?

REPLY TO GEORGE Q. CANNON ON AUTHORITY.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

In our last issue we replied to an article on apostacy written by Elder Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve Apostles. As Orson Hyde is the President of that body, the condensed wisdom of the quorum might very reasonably have been expected in his arguments. To what extent they were weak or powerful our readers, who have read our reply, can best judge. Another one of the Twelve now enters the lists in opposition to the Movement, with a discourse which is evidently intended to be a crushing reply to any query respecting the divinity of Brigham Young's measures. We shall now reply to his remarks that the people may see how much sound reason and solid arguments two of the greatest lights of the Twelve can bring to bear on the doctrine of unconditional obedience to the Priesthood.

The discourse to which we refer, was published in the *Deseret Evening News* of Saturday, Dec. 11th. The object of it is to prove that no legal communication can possibly come from God to our people except through Brigham Young, and, consequently, that our MANIFESTO is false.

In this discourse, as in a number of editorials published lately in the *Deseret News*, great efforts are made to arouse the prejudices of the people against those who personally represent the great Movement now before them, by confounding their cause and position with that of every apostate that ever left our Church. Article after article has appeared comparing them to the Laws, the Higbees and Fosters, and every other corrupt man of a similar class, against whom our people are supposed to have a special aversion. This kind of "argument" was started at our trial and has been continued ever since. To the great body of principles and arguments we have issued from week to week, but one answer has come back, which can be summed up in the one word—Apostate. No arguments, no reasons, but an incessant cry of "Apostates. If Elder Cannon, or others, imagine that the application of a vile epithet like this will smother out of sight the array of Godlike principles we are continually presenting, so that the people will not see them, they simply miscalculate, and we are sorry for them. They mean well no doubt, but the course they take is a weak one. Where is the scientific man in all the world that would stoop to overpower the arguments of an opposing thinker by calling him an apostate? The whole scientific world would laugh at such evidence of weakness on the part of any philosopher, and take it as an evidence that he was worsted in the argument. Of all men in the world, it is reserved for priests and religious leaders alone to meet facts, arguments and truths, by simply blackening the character of those who differ with them! No other class of men on this earth descend to it. On this account Elder Cannon and his friends should have nothing to do with such a course.

In Elder Cannon's Editorials in the *News*, as well as in Orson Hyde's letter to the *Telegraph*, certain parties now advocating "liberty and freedom," etc.—who are well understood by the whole community to be ourselves—are mixed up in one heap with apostates, because such always blacken the character of the Presiding Authorities, and "expose the corruptions of Mormonism." Is this our case? Is this the spirit of our Movement? The case is precisely the reverse; all the attempts at exposing have been on the other side! While our language has been uniformly temperate and kind to the leaders of the Church—as this MAGAZINE will prove—they have assailed us in almost every case, with the bitterest personal denunciations; making use of language of the very kind indulged in by the apostates they refer to. It is to be hoped that these characteristics are not changing hands and getting on the orthodox side?

In the above discourse Elder Cannon gives a list of a number of persons who, at various times, have dissented from the Church and claimed to lead it; but who have failed. This to Elder Cannon's mind is conclusive proof that every other person who shall at any time or under any circumstances announce a divine mission, while dissenting from the policy of the leading authorities, must necessarily be wicked or deluded. The want of logic which enables a man to jump at conclusions like this, will be apparent to a child. Twenty thousand men, who differ with the Authorities, may come with false claims, and their lack of everything but big sounding assumptions may be manifest to all; and then one or more may come and he or they may bring a message which touches human hearts, and is pregnant with manifestations of its divinity. Shall men follow Elder Cannon's course and lump both these kinds together without further investigation? We do, indeed, announce a great mission, and we have the first fruits of it in our souls to disseminate, in principles so sweet, natural and pure, that they bear their God-given testimony upon their face. We do not come before the Church with a mere wonderful story of angelic visitations; nor do we rest our missions on ordinations or anything of the kind. It is true we do declare that angels *have* spoken to us, but we can do what the characters Elder Cannon refers to never could—we can leave aside the question whether these beings have spoken to us or not, and then we can prove all we say by every principle of light and truth We can stand on the ground of the superiority of the principles which we bring alone. Angels or no angels, we can prove

every principle we present by common sense; by solid reason; by appealing to every high-born instinct of the human heart; and by the witness of the Holy Ghost. The difference between men who come out claiming to be some great ones, and men, the burden of whose mission is sheer principle, great truths and advanced thoughts, will be apparent to all. If we cannot prove we have greater light, higher and nobler sentiments to present to the world—and that without simply falling back on the miraculous, or claims to authority, we ask no one to accept us because we do. This is the difference, then, between our position and that of apostates or petty leaders of factions referred to by Elder Cannon. They claimed to preside over the Church. We do not. They rested their authority upon their own personal testimony. We, simply, announce a Movement, and rest its claims upon the enlightenment it brings to the mind, and the witness of God in the heart; and this constitutes a difference between the representatives of this Movement and the class referred to by Bro. Cannon, that thousands already appreciate.

Elder Cannon next tries to show that certain parties must be opposed to God, because they are welcomed by "the wicked," while President Young is hated and reviled by the same class. He says:

"All these men arose, claiming that it was their right and privilege, by ordination or by special appointment, to take charge of the Church. * * * Still this peculiarity,—being hailed as brethren by the wicked, characterized them, in Nauvoo, as their predecessors in New York, Kirtland and Missouri. Instead of being hated and calumniated, and men seeking their lives and persecuting them, they were hailed with seeming pleasure and satisfaction. Men bade them "God speed" and urged them forward to claim the rights they called their own. * * * *

"Brigham became the inheritor of all that animosity and hatred that had been manifested towards Joseph during his lifetime; and when Joseph slept in a bloody grave, the enemies of the Church turned their attention to Brigham Young, his legal successor.

"If the Saints had wanted evidence in relation to who was the right man, and who had the authority, the very fact that the world hated, reviled and persecuted Brigham should have been sufficient evidence that he was taking the path which Joseph had trod, and that his course was pleasing in the sight of Heaven, and consequently hateful in the sight of Hell."

We can settle the first of the above points in a very short way. If Elder Cannon means by "the wicked" persons morally corrupt we are willing to meet him before any tribunal, or any committee at any time, and challenge him to prove that in any one particular we have violated one law of purity or right ourselves, or that we are familiarly associated with any one person of that class. He should do this, or hereafter hold his peace. If by the wicked he means men and women, all over the world, who are opposed to the doctrine of passive unreasoning obedience to an absolute Priesthood, then we are willing to admit that such persons wish us God speed; because there is an instinct in every human heart, wide spread as humanity itself, except where ignorance and fanaticism prevail, which makes all reasoning intelligent men and women—no matter how widely they may differ with us on every other subject—agree in opposition to so monstrous a doctrine. And they should, for it is opposed to reason as well as to every sentiment of the Gospel of Christ, and is the most baseless theory ever offered to mankind. That the world at large agree with us on this point is natural enough. It is one of those things that all sensible men have to agree upon; just as all the world have to agree with our people on the subject of industry and labor, because the principle is true and self-evident. To our mind, it is a proof of a very poor narrow creed which supposes that every person opposed to it is wicked. Every sect deems those wicked who oppose its dogmas. Ask the Papist who are the wicked, and he will reply, "those who would reduce the temporal power of the Pope." To his mind this is conclusive evidence that such persons cannot have the Spirit of God. He reasons to himself, "do they not fight God's Priesthood; how then can they be anything but wicked?" As the Catholic reasons, so does Elder Cannon. To his conception all opposition to "Mormonism" has but one explanation, and that—the Devil. This is an old sectarian idea, in existence ages upon ages before "Mormonism" was thought of. Ask the Methodist, the Quaker, the Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Shaker,—old sects and new ones, why the world opposed them, and the venerable answer—old as the Pope—comes back, that the Devil stirs up the wicked against them. The writer, himself, while a youth, believed in this idea firmly, long before he ever heard of "Mormonism;" and it would have been a serious shock to his feelings if the Latter-day Saint Church had scouted this time-honored notion. But as he traveled amongst mankind, and began to closely study human nature, he found that it was a fanatical conception which had no foundation in fact. He found that opposition to any man, or to any institution, was no proof whatever that he or it was of God, or that the opposition came from the Devil. He discovered that opposition and persecution had followed the introduction of all new ideas. Even the inventor of the Spinning Jenny had to flee for his life—the devil was so opposed to him! It is a well-known fact that false prophets as well as true ones, have been persecuted even to death. In England, as well as on the Continent, men claiming to be sent of God, but whose prophecies utterly failed, were hunted down and shot, or otherwise got rid of. When the Methodists started in England they were repeatedly mobbed, knocked down, and brutally treated hundreds of times. If being opposed and reviled proves a man to hold divine authority, as Elder Cannon argues, then the Hugenots and the Waldenses must hold about ten times as much priesthood as we do, for both those sects can count a hundred martyrs who "sleep in bloody graves" to our one. How many did we have killed at Haun's Mill? perhaps twenty. Then think of SEVENTY THOUSAND MARTYRS for their faith, slain at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in France, at one time; and yet their faith was as full of errors as any other form of sectarianism. The Waldenses, a people who with their leaders, were hunted in the mountains, in a manner, compared to which, all the persecutions of Brigham Young and our Church were but a speck, were slain by the thousand from generation to generation. Terms of revilement and contempt were heaped upon them by the, then, whole Christian civilized world. In fact thousands of facts can be collected shewing that persecution proves nothing of itself, and that the brainless and visionary have been persecuted as much as any who ever held the Priesthood or claimed to; utterly overthrowing the idea that any opposition to President Young, past or present, goes to prove the divinity of his course; and putting to the rout the ignorant belief that persecution proves him or any of us to be the favorites of heaven.

While we say this much on the subject of persecution, we believe that President Young was called in the Providences of God to preside over our people. We refer to Elder Cannon's arguments respecting persecution simply to show the shallowness of the reasoning indulged in by many. There is no necessity to lug in divinity to account for persecution. It can be easily explained on natural principles. Generally, two thirds can be traced to the selfishness or ignorance of the persecutors, and the balance to the follies or extremes of the persecuted. In our case the solution is clear enough. As we have said, all ideas are persecuted, in proportion to their novelty; and as a people we presented a greater number of startling theories than any other set of religionists. Furthermore, we began to organize to carry these doctrines

practically into effect. We sent all over the world to gather converts, and the ignorance and the fears of our neighbors were necessarily aroused as to what was to result from all this. All that they could see was a power rising up that threatened to overwhelm them. And then, as we all know, many of our people have, from time to time, talked extravagantly, and boasted that our institutions would some day drive all before them, compel all to bow the knee to our rule. Cannot a child see that there was in all this enough in itself to arouse the feelings of those ignorant or suspicious of our true spirit? If ignorance has in all ages caused men to be persecuted for their theories, how much more were men certain to be persecuted who formed powerful organizations, and gathered from all parts of the earth to carry their new doctrines into effect—whose course threatened to absorb in due time all ecclesiastical and civil power from their neighbors, and dispossess them of all leadership and influence, unless they succumbed to the new people? How could human nature—always prone to rebel against new doctrines—be supposed to quietly lie still and see such a power arise to mastery without an effort to put it down? It would have been the greatest miracle the world ever saw if such a system, true or false, had been permitted by selfish, jealous humanity to grow up in its midst without fear and suspicion. Under these circumstances, what need is there to suppose men wicked because they opposed a system that claimed absolute dominion over the destinies of all mankind—proclaimed far and wide as our Priesthood do to-day, that politically, socially and religiously, they will govern the whole earth? Who but a fanatic cannot see that if mankind were not jealous and alarmed at these assumptions that they ought to have been. If people who have presented *no* claims to power and authority, but merely asked the privilege of differing on a few simple articles of faith, have been ruthlessly slain by thousands; how can any man with a vestige of intelligence be surprised at the persecutions we have experienced as a people. The thing explains itself without our being obliged to consider the world wicked or corrupt in heart. Neither do we need to accept Elder Cannon's far fetched and illogical idea that the opposition of the political and commercial world to Brigham Young is owing to the fact that he holds the keys of the Priesthood. A simpler and far more natural reason lies on the face of things. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that President Young really held no Priesthood and and still acted in political matters as he now does, would it not, naturally, cause as much or more envy or jealousy as now exists against him? "The world hate him." Of course they do, and they would hate a Methodist, a Catholic, or a Pagan, who struck at the root of their trade, and absorbed all the political influence they wished to enjoy. It does not need Priesthood or Divine Authority to get hated and reviled when you touch men's interests and ambitions at every point. This President Young does all the time in a thousand ways, as we all know. And then Elder Cannon cries out they hate him because he holds the Priesthood. What a marvellous absurdity! The reason of the great opposition of commercial men to President Young is clear enough—he destroys their trade. The dislike of politicians is equally explainable: they find that President Young's system reduces them to mere ciphers. Be it ever so right it still does this. If these men believed, as our people have done, in the divinity of this order of things, of course they could accept it. But while they believe it to be mere superstition, is it reasonable to expect men of the world to act as angels and bear this loss of prestige and influence without feeling? Or while the whole American people believe we are no more than any other sect in the sight of God, is it fair to expect that that they should contemplate the rising of a power, which will not join with them and do as they do, without dislike? The national pride and desire for absolute governmental influence is aroused and interfered with. Even supposing this feeling arises out of ignorance or still lower feelings, is there any solid reason for bringing these national, political and commercial dislikes forward as proofs of the divinity of Brigham Young's measures, when they would exist against any man who did the same things?

Let us now turn our attention to another point. Bro. Cannon says, in this same discourse, referring of course, to our Manifesto:

> Men may say they have heard the voice of Jesus, or heard this, that or the other; but you will find that the power of God will attend the keys, and His blessings will follow the administration of His servants who hold the authority.

This is the most unfortunate argument that Elder Cannon could have chosen. If the possession of the keys of the kingdom of God is to be tried by the manifestation of the power of God, we much fear there cannot be a key left in the hands of President Young. For years and years every manifestation of the "power of God" has been declining in our midst. Our sick die by the hundred. One case of healing does not occur where fifty did in former times. You can go for years to our meetings and "not hear the inspiration of prophecy," or any other gift. This fact was so apparent to all, that after the Manifesto appeared, some of our Bishops publicly acknowledged the deadness of the people to spiritual gifts, and proposed—what they had not had for years before—weekly testimony meetings to pray for their revival. And such meetings are now being held in this city for which the people, of course, may thank the Movement. So unpopular were manifestations of the power of God some short time since, that one of the Twelve Apostles desired a literary man in our midst not to record in his history the vision of an angel which he had seen, because that sort of thing was not in accord with the spirit of the times. We are perfectly willing to let the truth of our mission be decided on Elder Cannon's principle. Not only have spiritual gifts ceased, but spirit, power and influence, have died out also, and our sermons are dry, stale and monotonous. Again men on missions have felt more divine influence abroad in the distant branches of the Church than at home. They have not only felt a greater influence when away from headquarters, but one of a higher and sweeter kind. How many, many Elders have come back from their missions full of holy influences and desires for spiritual life, and as soon as they reached this Territory they have felt as though they were immersed in a tub of cold water; every avenue of inspiration to their souls closed up by the worldly spirit that prevails. Fearlessly we can appeal to thousands for the truth of what we say; for we have heard such sentiments on innumerable occasions. Elder Cannon little knows what a dangerous chord he strikes. Nothing do the people feel more sensibly than the absence of the power and blessing of God from the present administration of late years. And indeed this is one of the great reasons which have caused the Heavens to interfere, that the people may enjoy these blessings of which so long they have been destitute. We are perfectly willing to have the Divinity of the Movement tested on this basis. If the power of God, in a thousand forms, does not attend it, let it perish and pass away. Already such blessings are being felt and enjoyed, with such a sense of spiritual witness and testimony that has not been enjoyed for years. Let the question be decided on Elder Cannon's grounds, by all means.

In our next we shall test his arguments of the divinity of the President's position and measures, drawn from the Doctrine and Covenants, etc.

Essays, Contributions, etc.

NOTE.—Essays and contributions under the above heading do not, of necessity represent the sentiments of the Editor. They are inserted on the personal responsibility of the writers.

JOSEPH SMITH AND HIS WORK,

VERSUS, UTAH AND THE PRESENT.

No. 2.

I do not wish, in this my second view of our founder and his work, to lessen the value of his chief apostle but to illustrate two types of character and phases of Mormonism marked in our own history.

In this investigation misunderstand me not. I grant the potency of the rule under which we have existed during our sojourn in the Rocky Mountains, the greatness of the man who has administered our affairs, and the integrity and devoted lives of his brethren, the Apostles. But truth and justice now demand that we should look into the divine and human mirrors, found in the experience of this Church. Some of us have dared to do it at a great price—the loss of a twenty-one years' standing in that Church from which we have been cast out, because we are not in the likeness of Utah and the present.

In my first view of the great Mormon Prophet I dwelt upon the fact that he was a Seer by nature and race. This was accompanied by a few leading assumptions of his mission. To this let us now supplement his Church, and we shall find one of the most marvellous psychological curiosities ever presented in the history of the world.

I have used the term psychological curiosities, to cover the ground of the sceptic as well as the experience of the disciple.

We will assume that Joseph was a Seer, and that his fitness of nature caused him to be chosen by the Heavens for a spiritual work. But this is only the curiosity in its first form. Confined to that, and it simply amounts to one prophet and a personal mission. In that form he might have been a light to the world, through the medium of splendid revelations—a light whereby mankind might only see how dark they were. But here is the greater marvel, in the assumption of his dispensation: "I will set up a church like unto myself, and my disciples shall be the mirrors of the Holy Ghost, and we will call our church Zion."

Now if this comes to pass, and an inspirational people is born of Joseph's mission, then this psychological marvel might be multiplied a thousand fold. And such, indeed, came to pass. A church grew up like unto Joseph. This proved the man's mission, and further proved that he was the Prophet of a dispensation. And if this spiritual church be not continued, then is there presumptive proof that the heavens have for a time been closed again; for, while Joseph lived, the entire Mormon people were baptized into his prophetic spirit, and the Heavens did reveal not to one man only but to tens of thousands. Indeed, it is a great fact that strikes us on every side of the Mormon experience, that we have seen two phases, first the Divine, and next the Human. But let us see the divine experience of this Church, for that is about to be repeated.

Fifty years ago, when the boy Joseph announced his first vision, it was as a shock upon the age from the other world. There were then no ten millions of spiritualists in Christendom, to bear witness even of the simple fact of another life, much less a church like ours bearing testimony of the higher truths of celestial existence. Immortality was a sealed book, and a Joseph was not merely a minority of a thousand to a little Utah, as he might be considered to-day in that number of Mormon elders in whom his spirit still lives, but he was a minority of one to a world. Do our brethren think of that, when they inconsistently talk of certain parties being mere minorities? It is facts, not minorities or majorities, which will stand in this account. Joseph, then, was but one prophet against the millions who declared, as some of us practically do to-day, that the heavens are closed and shall not speak to man. But there was a grand *majority above*, who on their part declared that a spiritual dispensation should be opened, and that the Heavens should reveal, though all the priests in Christendom should forbid God to speak and angels to come to earth attesting the immortality of man.

And just here comes the experience of a hundred and fifty thousand Mormons, who can answer the question, whether Joseph was right, or whether the faithless priests of the day were right.

The prophet proclaimed his divine mission to a few, and a little church of six members was founded, most of whom were of his own family. Mark this to-day; for there are as many thousand prophets in modern Israel as there were when great Elijah on Mount Horeb mourned the apostacy of his people.

But the promise to Joseph was, that spiritual Zion should be built up, and his problem was to be solved in other men's experience. It was a strange proclamation he made, that the thousands in many lands should receive the witness from on high of his mission. Had that witness not been given, his own testimony would have been as nought. But it was given, all Utah will answer to that, as but very few can answer, by the same evidence which they first received, concerning anything which is done to-day.

That little church of six grew, and the knowledge and the revelations of God increased among men. Yet the elders who were sent out as ministers of this gospel of a new dispensation, were the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in the social ranks. Joseph, the prophet, himself was as David taken from the sheepfold. Mormonism, at first, came as a simple proclamation to the nations—"Jehovah speaks, let earth give ear." This was the burden of the subject of their message, and the majority of the first elders could do but little more in the way of preaching than to bear a testimony. The sum of a thousand sermons amounted to but little more than the TESTIMONY that God had again called a Prophet, that the Heavens were opened, and that spiritual power was about to be poured out upon all flesh. The most illiterate of the Mormon preachers, however, succeeded in committing to memory two passages of the New Testament. They were:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

To this was added Peter's quotation of the words of the Prophet Joel, applied to the day of Pentecost, but specially designed—so the Mormon elders declared—for our times:

"And it shall come to pass, in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit, and they shall prophesy."

In all the history of missionary labors, excepting in the case of the fishermen of Galilee, never did simple-minded men, with so brief a chapter of theology, accomplish such vast results as did these illiterate Mormon elders and priests.

One of those results was that in Great Britain alone the church at one time numbered thirty-one thousand, with over fifty conferences, comprising between five hundred and a thousand branches.

Now the philosophy of these results and of the very existence and history of the Mormons is to be found in the fact that all that was promised was *fulfilled* in the spiritual experience of the disciples. Next to that given by Christ and his apostles it is the most marvellous psychological example found in the history of religious movements. Indeed these two great Christian examples seem to be the only *scientific* expositions of a spiritual Church and a spiritual movement ever known among mankind. It was not a mere religious epidemic, not a number of promiscuous experiences, but an organized spiritual movement answering to the most scientific methods of operation. Just as though the very Heavens had entered into a thorough understanding and compact to fulfil the general promises of the Prophet Joseph, did his great spiritual mission develop itself among the nations. Thus was it precisely in the dispensation established by Jesus and developed by him after His resurrection. This remarkable fact gives strong evidence that the second Christian dispensation, established by Joseph, also came down through the immediate ministry of Jesus and his angels to us. The entire Mormon Church was baptized into the prophetic and spiritual mission of Joseph Smith. Historians and social philosophers will yet note the Church which he founded, and its spiritual experience as the second most marvellous psychological fact known in the history of mankind.

And to what would a continuation of this spiritual experience have led this Church? It is a very pertinent question. If these demonstrations of the Holy Ghost, this direct powerful testimony that God did "*to-day*" speak to man with "*His own voice*," produced such effects in the world, what would the further witness thereof in the very experience of the nations themselves have produced? And if the simple testimony of a few hundred illiterate men and boys to the fact that the time had come for the Spirit to be poured out upon all flesh, wrought among the nations such wonderful results, what could not ten thousand Mormon Elders do to-day were their testimony now accompanied by the demonstrations of the Holy Ghost? And what must ere this have come to pass had there been a Jacob's ladder in Zion, day and night, by which the angels ascend and descend from God in their ministry to man, as they did to Jacob and to Joseph? We should have converted millions and shaken a world.

We are Elders ten thousand in number in Utah; the men who were once "hewers of wood and drawers of water" are now experienced statesmen; those illiterate boys are self-reliant men who can match their number from any Christian denomination; yet our ten thousand Elders cannot accomplish as much as did Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff and the rest of the apostles, during the first twelve years of the British mission. I do not doubt that they could gather ten thousand to Utah, but very much doubt if they could so shake Britain with a prophetic and spiritual mission as they did in the early period of the work. Indeed, they have now no such prophetic and spiritual work to witness unto, and no angelic priesthood coming down to confirm their testimony by the demonstrations of the Holy Ghost to every soul.

But Joseph Smith and his work must come again in our experience or the past, which is almost forgotten, amounts *practically* to nothing to-day. And come he will and commence his work again in our experience. The world shall see greater than at first this psychological wonder, and millions shall know in this generation that Joseph was a Prophet. Is not this the *old* testimony almost *out of date and mind?* Yet shall it come to pass in the nineteenth century through *his mission*, that the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep." If not, Mormonism is a failure! Doubt, if you please, but trifle not with God!

THE ORACLES SPEAK

(REVIEWS OF THE MANIFESTO)

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour.—JOHN.

Has there happened, then, in Israel a wonderful thing? Shall we be surprised that the oracles speak? It has been to me a matter of great astonishment that the oracles were *silent*, seeing that they are said to be living oracles. A dead God is a tremendous burden upon a world, and reticent angels are the worst of infidels. Under their administration society becomes ten times more worldly than before.

But there is no dead God, no silent Heaven, no reticent angels. For, when God cannot manifest Himself through Priesthoods, He manifests Himself through the grand providences of a world, somewhat, perhaps, to the detriment of special faiths, and to the increase of scepticism in society. If He has no Peter to build up His Christian Church, He will find a Watt, or a Stevenson to inaugurate an age of railroads and steam;—if he finds no Luther for His advent of reformation, He will raise up a George Washington for some blessed revolution to carry along humanity's destiny. And thus the Heavens still speak everlastingly, and angels in the teeming millions of earth's creatures, in science, civilization and national progress, testify daily to the marvellous work of God.

Now it was towards this latter phase of Divine manifestations, towards this philosophic mode of revealed religion, that my friends, Harrison, Godbe, Kelsey, Shearman, and a host of us Mormon Elders, were fast travelling. We were settling down into a philosophic state of religion, and anchoring faith in the DIVINE MISSION OF A WORLD, rather than in the mission of any special Prophet; for we knew, as all Israel knows, that the oracles had ceased to speak *direct* from God to man.

I wish, distinctly and strongly, to mark this tendency to a philosophic religious faith which, for many years, has been growing in the minds of the Mormon Elders and of our most enterprising commercial men, while a corresponding change, to the practical, hard sense, has been coming over the working classes of Utah. The reason why this should be strongly noted is because of its vast, yet solid significance. It will show the outside world that this religious movement, now rising amongst us, has not originated in wild fanaticism nor in a general inclination for the marvellous. There never was a people, from Brigham Young downwards, less in a fanatical mood than the Mormon people have been of late years. Our President had certainly cured us of all fanaticism, and made us as wise as any class of sceptics in the world. There is, therefore, in the very birth of this spiritual movement a scientific veracity. But there is a still more striking fact in the case, and that is, that the Heavens have chosen sceptics for their work of perpetuating Mormonism—actually challenging *scientific obstinacy*—and imposed a religious mission on men who least expect it, men, indeed, who hoped not for any apostolic mission in their future lives, and who desired to live in fellowship with all mankind, and to avoid every difficulty with the ruling Priesthood. There is, in these facts and circumstances, a special significance for the consideration

of the Priesthood of the Church; and also a unique subject of interest for the thinking class outside of ourselves. Epitomise the case thus: Elias Harrison and William Godbe, in common with others, had reached a stage of their lives where they least expected a revival of the prophetic dispensation of Joseph Smith. A high moral and intellectual phase of Mormonism was the most that they hoped to witness during their lifetime. They were bound to the Church by their association and faith of the past, and not by the expectation that God was about to speak to anybody now, much less to themselves. They had no ambition to be religious leaders—scarcely a desire to be religious teachers in any special mission. To fulfill their duties in a general way, as the lesser helps, was all for which they were prepared. There was no desire to go to the nations with the testimony of the Mormon work, for the immense dissimilarity between the grand programme of the past, and the apparent consummation of the present, took from them the energy of faith necessary for a mission. Underlying this was also the understanding that, in many cases, missions in later years were but a mild form of transportation. Yet it was at such a time and under such circumstances that the celestial world burst the silence of years and spoke to man again—and spoke to William and Elias.

We come now to a very peculiar phase of the subject, to which I desire to draw the special attention of free thinkers and universalian Christians outside of the narrow circle of the Mormon Church.

We have read in the Manifesto of the witnesses of their mental struggles of years to limit themselves to the special sphere of Joseph Smith's mission; we have seen them in daring thought overleaping the barriers of their Church, on to the broad plain of a universal Christianity; we find them at the very turning point of their lives, in a scientific, ay, even in a sceptical mood—and yet their issue came not in a denunciation of the mission of the Mormon Prophet, but in a grand Manifesto of its truth. Here are the words of the remarkable testimony upon that point:

"At last the light came, and by the voice of angelic beings—accompanied by most holy influences—and other evidences that witnessed to all our faculties that their communications were authorized of God—we were each of us given personally to know that, notwithstanding some misconceptions and extremes wisely permitted, to accomodate it to the weaknesses of mankind, "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose, its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continued revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest, and the noblest civilization the world has ever seen. We also learned that the evils we had seen in the Church truly did exist; but that they would pass away before the light of a clearer and greater day of revelation and inspiration which was about to dawn upon our system.

A transition from a philosophic and sceptical state of mind, (which was in itself the culmination of a twenty years' mental struggle and growth,) suddenly back to supremest faith in revelation through the *direct* administration of angelic beings to themselves, would certainly be an extraordinary event in the lives of any men; but, in their sudden breaking through the veil of midnight darkness, to find that "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose, was, under the circumstances, still more marvellous.

I imagine, by way of illustration, the case of a philosopher leaping boldly into eternity to find out the solution of the great problems of all ages—a God and the immortality of man. Having passed the state of death, he meets the God and finds the immortality in his still existing self. Thus was it with these witnesses of the great movement of Zion who, without passing the veil into the spirit-world themselves, met holy beings from the other life who came to them, and spoke with their own voices and made immortality tangible to them by the evidence of *mortal senses*.

Next, pass to the special point of the case.

Let us also suppose the philosopher, whom we have taken to solve immortality and the existence of God, to be a Robert Owen or Theodore Parker or Ralph W. Emerson. Such are men who care but little about whether Peter or Paul were apostles, but everything for the truth and a philosophic christianity—men who would as soon receive Plato as Christ—who judge both only by the *light* which they have revealed and the goodness and the love which they have infused into human society. Our philosopher shall not only find out God and his own immortality upon his entering into the spirit world, but he shall, though he cares but little about specialties, also find out that Peter and Paul were apostles and are in fact still apostles of the world's grandest civilization. Moreover he shall discover that a Plato is a witness for Christ, and the Christ—the witness for all the great and the good who have lived in the ages before and since his day, working out humanity's advancement. He should learn that sectarianism and religious hates belong not to Christianity, which is as universalian and humanitarian as his own views. As he ascended to the plane of the revelation of Jesus to day, in the mansion of his Celestial Father, he should also learn of a God of love, a God of salvation, but no God of damnation, for the countless millions of Adam's race; for he would have left the hates and hells and the devils when he ascended from mortality and soared to the plane of Christ. Now, this part of it might not astonish him, being so much in harmony with his former universalian thoughts and humanitarian sentiments. It might, however, astonish him to discover how different Christianity is represented in the heavenly Zion above, to what it is below, among the sectarian churches, and perchance he would be joyfully surprised to find how near he had been to Christ on earth, even in his scepticism. There is one thing, however, that he would certainly discover, which would somewhat pain him: namely, that the spiritual darkness, religious hates and all which he had most deplored in mortal life, had grown out of the world's practical infidelity. Priesthoods, sceptics and worldly-minded men rule the mortal sphere and shut out the heavens from coming to the help of mankind. Where, then, shall stand the unthinking, and those who are led through their blind obedience and credulity by superior intellects and superior wills? The transcendentalist, or sceptical philosopher could soon answer that question; and he would, without further investigation, be able to conclude that if Joseph Smith did open communication between earth and the spirit world, then was his movement "inaugurated by the heavens for a great and Divine purpose." He would fully understand, and unreservedly endorse the passage in the Manifesto touching the mission of Mormonism: "Its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continuous revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest and the noblest civilization the world has ever seen." This is so religiously and socially sound, and so broad in its platform of anticipations, that a philosophic mind could not fail to appreciate the immensity of divine and human good which will yet spring out of the mission of Joseph Smith. If Jesus and his apostles have come down from the mansion of the Father to declare this grand intention, as set forth in the Manifesto, the angels in heaven rejoice over the great movement now renewed to that "inspirational people," gathered for that

purpose to the Rocky Mountains for a world's good. For its consummation upon the earth has the God now raised up Elias and William to prepare for the greater day of the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Now the condition of many of the Mormon Elders has for years been approximating to that of our Owens, our Parkers and our Emersons. Compared with their numbers there are more among the English and Scotch Mormon elders inclining to a sceptical phase of mind and a universalian mode of thought than among any other body of Christians in the world. Perhaps this may be the result of a reaction from an extraordinary state of faith, and a life of aggressive missioning against the orthodox system and creeds of the age. Their state, at first, being that of a strange mixture of spiritual experience growing out of a new prophetic dispensation, and of free thought born of an innovative ministry, into the cold realities of a sunless religious life in the Rocky Mountains, they have naturally traveled towards the thoroughly materialistic spirit of the ruling Priesthood of Utah, on the one side, or towards the philosophic tone of mind of an Emerson, or the high social religion of the divine Robert Owen.

The next stage that the thoughtful investigator of the Mormon problem might have expected, is that thousands of the Mormon Elders would pass, at the close of the lives of Brigham Young and his veteran apostles, entirely out of religion; while the men of thought and a spiritual turn of mind, would console themselves over the miscarriage of the Mormon theocracy, by adopting a philosophic Christianity, in which neither Joseph Smith nor Brigham Young would stand as Prophets. This, indeed, is what the ten thousands of thinkers in the United States have actually laid down in their programme of anticipation concerning the Mormons and their future. They all expect, from the inevitable laws of social and religious organisms, that, on the death of Brigham and the first apostolic priesthood of the Mormon Church, a sudden revolution would break up absolutism and the policy of the ruling priesthood, and consequently bring about a reaction among the masses, which would consign Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, the Kimballs, the Pratts and the Woodruffs to an everlasting oblivion. This would certainly be the result but for Divine intervention; yet Brigham, the present apostles, and the rest of the conservative rulers of the Church, are almost the only men in America who do not appreciate their own situations and the inevitable tendency of their system and policy.

But just at this point of the history of the Mormons, and when least expected, even by the men most concerned, comes a strange resolution of the problem, and comes too, just in time to give the Mormons a future. It is this new spiritual dispensation to the "inspirational people" gathered in the Rocky Mountains, and this Manifesto that "Mormonism was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose."

This phase of the case will surprise most our friends abroad who have believed nothing in the Divinity of Mormonism, and somewhat disappoint those who have expected to see the Mormon Church and faith exploded by the combustive force of an absolute temporal theocracy, altogether repugnant to the genius of the age. Why, the thinking men everywhere are already struck with the fact that this new Movement will save Mormonism and its priesthood; they see that the elevation of the Movement upon a broad Christian platform will immortalize Joseph Smith, and perpetuate the Church which he founded. That Mormonism should find an issue in "the grandest and noblest civilization the world has ever seen," will be to them the circumstance of surprise; and yet thousands of those "outside" are to-day assured that the Manifesto and platform of the Utah Reformers, meet the case, and will perpetuate the Mormon dispensation upon its higher plane.

And to-day there are many, and to-morrow there shall be thousands more from *within*, rejoicing that Zion will be redeemed and its mission consummated. The Oracles speak again, and we are saved.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

The first of a series of public meetings, for the fuller exposition of the principles advocated in this MAGAZINE, will be held on Sunday, December 19, in the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms at half-past eleven in the morning, and in the Masonic and Odd Fellow's Hall, in the upper part of Commerce Building, owned by Kimball & Lawrence, situated on the east side of East Temple Street, at seven o'clock in the evening. All are invited to attend.

THE MEETINGS NEXT SUNDAY.

The hour of meeting in Masonic Hall, on Sunday evening, 19th inst., will be SEVEN, instead of half-past seven, as stated in last week's issue. Friends will please note the change.

TENDENCIES OF OUR SYSTEM TO DESPOTISM.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

It appears almost superfluous to undertake to prove the statement contained in the recent "Manifesto," that President Young has built "up a despotic priestly rule in the Church;" but, inasmuch as it has been publicly and repeatedly denied that the priesthood in our Church either did, attempted, or designed to exert any coercive or oppressive power in spiritual or temporal affairs, it may not be amiss to state a few facts, out of the thousands within reach, substantiating the position first referred to. In doing this, it is particularly desirable to avoid personalities. The results of principles, however, can only be manifested through the conduct of individuals believing in them; it is impossible, therefore, to call in question any men's acts or policy, without being liable to the charge of personal animus. There *are* minds, however, capable of distinguishing between principles and persons; and who know it to be quite possible to entertain kind feelings towards *men* whose *policy* they feel compelled, by a sense of duty, to condemn and oppose. It is in this spirit that the subsequent facts are referred to, as evidences of the despotic tendency of the present policy of the "Church."

The evils of this policy were not, until recently, so apparent or so oppressively felt in the city as in the country. The checks upon the exercise of this despotic power in the city are unknown there, and free scope is given to those who rule the people, in too many instances, as with a rod of iron. President Young would, undoubtedly, disavow many of the acts of some of his representatives, were he fully acquainted with them; they are, nevertheless, the legitimate results of his policy.

There are, of course, many excellent men, filling prominent positions in our midst, who endeavor to exercise the power entrusted to them in a spirit of moderation and kindness, and with a disinterested view to the benefit of the people over whom they preside. Blessed are such men, and happy are those people. But these are the exceptions; and, if they were not, it is the *principle* we war against, as subversive of human rights, and liable, at any time, to be abused. The danger of such irresponsible power must be evident to

so sagacious a man as President Young, and it appears strangely wonderful that he should wish to bequeath such a system to his children.

It may be very pleasant and advantageous to them while he lives. But in after years, if this dogma were to prevail, men would arise who knew not Brigham Young nor his family, and who would oppress the latter as others are now being oppressed.

The following facts will show whether we really enjoy that degree of civil and religious liberty so much boasted of lately in the pulpit and through the press. We will first refer to instances where the privilege of civil voting has been interfered with or set aside.

Some time ago at a "City" election in Cache County, during the absence of the Bishop, an opposition ticket was nominated and elected by a large majority. On the return of the Bishop he condemned the movement in the strongest terms, denounced those engaged in it as having the "spirit of apostacy," and had the officers changed to suit himself.

On one occasion in Logan, before any other nomination had been made, some private members of the Church arranged a "People's ticket" for city officers, and posted it in several conspicuous places. The presiding Bishop wrote over it "Devil's Ticket;" sought to ferret out the perpetrators of so dreadful a crime, and by public and private anathemas quashed the movement. This, it must be remembered, was *not* an opposition ticket, for no other had been put forth. This circumstance is referred to because it proves that it is contrary to the policy of the Priesthood to permit any nominations, except such as they make themselves, or any free expression of individual or public sentiment. If the avowed policy of the Church be correct, the actions of these bishops was justifiable. Besides, the precedent had already been established in Salt Lake City. It is well known that all who were, some time since, concerned in the election of Bishop Woolley, as Alderman, in opposition to Mr. Le Grand Young, were strongly denounced by President Young. The Bishop felt compelled to resign an office to which his fellow citizens had elected him and which they were anxious he should fill.

These were exercises of despotic power the crowned heads of Europe would not venture upon to day. It is very seldom, however, that such instances as the foregoing arise; for the exercise of the franchise in Utah has been generally so controlled by the Priesthood as to make it a positive farce. The people have, in reality, nothing to say in the choice of their public men. In effect, the President of the Church appoints them all, for no subordinate presiding officer would presume to take so important step without first "counseling" with the President. Then a chosen and entirely subservient few are called together, to whom certain nominations are made which they, of course, unhesitatingly sanction. These in turn, are submitted to the people. But such precautions are taken that it is known how every man votes; and if any should be bold enough to vote for any other candidates than the regular nominees, they are, thereafter, spotted as opponents of the Priesthood and on the road to apostacy. Such individuals must change their course, or a series of petty persecutions ensue which ultimately drive them out of the Church. In this way opposition has been kept down and "unity" obtained. What inconsistency, to say that a people enjoy civil freedom, when they have no voice in the nomination of their officers and law-makers, and are required, in all cases, to confirm by their votes the persons selected to fill certain positions, whether the appointees meet their approval or not. Thus all Legislative and, so far as the Territorial Courts are concerned, judicial positions are under the control of one man, who might as well appoint all public officers and announce all laws by his own imperial edict, as to put the people to the trouble and expense of the forms of electing the one and enacting the other. The consequence of this state of things is, as the people very well know, that laws are made to please our leaders, whether the people are suited or not. Through the tremendous power of the Priesthood, the polls have been as effectually controlled in this Territory as they could have been under the censorship of a military tribunal. Not that personal or physical violence has been exercised by the Priesthood; but a coercion of a far stronger kind—one that affects men's hopes of eternal life—has been brought to bear on such questions. Is all this an evidence of despotism or not? It is assumed, of course, that the most suitable men are selected for all public positions, and that, consequently, it makes no difference by what means they are appointed. But it can be shown that the people, at least, do not always agree with this view of the case.

Again, we have always claimed ours to be the most democratic Church on the earth—all its officers, from the President down, being elected semi-annually at public meetings in which all members of the Church, male and female, are free to vote. So far as the *letter* is concerned, this is true; but in *spirit* it is untrue. Persons *can* vote for or against any individual or measure proposed by the presiding authorities; but if they *do* vote in the negative, they are almost invariably held up to ridicule and contempt and unless they acknowledge themselves to have been wrong, are liable to be deprived of their fellowship. Some time since in a public meeting in Logan, a prominent traveling elder gave, unintentionally, a practical illustration of this fact. He referred, in very disparaging and contemptuous terms, to some individual, supposed to be a prominent member of the Priesthood, who had refused to vote in accordance with the wish of President Young, in relation to severing a certain person from the Church. Said he: "All could see he was in the dark; and, when he did finally consent to vote with the majority, he looked like a great, awkward whipped, school-boy, and nobody cared a 'continental' whether he voted or not." Few men have the moral courage to endure being thus held up before their brethren as objects of ridicule and aversion. Again, several persons have lately been severed from the Church for no other reason than voting according to the dictates of their conscience in opposition to the views of President Young and some of his brethren; among these are Elders Eli B. Kelsey, John Tullidge, Joseph Silver, and others, against whom not a single crime has been proved or even charged. They have violated no principle of morality or requirement of the Gospel.

The right of voting, as universally understood, means the right to vote contrary to any measure proposed, and without any loss being thereby incurred. If a man cannot have the right on these terms, he has no vote at all, for the right to vote includes the right to differ. It therefore follows that when a man cannot vote, as in the case of the gentlemen referred to, without being excommunicated for so doing, and consequently deprived of the right to vote for ever afterward; no right to vote can be said to exist in such a system.

There is another point to which reference should be made, although not specially bearing on this question of voting, namely: that the moment a man is excluded from the Church, however unjustly, every effort is made to ruin him. How often have we denounced similar conduct on the part of other religious and political parties as in the highest degree tyrannical and reprehensible. Is it any better when practiced by ourselves?

Another evidence of the tendency of our system to despotic rule, is the denial of the right of petition,—a privilege

regarded as sacred throughout the civilized world. The majority of the citizens of Logan had become very much dissatisfied with a certain city officer. Whether their dissatisfaction was well grounded, or not, is nothing to the point. A very respectful petition was drawn up, addressed to the City Council, praying for his removal, and was signed by a large number of the inhabitants. No one who signed this petition had the least idea they were doing wrong or that any exceptions would be taken to their action; but it was publicly denounced by most of the presiding authorities, "as an insult to the Priesthood," meriting the severest censure. Men must be blind, indeed, who do not see the dangerous tendency of this assumption, on the part of the Priesthood, of the right to thus resent the petitions of the people. It would reduce any people to a condition similar to that of the Israelites in Egypt, whose remonstrances, or petitions, were answered with increased tasks and more oppressive edicts.

Another phase of despotic power has lately been developed, as will be seen in the minutes of a Conference held in St. George during the early part of November last, and published in the *Deseret News*, wherein persons are prohibited, under pain of disfellowship, from "changing their location without the approval of their leaders." If this policy is right in St. George, it is right in any other portion of the Territory. Where do we find any precedent in the past, which will justify the exercise of such control by the Priesthood in any Gospel Dispensation?

Another important instance, in which liberty of thought is denied the people, is illustrated in the case of this very MAGAZINE. Notwithstanding the assertions of the Priesthood concerning the freedom of the press, it is well known that teachers are now being sent to almost every house in the Territory, expressly forbidding the people to read what we publish. Mark you, not merely *counseling or advising* them not to do so, but *expressly forbidding* them, under pain of being considered apostate in spirit. Scores are continually coming to our office, informing us that they only drop the MAGAZINE on compulsion. And hundreds do not hesitate to tell us they would take it if they dared. As a further evidence of the coercion exercised, we can prove that in some instances as many as a score of persons borrow our MAGAZINE from a single subscriber and read it, being afraid to take it in themselves. Can this be called freedom of speech and of the press? We suppose the ridiculous argument will be brought forward here, that all are at liberty to read it if they choose to take the consequences; but who does not know that those consequences,—the presumed loss of Heaven, the loss of association with the Church here and hereafter, are "consequences" which none but the most daring will meet; and that to bring such "consequences" to bear on the press is the strongest muzzling that it can experience. Roman Catholicism has been universally branded as opposed to the freedom of the press, and yet the principal means she used to suppress it were threats of excommunication and loss of eternal life. How, then, can our Church assert that she does not suppress freedom of the press, while she does precisely the same thing?

Let us review our position. We have shown that we are, virtually, deprived of the privilege of voting freely on civil or ecclesiastical questions. The right of petition has been denied. The liberty of the press has been abridged; and, according to the avowed policy of our Priesthood, they have the right to "dictate" and "control" us in everything. They are to say where we shall live, and when we may change our locality; what our occupation shall be, and what disposition we shall make of the proceeds of our labor; what we shall speak, what we may write, and, so far as they can control the mind, what we shall think. The sum of the present policy is—as a high Church Authority has often publicly said—we must place ourselves, our wives, children, houses, lands and powers and property of every description in the hands of the President of this Church, and hold all entirely subservient to the dictation of his will. This, we are taught by the highest Church Authority, is what this whole people must come to sooner or later; and that this state of things is not to be confined to this life, but is to be our eternal condition! If this be not despotism, we do not understand the meaning of the word.

The foregoing are a few instances, from among many that could be given, of the injurious results of the present policy of the leaders of our Church. They are not referred to from any personal dislike to the actors themselves, for some of them we very highly esteem. These instances would not have been cited had they not been necessary to show the injurious consequences of a false policy, and to disprove the recently reiterated statements that the people of this Territory enjoy ample civil and religious liberty. We war with PRINCIPLES, not with *men*. So far as the latter are concerned we do not think them so much to blame. Their conduct is the *legitimate result* of the present state of things. They cannot well pursue any other course and retain their positions. Nevertheless, the evil effects are the same; and they would continue to increase but for the change which is about to be inaugurated by the Heavens.

Correspondence.

The subjoined extract is from a letter written to a gentleman in this city by a brother in San Pete.

Dec. 5, 1869.

"The times here are very hard for some, and worse for others. Priestly authority rules supreme. We have the one store; the rest having been compelled to close, under penalty of disfellowship from the Church. Now; as everybody is not able to go into Co-operation, and some can't see the point, the Bishop announced, to-day, in public, that henceforward they will sell no goods to those not having capital stock in the Co-operative store! The question arises—what are we going to do for our goods? As I have said before, many are not able to take shares if they had the will. They can't run to Salt Lake City for their goods, so that there is from one third to one half of the people here without a store to go to. If a man's family is sick, or what not, he must comply with the wishes of the Priestly Authority, no difference what it is, or go 120 miles for the article or else go without it. I don't know what this people are coming to. I think if no change comes soon, we are candidates for the lower regions.

I was well pleased with the principles set forth in the MAGAZINE, and find many more who feel the same. My prayer is that it may be a success. I wish you would send it to me, for I believe I can find more truth in it than in any other paper in the Territory.

Z.

PROVO CITY, Dec. 5 1869.

EDITORS UTAH MAGAZINE,

Dear Brethren:—Please accept a few lines from a brother and sister to dispose of as you see fit.

We read in your MAGAZINE the account of your trial; it was the second time we had seen any of the MAGAZINES, but we had the testimony before we saw them, that there was a great advent at hand that would test the intelligence and light of truth in every soul. And now we cannot express the joy we felt when we read your MAGAZINE and found that our views agreed with yours. We feel to thank God for His kind mercies to us, for we know that there is a glorious day at hand—that we feel assured of. Our prayer is that God and His angels will always stand by Zion and all who love the truth. We rejoice to know that the day is near for the Zion of the Lord to be established on the earth in its true order.

M.

SONG OF REJOICING.

Tune—John Brown.

Come, all ye sons and daughters of the Zion of our Lord,
And raise your grateful voices in a theme of sweet accord,
To tell in strains of music of the light now shed abroad,
For Zion is marching on.

We'll bless and praise the goodness of our Father, God and King,
For the peace, the joy and freedom which the Gospel tidings bring,
And gladly shall our voices with our hearts unite and sing,
For Zion is marching on.

Our souls were held in bondage by the slavish power of fear,
We saw no gleam of brightness in the night-watch, dark and drear,
But the love of God has saved us, to His Temple brought us near,
For Zion is marching on.

Our mind's illuminated and from error's thrall set free,
Our vision cleared by Charity, in Truth's fair light we see,
And firm, in love united, shall a happy people be,
For Zion is marching on.

A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

When I was safe in my own room, I sat down and drew a long breath.

"So it is true," I said to myself, "and what then? I cannot tell her that I know about her." One thing, however, was not now necessary: there was no speaking to my mother concerning Mr. Sartoris needful. I had often thought that, though always gracious, she received their attentions with a wonderful indifference. What would the end of it be?

I sat and speculated before my fire until I had scarcely time to dress for dinner. That evening, for the first time, she was not composed, very brilliant, but excitable and nervous, and I fancied she avoided me. They were very busy arranging some *tableaux vivants* for the evening but one after this, and it appeared to me that Mr. Sartoris had contrived that Valerie should have all the principal parts assigned to her. There was little doubt as to her fitness; as I watched her face to-night, it looked more lovely than ever before, though there was in it an unrest hitherto unknown. As we were going up stairs she managed to get by me, and said in a low voice, —

"I have something to say to you to-night: come into my room when you have had your hair brushed."

I nodded consent, and we separated. As soon as I thought she could be ready, I went to her. She was sitting before the table, wrapped in a white dressing-gown. Thérèse, her maid, was brushing her hair, which fell about her like a golden veil. "Make haste, Thérèse," she said, impatiently, as she caught sight of me in the glass, and her maid turned it all back and braided it into one great braid at the back.

She waited till the woman had left the room before she spoke. As the door closed, she stood up and drew me gently towards a sofa by the fire. We both sat down. Then, without a word of preparation, taking both my hands in hers, she looked into my face, and said,—

"So, Rachel, you have found out my secret."

It was not the way I had expected her to speak, and there was no answer ready on my lips.

"You mustn't mind," she said, gently, seeing, I suppose, my troubled look; "I think I am glad. There will be no more reserve between us now, and we can be true friends."

Of course I kissed her, and told her I would be her friend through all.

"And now," she said, "I am going to tell you how I come to be here."

She then got up and walked once or twice up and down the room, after which she reseated herself in a low chair by the fire.

"But first," she said, "may I see that letter from Vienna?" I grew crimson: she looked surprised, then bent her head. "Yes, yes, I see: perhaps I had better not; it was not fair to ask it."

Her tone cut me to the heart.

"Valerie! dear Valerie!" I cried, kneeling beside her, "forgive me! It is not that; I have deceived you; it is written in English, and I copied that bit into French for you to read." Then, miserable and ashamed, I hid my face in her lap.

"Don't, Rachel, don't!" she implored; "it is no harm; it is far better you should know all the truth since you have guessed so much."

"But can you ever love me again?"

"Love you!" she answered, with a smile; "nay, as you ask me that, dearest, you can hardly know how desolate I am! I have no one else to love."

But I could not be at rest until I had read her the letter. When it was done, she said, simply, "Thank you."

Her story, as she told it me that night, was too long to write here. I believed her then, as I know her now, to have been free from the faintest suspicion of guile, though from her own account she must have been imprudent. It was with a sort of horror I learnt that she actually had not been able to ascertain whether her husband were alive or dead. The night of the ball she had packed up all her clothes and jewels, which had come to her from her mother, and had set off for England. Herr Blume had been her music-master in happier days, and to him she applied.

During the whole recital she maintained a pitiful complacency, which had in it however, for me a pathos beyond all description. It was not like a person relating a story in which they feel any interest,—more like a dead man recalling the life to which he can never more return. She described her husband, declaring him to have been noble, generous, brave, but fiery and passionate. Then, speaking of Monsieur de St. Juste, with whom I had seen her, she said, "I think he was a very bad man, as bad almost as a man can be, without committing murder and that sort of thing."

I could not suppress an ejaculation of astonishment.

She looked at me with a sort of smiling despair in her sweet shining eyes.

"Ah! you wonder at me," she said, "but you can never wonder at me as I wonder at myself."

Then she ceased staring into the fire and laid her head back upon the chair in a weary way, like a tired child. I almost thought she had gone to sleep, she was so quiet, though when I watched her attentively I could see that her face had grown paler, and every now and then the lips, which were pressed firmly together, were convulsed by a sharp twitching. I had turned away, and was looking absently into the fire, thinking over all I heard, when, with a sort of low wail, she sprang up from her chair and began pacing the room.

"O God!" she moaned, "why have I done this? why have I told you about it? I who have so tried to forget! It is waking up," she cried, pressing her hands upon her bosom, "and I thought it was dead! But it will never die!" she added, wildly throwing up her arms.

I knew not what to do, and sat helplessly watching her walking to and fro: her eyes were wild, but still shining and tearless. This paroxysm, though dreadful, seemed to me, however, more natural than the calmness with which she had told me her history. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon me.

"You give me no comfort!" she cried, half fiercely, half imploring; but without giving me time to answer she turned again and continued, saying in a voice of anguish, "Comfort! comfort! there is none, why do I ask for it? O God! grant me forgetfulness; it is all I ask."

Ah, me! comfort indeed there was none to give, but my tears I did give her freely, weeping for this woman who could not weep for herself.

I thought at one time that she was becoming delirious in her grief, for as she paced swiftly through the room she muttered sometimes Italian, sometimes French.

At last she threw herself down upon a sofa and seemed to fall into a sort of stupor, she must have been thoroughly exhausted. For some time I remained sitting quietly by the fire, almost afraid to breathe, for fear of rousing her again. The silence was only broken at intervals by a coal falling out of the fire, or the clock at the stables striking the quarters. Half-past two, a quarter to three, and still she never moved: at last three struck. It was impossible for me to remain there any longer. We had all agreed to breakfast earlier than usual for the skating; and I knew that she, for one, had promised to skate, though I hardly believed it possible that she could be up after this, much less equal to any exertion. However, I should have no excuse to offer for non-appearance, so I determined to go to bed at once. At first I thought of stealing quietly out of the room; then the thought of her lying there until the morning, perhaps, in the bitter cold, for the fire would soon be out, stopped me, and I resolved to rouse her and try and persuade her to go to bed. As I moved across the room, she started up.

I said as gently as possible, "You have been asleep, Valerie, I think."

She pushed back her hair and stared at me for an instant.

"Ah! Rachel," she said, then, in a confused sort of way, "I had forgotten you; it must be late; you are going to bed, mein Herzchen?"

"Yes," I answered, "and you, you will go too?"

"Yes, O yes," she said; but from her manner I doubted her doing it.

"You promise to go now, immediately?" I urged.

She looked at me inquiringly; and I think the remembrance of what had passed only then fully flashed upon her.

"Rachel!" she said, eagerly, seizing my hands and bending towards me, "I have told you a great deal to-night, more than to any other person living; I trust you, you will never betray me?"

"Never," I answered, solemnly.

"There, there, I know you will not," she said, her eager manner suddenly vanishing. "Good night, dearest, good night;" and she kissed me on both cheeks, and then almost pushed me from her.

In spite of our promises the night before, it was half-past ten before I got down. Lord Cosmo, Mr. Sartoris, and another man were eating their breakfast in moody silence. It was my private opinion that the two former were waiting for Valerie. Aunt Honora was not down, and the others had already gone to the ponds.

"Good mornin', Miss Travers," said Lord Cosmo, with a charming indistinctness, owing probably to his mouth being quite full of cold pie, which he continued munching, while he made his inquires after my health and out-going intentions: he then kindly employed himself in lurching about the table collecting before me everything within reach.

"They've all been taking your name in vain, Miss Travers," said Mr. Sartoris; who was opposite me; "Fox and I only just came down in time to stop them. They've been abusing you and Fräulein Dorn frightfully, for being the only ones who had broken their getting-up vows. There were some very hard words I can assure you; were n't there, Fox?"

"'Pon honor," said Fox, "I think it was you bein' hauled over the coals when I came in; and after that they were chaffin' at me; Miss Travers and her friend they were discussin' afterwards."

He always called her my "friend." I think he had some vague, uncomfortable misgivings (if he ever had a misgiving) that "Frowlin', was not precisely the proper way of pronouncing that word.

"It don't sound quite right; but I'll be shot if I do know how to pronounce it now, Miss Travers," he said to me later in the day, with an I-know-you-won't-believe-it sort of air that was truly edifying.

I didn't express myself as sceptical on that point, as he seemed to expect; and directly afterwards he relieved me of his society, careening away to another part of the ponds like a Dutch fishing-boat in a heavy sea. How I detested the man! He was a born snob,—I think his grand name only made it worse.

All that morning we were on the ice. Valerie was, as usual, the center of attraction; her skating was certainly the perfection of grace. To me there was a change in her from that night. It seemed that in telling me her true name, she felt it no longer incumbent on her to feign any simplicity that was not natural to her. One, at least, in the room would recognize her right to wear the diamond rings that made her pretty hands look whiter that morning. There was certainly a change in her dress, which to this time had been extremely simple. That day she wore a tight-fitting velvet dress and petticoat, looped up for skating, and trimmed with narrow but beautiful sable round the throat and sleeves. It suited her admirably; and it was impossible to mistake the undisguised looks of admiration of my companions as she entered the breakfast-room, laughing and talking with Bertie, who had come up from the ponds to look after her. I was amazed at her fresh looks, and, had it not been for my own weariness, should have been inclined to think I had been laboring under some delusion.

Altogether, that was not a pleasant day; the afternoon was spent in arranging the *tableaux* for the next evening

When I went up to Aunt Honora, she attacked me on the subject of Valerie's dress.

"My dear, how very much your friend is dressed!" she said. "Don't you think it's rather odd for a person who professes to give lessons? Why, my dear," continued my aunt, seeing I made no answer, "that lace on her gown is magnificent!—quite magnificent!" she reiterated, waxing plaintively eloquent; "it must have cost I don't know how much."

Old lace was rather a failing of the poor thing's; and I don't think she would have objected to seeing that in question transferred to her own wardrobe.

"Is it such good lace, aunt?" I said, for want of anything better.

"My dear Rachel!"—this was with a spark of feeble indignation—"you don't mean to say you are so ignorant as not to know lace like that when you see it?"

She then closed her eyes, laid her head back, as if the exertion had been too much for her, and relapsed again into the plaintive.

"She's your friend, Rachel: I only hope it's all right. Margaret says you know very little of her. With men of such a high position here as Lord Cosmo, one must be careful, you know."

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated to myself.

"O aunt! don't be afraid, it's all right," I answered, though I could scarcely restrain my bitter laughter. Good heavens! Lord Cosmo! the idea of Valerie corrupting Lord Cosmo! It was really too good. The petted, high-born Austrian beauty not considered fit society for the muddle-headed, boorish Englishman! I felt very wrathful at first, but calmed down soon. After all, my poor aunt, with her narrow notions, knew nothing about Valerie, and I knew all.

The next day all was bustle. Part of the afternoon I helped in the dining-room, where all was confusion, the curtains being put up, while some of the party were altering and arranging dresses and rehearsing scenes for the *tableaux*. At last I grew quite tired and went away to my own room and sat at my window looking out over the park. It was almost dark when, to my surprise, I heard the crunch of wheels, and the next minute saw the Cheddington carriage going towards the stables. No one had been out that afternoon, of that I was certain. Some one must have come from the station, but I knew of no one coming.

I went down to the dining-room, hoping to see the new arrival on my way, but met no one, only as I entered the room I heard a servant inquiring for Sir Francis. As I had expected, there was still much to be done when the dressing-bell rang. Fortunately it was an irregular sort of dinner in the hall, and no one seemed expected to appear at the proper time. The tables were so placed that the occupants sat back to back; and it so happened that Valerie and Mr. Sartoris were not my *vis-a-vis* but my *dos-a-dos*. At the other end of our table there had been two places kept, one for Sir Francis, and the other, I supposed, for the newly arrived guest. The soup had gone when Sir Francis entered the hall by a door near his seat, accompanied by a tall dark man with his arm in a sling. There was a great deal of talking and laughing going on at the other table, and no one there seemed to observe their entrance.

"Do you see that dark man sitting by Sir Francis Herries?" asked my neighbor. "Can you tell me who he is?"

I could only answer "No;" then, to see if my own impressions were correct, I asked, "What country do you think he belongs to?"

"I don't know," he answered, slowly, looking at the subject of our conversation; "French, perhaps, perhaps Italian or Austrian; at any rate, not English," he said, as he turned away.

Not English, indeed! How the Vienna days returned as I watched him, so utterly unlike the Englishmen among whom he sat. A dark, handsome face, though worn through recent suffering, with eyes of southern splendor. It was evident that he couldn't speak English, for he talked to no one but his host, and once I distinctly saw Sir Francis directing him to the place where Valerie sat. It was not hard to guess who he was; the only thing I longed for was to warn her in some way of his presence, but it was impossible. She was not near enough to speak to without causing, perhaps, a scene, and, if possible, that was to be avoided. If I could only have stopped her talking to that man!

Many times during that interminable dinner I saw the deep-set, glittering eyes flare up with a sudden blaze as her silvery laugh or the deep tones of her companion reached his ear, and the dark blood came and went in his face, pale through long illness. Though his arm was in a sling, I noticed that it was not altogether helpless, for he sometimes used it.

O that dinner! and how I disgraced myself! Before it was over I was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that I precipitated a quantity of sticky pudding over old Mr. Palgrave's knees, and then burst into a fit of hysterical laughter in the poor old gentleman's face. At last it was time for us to go, and the other table moved at the same instant. I had not a moment to warn her: she turned towards me, and her eyes instantly fixed themselves upon the lower end of our table. He was standing up, looking full at her. For one second she remained motionless, then, without a word, fell forward upon the floor. Whether the man jumped over

the table or went round I never discovered, but before either Mr. Sartoris or Lord Cosmo could get to her, he was at her side.

"I will carry this lady, sir," said Lord Cosmo, thickly, attempting to interpose his great hulking form between Valerie and the Austrian: but the other put him aside with a quiet, courteous determination.

"Pardon, monsieur, it is my right; I am her husband!" he said rapidly in French, a little speech the point of which was entirely lost on the thick-headed Englishman, who looked inclined to resist and follow this black-headed devil of a mossoo, as he no doubt called him in his own mind, when Mr. Sartoris laid his hand upon his arm.

"Don't be a fool, Fox, the man's her husband."

The whole scene had taken place in less than a minute, and the ladies had not yet got out of the room. I turned to look at the speaker; something in the tone of his low, clear voice struck me. He was leaning on the back of his chair, his eyebrows contracted, and looking whitish about the mouth. As our eyes met he moved away and left the hall by another door. He must have been badly hurt. It was the only time I ever saw the slightest change in the cool, cruel, aristocratic face. As for Lord Cosmo, he had sunk back in his chair, his mouth half open, his eyes staring vacantly at the wall. Such an event as this was beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

"I don't believe it, I'll be —— if I do," he muttered: "I didn't want to carry her up, I'll be —— if I did."

It was no use going to Valerie's room, there were too many people there already, and I knew that Mrs. Cherry, the old housekeeper, would do exactly what was right. After two hours' struggling to entertain the people, who were in that state of suppressed whispering excitement in which people will be when there is anything going on which they are not desired to know, I managed to get up stairs. On the landing I met Mrs. Cherry, and asked how she was.

"Pore young lady; reelly I don't know whathever is the matter with her," she said, folding her hands across the front of her portly person. "She's no sooner come to than she's hoff again, and even when she is awake she don't seem to me in complete possession of her facilities."

So I went down again to the weary work of entertaining, but found, to my joy, that the people were going fast. Soon after I got away and went to Valerie's door, but all was so quiet that I was afraid to go in, so went on to my own room, took off my dress, and putting on a morning-gown, sat down to watch. About half an hour passed, and then a gentleman passed my door He stopped two doors off and went into a room; then I heard voices for a few minutes, and then two people came out. I went to the door with a feeling that I was wanted. It was Sir Francis and the Austrian.

"Ah! that is all right," said Sir Francis; "allow me to introduce Count Arnheim to you, Rachel; Miss Travers, the friend of Madame la Comtesse," he said to the count. "Rachel, the count would like very much to speak to you." I bowed. It was an odd introduction, at the door of my room, by the light of bedroom candles.

"You had better go to your aunt's morning room," Sir Francis said, and I led the way, followed by the tall dark figure. I had only that moment to consider what to do; I had indeed promised not to betray her, but it were surely best to tell him all. It was very dreadful to him, the first speaking, I could see, but as far as I could judge he was a man who would have walked through a wall of fire if he had once made up his mind to do it. In sharp, short, concise words, wrung from him as it were, he told me that his presence was so hateful to Valerie that, so long as he stood by her, she went from faint to faint. At last he had left her, and now he held in his hand a letter which he had written, and which he would leave in my charge, he said, to be given at such time as she should be able to read it. I hardly dared ask him if he were going, it seemed as though it would be stepping on a volcano of pride, and shame, and love, that might burst beneath my feet. If I could but find words to tell him all I knew! But his manner was so desperately stern and cold and unviting that my thoughts seemed frozen within me. At last I ventured to stammer,—

"I think you are mistaken, Herr Graf; it was the sudden shock which has been too much for her."

There was a dangerous glitter in his eyes even at that slight contradiction, and his manner was colder and stiffer than before, as he answered—

"Pardon, gracious Fraulein, much has passed of which you are no doubt ignorant, therefore permit me to say you can hardly be a judge. I have done and said that which it was folly to suppose she could either forget or forgive."

He spoke with the air of a man to whom confession was a new and bitter experience.

Then, however, my tongue was unloosed, and I told him, if not quite all, yet enough.

During the whole interview he had declined to sit down, but stood by the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand, whilst I talked.

When I had finished, he came towards me, and holding out his hand, said in a husky voice,—

"God reward you; you have been a true friend to her."

And yet, strange to say, for all that, I think he was disappointed. I think the man, though he hardly knew it himself, would have been happier if there had been more to forgive, if he had not been so entirely in the wrong. He felt the truth of those holy words, "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little," and he trembled lest her love for him should be dead.

I left him there and went to Valerie's room; it was necessary to finish now the work I had begun. At the door I met my mother.

"She has been asking for you, Rachel; go in to her, but try and keep her quiet; she is delirious, I think; they have sent to Little Stratford for a doctor."

As soon as she saw me she stretched out her arms. I took her cold, trembling hands in mine, and she drew me towards her, whispering, fearfully,—

"Rachel, I have seen him; he must be dead, he looked so awful! O, it has been dreadful!" she gasped. "Why does he come to haunt me like this at last? he must know that it was false; surely, now he must know!" she moaned.

I held her hands firmly and looked into her face: then I steadied my voice and chose the shortest, clearest words I could think of.

"Valerie, it is no spirit," I said; "it is your husband himself, who is here to ask your forgiveness."

She looked wild and incredulous, then tried to get up; but she was too weak, and falling back burst into a passion of tears.

I slipped away and sent him to her; then, worn out myself with excitement and fatigue, sat down and cried like an idiot. The doctor came soon after, and I was obliged to go to her room. Her husband was sitting by her holding her hand in his. What between her smiles and tears, it hardly seemed the Valerie I had known.

"Rachel, come in," she said; "you know him, I needn't introduce you. O you wicked man!" she laughed, "you have frightened her, I know you have, Leopold," she said, with her old, quick perception. "I know exactly, he put on the iron mask. You, poor dear Rachel! and you know you must be friends." She was in a true Bavarian mood, in spite of her exhaustion. "Now you must go," she said, in a minute, "if I am to go to London tomorrow," and drove him away. When he was gone, she threw herself upon my neck. "Rachel, he is dead!" she whispered, hiding her face; "he died in the same hospital where Leopold was sent with his wound, and Leopold nursed him, and when he was dying he confessed that it was all a dreadful lie that he had invented to make him cast me off, knowing that he was helpless and couldn't fight: for once he fought a dreadful duel, and after that he took a vow and made a solemn promise to the Emperor never to fight another. It seems so dreadful, but I can't help being happy," she sobbed.

The next morning she got away without seeing any of the guests except one. I went with them to the station: as we turned out of the lodge gates the carriage stopped, and Mr. Sartoris appeared at the window.

"I could not let you go without saying good by," he said, "and wishing you a pleasant voyage, and may I come and see you next time I am in Vienna?"

Valerie looked troubled and glanced at her husband, leaving it to him to answer. He took her hand in his, and bowing with cold, grave courtesy, said,—

"Any of my wife's friends will be welcome to me in Vienna."

There was no time for more; the count's servant jumped off the box to tell his master that the coachman said we were already late. Valerie shook hands and we drove on.

"You will come to us in the summer, Rachel?" she said, as the train was moving off; "you have promised."

I often hear from her. They are living on an estate which the count owns in Bohemia. There is never a shadow of unhappiness in her letters. I am going to them in the end of August for the autumn, according to my promise, which I fulfil the more eagerly since she has made friends with Stephanie, and has asked her to come for part of my visit. Pray Heaven, Mr. Sartoris mayn't turn up; but I think that emphasis on the word "any" must have settled him.

THE END.

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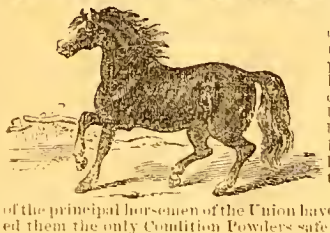

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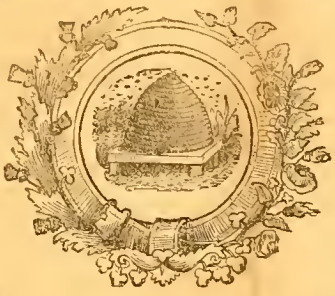

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THE

UTAH MAGAZINE

The Home Journal of the People.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

W. S. GODBE AND E. L. T. HARRISON PUBLISHERS.

VOLUME III.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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PREFACE.

The present Volume of this Magazine was commenced by the Publishers with the express purpose of presenting before the people of Utah some of those broad and grand conceptions of God and humanity which they felt themselves called upon to present to the world at large, and of which, they were assured, that that people were destined to become the special representatives.

In the face of special prohibition, by the absolute ecclesiastical authority which has prevailed in this Territory, it has run its course, a silent preacher of advanced thoughts, generous conceptions of the world at large, and a steady opponent of absolutism, in Church or State. Having thus far battled alone, and fulfilled its mission of opening up a New Dispensation of religious light and mental liberty, it is now withdrawn to make way for a more prominent advocate of the same great principles.

As the pioneer of untrammelled thought, and the first independent journal published from the heart of the "Mormon" people, it is now presented to the public

By the

PUBLISHERS.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE

THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Published Weekly

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

No. 34] SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 25, 1869. [Vol. 3

TRUTH.

Theories, which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all may perish—
Truth, herself, can never die.

From the glorious heavens above her,
She has shed her beams abroad;
That the souls who truly love her,
May become the sons of God.

Worldlings blindly may refuse her,
Close their eyes and call it night;
Learned scoffers may abuse her,
But they cannot quench her light.

Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
All their glories cease to be;
While she, Christ-like, crowns the humble,
And from bondage sets them free.

God, himself, will still defend her
From the fury of her foe,
Till, she, in her native splendor,
Sits enthroned o'er all below.

POLLY BODINE'S RISK.

A STORY OF THE OHIO SETTLEMENTS.

Years and years ago, when as yet Ohio ranked among the newest of our frontier commonwealths, there lived on the upper waters of the Muskingum a hardy young mountaineer, whom we will call Mark Bodine, and whose name is yet preserved among his many descendants, now rich and honored citizens of the state he helped to build, for his marvelous feats by flood and field.

Tall, handsome, stalwart, Mark was like Nimrod of old a mighty hunter, yet with a clear perception of the probable future of that then wilderness, which made him live and labor well and wisely for the future, as the broad acres of his grandchildren can now testify.

In the very heyday of his young and vigorous manhood he had found a fitting mate in the only daughter of another pioneer settler, and Polly Bodine was not a whit behind her gallant husband in energy of character and beauty of person, while she was hardly his inferior in the management of the rifle.

Like all the class to which they belonged they were adventurous and self-confident to the verge of rashness, and their little cabin, with its rapidly expanding clearing, was built in a locality which was as much beyond all help from others as it was desirable for a fertile soil and a superabundance of game.

The Indians still disputed the possession of those glorious hunting-grounds, and in the fall of 18— they became particularly troublesome. From time to time vague rumors of terrible outrages at other points reached even the lonely cabin of Mark Bodine; but he and Polly had many friends among the redskins, and they felt very little uneasiness until the general war broke out, whose final result was the expulsion of the "gentle savages" beyond the Mississippi.

As yet, however, though several times warned of approaching danger, they had not been molested, and, one bright October morning, Mark prepared to start, with an unusually valuable package of peltry, for a trading-post over twenty miles distant.

There were no roads in those days, and, though he expected to have the aid of some sort of a pony in bringing home his "supplies," Mark calculated on an absence of about four days.

Polly was not at all unused to being left alone even for a longer time; but it was with a sorrowful heart, and a strange, foreboding sort of feeling that she got her husband's breakfast, and prepared to bid him "good-by."

Women in those days, especially when their families were small, had a good deal of leisure time on their hands, and Polly had employed hers of late in working her liege lord a hunting-shirt of more than usually elaborate ornament and finish. Mark looked gayer and more stylish in her fond and loving eyes than ever before, when he donned it and strode out into the sunlight to display to her eyes the results of her patient work. It was perfect in fit and excellent in material, and she felt sure that *her* husband would not suffer by comparison with any acquaintances whom he might meet at "the post."

A kiss, a hug, and he was gone, and Polly returned into the cabin to take a look at her sleeping twins; and, if the truth must be known, to indulge in the rare luxury of a good cry.

Mark had especially enjoined upon her to keep a good lookout for Indians, and had left for her further protection his favorite hound "Wax," a huge dog, with a dash of mastiff blood, who would indeed have been a valuable addition to any garrison on the frontiers.

The first day and night, and the second, passed as peacefully as hundreds of others had done, and the only use Polly made of her rifle was to bring down a couple of fat deer that wandered carelessly into the bushy clearing. The third night, however, Wax displayed marked symptoms of uneasi-

ness, though Polly could detect no additional signs of danger. She barred the door carefully, covered up the fire, and watched all night beside the rude cradle which held the two blooming pledges of her husband's love. Wax became more and more uneasy toward morning, lying by the door, and watching a chink in the logs with sleepless vigilance, ever and anon giving vent to his perceptions of coming evil by low and wrathful growls. Polly had plenty of arms, and she did not fear that any but a very strong party of redskins would presume to come within range of Mark Bodine's rifle.

"What if they knew that he was away from home?"

Even then, as she looked around at the heavy logs of the cabin, with a "shot-hole" here and there, she felt a fair degree of security. "Was not Mark to be home on the morrow?"

With that thought came a tumult of womanly fears. If there *was* danger around, would not he be exposed to it? And would not his lonely path through the woods, unprotected by the strong walls of his home, be beset by a thousand fearful perils? Could all his strength and skill guard against the cunning ambush, and the spring of the lurking tiger? As good men as he, too, had been overpowered by numbers, and afterward subjected to all the horrid extremities of an Indian's ingenuity of torture. It was frightful to think of. Oh, how she wished that he was safe at home!

The longest night must have an end, however, and, at last, the tokens of the coming day began to show themselves through the chinks in the logs and the thin-scraped "possum skin," which served as a glazing for the one window. Slowly the light increased, until she knew that now the sun was well up, but she hesitated about making any movement, for any danger to her was also a double danger to her children.

For a while she busied herself about her little household duties, wondering at what time in the day she ought to look for Mark's return; but she began to feel an almost uncontrollable desire to take a look at the outer world.

As for Wax, the noble fellow had ceased growling, with the return of day, but kept steadily at his post. He paid occasional attention to his breakfast, but the erectness of his ears and the nervous agitation of his bushy tail betrayed a canine mind but ill at ease.

By degrees, Polly made up her mind that, if there was any danger in the neighborhood, it could not be very near, and she cautiously unbarred the heavy oaken door. When she let it swing back upon its hinges, she stepped forward with her rifle cocked in her hand, and cast a rapid glance around the clearing. All was as still and peaceful as if there were no marauding savages in the wide world. A few paces in front of the door was the broad stump of a huge pine tree, and at its foot was the spring which furnished them with water. Her survey, which had been taken with lightning quickness, half satisfied her, and her eyes turned to the spring. Wax had stood for a moment by her side in the doorway, as if in uncertainty, but now he bounded forward toward the stump, with a gruff bark of suppressed rage. Almost at the same instant, a tall warrior, in the fantastic paint and war-dress of the Miamis, sprang up from his cover behind the stump, and leveled his rifle. He had no time to fire however, before he found himself in a deadly grapple with the powerful and fearless hound.

Polly's nerve was of the true border firmness, and she sprang to the assistance of her four-footed friend. It was time, for the Indian was no infant, and he already had his scalping-knife in his hand. Polly's aim was deadly, and the long fangs of Wax met in the throat of the savage in a way that prevented any "death-whoop."

He seemed to be without companions, at least very near, for no other shot answered his own, nor did any other of his tribe come to aid or avenge the fallen warrior. Wax, however, was badly wounded by knife-cuts, and required, as he richly deserved, all the attentions of his mistress.

Polly's blood was up, and, after carefully reloading her rifle, she went to examine her fallen foe. Her bullet had passed through his brain, killing him instantly. He was richly dressed in Indian fashion, and Polly felt a sort of vengeful satisfaction as she stripped off his beaded hunting-shirt and gnady blanket, and hung them as trophies in the doorway.

She then helped Wax into the cabin, where he crouched by the cradle in grim patience, and sat down by the stump to watch for Mark's return. Her own dress, like a true daughter of the border, was of buckskin, like her husband's; and her long black hair now fell in disheveled masses to her waist.

Patiently she waited, but it was nearly noon before any signs of life came from the bosom of the boundless forest beyond the little clearing. Then, she thought she caught the sound, dull and distant, of a couple of rifle-shots, and all her heart was in a tumult of anxiety to understand their meaning. She thought that one of them, at least, might be from Mark's, or—fearful thought—they might betoken the success of some deadly ambush for his life.

After a few minutes, which seemed an eternity, her keen eyes caught a glimpse of something moving in the edge of the forest, and she concealed herself behind the stump. The blood coursed through her veins like fire. Her children cried in the cradle, but she did not hear them, for now, beyond all mistake, she could discern, at intervals, above the bushes, the eagle crest of a Miami chief. He seemed to be alone, for she was sure of the identity of those hateful plumes wherever they appeared.

Slowly and terribly the conviction forced itself upon her that Mark must have fallen a victim, and that this must be his destroyer. Her heart, for a moment almost bursting with womanly grief, now gave way to revenge, and she leveled her rifle over the top of the stump, with an unfaltering hand and a deadly purpose.

Crack! That sight was too quickly taken, and she had missed him, for the answering shot, though at long range, nearly rustled her flowing hair.

"He's a good shot for an Indian," she thought, "and that's how he came to kill poor Mark."

It was now a regular game of hide-and-seek, each striving to keep entirely under cover, and yet get a sight of the other, and the redskin was clearly crawling nearer. Shot after shot had been exchanged, when Polly discovered, to her dismay, that her last bullet was in her rifle. To go to the cabin for more, in the face of such a marksman, would be almost certain death.

"I must wait and make sure of him this time," said Polly to herself, "or it's all over with me and the babies."

So she waited and watched for a certain shot; but meanwhile, we must leave her, to follow Mark Bodine's going and coming.

Mark's burden of furs had been a heavy one, rendering frequent stoppages for rest necessary, even for his brawny frame, and it was not until the second day that he reached "the post." Here he was met by such a host of terrible recitations of the ravages of the Indians, that he would at once have started for home, with the intention of promptly removing Polly and the twins to a place of safety, but a military express arrived that afternoon, announcing the movement of heavy bodies of troops, and that the outlying bands of savages who had committed the outrages were all being concentrated for some grand movement, either of assault or

retreat. As this was pretty sure to render the settlements more secure, he went on with his original purpose.

The Indian troubles had made furs scarce, so that the market was good. He had no difficulty in securing a very serviceable pony at a low price, from an army sutler, and he would have been in high spirits over his successful trip, but that he was unable to free his mind from anxiety concerning the loved treasures in his cabin home. Determined not to lose any time in his return, his pony was packed, and he was on his way by sunrise of the fourth day.

The woods were comparatively open, and there were no streams hard to cross, yet his progress was necessarily slow, and he was beginning to chafe with impatience, before he found himself nearly approaching his home. Perhaps his anxiety about others had quickened his watchfulness, though his eyes were well trained, and quick in reading all the signs and indications of the wilderness; but at all events, as he trudged along by the side of his patient and sturdy pony, he caught the gleam of a gun-barrel among some fallen timber, and darted instantly to the cover of a neighboring tree.

He was none too rapid in his movements, for a rifle-bullet hissed closely by him as he reached the tree. It was a good shot for an Indian, but the return from the deadly rifle of Mark Bodine was directed by an eye and hand well accustomed to finding the vitals of half-hidden game, and with a ringing death-whoop, the savage bounded from his lurking-place, and fell prone upon the earth, "thrown cold."

On examining him, Mark decided that he must be a warrior of some distinction, if not a chief. The elaborate crest of eagle-feathers and the collar of bear-claws testified that much. The young hunter hardly relished the idea of taking a scalp for a trophy, and so substituted the crest and collar, adding the arms and other "plunder" of his fallen foe to the burden of his pony. It was hardly as well advised an experiment to doff his own coonskin cap, and put on the warrior's crest in place of it, as he found to his cost.

The excitement of his sudden adventure having somewhat passed off, the idea that Indians were lurking so near his home began to trouble him in his very soul.

"What might not have happened to his wife and little ones in his absence?"

With a heart full of awful imaginings, he concealed his pony as well as he might, in some bushes, and hastened forward to reconnoitre, keeping a sharp lookout for any further ambush.

As he drew nearer, his anxiety and his caution increased, for he knew that if the cabin was beset, every approach would be carefully guarded. He was at last in the edge of the forest, and in sight of the cabin. No smoke arose from the chimney, nor were there any other signs of life, and a keen pang thrilled him from head to foot. Even in that moment of deadly fear and pain, however, his coolness did not forsake him, and he kept on as cautiously as before. Suddenly a puff of light smoke arose from behind the well-known stump by the spring, and a rifle ball severed a plume from the eagle crest. He had forgotten that he had it on, and now he did not care. He sent an answering ball at once, however, little doubting now that his home—with its inmates, dead or alive—was in the power of his enemies. He determined on revenge, or, at least, a fight for it, and daringly pressed his way nearer and nearer, using every art to force his antagonist to expose himself, and to ascertain if he were alone. Shot after shot was exchanged, and he had already diminished the distance nearly one-half. There could be no doubt of the state of things at the cabin, for he could distinctly see articles of Indian finery hanging in the open doorway, while no bark of his faithful Wax greeted his approach with customary riot. It is more than likely that his grief and excitement made his aim unsteady, for more than once he had caught glimpses of dark hair and buckskin garments behind the stump which protected his foe. But he now bethought him of a stratagem. He waited patiently for the next shot from the keen marksman opposed to him, and then, with a spring into the air and a loud yell, he fell heavily on the earth, behind a log.

We will now return for a moment to poor Polly, treasuring her invaluable bullet, and watching for a fatal chance. As her keen eyes, glancing along the sights of her rifle, searched the little clump of underbrush which concealed her assailant, even in the act of discovering him, her fears for Mark received an agonizing confirmation. She could not be mistaken in the gay embroidery of the seam of *that* hunting-shirt, for her own hands had wrought it.

"Not only killed, but plundered!" groaned Polly; and, with vengeful quickness, she "drew a bead" right on the seam, and fired.

There could be no doubt of her success this time, for it was answered by a death cry, and the eagle-plume rose suddenly and then disappeared. She was now about to rush into the cabin for more ammunition, when, to her astonishment, Wax came limping forth, in spite of his wounds, and started, with a deep and mournful howl, in the direction of the fallen warrior.

Something in the tone of that death-whoop came back strangely to her own ears, and, with an undefinable horror struggling at her heart, she followed the dog almost mechanically.

The distance was short enough, but her limbs seemed almost to refuse their offices, and poor Wax, in spite of his hurts, easily kept ahead of her. A moment more, and the brave hound dragged himself, with a whine of delight, over a fallen tree, and almost instantly the eagle-crest, at which she had been firing, rose up before her bewildered eyes.

"Wax? Polly! What——"

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" and poor Polly fell fainting to the ground.

When she came to herself, she was in the arms of her husband, and he was dashing water in her face from the spring, while Wax lay at her feet, howling dismally. It did not take long to explain matters then, though Polly sobbed uncontrollably for a long time, shuddering with horror at the thought of the fearful tragedy which might have been the result of Mark's partial disguise, and her own skillful concealment. Her last shot had not been a bad one, as a long rent in the hunting-shirt and a smart score on Mark's ribs could testify, but both were easily mended. The babies were kissed and hugged indefinitely, the pony and his burden were brought in, Wax was attended to with affectionate care, and a sense of restored security settled over the humble cabin of Mark Bodine. They were never again molested by the Indians; but Polly never seemed to relish any references to her terrible duel with her own husband, and the thought of it, at times, brought a shadow even upon his own sunny face.

NEW MOVEMENT.

MEETINGS ON SUNDAY.

☞ CHANGE OF HALL FOR EVENING MEETING ☜

Meetings, in connection with the New Movement, will be held to-morrow (Sunday, 26th inst.) In the Morning at the THIRTEENTH WARD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, at Half-past Eleven; and in the Evening at Half-past Six, at WALKER BROTHERS' ORIGINAL STORE, East side East Temple street.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR. - - - - - - - - - E. L. T. HARRISON.
ASSISTANT DO. - - - - - - - - - E. W. TULLIDGE.
DO. DO. - - - - - - - - - W. H. SHEARMAN.
GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT, - - - - - - DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

BY W. S. GODBE.

The *Deseret News*, while affecting to ignore, and in fact, to deny altogether, the existence of any "Schism in Utah," has, for some time past, devoted its editorial columns quite unsparingly to the publication of articles on "Apostacy," in which the most unmistakable, although covert references have been made to the UTAH MAGAZINE and to those who sustain its sentiments. Now while we do not propose to pay the slightest regard to anything we may deem unbecoming or extravagant, coming from what source it may, we shall not hesitate to use our pen in the refutation of any misstatement, false principle, or erroneous doctrine that may appear in that or any other organ, which we may think worthy of such notice. Aiming in every case to do so in a way that will be regarded by all capable of an unbiased judgment, as unexceptionable.

In an article which appeared in that paper on Dec. 8th headed "Similarity of past and present apostacy," great pains is taken to show that there is a striking resemblance in all the apostacies that have taken place in this Church, from the days of Kirtland to the present, so much so, that "if they were the production of one brain they could not be more alike." Now, were this matter treated upon without special reference to our recent expulsion from the Church and the glorious results, of which that has hastened the birth, we should allow it to pass unnoticed, with others of a similar kind, but, inasmuch, as the design is by the use of such unfair means to reflect dishonor upon men whose characters cannot be successfully assailed openly; and by this method prejudice the public mind against them; we feel it necessary to say a few words in reply, and endeavor to show some points of difference between the apostacies refered to and the Divine Movement which the *News* thinks fit to misname apostate.

It is affirmed in this article that certain apostates in the days of Kirtland in speaking of Joseph Smith declared that he had performed a divine work, but at that period "he had fallen and was no longer a Prophet."

We say in reference to the same person *no such thing*. We do assert, however, that Brigham Young, as President of the Church, merely (for he never was, nor does he claim to be a prophet,) has assumed undue authority, in claiming the right to dictate the people in the most complete and absolute sense; in everything,—from their conceptions of Deity to the purchase of their goods; or from a mission to Dixie, to the cut of a garment, the fashion of a bonnet or the "knitting of a stocking."

Attention is next called to the prospectus of a paper—the firs and only issue of which was published in Nauvoo—wherein the writers, among other things, proposed "to advocate unmitigated DISOBEDIENCE to POLITICAL REVELATIONS." Now we have tried hard, but have utterly failed to see what similarity there can possibly exist between this statement and any we have made in our prospectus. We certainly have not advocated "unmitigated disobedience" to revelations of any kind, for the simple reason that there have been none to disobey, that we are aware of, since the Prophet left us. What weakness does it betray to draw deductions, based on the bare assumption that the cases are parallel; would it not be more "logical" to first prove them so? What if apostates by the thousand railed out against imaginary wrongs claimed to have been perpetrated by Joseph Smith, or any other man, when no attempt is made to show that the monstrous dogmas to which we object are true?

First prove that the evils of which we complain have no real existence; show by solid argument that the Priesthood *do* possess the right of absolute control, and that the unconditional surrendering of the wills of a hundred thousand—or as many million—people to the will of one man is in harmony with the will of Jehovah—do but this, and rest assured none will be more willing than ourselves to render complete submission thereto. It is also affirmed that we must have yielded "to corrupt and iniquitous influences," simply because we honestly differ as stated. But we *know* the opposite of this statement to be true. We have yielded to the self-same influences by which we were all led into the Church in the first place, only immeasurably intensified. We call them Divine, because they fill the whole being with heavenly love, and tend to uplift and purify the soul and render it fit for the dwelling place of angelic thoughts and purposes.

Still referring to the work of the apostates in Nauvoo this article says:—"With all their efforts they never secured enough followers to make it difficult for a child to count their number on his fingers." Without wishing to treat with levity so important a subject we will venture to affirm that in the present instance the child, even to-day, in counting the followers of the great truths—of which we are but the humble advocates—will have to include his toes as well.

The exclamation; "How curiously history repeats itself," is certainly entitled to notice, for history does repeat itself in a thousand ways more or less remarkable. Note, for example, the time when the Romish priesthood, in northern Europe, feeling that its very foundations were being undermined by the publication of translations of the New Testament, and pamphlets attacking certain fundamental dogmas of their church, resorted to such extraordinary efforts to suppress them, accompanied by the most fierce and bloody persecutions. Is there not some "similarity" between those days of religious intolerance and the present, when the authorities of our Church in Utah are seeking with all their influence, and by the means of their vast and effective organization, to suppress the UTAH MAGAZINE, for discussing, in a mild and respectful way, the question of unconditional obedience, with all its vital issues? And is not the persecution equally fierce and uncompromising—differing only in character? It is true we have no Smithfield at which to burn heritics, but against those who are regarded as such, the direst anathemas are hurled; and those who dare, in opposition to the counsel of their rulers, to read this periodical and judge for themselves, have to do so at the imminent risk of expulsion from the Church; which, to those who believe in the bare possibility of divinity in the exercise of such power, is a moral Smithfield. The most severe measures, compatible with existing circumstances are adopted in the present issue, and they could do no more in the former one. The only difference being that the application of physical persecutions has to give place to intellectual ones. The Inquisition, the Stake and the dungeon, have all been supplanted by enlightened public opinion speaking to the million through that mighty engine of human progress—the press; and the hitherto victorious sword is fast retiring before its conqueror—the pen. Thus it is that "history repeats itself," but in milder forms.

"CHURCH OF ZION."

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

A correspondent writes to us, on what appears to him to be an impropriety in changing the name of the Church from "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" to that of the CHURCH OF ZION as implied in the Manifesto.

Our reply to this is, that personally we have nothing to do with the matter. The idea of any change being necessary never occurred to our minds. We have, simply, been informed—speaking of the future—that "The Church of Zion" will be the name by which our Church will hereafter be distinguished.

As we understand it the name—Church of Latter-Day Saints, was a title simply bestowed as appropriate to that peculiar period in the world's history, at which we had arrived, in contradistinction to that of Former-day Saints. At some period or other in the future—although it was generally supposed to be quite distant—most of us expected that the name of our system would merge into a grander title—one less peculiar to a particular period, and more suited to an eternal condition.

We all know that different titles *have* been given by the Almighty to His Church in the past to suit certain periods. Titles have been given to suit the times. We, therefore, see no reason why the Almighty has not an equal right to establish a new and more appropriate name to the present Church, if the times require it.

That the name of THE CHURCH OF ZION is a more concise, as well as a more consistent one no one can deny. Whether our people call their church the Church of Zion or not that is what it really is. If a great people exist called Zion, and if that people have a church their church *must* be the CHURCH of ZION, whether they call it so or not. And this is our case. What more consistent title then can we bear—What more beautiful or appropriate one?

Then again, the name by which that great invisible church is called which exists in the Heavenly worlds is *the Church of Zion*. Of that great Church we are a branch—we are, therefore, the Church of Zion too. We cannot rise above the fountain, nor can we obtain a holier name.

In the opening up of this Dispensation, Dreams, Visions and Testimonies will be given by the Spirit to thousands to whom this Church will be personally designated as the Church of Zion. The witness of God that this is the title by which He designs to designate His Church in the grand era upon which it is now entering, will accompany our words. Thus the name will be established and sanctified to the judgments and hearts of the people.

INAUGURATION SERVICES OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.

On Sunday last, 19th December, the public meetings in exposition of the principles contained in the *Manifesto*, issued in this MAGAZINE, were inaugurated. The morning meeting was held at the THIRTEENTH WARD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, Salt Lake City, at half-past eleven o'clock. Long before the time for commencing the service, the Assembly Room was densely crowded, and hundreds had to leave without obtaining admission. Quite a number of the audience were from distant settlements.

On the stand were Elders Eli B. Kelsey, W. S. Godbe, W. H. Shearman, E. L. T. Harrison, H. W. Lawrence, and E. W. Tullidge, in connection with the Movement; and Bishop E. D. Woolley, on the part of the Ward.

The hymn commencing.—"The morning breaks, the shadows flee," was sung, and prayer dedicating the services to God and truth, was offered by E. L. T. Harrison.

W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison then addressed the meeting, bearing testimony to the administration of divine beings to themselves; revealing a Dispensation of greater light and power to the Church, and opening up a new Era in her history. Both referred to the evidences by which they had demonstrated to themselves the pure and exalted character of the communications received. Judging by the countenances and earnestness displayed by those present, their testimony went home to the hearts of hundreds. The warmest sympathy was expressed on every hand.

In the evening the MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS' HALL, East Temple Street, was filled to overflowing. Hall, anterooms, and staircase, being one dense block all the period of the service. As in the morning, the meeting was filled for at least half an hour before the commencement of the service; and nearly as many persons went away unable to obtain admission, as those that remained.

E. L. T. HARRISON delivered a discourse on the nature of the evidence by which to test Divine Revelation; defining the difference between Spiritualism and the order of Revelations by which the Movement now inaugurated was established; and enlarging on the spirit and divine purpose of Priesthood, when interpreted in the spirit of Jesus.

W. S. GODBE followed, discoursing with great freedom on the nature and genius of the New Movement.

ELI B. KELSEY bore an energetic and powerful testimony to the divinity of the Movement; as personally witnessed to him by his own inspirations; its agreement with nature and science, and the increase of divine influences in his heart and life.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE declared himself a supporter of the Movement. He had not joined men but principles. He had none but the best feelings towards the existing authorities, between whom and himself there had never been any but the kindest feelings. He had joined the Movement solely because he was convinced of the truth of its principles. He felt assured that thousands would soon be enlisted under its banner.

The meeting was closed by prayer by E. W. TULLIDGE.

The most intense interest was manifested throughout the day. At the close of the evening meeting, some difficulty was experienced in emptying the Hall, owing to the narrowness of the stairs leading to the street; but so great was the kindly feeling felt, that long after the opportunities for leaving presented themselves, groups still filled the Hall, enjoying that sociable feeling that characterized our early associations in the Church. Numberless testimonies were borne by those present to the sweet and happy influence which attended the meetings.

Thus closed the eventful services of the day—a day that will be remembered as a turning point in our history; and to which future generations will look back as to the ushering in of a divine dispensation of greater light and truth to the world at large.

W. H. SHEARMAN, Sec.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE UTAH MAGAZINE who have ordered it for one year, will receive the balance of papers due them in copies of the TRIBUNE. The number of issues due our subscribers for the year being fifty-two, they will be entitled to receive the TRIBUNE up to number eighteen; up to which issue it will be furnished them. On payment of the additional sum of three dollars, the TRIBUNE will be supplied for the balance of the year.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number we close—for the present at least—the publication of the UTAH MAGAZINE. It is withdrawn that the labors of the editorial staff may be concentrated upon its successor, the MORMON TRIBUNE; the first number of which we desire to publish on the first day of the coming year.

With this issue we present a title page and index, so that the volume may be bound. As a record of the causes which have led to the great Movement now opening upon Mormondom, it will be preserved as an heirloom in many a family. It is far from extravagant to say, that its articles will be referred to in years to come, as containing the pith and point of the great questions which led to a new era, not only in our history, but also in that of the religious world at large.

Through unprecedented opposition on the one hand, and heartfelt sympathy of hundreds of our brethren on the other, we have pushed our way, ever looking upwards for light and guidance. For the inspiration which has filled our minds, and the great hopes which have possessed our hearts, we return thanks to Him by whose great providences the world of humanity have from the earliest ages been carried up the steep of time, from knowledge to knowledge and from light to light. For the fulness of His love which has remembered us as a people and opened for us a door of redemption and progress, and through which the sunlight of diviner truths is now shining into the chambers of men's souls, let all hearts unite in ceaseless praises, for ever: Amen.

REPLY TO ELDER CANNON.—Owing to the press of business connected with the getting out of the MORMON TRIBUNE, the conclusion of our reply to Elder Cannon's discourse must be postponed until the appearance of that journal.

IS UNTHINKING OBEDIENCE REQUIRED?

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

The *Deseret Evening News*, of Nov. 25, contains an editorial which, it is presumed, was written to prove that the people of Utah do enjoy and exercise freedom of thought, speech and action, and that they are neither required to, nor do, yield unreasoning obedience to any of the requirements of their leaders. It does not, however, touch the point. It states, what we all know, that the members of our Church, before and at the time of becoming so, did think and judge for themselves in regard to every principle presented to them; but it does not prove that they do so now. It is stated, in the editorial referred to, that "in every move which the people have made they have been urged to find out and understand the propriety of it for themselves;' but if, through mature reflection, they should happen to discover the *im*propriety of any measure and express their conviction to that effect, then they endanger their standing in the Church. This "urging people to find out and understand the propriety of any measure for themselves," is a hollow mockery; for, in all cases, they are required to assume that the proposed measure is correct, and the only way in which the exercise of their reasoning powers is considered justifiable, is in seeking confirmation of the truth of the principle in question.

The ideas advanced in a previous article, in reference to voting, apply equally to this subject. The right to "find out the propriety" and truthfulness of any proposition emanating from the Priesthood, includes the right to discover, if it be possible, its *im*propriety and *un*truthfulness; otherwise investigation is a farce. We all know that this right is, practically, denied.

The prevailing idea seems to be that it is quite necessary and right to investigate and scrutinize the teachings and requirements of any man or set of men outside our Church, but that it is unnecessary and very wrong to do so in reference to any part of the policy or counsels of the Priesthood *in* the Church, and that it will surely lead the man to apostacy who does it. This shows a very low estimate either of human nature, or of the policy and wisdom of the Priesthood. Either the latter will not bear investigation, or the former is so imperfect that its judgment—with one single exception—cannot be trusted in relation to any particular connected with so important a subject as the salvation of mankind. But how is it that the Elders of this Church have, while preaching the Gospel in the world, for so many years, been in the habit of appealing to this same judgment in men and women,—urging them to examine the foundation of their faith, and to test the principles presented to them by that light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," bestowed by God himself, which they were assured, if prayerful and humble, would not lead them astray. It is strange, indeed, if the light of the Gospel and the Holy Spirit accompanying it so injure a man's mind as to render him less capable of judging between truth and error than before receiving them!

Let us now enquire whether unquestioning obedience, in regard to the measures of the Priesthood, is practically required of the members of our Church. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to get at the advocates of this dangerous dogma, for they will assert it and deny it almost in the same breath, and then justify themselves by a chain of metaphysical sophistries that completely bewilder the brains of all but those who are willing to take the time and pains to sift them and discover their absurdity. We think, however, there is sufficient proof that this requirement is made of the members of this Church, with the sanction of the Presiding Priesthood.

In a discourse preached in the Tabernacle, recently, Elder Geo. Q. Cannon makes use of the following words: "Rebel against him and his (Brigham Young's) authority! As well might we rebel against Jehovah himself, or against Jesus!" As a refusal to obey is considered equivalent to rebellion, the above remarks are, of course, intended to apply to all who do not unhesitatingly obey the mandates of President Young. In the same discourse it is stated that, though Jehovah himself is not present in person, yet He is present in Brigham Young by His Spirit; thus, virtually, claiming for the President of this Church, reverence and obedience equal to that of Deity Himself. The words either mean this or they mean nothing. The statement that Brigham Young "is not to be worshipped," is meaningless. If he is so filled with the Holy Spirit and all the attributes of truth that God is virtually present in him, then he is just as worthy to be worshipped as any other being who is in possession of a fulness of the knowledge and attributes of Truth. And if he is not so filled with the Spirit of Truth, then he is fallible, liable to do wrong or to be mistaken; and, if so, he has no right to require his brethren to obey his voice as if it were the voice of God. Those who believe that there is as little difference between the President of this Church and the Almighty, as is represented in this discourse, should certainly obey one as unquestioningly as the other; they would be self-condemned if they did not. But they have no right to insist upon the same obedience from those who do not see

sufficient evidence to convince them of the truth of such an assumption. Perhaps it will be said that "infallibility" is not claimed for the President of this Church. If he is not infallible then it follows that he is liable to err; if he can err upon one subject, it is equally possible for him to err upon another; is it not, then, preposterous to ask any people to accept and obey, as infallible and perfect, the counsels and commands of a man who is admitted to be fallible and imperfect? It is reversing the order of nature; and assuming that a muddy fountain can send forth streams of clear water. This doctrine, asserted by Elder Cannon, and practically enforced to-day throughout this Church, amounts to this:—God is not here present in person, but He is present in Spirit in His servant Brigham; therefore, all must obey Brigham Young as if he were God. Then, the Bishops say, —Brigham Young is not present with us in person, but we are acting under his instructions and influence; therefore, you must obey us as you would him. We would have no objection to this sort of obedience, if the grounds upon which it is claimed were correct. But there have been so many instances of mistake, failure and injustice on the part of the members of our Priesthood that we cannot feel it safe or right to entrust them with the irresponsible control of all our temporal and spiritual interests.

The remarks of a certain well-known Church official, when conversing upon this subject with the writer, afford additional confirmation upon this point. He said it would not do to question in our minds any of President Young's measures, or to stop to consider whether any requirement he might make was right or wrong; that it was our business to accept and sustain, without hesitation or investigation, any doctrine, counsel or policy emanating from him,—and that the man who did not do so, would get into the dark and eventually apostatize. A short time since the same person said, in the course of his remarks to a public audience at Tooele, that "we must obey as HORSES and MULES obey! not, that he wished to compare them to horses and mules," but that it was absolutely necessary that the members of this Church should obey their leaders in the same implicit, unreflecting manner that domestic animals obey us! It is astonishing that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, any sane man should presume to give public utterance to such sentiments; and it is, if possible, more surprising that intelligent men and women can calmly and patiently listen to them.

The advocates of this abject submission to the Priesthood quote the examples of Abraham offering his son Isaac, and the Israelites walking round the walls of Jericho, as confirmations of their position. These, as well as other objections, have been thoroughly considered and answered in previous articles by the Editor of this MAGAZINE. It may, however, be of some benefit to refer to them again briefly. Abraham received the command to offer up Isaac directly from God Himself. There is not the slightest probability that he would have attempted to carry out such a command had it come to him through any human being, no matter what Priesthood he might have held. He would certainly have wanted a testimony from the Lord to himself, that such was his will; and if he had not received it he would have been justified in refusing to yield obedience. If Isaac had doubted the divinity of the command, and refused to submit himself to his father, he would not, therefore, have been wilfully disobeying God; neither would he have been thus regarded by the Heavens. We are, both as individuals, and as a people, willing to make any sacrifice that may be necessary, and which we know to be the will of God, for the sake of the truth; indeed we have laid ourselves, our all, upon the altar as completely as did Isaac, and the voice of the Lord has been heard from the Heavens, saying:—It is enough; cut the cords, loose the bands, and let my people go free. There is a great deal of difference, however, between Abraham obeying the voice of God to himself, and our obeying a *man* who does not even claim any *direct* communication with heavenly beings.

Again, it is said that had the Israelities reasoned and questioned ever so much in regard to Joshua's strange command to circle the walls of Jericho seven times, they never could have discovered the philosophy of such a requirement. But such objectors forget that the Israelites had received abundant evidence that the power of God was with Joshua. Whatever he had undertaken he had accomplished; hence, they felt confident of the success of all subsequent measures, not doubting that the power and blessing of God would accompany them.

Besides, this command was of so singular a nature that, had obedience to it failed to produce the promised results, Joshua's influence would have been lost forever. If any doubted his authority or prophetic gift, here was an excellent opportunity of testing them and making his folly or wisdom manifest before all Israel. This consideration, alone, would be almost certain to secure obedience to a requirement of a similarly strange character now.

But the majority of our people do not view Brigham Young in the same light that the Israelites did Joshua. We have not seen sufficient reason for reposing the same confidence in him that the Israelites did in their leader. Failure after failure can be pointed out in the policy of the President, and thousands of acts that are anything but God-like on the part of his subordinates, who receive their power from him and claim from the people the same obedience that he does. Consequently, while we can and do sustain Brigham Young, at present, as the President of the Church, we cannot endorse all the measures of the Priesthood as divine, nor consider all their requirements obligatory upon the people.

It is vain to urge, as some do, that individuals may retain their membership in this Church and still differ from the President. The fallacy of this statement has been shown in previous articles. Facts, also, prove the contrary to be the case. One thing is evident,—whatever a man thinks, he must obey the Priesthood unquestioningly or, sooner or later, be cut off the Church; it is only a question of time. If he is called to go on a mission; if he is told to perform any public work, such as making kanyon roads, building telegraph lines or railroads; if required to donate his means for these or other purposes, however foolish and profitless,—what he thinks, or even what he says, is of little importance so long as he obeys: but, if he refuse obedience, he is instantly set down as an apostate and treated accordingly.

We think the foregoing statements and facts answer the question at the head of this article in the affirmative, beyond refutation. One individual tells us that we might as well rebel against God as against the President of the Church; that to question his policy or any of his measures is equivalent to doubting their propriety; that doubt leads to darkness and disobedience, and disobedience is virtual rebellion. Another asserts the necessity of our obeying as *horses* and *mules* obey; that is, unresistingly and unreflectingly; while the Church, in the persons of its presiding authorities, confirms the whole by severing from its fellowship all who refuse obedience to its new and continually increasing dogmas and requirements. How men can conscientously state that persons are not required to yield unquestioning obedience to the authorities of the Church, in the face of all the evidence to the contrary, is, to say the least, very surprising. Thank God the day is close at hand when such inconsistencies and unreasonable requirements will pass away for ever.

APOSTATES.

Apostates only are Iconoclasts.—Mrs. Browning,

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

There has of late been much written from various sides upon apostates. My brethren are stigmatized by my brethren of the other side with an epithet which they know the mass receive with much the same repugnance as they do that of *convict*. And as, in this "family difficulty" of ours, personalities are also required for personal applications, the Laws, the Higbees, and the Fosters are conjured up as warning spectres of a past experience. The motive of this name-calling is obvious enough, as also these comparisons to characters around which there is the disrepute of a popular prejudice. I have before observed, in relation to such cases, that I will not condescend, in treating of this "Movement," its personalities, and its principles, to degrade the subject to special pleading. "Nicknaming" of each other may become boys, but it becomes not men; stigmatizing epithets may abound in the mouths of partisans, with a weak cause to defend, but they lower apostolic dignitaries, and are as much out of place in an exalted Christianity as in temperate literature.

Now, whether my brethren who are at the present time defending the rights of conscience and advocating the adoption of an elevated Christian platform, are to be classed with the Laws, the Higbees, and the Fosters, I know not, and care less to know. A discussion of this point would be unworthy and unprofitable at best. Each side would take its own peculiar views, and, like similar discussions between the sectarians of the past, it might be continued in our case for half a century, with nothing of enlightenment to the public, but much of bitterness between contending parties. As for the term *apostate* when applied to myself, it is not offensive, for the world has not yet determined its exact value. It may be the very best that can be applied to men intellectually fighting in the great cause of religious emancipation and social reform. It has been borne by the most illustrious of Earth's sons, by the most devoted martyrs for the cause of God and humanity's good. It was in view of this, and deeply impressed by the divine spirit and theme in the lives of these religious heretics, that the epic soul of Mrs. Browning conceived in its daring exultation over the memory of the world's brightest apostles—

"Apostates only are Iconoclasts."

Let us note a few instances of this fact, as illustrated in the history of the divinest lights of Christendom. We will first go back to the immediate successors and disciples of the Apostles—to those who rank as the very Fathers of the Church, centuries before the distinctive era of the Reformation came. Among these we shall find our great apostates, and find them the brightest luminaries of the Christian Priesthood—the culminating intellects of their ages. Their apostasy consisted in the fact that they differed on some points with the Bishops of Rome, warred against their arrogant assumptions of infallibility and supremacy, and dared to *think* upon the new dispensation of Christianity.

First in this order came the venerable St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and disciple of John the Divine. He was not the arch-apostate, for the famous Origen had preceded him, but in his visit to Rome during the pontificate of St. Aniect, was given the first check to the See of Rome, in her attempt to bring the Church under priestly bondage. Aniect desired to apply to the disciples of Christianity in every land, that pet scheme of priestly despots of every age —*universal conformity*.

The scheme is very bewitching to the imagination in its specious beauty, but it is in reality hideous with deformities. All its philosophy and aims, reduced to brevity, simply amount to an attempt of the Church to reduce a world to the one-man power, and all human thought to the intolerable bondage of one grand priestly mind. But so petty is its policy to harmonize mankind, that it generally descends to the most contemptible trivialities, instead of rising to some grand platform of universal union for a Christian brotherhood.

Pope St. Aniect was resolved, it appears, to force the Christians in Asia to keep the festival of Easter on the same day as did those at Rome. But St. Polycarp differed with the Pope on this point, affirming the privilege of the Disciples in Asia to keep Easter on the day on which it had been celebrated in Jerusalem from the time of the first Apostles. He moreover affirmed that the discipline of the Church ought not to be arbitrary, and that the various nations who received Christianity ought to be allowed to serve God in accordance with such rites as they thought most pleasing to the Supreme Being. Thus was illustrated, even in the venerable disciple of John the Divine, the characteristic spirit of the men who have been stigmatized as Apostates: it is that of a grand Christian liberality, proceeding from enlightened views. But for his reverent character and influence, the disciple of John the Divine might have been excommunicated by the Bishop of Rome as an apostate, for differing with him concerning the day of Easter. As it was, the Pope dared not touch him; but thence came division of the Christian Church, through the Bishops of Rome continuing to force their dogmatic wills even upon the most trivial points.

Next was the attempt of Pope Victor, an African by birth, to establish the supremacy of Rome, backed by threats of excommunication against all who did not conform to his judgment. But this was met with protests and sharp reprimands from nearly every Bishop of note outside of Rome, and in the name of the Christians of every land. These, therefore, were also apostates in effect, for they did precisely what we are doing to-day in Utah: they proclaimed the omnipotent supremacy and infallibility of *one man* to be usurpation—to be anti-Christian.

Pope Zephyrinus, however, soon afterwards succeeded in establishing the doctrine of the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome, and his case shows a remarkable example of despotic priests versus enlightened and consistent "apostates." During a storm of persecution this Pope who succeeded in the usurpation of a one-man power, fled from the charge of the Church to save himself, but returned after the storm, to regain favor among the so-called orthodox. He persecuted the "heretics"; he excommunicated the Montanists, among whom was the celebrated Tertullian, one of the most eminent fathers of the Church. The fall of this great man, it is said, deeply affected the Christians and excited general indignation against the Pope and his Romish clergy.

But even long before this date arose the famous Origen, another of the great chiefs of heretics, and, next to Clement, the earliest and most eminent of the Christian writers.

Thus we see how worthy were these apostates of old. "On this subject," says De Cormerin in his Lives of the Popes, "we will remark *that the fathers of the Church have nearly all of them been heretics*"—that is apostates. Pass now to a brief notice of the Reformers and Dissenters of the Christian Church.

First we have the English Wickliffe, who is called the Morning Star of the Reformation; then the immortal John Huss, apostate and martyr, with his equally eminent disciple, the martyred Jerome of Prague; next that glorious galaxy,

Luther Melancthon, Calvin and Knox, followed by the stern uncompromising Nonconformists of England, including our Cromwells, our Hampdens and our Miltons, who apostacy not only from Priestcraft but also from Kingcraft.

Coming farther down we have our Wesleys and Whitfields, dissenters from the Established Church, and in this very day our Father Hyacinthes, advancing towards a grand universalian Christianity, linking the Mother Church of Rome with those of the foremost Protestant Churches of our broad harmonizing age. Ay, you may even go to the Jewish Synagogues and find a corresponding upheaving of the world from advanced Hebrew minds who are breaking through the circles of the past and the distinction of races and creeds.

Such, then, are the apostates of the ages, as we trace them down. Will the Apostolic Priesthood of Utah also remember these illustrious examples when they compare my brethren to the Laws, the Higbees and the Fosters, and can they appreciate the force of the thought of Mrs Browning—

"Apostates only are iconoclasts."

Touching myself, then, as before observed, the name of Apostate is not objectionable. There is one *less illustrious* which would become me better to claim—that of *sinner*—for infinitely more disposed am I to pray "God be merciful to me a sinner," than to thank Him that I am as righteous or orthodox as the Chief Priests and Pharisees, and not marred in my life with the faults of humanity.

But concerning my brethren, such as Harrison, Godbe, Lawrence, Shearman and Kelsey, I need not treat the case in the spirit of a seathing cynicism. Neither need I dignify them by comparison with the illustrious apostates of many ages, to outweigh the stigmatizing references to the Laws, the Higbees and the Fosters. The moral, intellectual and social character of my brethren stands boldly out in the minds of the people of Utah, challenging reproach by the unimpeached integrity of their whole lives. The purity of Elias Harrison's life, his great intellectual and moral endowments, and his devoted labors as an Evangelist of the Mormon mission, are all known to thousands throughout this Territory; and Nature, in his very organization, made him what we *know* him to be in the past and in the present. Ask Fowler and Wells, or ask any profound reader of man, and he shall tell you that God and Nature have written their infallible volumes in the organization of Elias concerning capacity, quality and a high-toned conscience. From such an organization as his there could be but one danger, namely: too strong an ambition to be known in his life and works as an apostle of truth and advanced ideas. This tendency of a superior organization—the force of mind above the force of body—was almost certain, sooner or later, to impel him towards the mission of a Luther, and consequently win for him the distinction of being an apostate.

And touching the personal character of William S. Godbe, he is not only known as a man of capacity, social standing and purity of life, but he is also beloved by ten thousand hearts for his ceaseless benevolence and universal sympathies. No honest man in Utah doubts William Godbe, either in his character, his purposes or testimony. Not even do the authorities, who have "cut him off" from the Church, question the fact that he and Elias have "seen a light and heard a voice," as did Paul; they only impugn the source and stigmatize by the epithet of apostate. This of itself is a striking testimony in favor of these witnesses. And if we connect with them Henry Lawrence, here again we have a man whose truth, justice and uncompromising fidelity to the right, are subjects of public notoriety. Above all the merchants of Utah he is known to represent commercial integrity and solid principles. Not even Godbe or the Walker Brothers will deny to Henry this distinction; this is his commercial character at home and abroad. And as touching religion and the Commonwealth of a people, he is as firm as the Rocky Mountains and as incorruptible in his honor as an ancient Roman. Of him I say, "An Israelite indeed, in whom there is found no guile."

I have instanced Henry with William and Elias, because he stands so strongly before the public as a guarantee for the integrity of this Movement, rather than as an apostolic preacher thereof. And fit companions of these three, in a great cause and the brotherhood of love, are such veterans as Kelsey, such spiritual minds as William H. Shearman.

A TESTIMONY.

BY ELDER ELI B. KELSEY.

I desire in this article to bear an *especial* Testimony to the Truths proclaimed by elders Godbe and Harrison in their Manifesto. I have borne a general testimony in all my contributions to the MAGAZINE for many months past. Shortly after the heavenly communications were given them, they were imparted to me. I received them with joy and gladness. So powerful was the witness vouchsafed to me of the divine nature of the principles revealed, by and through my own inspirations, that I could no more have rejected them, than I could have denied the fact of my existence. They corresponded with and surpassed my highest and noblest conceptions of Deity. I had long since discarded the dogma, that God had ever chosen an individual, a family, a race or a sect, to hold the Oracles, or the Keys of salvation, to the exclusion of the rest of the human family. Years ago I had outgrown the favorite dogma that God ever had constituted a family or a race his special *pets*, and destined the remaining myriads of His children to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the elect, in the regenerated or heavenly condition of the earth. I had long worshipped God as the Lord of the *whole* earth—the Father of the whole human race; and believed that in the Divine nature the paternal affections must have reached their noblest and grandest development.

The despotic tendencies manifested by our leaders disgusted me. My soul revolted at the idea that the will of my fellows should ever affect my relations with Deity; or that weak, fallible humanity should ever stand between me and my God. I could have no longer worshipped, could I have been made to fear that the will of any man or set of men could either lock or unlock the gates of the heavenly Zion to me. My faith in the divinity of the mission of Joseph alone remained to comfort and sustain me.

I renewed my investigations of the gospel revealed to the Prophet, and gained assurance. I preached the gospel I had received on my first entrance into the Church, and carefully avoided as much as possible any reference to existing dogmas. For proclaiming the higher elements of the gospel revealed to Joseph Smith—although no one dared to attack me—first one pulpit and then another was raised against me; until I was almost utterly ignored as a teacher in Israel. Now, I ask every thinking mind, what was left me, but to outrage my own nature, go back of my deepest convictions, and submit to have another see, hear and understand for me, or to altogether forsake the faith I had received through the ministrations of Joseph Smith. I thank and adore God in every fibre of my being that the light has come—that truth is Divinely scientific in *all* its characteristics, and *demonstrable* to the mind.

I must confess I have but indifferent respect for that class of minds that needs to go back in the world's history thousands of years, and erect into dogmatic rules of religious

faith the words and teachings of inspired men, who could only be made recipients of inspirations suited to the development of rude and semi-barbarous societies—to that class of mind, that will in spite of all the lessons of history and common sense assert that man entered upon his earthly state of existence on the summit plane of human greatness, and that the race has been deteriorating from Adam until now; that Deity, in vindication of His power and greatness, is going to destroy the world and its teeming millions of intelligences. In my view it would be more to God's glory, and a greater manifestation of Divine power, to *save and exalt one soul* to the unspeakable joys of an endless celestial existence, than to destroy a world.

I entertain the highest respect for the memory of the inspired men who were lights to the ages in which they lived; even for Jonah, whose conceptions of the power of God were so narrow that he supposed that the "hill country" embraced His jurisdiction; and supposed that if he took shipping and escaped to another land he would be able to avoid the obligations of a very distasteful mission.

"When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spoke as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things." From childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to mature age, I feel and know that notwithstanding the errors and mistakes of life, I have steadily progressed in the development of all my powers of mind. So it is, in my view, with regard to the human race. From age to age mankind have progressed—grown, developed, and attained to higher developments; risen to higher and still higher planes of thought. I believe that mankind in all their earthly history have never entertained such correct conceptions of the Divine nature; never had such grand conceptions of the goodness, greatness and glory of God—or of the universalian character of the plan of salvation, as they have in this the nineteenth century. When Jesus came to his own they received him not. A crucified Jesus aroused the sympathies of the world and from age to age his divine precepts and examples have gained prestige and power, until now, the world of mankind entertain higher and truer conceptions of Christ's character, spirit and mission than ever before. Joseph Smith was made the instrument through whom the *foundation* was laid for the introduction of the fullness of the Gospel. The developments of the last forty years have prepared the best minds of the age for the fullness of the Gospel of Christ that shall consume, in the blaze of its glory, the remains of the narrow, exclusive dogmas of the past, and unite all lovers of truth on the grand platform of human sympathies. Elders Godbe and Harrison have been made the happy recipients of the introductory principles of the glorious development of truth, and are, as they have stated in their Manifesto—"as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." I, therefore, in the name of the most High, bear witness with them that light has come; that the heavens are open, and that Angels again administer to man.

NELLIE'S REPENTANCE.

"I will not, Norman!"—and Nellie Wilde brought her little foot down upon the carpet with a force that shook all her bright golden hair from under its little lace morning cap, and sent it rolling in golden shimmering waves over her shoulders.

There was a light in her blue eyes which her husband had never before seen there; and the fresh red lips which had always greeted him with smiles were parted over the white teeth with an expression of unmistakable scorn.

"It is cruel and exacting of you, Norman, when you know how much, how very much I like Mrs. May, and how fond she is of me. It is selfish to ask me to give up the society of my best friend, just to gratify a capricious whim of yours." And Mrs. Wilde burst into tears.

It was not in Norman Wilde's nature to see a woman's tears unmoved. It is scarcely in that of any man, when the tears are those of his own wife, and that wife one so fondly loved and tenderly cherished as Nellie. His habitually grave and quiet voice was full of troubled tenderness now, as he bent over her, and said, in tones of gentle remonstrance, "Nellie!"

"Don't, Norman!" was the pettish answer, as she turned away from the caressing touch of his hand upon her soft golden hair. "I am not a child to be tyrannized over one moment, and coaxed and petted into good humor the next."

Selfish, cruel, tyrannical! It was too much.

Mr. Wilde took his hat with that indescribable air which injured husbands know so well how to assume, and left the room. With a slow step he passed down the stairs and into the street.

Was it wrong, he asked himself, for him to win this bright young life to gladden his quiet home, and diffuse the sunshine of her buoyant spirits over his graver, maturer life? For though there was a difference of but ten years in their respective ages, many cares had made Norman Wilde older at twenty-seven than most men of thirty-five. He thought of it now with something like contempt for himself. He might have known that he could never make her happy; he, with a gravity of demeanour that was almost sternness; and she, with her joyous, loving disposition, for Nellie was good-tempered and affectionate generally, in spite of her wilfulness.

But he had not meant to be tyrannical. No, no; he loved his wife too well for that. Many fair women had looked kindly upon the great lawyer, the wealthy Mr. Wilde. Noble heads had dropped, and fair cheeks flushed at his approach; but the cherished Nellie, with her winning demonstrative ways, undisciplined and ungovernable as she was, had drawn him to her by a strange, sweet fascination, when more beautiful and more intellectual women had failed to make any impression upon his heart. And after all his efforts to make her happy, she had treated his first request with such unreasonable, childish anger.

Something weightier than the great lawsuit of "Hobart *versus* Long" pressed upon the spirits of Mr. Wilde, as he walked slowly down the street that bitter winter's morning; and his head clerk, Richards, to whom an honest lawyer was a paradox, and law a sublime mystery, thought, as he watched him from the office window, that some new legal stratagem must have taken possession of his brain to make him walk at that pace, when the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero.

"Ma'am," said Kate, putting her head in at the door of Nellie's room, "Mrs. Lyon would like to see you directly, if it's quite convanient."

"Very well, Kate."

And Nellie, after arranging her hair, and bathing her face, proceeded to her aunt's apartment.

"How do you feel this morning, auntie?"

"Very cheerful, very contented, my child," was the invalid's reply, as she looked up into the innocent, girlish face that bent over her couch. "I should be ungrateful indeed, if, after all the affectionate care lavished upon me by my nephew and his wife, I should be otherwise."

Some shadows resting upon the usually happy face, caught Mrs. Lyon's attention. She loved Nellie dearly, not less for her loving kindness to her, than because she was the wife

of her nephew, the only infallible mortal, in Aunt Ruth's eyes, that the world contained.

"Are you not well, Nellie?"

"Quite well, auntie."

"You are unhappy, Nellie?"

There was no answer, but Nellie's lips quivered, and two large tears gathered beneath the heavy drooped lashes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My dear child, I am surprised, grieved to see you thus. Can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, auntie, Norman is so selfish, so unkind."

"Nellie, tell me one thing—have you quarrelled?"

"Yes."

"And parted in anger?"

"Yes."

"Go to him, my child, and be reconciled. If Norman has erred, he will see his fault; if you have, it is all the more fitting that you should seek a reconciliation."

"Never!"

"Hush, Nellie: I will tell you a story, a true one, about a husband and wife who parted in anger, and never spoke to each other again. It is a terrible thing to anger those we love, Nellie. This man, whom I shall call Robert, was a proud man, grave, and self-possessed in his manners, commanding as a king should be, nobler than any king that ever lived, Nellie, and far, far handsomer. Some thought him stern, but there was one who never found him so; and, though he might have been cold to others, he was all love and tenderness to her."

"His wife, aunt?"

"Yes, Nellie. He loved her with a strength and depth of affection of which few men are capable. Why he loved her with such passionate devotion, I could never see, for she was a wild, thoughtless girl, exacting and wilful; great faults they must have seemed to one as thoroughly self-disciplined as he was. Perhaps he divined what she never knew herself till afterwards, her deep love for him. They had been married but a few months. They had thus far been very happy, for he was, oh, so tender and thoughtful towards her, and she thought she had overcome her faults in her great happiness. They were not overcome, however. One morning, he told her that he was going away to Vernon, and should not be back for two or three days. Vernon was the place where she had always lived till her marriage, and her mother still resided there. She wished to go with him, but he told her it would be impossible. She persisted, and he refused, but without giving his reasons. She grew very angry at his immovable calmness, and said bitter, cutting words, that would have maddened a man less able to control his temper. But he controlled himself. This exasperated her more, and she grew sarcastic and provoking; but, though he grew pale with anger, he gave her not one angry word. She refused to say good-by when he went; and thus they parted, never to meet again on earth."

"Oh, Aunt Ruth!" whispered Nellie, with paling cheeks.

"After he had gone, her anger all died away, and she thought she would follow him and ask his forgiveness, for the thought of his calm, cold scorn, nearly crazed her. She hastily put on her bonnet and cloak, and reached the station just as the train had gone. It was too late. Another train would start in about an hour, and she waited. When she was once on her way, she grew nervous and frightened. She was afraid he would be angry with her for following him, and the day's ride was a torture to her. When she arrived in Vernon it was dusk, and there was a crowd gathered around the station, seemingly under some strong excitement. A terrible fear of something, she knew not what, took possession of her as she stepped on the platform. She soon found out what had happened. A man on the other train, in stepping off, had, in his hurry, caught his foot, and fallen on the line. The train was in motion. Oh, Nellie! her repentance came too late."

There was an agony in Aunt Ruth's voice which flashed a sudden suspicion across Nellie's mind.

"He had heard that her mother was very ill with the small-pox, then raging in Vernon. He did not wish to pain or frighten her with the news till he had ascertained the truth of the report. This was the reason he refused to let her accompany him; this was why he could give no reason for the refusal. Tender and forbearing to the last; and she—oh, how had she repaid him!"

"And what became of her, auntie?"

"She took the disease from which his care would have guarded her, and for long weeks lay balancing between life and death. She prayed for death; but her prayers were not answered. Some portions of her former strength came back to her, but health never. She has never left her couch since that fatal day; but in the tender care of his nephew, who is as like him in disposition as in form and features, she has found content."

Nellie knew now whose story she had been listening to.

"No wonder she loves Norman so much," said the little wife to herself, as she wiped her tearful eyes, and stole out of the room.

* * * * * * * *

"A client, sir; a lady wishes to see you," said Richards, as he put his head into the dusty office where Mr. Wilde sat leaning over a table covered with papers which were scattered about in lawyer-like confusion.

"Very well, Richards."

And Mr. Wilde rose, and walked into the front office, where a little fur-muffled figure sat awaiting him. As he closed the door, Nellie sprang forward to meet him.

"Nellie!"

"Oh, Norman!" and she clung to him, sobbing. "Forgive me! I will never speak to Mrs. May again."

"She is a bad woman; not a fit associate for my little artless wife. I *know* this, else I had not asked you to give her up. And you came all this distance in the cold to see me about it! My little Nellie!"

And he kissed her fondly.

"Norman,"—and she clung closer, sobbing still,—"I have suffered so much! Forgive me and we will never part in anger again."

"My own darling, never."

And they never did. Through the long and happy years of married life which followed, no word of unkindness or reproach passed the lips of either, and they often spoke of this happy termination to the first and last quarrel.

VELOCIPEDES.

We find in "Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places," published in 1841, a description of a velocipede seen by the author during a visit to Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, as follows:

"Among the curiosities laid up here are two velocipedes—machines which, twenty years ago, were for a short period much in vogue. One young man of my acquaintance rode on one of these wooden horses all the way from London to Falkirk, and was requested at various towns to exhibit his management of it to the ladies and gentlemen of the place; he afterward made a long excursion to France upon it. He was a very adroit velocipedian, and was always very much amused with the circumstance of a gentleman meeting him on the highway by the river side, who, requesting to be

allowed to try it, and being shown how he must turn the handle to guide it, set off with great spirit, but turning the handle the wrong way, soon found himself hurrying to the edge of the river, where, in his flurry, instead of turning the handle the other way, he began lustily shouting, 'Woh, woh!' and so crying, plunged headlong into the stream. The Duke's horse, which is laid up for the gratification of posterity, was, I believe, not so very unruly; yet I was told its pranks caused it to be disused and here stabled. It is said the Duke and his physicians used to amuse themselves with careering about the grounds on these steeds; but one day, being somewhere on the terrace, his Grace's Trojan steed capsized, and rolled over and over with him down the green bank, much to the amusement of a troop of urchins who were mounted on a wall close by the road to witness this novel kind of racing. On this accident the velocipede was laid up in lavender, and a fine specimen of the breed it is. I asked the old porter if the story was true, but he only replied and said, 'Mind, I did not tell you that. Don't pretend to say, if you write any account of this place, that you had that from me.'"

Correspondence.

[The following letter was handed to us for publication by Bro. Shearman. When it was written, Bro. DeWitt had not attended any of our public meetings, and only one or two of our private ones; only having heard of the Movement a few days since. ED.]

OGDEN, Dec. 18th, 1869.

DEAR BRO. SHEARMAN,

Since I last saw you in Salt Lake City, at that private meeting where so much of the holy influences of heaven were felt, I have been much concerned about the Great Movement which has just commenced—so much so that I made it a matter of earnest prayer to that Being who has said that He will give to all men liberally, who would ask in faith, believing. On Thursday last, after retiring to bed, I fell into a calm sleep and I dreamed that I saw a very wide body of water between this world and that which is to come. I thought that there had always been a way by which mankind could pass over this mighty stream, although in past ages the path was very poor—merely piles, driven into the water, the tops of which came within a few inches of the surface. I looked down from where I stood and saw people, though but very few, passing over, one after the other, on these piles, feeling their way beneath the surface of the water as they stepped from one pile to another. About on the level from where I stood, President Young and many others were building a bridge entirely of earthly material. The bridge was far enough completed for people to pass over with difficulty. The people on this bridge appeared more beautiful than those on the lower path or piles. I thought a man stood by me and said, "Look up." I did so, and saw Bro's. Harrison and Godbe, building another bridge at a much greater height above Brigham's bridge, than his was above the one below. I also saw a great number helping to build the bridge, carrying material up to these men. Another tallish man, of a rather dark complexion, was superintending the job. I also saw the angels bringing much material from above to help those engaged below to hasten on the work. I never saw anything so stupendous completed in so short a time as this great work was; but it was finished, and I saw tens of thousands of people ready to cross the bridge. They all appeared very happy and beautiful—far more so than any mortals I ever saw; and as they passed over this bridge, I heard them singing—

"A new connecting link is given
Between the sons of earth and Heaven."

With this I awoke, my bosom filled with a heavenly and peaceful influence.

Your old friend and Brother,

AARON DEWITT.

[The following communication, received from a valued friend in the Eastern states, who formerly resided in this Territory, and uniformly made good his claims to the respect and confidence of our citizens—though not written with a view to publication, shows such a just appreciation of the position occupied by the UTAH MAGAZINE and its supporters, and such an enlightened zeal in the cause of God's truth and man's amelioration, that we cannot refrain from inserting it in our columns.]

MESSRS. GODBE & HARRISON,

Gentlemen:—You are sufficiently familiar with the general integrity of my motives, and the undisguised character of my devotion to what I deem for the best interests of mankind, to permit me, without further apology, to address you in relation to your present religious difficulties, and to offer you at the same time my congratulations and my sympathy. Your case has awakened an interest throughout the East which is not confined to persons sustaining sentiments of hostility or vulgar prejudice against the Church from which you have been officially severed, and many otherwise disinterested minds are watching the progress of events in Utah in reference, simply, to their bearing upon the welfare of humanity. My long residence in your midst has enabled me to thoroughly appreciate the situation in which you have been placed, both anterior and subsequent to the edict of excommunication, and I am satisfied that your action has the approval of God, and will receive his sustaining grace. In any system of politics or religion, the man who, as a leader, assumes the virtue of infallibility, (belonging only to God) and attempts to control the minds and consciences of others, introduces a plank into his platform so essentially rotten that it cannot permanently sustain its own weight, and I am quite unwilling to believe that any respectable number of intelligent men and women will long persist in propping up so rickety a structure. Further than this, I have nothing to urge against the Church institution of Utah. With its earlier hopes and aspirations, I have felt myself before now, strongly in sympathy.

From the tone of your MAGAZINE since the forced act of separation, I am encouraged to believe that the shock, however severe and unlooked for, will not disturb your steadfast faith in God, and your sincere devotion to the cause of true religion. Relying upon the Divine aid, and the righteousness of your cause, I trust you will be enabled to pass triumphantly through the fiery ordeal, and be instrumental in placing the freedom of mind and conscience in Utah upon a broad and enduring basis.

YOUR FRIEND,
* * * * * *

OGDEN CITY, Nov. 28th 69.

DEAR BRO. HARRISON,

I take up my pen to congratulate you on the stand that you, and a few other brave men, have taken, to vindicate the cause of freedom of thought and liberty of speech, in opposition to priestly repression and slavish submission.

The work of cutting off the Church goes bravely on in Ogden City, and side by side is the great and increasing interest manifested in the statements contained in the UTAH MAGAZINE, which is eagerly read and discussed by great numbers, who, if honest, must join with those who, to keep a good conscience, are willing to lose their good name amongst their brethren for a time. As regards myself, I have long felt the absolute necessity for a change in the present order of things, and on reflecting, I have felt to say are there none on the Lord's side? and the answer has come, that there are thousands who have not bowed down to the creature but who love God and desire to do His will, and not the requirements of a fallible man, whose failings and imperfections are manifest to all but himself and those whose interest it is to flatter him. Alas, poor humanity, clothed with a little brief authority, plays, before high heaven, fantastic tricks which make the angels weep. But one thing is certain, no one can cut us off from a clear conscience void of offence to God and man, and if it comes to the test, I trust I shall not belie my conscience in speaking my honest convictions, believing in so doing I shall best serve the interests of the Kingdom of God, and the welfare of the whole human family. I do not write this for publication, or my own glorification, but simply to state that your course is appreciated and fully endorsed by many of those in the Church, who are not yet bold enough to avow their real sentiments.

With great respect, I remain your brother in the Gospel.

ONE OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

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